

Wednesday

April 4, 1984  
Volume 80, Number 129  
Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

# THE CHRONICLE

## Newsfile

**US-Soviet meetings:** American-Soviet talks have been held in the last two days. The discussions reportedly covered all aspects of relations, including plans for the resumption of negotiations on new cultural and consular agreements. See page 2.

**Indian assassins:** Assassins in Punjab killed a member of Parliament, a university professor who was fatally shot at his home by killers who had said they were students waiting to see him. The killers fled in a car. Meanwhile, at least 10 people were killed and scores injured when the police fired on a crowd in Amritsar, the holy Sikh city in the northern India state.

**Giant Soviet fleet assembled:** The largest Soviet battle fleet ever seen has been assembled in the Norwegian Sea and the North Atlantic for a naval exercise, according to Britain's Defense Ministry.

**Indian astronaut takes off:** Moscow launched an Indian astronaut into space for the first time along with two Soviet astronauts. Rakesh Sharma, an Indian Air Force pilot, joined two veteran Soviet spacemen for an eight-day visit to the Salyut-7 space station, where three other Russians have been living since Feb. 8.

**Smith to remain:** William French Smith has agreed to remain in office "until a new attorney general is confirmed by the Senate," according to the White House spokesman, Larry Speakes. He said Smith had made the promise in response to a request by President Reagan.

**The rich get richer:** Low-income families have lost the most money and high-income families have gained the most from the cumulative effect of budget and tax reductions adopted since January 1981, according to a report by the Congressional Budget Office. The report was the first detailed study showing the effects of the tax and budget cuts on households at different income levels.

**Seabrook overruns:** Cost overruns on the Seabrook nuclear plant in New Hampshire total 800 percent. As a result, the customers of 53 electric companies from Connecticut to Maine will face higher rates, and at least one utility, Seabrook's main builder, may be forced into bankruptcy.

## Weather

**Don't ask:** Wednesday will be rainy with a chance of thunderstorms and high temperatures in the upper 50s. Wednesday night will be cloudy, only you won't be able to tell because it will be dark, and there will be a 40 percent chance of showers. Thursday will be cloudy again with temperatures in the mid 40s.

**That's the breaks:** In Tobacco Road a special spring break in Captiva, one of those islands near Florida, is recounted. See supplement.

## Inside

**Blue Devil baseball:** The Blue Devil baseball squad routed Hampden-Sydney in a doubleheader 7-0 and 7-1. See page 9.

**Anti-abortion speaker:** As the issue on campus heats up, Stephan Krason, a lawyer with a Ph.D. in political science comes to campus and speaks against abortion. See page 4.

## Duke fights arbitrator's ruling

By ELISA DAVIDSON

Duke has filed suit in Greensboro federal court, requesting a change in an arbitrated settlement of almost \$700,000 in damages for alleged discrimination.

The settlement — in favor of Joseph Battle, a black associate professor in the Fuqua School of Business — states that the University discriminated in salary adjustments, teaching assignments and may have discriminated against him in its evaluation procedures.

But although the settlement — arbitrated by William Kennedy, president of Durham-based N.C. Mutual Life Insurance Co. — was binding, the University is seeking to overturn or modify the decision, according to court papers.

No action has been taken on the suit filed March 12 in the U.S. District Court for the Middle District of North Carolina.

The University is appealing Kennedy's ruling because it believes Kennedy's judgement was "broader than the issue brought before him," said William Green, vice president for University relations. The University is asking the court "to determine the scope of the arbitrator's authority in a contract dispute."

Battle, a tenured associate professor, came to Duke in 1970 and is one of only two black professors in the business school. Before joining Duke, Battle had been a tenured full professor of mathematics at North Carolina Central University. He was also a full professor in two disciplines at Shaw University. He declined to comment on Kennedy's report.

Kennedy said, "I approached the case objectively." He said he had never acted as an arbitrator before Battle's complaint, but has been through the arbitration process before.

Kennedy's December 1983 judgment, which awarded Battle at least \$668,500, was part of a three-year dialogue between University officials and Battle.

In September 1980, Battle alleged that the University had discriminated against him in 10 areas, including teaching assignments, salaries, grievance procedures and teacher evaluations.

But a "multi-racial" University grievance committee "found no basis for any of the charges," according to Thomas Keller, dean of the Fuqua School of Business.

The five-member University Faculty Discrimination Committee, appointed by the Academic Council, heard the case in 1982. Green said.

The administration supported the committee's decision, University President Terry Sanford stated in a letter to Kennedy dated June 27, 1983.

Battle disagreed with the finding and requested arbitration. He and Sanford later agreed that Kennedy should decide the case.

"Fundamentally there was a difference of opinion," Keller said. "We felt the [salary] increases reflected his contribution."



STAFF PHOTO

Thomas Keller, dean of the Fuqua School of Business.

"[Salary adjustments are] a merit concept. We award those who contribute the most in terms of teaching, research and service."

But Kennedy's report states that methods used to evaluate performance and hence salary were discriminatory.

"Since no member of the administration of the [Fuqua School] or other faculty members ever, in his entire tenure, visited a class period conducted by Dr. Battle or ever asked to see his course outlines, there is no way he could have been objectively rated by those persons," the report concludes.

University committees on which Battle served were not mentioned in his Faculty Performance Sheets "while white faculty members were given credit for such service," Kennedy wrote.

Keller declined comment on both accusations. Teacher Course Evaluation Books have consistently given Battle low ratings. The 1984 edition states: "Battle tries hard, but he doesn't know enough to teach his class [Management Science 114]. Skip it and take tennis. If you don't believe me, go ahead and take it, but I don't want to hear you gripe about it on the evaluations like everyone else has for the past zillion years."

See LAWSUIT on page 4



UPI PHOTO

## Photo finish

This picture, taken last month, shows the order the Democratic presidential candidates finished in the New York primary Tuesday: From left, Former Vice President Walter Mondale, Senator Gary Hart and Rev. Jesse Jackson. See page 2.



# World & National

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April 4, 1984

## THE CHRONICLE

Wednesday, April 4, 1984

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The Chronicle is published Monday through Friday of the academic year, and weekly through ten (10) weeks of summer sessions by the Duke University Chronicle Board. Price of subscriptions: \$40 for third class mail; \$90 for first class mail. Offices at third floor Flowers Building, Duke University, Durham, North Carolina 27706.

## Mondale winning in primary

By FRANK LYNN  
 N.Y. Times News Service

NEW YORK — Former Vice President Walter Mondale scored a sweeping victory in the Democratic presidential primary in New York Tuesday, giving his candidacy a major push toward the nomination.

The victory followed the 57-year-old Mondale's success in the primary in Illinois two weeks ago and positioned him for the Pennsylvania primary next Tuesday.

With more than a third of the New York vote counted, Mondale was running two-to-one over Sen. Gary Hart and even better against the Rev. Jesse Jackson in New York City. He was beating Hart five-to-four in the four suburban counties and was three-to-two over Hart upstate, where the Coloradan had been expected to do well based on primaries in other states.

With 64 percent of 14,317 districts reporting, the vote was: Mondale 376,827 (49 percent) Hart 249,679 (32 percent) and Jackson 122,844 (16 percent).

The incomplete returns gave Mondale a substantial lead in delegates, 148, to 87 for Hart and 17 for Jackson.

Mondale was winning 22 of the state's 34 congressional Districts while Hart was ahead in seven, all upstate, and Jackson, in four, all predominantly black districts in New York City.

Hart needed a New York victory to counter the Illinois defeat and lay the groundwork for another crucial big industrial state primary in Pennsylvania next Tuesday. Hart has tried to play down the New York contest in the last few days, contending that a "close second" would be adequate.

A week ago, Hart won in Connecticut, completing a sweep of New England's primaries and caucuses.

"It's going to be about a 10-point margin and that's about my limit," said Frank Mankewicz, an adviser to Hart. "Ten means we lost it, sure. It means if you stay on the right side of Governor Cuomo, Mayor Koch and the AFL-CIO, you can win. Those three sources deliver. That's good news for us in November."

Mankewicz said that the situation in Pennsylvania would not be the same because "there isn't the same machine in Pennsylvania."

## Shultz-Soviet talks stagnating

By BERNARD GWERTZMAN  
 N.Y. Times News Service

WASHINGTON — The United States and the Soviet Union have held another round of talks which were reported to have covered all aspects of relations, including plans for the resumption of negotiations on new cultural and consular exchanges.

Secretary of State George Shultz met Monday afternoon in Washington with Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, John Hughes, a State Department spokesman, said Tuesday. In Moscow, Arthur Hartman, the U.S. ambassador, met on Tuesday with Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, the department said.

A Soviet official in Washington said Dobrynin had conveyed a note from the Soviet leadership to Shultz, responding to American messages and denying that the Soviet

Union was to blame for the lack of progress in relations. It was not possible to confirm from the State Department or White House that such a note had been delivered.

The comments of U.S. officials suggested that there had been no progress on the key issue separating the two sides — the refusal of the Soviet Union to resume negotiations on limiting medium-range nuclear weapons or on strategic arms until the United States halts and dismantles the new medium-range missiles it has deployed in Western Europe.

The American and allied position has been that if the Soviet Union agreed to resume the talks, the United States was prepared to be flexible, but that it would not make concessions just to persuade the Soviet Union to return to the table.

Administration officials said the way had now been cleared for resumption of the negotiations.

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# Campus

Page 3

April 4, 1984

## Today

Office of Black Church Affairs, Black Seminarians' Union, present a lecture by James Thomas, bishop, Ohio East Area, United Methodist Church, York Chapel, 2 p.m.

Baseball, Duke vs. St. Andrew's, Jack Coombs Field, 3 p.m.

Duke Investment Club, speaker, Edward Kane, professor of economics and banking, Ohio State University, Bryan Center film theater, 3 p.m.

Memorial service for Norman Guttman, professor of psychology, Duke Chapel, 4 p.m.

DUU Major Speakers, Shere Hite, author and sex researcher, Page Auditorium, 8 p.m.

Music department, senior recital, Marjorie Ross, fortepiano and piano, rehearsal hall, Biddle music building, 8:15 p.m.

Office of Black Church Affairs, Black Seminarians' Union, present a lecture by James Thomas, bishop, Ohio East Area, United Methodist Church, Duke Chapel, 8:30 p.m.

## Thursday

Microbiology and Immunology seminar, Yechiel Becker, Hadassah Medical School, Jerusalem, 143 Jones building, 12:30 p.m.

Baseball, Duke vs. High Point, Jack Coombs Field, 3 p.m.

English department, speaker, Louise Shivers, author, 111 Social Sciences building, 4 p.m.

Duke Semper Fidelis Society, speaker, William Corson, national affairs editor and Washington bureau chief, Penthouse magazine, 206 Perkins library, 4 p.m.

Mathematics department, Richard Shore, Cornell University, 113 Physics building, 4 p.m.

# Students work on fund drive

By LIZ COHEN

More than 60 students, organized through ASDU, are now working on the Capital Campaign for the Arts and Sciences, hoping to gain business experience and enhance the \$150-\$200 million drive.

The students will perform clerical work for campaign officials and make suggestions on the University's approach to potential donors. ASDU president John Baker has taken the most active role and has traveled to Dallas with campaign officials earlier this semester.

Baker suggested to campaign officials that student involvement be allowed in the yet-to-be-announced campaign.

"I saw the need for direct student involvement - I asked if it would be appropriate and received an overwhelmingly positive response," Baker said. "The need was there."

Benjamin Edwards, assistant to Campaign Chairman Joel Fleishman, agreed and said that "a lot of ideas [for money use] are generated by students originally . . . in particular, concerning the integration of academic and residential life."

Baker decided to form a student committee which Fleishman approved. "They [administrators] have their

concerns, and we have our concerns," Baker said. "We needed to provide a liaison, and ASDU is it."

Jackie Blatt, Trinity freshman, works two afternoons a week researching foundations that have donated to other colleges. "It would be good if I could work on the campaign through senior year," she said, "but I don't think they want to get us involved too quickly or we'll burn out."

Kevin Vaughan, Trinity sophomore, is also scheduled to work for the campaign and has run the annual Duke Telethon for the last two semesters. "I thought I should go on to something different," he said.

Each week, Baker selects six names from the 60 volunteers and sends them to the campaign office. Researchers and secretaries involved in the campaign may then assign these students tasks.

"[Students have] got to work within the system," Baker said. "I hope it leads to external involvement; that was our goal and still is, but it is also a grass roots process."

Students involved in the campaign require some training before they appeal directly to perspective donors, Baker added. "We can't just send anybody [on fundraising trips].

See FUND DRIVE on page 4

# Speaker fights abortion rulings

By RICK RAHAIM and RHONDA MONTROYA

Stephen Krason, head of a national anti-abortion collegiate association, blasted abortion Tuesday night in a speech sponsored by the Duke Students for Life. He told a group of approximately 50 people in Zener auditorium that "a parent has an obligation to sustain life under any circumstance . . . since the child has committed no moral wrong."

Saying a mother should not be permitted to "destroy a life inside of her," Krason said, "The child's right to life is greater than the mother's right of convenience."

Krason, a lawyer and a Ph.D. in political science, called the right to choice, a "gross distortion of the notion of rights. . . . If she [the pregnant woman] wanted to be sure, she should not have had sexual intercourse," Krason said.

Krason said even rape is not grounds for abortion, since "the child has committed no moral wrong. The child should not be punished for the sins of the father," Krason added. He claimed studies have shown that "pregnancy does not occur much as a result of rape anyway."

Arguing the case against legalized abortion, Krason said the Supreme Court misinterpreted the Constitution in its landmark decisions of 1973, which legalized abortion on demand.

Krason argued that since abortion advocates appealed



Stephen Krason

DOUGLASS HARPER/THE CHRONICLE

See ABORTION on page 4

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## Duke protests Battle decision

LAWSUIT from page 1

Kennedy's report further concludes that Battle was discriminated against when given teaching assignments. It stated: "No white professor was so consistently given nine hours per semester to teach. The normal teaching load is established at six hours per semester."

Keller again declined to comment.

In addition to upholding Battle's claims of discrimination in course assignments, salary adjustment and evaluations, Kennedy agreed with Battle's assertion of "racial discrimination in administering grievance procedures."

Kennedy wrote that Battle's assertion had merit because "established grievance procedures were not followed in student complaints against Dr. Battle and there is no evidence that this was ever done when grievances were lodged against white faculty members."

Kennedy declined comment on whether grievance procedures followed in Battle's case differed from those followed in other cases.

But Green said, "It is my understanding that grievance procedures were followed precisely."

Kennedy based his report on conversations with present and former students of Battle, faculty members and Battle's present and former co-workers at The Research Triangle Institute.

"We regret that any confusion may have arisen about the nature or scope of the arbitration," Green said. "We further regret that Mr. Kennedy had an opportunity to review only Dr. Battle's allegations and not all the underlying evidence presented before the faculty grievance committee."

## Speaker condemns abortion law

ABORTION from page 3

We have to start with the groundwork and then possibly go on trips, so that students can talk intelligently and make a pitch for the school. The students have to be knowledgeable and informed before they can go out."

Baker and Katie O'Brien, ASDU vice president for Trinity College, sit on the steering committee, composed of ASDU executives, campaign subcommittee chairmen, University administrators, faculty and alumni. The steering committee oversees the entire campaign, which to date has raised approximately \$40 million.

Approximately 60 cities — 27 of which are priority target

areas — have been selected for special campaigns. Chairmen of the city drives, in turn, will set goals and time limits in their respective regions.

Although there are salaried students working in the campaign office as research assistants, they are acting as staff members and not as student advocates, Baker said.

All student work in the campaign will be on a volunteer basis, he added, and "although ASDU will be here this summer, no one will be staying here for that purpose."

Baker said, "sincere interest is the only requirement I ask" from interested students. "If they have a genuine concern for raising money for Duke, I would hope that they would be willing to contribute in any capacity."

## Anti-abortion speaker blasts law

FUND DRIVE from page 3

to the Supreme Court instead of Congress to enact these laws, these decisions do not reflect public opinion and serve only to "increase government intervention in our lives."

Krason said the Supreme Court was influenced in its decisions by "advocacy of important groups, including the AMA and the law associations." He added that these groups "pushed the issues into the limelight," and that "feminist groups tipped the balance in favor of legalized abortion," which they felt paved the way for the liberation of women.

Krason said the "rallying cries" for legalized abortion by these groups included the expected decrease in the number of unsafe illegal abortions, a woman's right to control her body and the unfairness of the laws which discriminated against the underprivileged.

"The state cannot be neutral on the question of abortion," Krason said. "Permitting abortion is a form of endorsement." "The only way for the state to express its disapproval is to make abortion illegal," he added.

Krason said abortion laws could be changed by a state enacting new laws which could eventually be heard by the Supreme Court. Should the issue again face the Court,

Krason argued, it would give that body another opportunity to interpret this issue "properly."

Krason concluded that the Supreme Court would not overturn its 1973 decisions until it was composed of more conservative justices.

Another alternative would be Congress enacting a constitutional amendment restricting abortion which would then require approval of two-thirds of the states.

Abortion was originally a state issue, Krason said. It first became a national issue in the 1960s. He cited the Finkbine case (where a woman took a drug that caused child deformity) as the "initial push for abortion."

He also discussed historical cases of unjust laws, citing the Dred Scott decision which denied blacks legal rights. Now, he said, the Supreme Court has denied legal rights for the unborn.

Krason said there is a relationship between abortion and abuse of future children, and asserted abortion causes a drop in fertility later in life.

Krason also discussed the effect of abortion on other social issues such as euthanasia. Refusing medical treatment is a symptom of the "debasing of life" which, Krason said, has been accentuated by abortion.

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Note: Although every precaution is taken, errors in prices and or specifications do occur in printing. We reserve the right to correct any such errors. Some items are similar to illustrations. Sorry, no rainchecks. We reserve the right to limit quantities.



2141R



**CLASSIES from page 8**

**COLLEGE REPUBLICANS** — Meeting 8, 229 Social Sciences. Get involved in the elections NOW.

R. and G. — I can't believe ya' came to Hebrew Heights! I didn't think ya' could do it! Had fun with ya' at the N.R.P. and the Third E. Next time we'll go to the alley. — B.

New Mirecourt members: study break to meet other members/ potential roommates. Cheese and crackers. Thursday 8-9, 1st floor commons room. Picks will be Monday.

**CALL BIRTHCHOICE** if you are pregnant and need help. Call 683-1133 anytime. We care. **GUY B. SEAY:** Watch out for that chain-smoking, BMW-driving, Ray Ban-toting Kappa.

**WANNA PARTY?** Come to Hoof 'n' Horns "Closing of CHICAGO Bash" Sunday at 8 p.m. at the Jordan Center (Oregon Street). Free for members. All others — \$1.

**S.A.S.A.:** General elections for officers will be held April 4, 7 p.m., 305 Foreign Languages. All members please attend. This is important!

"Tan, oily flesh . . . coming on April 14th, WXD-HAWAIIAN TROPIC TERRIFIC TAN."

**LINDA** — There's been so many good times together. . . Diet Coke noises in the night/Bam-Bam in the mornings/hypochondriacs attached by an invisible chord? (the party line/quarters/flashed at MacDonald's/Drink twooof fer bein stuuupid!"/got your socks straightened?/Sunday night blow off. The list goes on and on. No one could ask for a better roommate or friend. Happy 20th! Lov, Bethie.

**LINDA** — Nobody else on this campus knows what the hell Bethie's talking about/we suspect you don't, either/Love yuh! Cumdugeons Inc.

**TONIGHT**  
**PAGE AUDITORIUM**  
**8 PM**  
**FREE TO ALL**

# Shere Hite

Shere Hite is author/researcher of *The Hite Report: A Nationwide Study of Female Sexuality* and *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality*, published in 1976 and 1981 respectively. Both volumes have been widely acknowledged as the most comprehensive studies on human sexuality since the Kinsey Report.

For her report on female sexuality, Hite's method of research was unique and had never before been used on such a mammoth scale. Rather than a multiple-choice questionnaire, she created an essay questionnaire, providing a forum for women to express their deepest feelings about their sexuality. The major finding of her book, as is now well known, is that women don't have orgasms simply as a result of intercourse but climax easily through clitoral stimulation.

Hite's report on male sexuality, a massive study of 7,000 men, is the largest sample since Kinsey and is recognized as a major contribution to the field of sexology. Among the important findings of the report are: most men didn't have a close relationship with their fathers; most men didn't marry the woman they most passionately loved; most men said they loved their wives but were not "in love" with them.

Shere Hite has lectured often at Harvard, McGill and Columbia universities, among others, in addition to many medical schools such as Temple University, University of Pennsylvania, and George Washington University. She was chosen by *Newsweek* as one of the "most outstanding people of 1976," and the 1978 World Almanac lists her as one of the 25 most influential women in America.

Shere Hite received her B.A. in history with honors and her M.A. in American history from the University of Florida at Gainesville. She has taught at New York University and the University of Florida.

## "The Hite Report"

**WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE ARE SAYING ABOUT SEX**



Brought to you by



MAJOR SPEAKERS COMMITTEE

in the Classified section of our exam-break issue on April 23. Deadline: 1:00 p.m., April 20th. It's your last chance!

# LAST WORD

Get your



# Classifieds

Page 8

April 4, 1984

## Announcements

**Youth Outreach — Picnic in Few**  
Gardens on 5 p.m., Friday, April 6.  
(Rain date — April 13.)

**Steve Gadd Back Yamaha Drums**  
— \$995; Peavey Electric Guitar  
w/ case — \$134.95; CS-800  
power amp — \$499; Ibanez  
Rock Mount Effects Ute-405 —  
\$325; Casio Vtione — \$49.95;  
much more, part of our  
**CUSTOMER APPRECIATION**  
SALE, thru 4/21. Enter drawing  
for FREE Fender Guitar, Digital  
Delay and Zildjian Cymbal. 8 & 8  
MUSIC, Eastgate, Chapel Hill,  
988-4411.

**B.S.A. seniors**, you need to buy  
your tickets before April 20 if you  
would like to attend the Senior  
Banquet. . . . they are still on  
sale in the B.S.A. office.  
Amity LSA/GMAT/CAAT/GRE  
seminars. Our guarantee: Score  
within 25 percent or take next  
course free. Call now toll-free,  
800-243-4767 about summer  
and fall classes.

**PRESIDENT'S HONOR CHAIR**  
NOMINATIONS NOW OPEN. Pick  
up forms in ASU office.  
Deadline is April 6.

**URGENT NOTICE FOR**  
STUDENTS PLANNING TO STUDY  
ABROAD SUMMER, FALL OR  
ACADEMIC YEAR 1984-1985:  
You must file leave of absence  
papers in 116 Allen Building  
IMMEDIATELY.

Wednesday, April 4, 7 p.m.,  
FOLGHER-HAYS AND LUCE  
CHURCHILL PROGRAM (post-  
baccalaureate grants), informa-  
tion meeting, Zent Auditorium,  
130 Soc. Psych.

**S.A.S.A.:** General elections for  
officers will be held April 4, 7  
p.m., 305 Foreign Languages.  
ALL members please attend.  
This is important.

**BICYCLE TOURING enthusiasts**  
— Whether you're toured East  
Asia or East Campus, join the  
Cyclists' League this weekend for  
a light overnight to Unstead  
State Park. Mandatory meeting  
for all interested: Flowers Lounge  
8 p.m. Wednesday. Can't make it?  
Call Alan, 684-7875.

Will you be around for the sum-  
mer and beyond? **HELPLINE** of  
Durham, the suicide-prevention,  
crisis intervention, counseling,  
information and referral service  
among solicits volunteers. Training  
starts April 13. Call us, Tuesday April  
3-10. Call us We need you.  
682-9295/683-2392.

**VOLUNTEERS NEEDED** for  
Durham voter Registration Drive.  
Meet in front of Chapel at 5:15  
Tuesday and Thursday, 9:45  
Saturday. For more info call Mike  
at 684-0284. Last chance this  
week.

**CLARINET COMMITTEE:** Important  
meeting on Wednesday 4/4 in  
the Union Room. Bring note  
paper.

Sure, we need to know when the  
national security is being  
threatened, but that's not what  
we should teach right-wing tor-  
ture squads to attach electrodes  
to women's nipples? Protest the  
CIA campus intrusion. Wed.  
11:30-12:30 in front of the  
Chapel.

**INT'L ASSOC. ELECTIONS.**  
Members: you can vote for next  
year's exec. council through April  
7. Ballots at I-House (9 a.m.-5  
p.m.).

**THE DUKE OKINAWA KENPO**  
KARATE GOKUJUDO club is holding  
classes in Southgate gym, 5-7  
Sunday, 7-9 Monday and 9-10  
Wednesday. For more info, call  
684-0497.

**Tri-Delta Scholarship Banquet** on  
Thursday at 6:30 in House H  
Commons. All attend!

**20th-century poetry, Civil War**  
history, literature mysteries & il-  
lustrated books wanted.  
Books/Records/Comics, 215  
North Gregson Street (off  
Morgan), 683-3244.

**CROP WALK:** Sunday, April 8, 1  
p.m., Wallace Wade, join the fight  
against hunger in Durham and in  
the world by walking or by spon-  
soring a walker.

**PHI MUS — Get psyched** for lots  
of fun at the Phi Mu Banquet,  
tonight at 6:30 in the Soc'y\*  
(Trent). Big Sisters — remember  
we have workshop at 8 in Giles  
on Thursday. Exec. will meet at  
7:30 in Giles.

**ZETAS:** Milk and doughnuts study  
break at 10 in House P. Exec at  
9 in Schiltz Room. Rush commit-  
tee Thurs. at 6 in conference  
room.

**THIS WEEK ON**

**17**

**WEDNESDAY**

**4:00 Rockworld**

**5:00 Bodyworks**  
with Tiffany

**5:30 INTERVIEW**  
WITH WILLIAM  
RODGERS  
Founder of the  
British Social  
Democratic Party

**9:00 SILVER**  
**STREAK**  
starring Gene Wilder  
& Richard Pryor

**11:00 The Nightly**  
News

**11:30 SILVER**  
**STREAK**

Twenty percent off records &  
books with this ad. Books/Re-  
cords/Comics, 215 North  
Gregson Street, 11th floor.  
North of Brightleaf Square).  
683-3244, 10 a.m.-7 p.m.  
Monday-Thursday, Satur-  
day & Sunday, 10 a.m.-9 p.m.  
day. Literate & scholarly books  
bought.

**FREE CONCERT — Senior recital**  
by cellist CLARK WANG assisted  
by pianist Benjamin Ward,  
violinist Ginny Chen and cellist  
Fred Raimi. Saturday, April 7, 8:15  
p.m. BALDWIN Auditorium.

**18- to 30-year-old MALES**  
with RESPIRATORY COLDS AND  
FLU are needed for a paid  
research study at the U.S. En-  
vironmental Protection Agency,  
Chapel Hill. Subjects must be in  
good general health. Please call  
Dr. Robert Chapman or Dr. Robyn  
Tepper at 541-3804 (days) or  
942-3912 (nights). Please call  
684-0497.

**Underground comics** (Robert  
Crumb, Zippy, etc.) wanted.  
Books/Records/Comics, 215  
North Gregson Street,  
683-3244. Now open til 9 p.m.  
on Fridays.

## Help Wanted

Both Eth Synagogue needs  
teachers for junior high school  
grades for Sept. 1984 — May  
1985 on Sunday mornings. Call  
Ann Fischer at 682-1238 or  
967-6879.

**CAMP WAYNE**, coed, Northeast  
Pennsylvania, 11563 — 822. On-  
campus interviews April 12. Sign  
up in Placement, 309 Flowers  
building or write 570 Broadway,  
Brookbrook, NJ 07601 (area  
telephone number). Counselors  
for swimming (WSJ), tennis, com-  
puter science, gymnastics, sail-  
ing, waterskiing, basketball, lacrosse, soccer, baseball, wood-  
working, fine arts, photography,  
modern dance, guitar.

Volunteers are invited to partici-  
pate in an ESP-Memory Study.  
If interested call Kantha at  
688-8241.

**SUMMER JOBS — Available.** Na-  
tional firm hiring! TRAVEL,  
sales experience, pay \$325/  
week. For information send  
NAME, LOCAL PHONE & AD-  
DRESS: Summer Work '84, Box  
3455, Chapel Hill.

**APPLE & IBM PROGRAMMER**  
ANALYSTS — Chapel Hill-based  
computer software and hardware  
manufacturer is seeking  
qualified Apple and IBM PC pro-  
grammer/analysts. Extensive ex-  
perience with 6502, BASIC and  
other PASCAL REQUIRED.  
Ground floor opportunity, for in-  
dividual with the right combina-  
tion of intelligence, common  
sense and desire to see a job well  
done. Call Futurehouse at (919)  
967-8661 for an interview.

**Darryl's 1853 — Now taking** ap-  
plications for bartenders,  
hostesses, cooks. Apply in per-  
son between 2-4. Mon-Thurs.  
4201 N. Roxboro Rd.

**PAID VOLUNTEERS NEEDED** for  
Futures Business School research  
experiment. One hundred stu-  
dents will be paid \$5 for a one  
and a half hour time commit-  
ment. Sessions will be run on Fri.  
6, Tues. 10, Thurs. 12 of Apr.  
Please phone 684-2595 6-9  
p.m. Mon. 2, Tues. 3, Wed. 4  
to get information and to sign up.  
It should be fun. Thank you.

**CHILD CARE — Need** someone  
with car to watch 11, 9- & 7-year-  
old boys in their home. Weekdays  
7:30-5 late June through August.  
Good kids. Call weekdays. Phone  
Kerl 683-9333 call privileges.  
683-6337 evenings or  
weekends.

Need some extra money this  
summer? The Duke Tourguides  
need several persons to give  
campus tours to prospective  
students during both summer  
sessions. Interested? Call  
684-3214 for more info.

Work-study student needed to  
monitor parties and meetings at  
the Jordan building weekdays  
and weekends. \$335/hour. Call  
Fanny at Student Activities  
x2163.

Full- or part-time yard man needed  
for apartment complex. Ap-  
ply beten 1-4 p.m. at REAL  
ESTATE ASSOC. 821 N. Miami  
Blvd.

Somethyme is hiring for part-  
time weekend waits. Apply Mon-  
day 4/9 between 10:30 & 1:30.  
Experience preferred, 5-month  
commitment necessary. 1104  
Broad St.

Male and female camp coun-  
sors needed. Camps are located  
in scenic upstate New York and  
Pennsylvania. All camps are less  
than a three-hour drive away  
from New York city. See our  
display ad in today's paper. ON-  
CAMPUS INTERVIEWS WILL BE  
HELD ON TUESDAY, APRIL 10.  
Sign up at Office of Placement  
Services TODAY!

**NEED CASH?** Earn \$500+ each  
school year, 2-4 (flexible) hours  
per week placing and filling  
posters on campus. Serious  
workers only; we give recom-  
mendations. Call now for summer &  
next fall. 1-800-243-6679.

Hiring for the summer: snack bar  
personnel at Hovey Valley Coun-  
try Club. Apply in person Friday,  
April 12 from 1 p.m. until 3 p.m.  
at the clubhouse.

Hiring for the summer:  
lifeguards, pool manager, swim  
coach at Hovey Valley Country  
Club. Apply Wednesday, April 11,  
at the clubhouse from 11 a.m. til  
2 p.m.

## Services Offered

**ABORTION** 18 weeks. Private  
and confidential GYN facility with  
Sat. and evening appointments  
available. Free medical exam.  
Free pregnancy test. Chapel Hill  
— 942-0824.

Need your car driven to the West  
coast, after finals? Experienced  
driver will deliver it to your door  
— any place — including L.A.  
and Seattle. 684-1444.

**Der Wagen Haus**  
FINE JAPANESE EUROPEAN  
Auto Repair

2704 Chapel Hill Blvd.  
Durham — 489-5800

## Medical Services

**ABORTION:** In a daily OUTPATIENT  
facility in Chapel Hill. Cost:  
\$175; over 12 weeks additional  
charge. FEMALE STERILIZATION  
also available. Call 1-942-1335  
for appointment.

## Roommate Wanted

Summer session roommate(s)  
wanted to share a Yorktowne  
apartment; 2 miles from cam-  
pus. Ad. bar, pool, dishwasher,  
\$115/month. utilities. Call  
Craig, 684-0704, or Dave,  
684-7862.

Roommate needed (male/female).  
Furnished room in Chapel  
Tower. Available for one or both  
summer school terms. Great  
congenial roommates! Call soon  
383-2779 Lana/Sue.

## For Rent

**GREAT SUMMER SUBLET.** Com-  
fortable, quiet, two-story  
townhouse on Leon St. Beautiful  
view. Fully furnished, two-bedroom,  
1 1/2 bath. AC. Backyard patio. Only  
three miles from Duke West  
Campus. Rent negotiable. Call  
681-3356 evenings.

**Summer sublet — Erwin Square**  
two-bedroom, air-conditioned  
apartment. Available now until  
August. Call, even with no room-  
mate. Bruce 684-7667; Larry,  
Ernie 684-0755.

**ERWIN SQUARE APARTMENT 2-3**  
room, available for Summer  
Sublet. Price very reasonable,  
please call Bill 684-0671.

**Summer sublet — fully fur-**  
nished. One and a half bedroom,  
two baths, stereo, pool, TV, Chapel  
Tower Apts., rent negotiable, call  
383-5396.

**SUPERB SUMMER SUBLET —**  
2-bedroom, AC, partially fur-  
nished. May-Aug. CLOSET TO  
WEST along shade, scenic Duke  
Univ. Rd. \$250/mo.  
negotiable. CALL EVENINGS  
493-3372. YOU WANT FIND A  
MORE COMFORTABLE PLACE FOR  
THIS GOOD A PRICE SO  
CALL NOW! DON'T LET IT SLIP  
AWAY!

**SUMMER SUBLET.** Chapel Tower  
apartment. Pool, air-  
conditioning, furnished, nice.  
Tennis and health club access.  
Very close to campus. Call:  
383-6079.

**WHY LIVE IN THE DUMPS?** 1 BR  
of 2 BR/2 bath Available at Royal  
Oaks, May 5-Aug. 17. Furnished,  
across from pool. Easygoing  
roommate. Call 493-3375 after  
10 p.m.

**Summer sublet, DISCOUNTED.**  
Available early May, fully furnis-  
hed including kitchen accessories.  
2 bedroom at Chapel Towers.  
Please call at 383-3873 after 5  
p.m.

## Houses for Rent

**Summer sublet.** Furnished 3-BR,  
2-bath house. Quiet neighbor-  
hood, 2 miles from East Campus.  
A/C, dishwasher, color TV  
w/cable. Available May-August.  
\$495/month (negotiable)  
477-1188.

**Summer sublet — furnished**  
3-bedroom house May-Aug. 1  
block off East — behind the  
Union on Watts St. Rent  
negotiable. Call 682-7037  
after 5 p.m.

**AT LAST — 1-bedroom, SINGLE**  
apartment for summer sublet.  
Chapel Tower. One of the "new"  
singles (completely recapped).  
Call 684-7350. Leave message  
for Mike.

**SUMMER SUBLET:** Five bed-  
rooms to rent in humongous  
house on West Club. Partially fur-  
nished. Rent negotiable.  
383-7128, 383-5396.

## Wanted to Rent

**RELOCATING — Veterinary** Assis-  
tant looking for place to rent ear-  
liest May 1. Durham/Chapel Hill  
area. Prefer farm/rural setting.  
(704) 295-3863 before 9 a.m.  
Keep trying.

## For Sale

**1977 TRIUMPH SPITFIRE** brown  
convertible, 4-speed overdrive,  
low mileage, excellent condition.  
Tom, day 684-3965, night  
684-5859.

**MOVING SALE — Counter-**  
top fridge, \$75, 12" B & W TV  
\$30, 383-6445, leave message.  
Call 1-942-1335.

**78 BMW 324 4 spd., AC,**  
sunroof, Alpine stereo. \$7000.  
684-3777, Elizabeth.

**1974 Alfa Romeo Spider** practi-  
cally restored, rebuilt engine &  
transmission, \$7200. Donald  
286-0373 after 6 p.m. Weekdays.

## Lost and Found

**Lost:** 1984 small class ring (initial  
ECS) Sat. 24 at Kappa formal  
dinner. 26th. Please return to  
return — REWARD! Call  
684-1878.

**Lost:** Royal Blue leather wallet.  
Contains sentimental pictures  
please take it to the Bryan Cen-  
tral Desk or call 684-0476.  
Thank you.

**HELP!** I lost my keys, carkey and  
meal card in a red cloth holder  
with two flowers printed on it, pro-  
bably on East. Fran 684-1328.

**Lost:** Small gold woman's ring,  
somewhere in C.I. vicinity, 4-2-84  
sentimental value. Please, please  
return; no questions asked.  
REWARD! Call 684-1999.

**FOUND — Coat** with keys in the  
pocket in East Duke Bldg. Come  
by 112 East Duke to claim.

## Personals

**FURLONG:** Come back. All is  
forgiven.

Hey all you APTI sisters and  
pledged! Don't forget five dollars  
for National Arthritis Foundation  
must be in Sondra's hot little  
hand no later than 8 p.m. on  
Wednesday (April 4). Get  
psyched for the Rock-A-Thon on  
Friday, too.

**DUKE DEMOCRATS:** Very impor-  
tant meeting Wednesday, April 4,  
7:30 p.m., 225 Soc.-Sci. Elec-  
tions (ours and the US) and Plat-  
form discussed. Get psyched for  
transfer of power in 84.

We have the lowest airfares to  
Europe! For free color brochure,  
write to: Campus Travel, Box  
11387 St. Louis, MO 63105.

Need some extra money this  
summer? The Duke Tourguides  
need several persons to give  
campus tours to prospective  
students during the summer ses-  
sion. Interested? Call 684-3214  
for more info.

Don't you just love sorry girls  
who do coke and chain-smoke  
and drink lots of Tab? Don't you  
just love it when they wear  
hideous Vuarnets and pink  
metallic metallic clothes that  
make them look like JV cheer-  
leaders? Don't you just love all  
that? You don't? Hey, it's just  
very close to the rich pageantry of  
Curmudgeons Inc.

Interested in the '84 presidential  
race? In the national budget?  
Then come to the Institute of  
Political Sciences' Public Policy  
Seminar on Friday 4/6 in the  
Engineering Building, room 125.  
Hear such luminaries as Leonard  
Silk, Richardson Preyer, Leonard  
Silk, Kay Stern and David Green  
discuss "The Deficit Dilemma"  
(2:15-3:45), and "The 1984  
Presidential Campaign" (4:45-5:30).  
An opportunity to meet and  
exchange views of the most well-  
connected, well-informed people  
in America: the Institute's Board  
of Visitors.

**Attention Males:** Today is  
MARIETTA ARENA'S birthday.  
Line-up in front of 3rd floor  
bathroom to give her a kiss. PS.  
Fat Jimmy bought the farm.

**NG. CONGRATULATIONS!** Don't lift  
heavy objects or strain yourself.  
How's the knitting along today?  
If I'm the godmother, I'll send you  
a space shuttle patch.

**Happy Birthday, MARIETTE**  
ARENA! We all admire you from  
afar, now isn'ty chance to give you  
a birthday kiss. — C.I. Sandwich  
maker with the hair.

**CONGRATULATIONS** to the new  
Officers of Phi Eta Sigma. Bill  
Yount, Susan Berndt, Bob Ritter,  
Sue Periman and Michael Hu.  
Ask them what it stands for!

**MEL,** thank for the best year  
anyone could have sweet dreams  
about. Let's make this next one  
just as great. Thee, Thee, Thee  
Chavez.

**WANDER!** Reward for information  
leading to the arrest and con-  
dition of the idiot that slammed the  
side view mirror and door of my  
brown Celica with a wooden post  
in the door lot (East end) of  
campus. Saturday 9:30 a.m. and  
Sunday 11 a.m. 684-7492.

**MARIETTA ARENA,** a murder is  
being planned in honor of your  
birthday. Are you gonna kiss me  
errot? Love, Willard.

**Army — Oh well, S+ happens,** but  
we all know that bouncing boobs  
and spaz attacks aren't where  
it's at — so beat it! and welcome  
back to a team where the REAL  
action is Love T & L.

**My Secret Balloon** who are you?  
Is this a joke or is it real?

**Jim "Dad" Van Kirk:** HAPPY BIR-  
THDAY! You don't have to be  
happy, you can just Love Tim  
Kathy, Shari, Debbi, Beth, Leslie,  
Kate, Kerstin.

**Greg — Thanks** for a "grate" time  
in Charleston! The Southern ex-  
perience for us damn Yankees  
was amazing! Love, Stephanie.  
PS. the roses received!

**Rachael M. — Happy 22, 22 days**  
early, it's not too early to tell you  
I love you and treasure your  
friendship. The wild ones.

**Lisa Lyons,** the wild Ch-O woman,  
thanks for being a great  
sister. Getting psyched for quarry  
day and of course Murtie Beach!  
Love, your sis, Lori.

**Students interested in the**  
Women's Studies Student Ad-  
visory Committee, designed to  
advise Women's Studies Program  
on future projects, are invited to  
an organizational meeting, Fri-  
day, April 6th, 4 p.m., 119 East  
Duke Bldg.

**Dear Linda,** Happy 20th! B-day.  
Hope this is one better than all  
the others. Love, Ted.

**Chronicle Classifieds** may be dropped off in the  
Classified Depository outside our offices on the 3rd  
Floor of Flowers Bldg., or may be mailed to: Box 4696  
D.S., Durham, NC 27706. Prepayment is required.  
Classifieds cannot be taken over the phone. Rates are:  
\$2.50 per day for the first 25 words; \$0.05 per  
additional word per day. Discounts: 5 percent off for  
3 consecutive insertions; 10 percent off for 5  
consecutive insertions. Deadline: 1 p.m., one day prior  
to date of insertion.



# Sports

Page 9 April 4, 1984

## Baseball

Duke 7-7, Hampden-Sydney 0-1

## Men's tennis

Duke 6, Wake Forest 3

## Women's tennis

Duke 8, N.C. State 1

## American League

Kansas City 4, New York 2

Detroit 8, Minnesota 1

Cleveland 9, Texas 1

## National League

Philadelphia 5, Atlanta 0

Chicago 5, San Francisco 2

St. Louis 11, Los Angeles 7

Montreal 4, Houston 2

## Sports today

Baseball vs. St. Andrew's, Coombs Field, 3 p.m.

Women's tennis vs. North Carolina, Chapel Hill, 2 p.m.



PETER HATTHE CHRONICLE

Sophomores Mark Alarie (left) and Johnny Dawkins have been invited to the U.S. Olympic basketball trials, which begin in two weeks in Bloomington, Ind.



JERRY CHEN/THE CHRONICLE

# Alarie, Dawkins selected for Olympic hoop trials

From staff and wire reports

The American Basketball Association of the U.S.A. announced Tuesday that 74 college basketball players, including Duke sophomores Johnny Dawkins and Mark Alarie, have been invited to participate in the Olympic trials in Bloomington, Ind., Apr. 17-22.

Olympic coach Bobby Knight, the head man at Indiana, will cut the list down to 16 players following the trials. After that group plays a series of games against professional and amateur teams, Knight will select 12 players for the Olympic squad.

"It's a real honor just to have the opportunity to go out and play against the best players in the nation, whether you make the cut or not," Dawkins said. "You won't get a week like that during the summer, no matter where you play or what league you're in. You can't help but to improve your game, and it provides some exposure for pro scouts."

Alarie could not be reached for comment.

The list includes nine Atlantic Coast Conference players and two high school seniors Michael Jordan, Sam Perkins and Kenny Smith of North Carolina; Len Bias of Maryland; Anthony Teachey of Wake Forest; Mark Price of Georgia Tech; and Lorenzo Charles of N.C. State will

join Dawkins and Alarie in Bloomington.

Delray Brooks of Michigan City, Ind., who will attend Indiana next year, and Danny Manning of Lawrence, Kan., who is expected to attend Kansas, are the two high school seniors that have been invited to the trials.

"I know that Coach Knight is a real disciplinarian — he's looking for guys who will work hard and go after loose balls," Dawkins said. "I figure that since Coach K [Duke coach Mike Krzyzewski] uses the same style as Coach Knight — we play lots of man-to-man defense — that this will increase the chance that Mark and I will make it. But you never know."

"With 74 of the best players in the nation out there, it's going to be tough all around. Everybody is going to be playing hard, and everyone knows what you have to do to make it."

The 74 players invited to the Olympic trials:

Mark Acres, Oral Roberts; Mark Alarie, Duke; Steve Alford, Indiana; Charles Barkley, Auburn; Walter Berry, San Jacinto Junior College; Len Bias, Maryland; Steve Black, LeSalle; Sam Bowie, Kentucky; Charles Bradley, South Florida; Delray Brooks, Rogers High School; Michigan City, Ind.; Mike Brown, George Washington; Michael Cage, San

Diego State; Roosevelt Chapman, Dayton; Lorenzo Charles, N.C. State; Steve Colter, New Mexico State; Tyrone Corbin, DePaul.

Dell Curry, Virginia Tech; Johnny Dawkins, Duke; Bruce Douglas, Illinois; Joe Dumars, McNeese State; Devin Durrant, Brigham Young; Patrick Ewing, Georgetown; Vern Fleming, Georgia; Alvin Franklin, Houston.

Lancaster Gordon, Louisville; Greg Grant, Utah State; A.C. Green, Oregon State; Mark Haisel, Northeastern; Steve Harris, Tulsa; Dutch Hays, California-Berkeley; Charles Hightower, U.S. Armed Forces; Jay Humphries, Colorado.

Bobby Lee Hurt, Alabama; Lewis Jackson, Alabama State; Charles Jones, Louisville; Michael Jordan, North Carolina; Joe Kleine, Arkansas; Jon Koncak, Southern Methodist; Larry Krystkowiak, Montana; Keith Lee, Memphis State.

Karl Malone, Louisiana Tech; Danny Manning, Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Kansas; Maurice Martin, St. Joseph, Pa.; Jim Master, Kentucky; Chris Mullin, St. John's, N.Y.; Jay Murphy, Boston College; Sam Perkins, North Carolina; Chuck Person, Auburn.

Ed Pinckney, Villanova; Terry Porter, Wisconsin-Stevens Point; Mark Price, Georgia Tech; Fred Reynolds, Texas-El Paso; Alvin Robertson, Arkansas; Aubrey Sherrod, Wichita State; Charlie Sittion, Oregon State; Gene Smith, Georgetown.

Kenny Smith, North Carolina; Terence Stansbury, Temple; John Stockton, Gonzaga University; Greg Stokes, Iowa; Roy Tarpley, Michigan; Anthony Teachey, Wake Forest; Wayman Tisdale, Oklahoma; Jeff Turner, Vanderbilt.

Melvin Turpin, Kentucky; Nick Vanos, Santa Clara; Milt Wagner, Louisville; Kenny Walker, Kentucky; Dwayne Washington, Syracuse; Willie White, Tennessee-Chattanooga; John Williams, Tulane; Ewen Winter, Illinois; Leon Wood, California State-Fullerton; Michael Young, Houston.

# Coughenour, Bouchard pace Blue Devils' sweep

By DAVE MACMILLAN

The Duke Blue Devils received two strong pitching performances from David Coughenour and Dave Bouchard to sweep Hampden-Sydney 7-0 and 7-1 Tuesday at Jack Coombs Field. The two wins lifted Duke's record to 22-9.

Coughenour (4-1) pieced together a brilliant two-hitter in blanking the Tigers in the first game, which lasted just 75 minutes.

Leading 1-0, the Devils broke the game

open with five runs in the second. Catcher Tommy Decker belted a one-out solo homer over the rightfield fence to give Duke a 2-0 advantage. One out later, Mark Flaherty tripled. Seth Edwards followed with an RBI single.

Centerfielder Mark Milittello, who was 2-3 in the first game, tripled to score Edwards and give Duke a 4-0 lead. Two Hampden-Sydney blunders accounted for the inning's remaining two runs. Duke's Ron Bianco reached on an error by the Tiger second

baseman and went all the way to third as Milittello scored.

Bianco then scored on a wild pitch. Coughenour cruised the rest of the way. Fred Donegan added a solo homer, his second of the season, in the sixth to complete the scoring.

The Blue Devils needed another big inning to break away from the Tigers in the second game. With Duke leading 2-0, Donegan led off the fourth by reaching on another error by the H-SC second baseman.

With men on first and third, Edwards walked. Milittello hit a sacrifice fly to rightfield to score Donegan.

Bianco followed with an RBI single, plating Flaherty for a 4-0 lead. After Russ Lee lined out to left, Dave Amaro doubled for two RBI. Duke had a safe 6-0 lead.

Bouchard raised his record to 5-0, surrendering six hits and one walk while striking out five. The lone Hampden-Sydney run was unearned.



# Women pound State 8-1 without Taylor, Foster

From staff reports

The Duke women's tennis team, despite the absence of its top two players, routed N.C. State 8-1 Tuesday in Raleigh to raise its record to 3-1 in the Atlantic Coast Conference, 12-9 overall.

No. 1 player Sue Taylor missed the match because of illness, while No. 2 Megan Foster continued to nurse a twisted ankle suffered against Wake Forest, Mar. 27. Duke coach Charlie Frangos moved the remaining players up two notches with no adverse effects.

Duke's Audrey Solent edged State's Leslie Lewis, who

recently took Clemson's Jane Forman to three sets, 7-6, 7-6 to pace the Blue Devils. Duke lost just two sets, both in the No. 1 doubles match.

"Audrey just sat back and pounded away," Frangos said. "She was playing a girl she normally wouldn't have played, and Leslie Lewis is one of the conference's best players. Audrey really played well. I think that match set the tone for the rest of the afternoon."

In the No. 2 position, Margaret Mayer downed State's Gretchen Elder 6-3, 6-4. Kirsten Loft defeated Amy Maddox 6-3, 6-1; Ruth Englander beat Kerri Kolehna 7-5, 6-1;

Julie Levering defeated LeAnna Lewis 6-1, 6-2; and Dede Zeluck routed Susan Carpenter 6-2, 6-2 to complete the Devils' singles sweep.

In doubles, Englander-Levering lost to Leslie Lewis-Kolehna 1-6, 7-6, 6-4. Solent-Mayer defeated Elder-LeAnna Lewis 6-1, 6-0 and Loft-Radha Pandit downed Maddox-Carpenter 6-2, 6-1.

The Blue Devils travel to Chapel Hill today for a crucial match with North Carolina at 2 p.m. The Tar Heels are currently in second place in the ACC behind Clemson, with Duke in third.

## Thompson had Hoyas prepared for championship

NEW YORK — Dean Smith was probably trying to tell us all something when he predicted that the team that was "psychologically prepared" would win the national collegiate basketball championship Monday night.

No doubt the North Carolina coach believed that his good friend John Thompson would have the Georgetown players as alert and intense as they had been all season, for many seasons. These young men could teach all of us a lesson about effort and discipline, the way they whupped Houston by far more than the 84-75 margin indicates.

"Teamwork" is an overused term in professional and major-college sports. Individual skills are so refined in baseball, specialization is so dominant in football, talent is so important in basketball. But John Thompson took 12 talented players and willed them to think as one unit, able to accept their roles. He made teamwork more than a cliché.

In the days before the final game, fans and reporters were talking about the battle of the centers, the seven-footers Patrick Ewing and Akeem Olajuwon, but that duel never decided the game.

Thompson put Ewing on the bench with two personal fouls with 7:35 remaining in the first half, and Georgetown increased its lead from eight to 12 points.

### George Vecsey

About the same time, Olajuwon picked up his second foul. But Guy Lewis of Houston kept him in the game, and, by the opening minute of the second half he had been charged with his fourth, on a picky but unnecessary infraction.

The difference between Georgetown and Houston was evident on the benches as well as on the floor. Georgetown's players were together even when Houston made its first seven shots for a 14-6 lead. Houston's players never seemed together. Benny Anders, Houston's gifted and charismatic resident of the doghouse, stared into space even while his team was making its early run.

There is a fine line between freedom and anarchy, between control and totalitarianism. Personally, I'd rather chat with Reid Gettys or Benny Anders or Akeem Olajuwon than with many of the Georgetown players, who seem suspicious of dialogue, narrow in perception.

Hoya paranoia is more than just an easy rhyme. Thompson made a joke about it after the game, saying: "The credit goes to the players. It was their pride and dignity. If Hoya paranoia makes us the way we are,

maybe someone else better catch it."

This is his belief, and he made it work. The most important way to judge this basketball team is the way it performed its own stated mission: to win the tournament.

"I've had an obsession with winning the national championship, so much so that I'd wake up in the middle of the night saying, 'national championship,'" Thompson admitted Monday night. "Now I've got the monkey off my back and now I can make some decisions. I don't want to be a John Wooden. I don't want to win 10 national championships. He's got to be an iron man for doing that."

Thompson need never win another one to have achieved his own standard as a leader of skill and determination. He is a subtle, stubborn, interesting, dedicated leader of some depth.

That depth was driven home after the championship game when Bill Russell materialized to congratulate Thompson and the Georgetown players. Russell once kept Thompson's broad beam anchored on the

Boston Celtics' bench, but they spent time together away from the court.

Russell called Thompson "my philosophical ally." Russell, as player and as coach, was equally prickly and hard to define, but with a hard core of self-awareness.

Thompson is sometimes wrong: Ewing and Michael Graham do go over the physical line at times. But he is also a great motivator and he is great at preparing his team. Because of a strained ankle, Gene Smith was not available to stick his nose and chest in the way of Houston's attack. Thompson had used 10 players all season so they would be able to fill in.

Reggie Williams, a high-school all-American in Baltimore last year, took 18 shots with extra playing time Monday night, and made nine of them to lead Georgetown in scoring with 19. And he displayed no sense of personal elation at the points — just the victory.

George Vecsey's columns are syndicated by the New York Times.

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# Carlton gets 301st win as Phillies beat Braves

By the Associated Press

ATLANTA — Steve Carlton allowed two hits over seven innings for his 301st career victory and Mike Schmidt belted a home run as the Philadelphia Phillies blanked the Atlanta Braves 5-0 in a season-opening game Tuesday night.

Carlton walked one and fanned six, lifting his all-time leading streakout total to 3,715. Bill Campbell, acquired from the Chicago Cubs in March, took over to start the eighth and went the final two innings, yielding two hits.

Schmidt gave the defending National League champions a 1-0 lead in the first inning when he smacked a 1-0 pitch from Len Barker over the centerfield fence. It was the 390th career homer for Schmidt, including 33 against the Braves, 21 of them in Atlanta.

Ivan DeJesus started a two-run fifth for the Phillies with a single up the middle. After Carlton sacrificed, Juan Samuel was hit by a pitch.

Len Matuszek singled in DeJesus and Samuel also scored on the play when right fielder Claudell Washington threw wildly to the plate for an error.

The Phillies added another run in the

sixth when Von Hayes singled to right and scored when Bo Diaz doubled to center. A sacrifice fly by Garry Maddox drove in Schmidt, who had walked, in the eighth.

Carlton, the 39-year-old veteran who became baseball's 16th 300-game winner last September, allowed singles to Dale Murphy in the first inning and Rafael Ramirez in the fifth. The left-hander, who went 15-16 in 1983, is trying to rebound from his first losing season in 10 years. Rain earlier in the day held the opening-night crowd to 34,331.

The Braves got two runners aboard against Carlton only in the fifth. Ramirez advanced to second after his single when Carlton balked and then issued his only walk to Glenn Hubbard.

Carlton then fanned Bruce Benedict and got out of the inning when pinch-hitter Chris Chambliss grounded out.

The Braves collected two hits off Campbell in the eighth — a one-out single by Benedict and a two-out single by Washington that sent Benedict to third. Jerry Royster then popped out to Campbell near the plate to end the threat.

Barker, making an opening-day start for the first time in his career, worked only five innings, allowing five hits and three runs.



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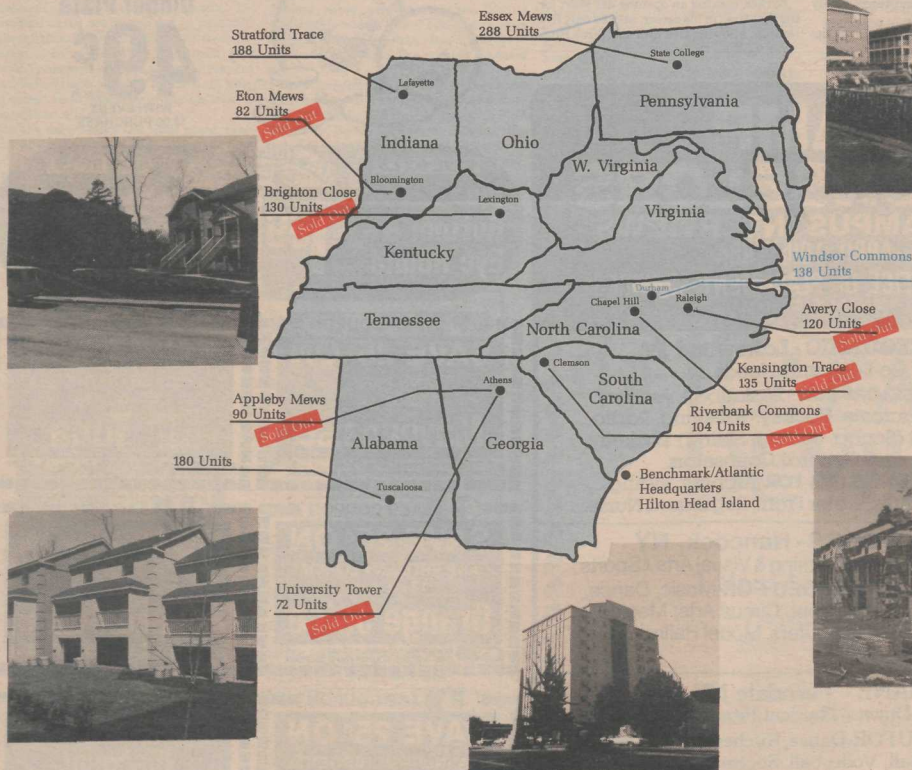


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By BRIAN MCCLAIN

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# EPIC WANDERINGS

A humble account of my recent adventures in Florida, with many islands and a cast of at least a dozen

By ALLEN CUSTARD

On Monday, March 13, I checked my mail for the first time since returning from spring break. In my box was an application which was due March 14, the following day. Something must be wrong here, I thought. The successful completion of this application was very important to me; they had never said anything about the deadline. The facts of the letter were harsh and bewildering. I searched the sentences, the words, and even the watermark for a clue which might explain this sudden and unexpected change of events. I was searching for the clue which might correlate this letter with the message.

The message delivered in a severe and moral tone by our parents, professors and the administration of this University states that all our endeavors in college will direct the course of our future. Many people also say that these are the best years of our lives. The former I believe with some reservation; the latter, not at all.

Despite the message, much of the workings of Duke take on a rather arbitrary appearance in things like my letter or a favorite professor's rejection for tenure. Only the most shameless charlatan or television evangelist portrays life as fair or even orderly, but the message implies it for life at a university. We invest a lot of significance in the four years labelled college, and I'm still looking for a clue. But then sometimes some distance is required to gain an adequate perspective. That's the beauty of spring break.

## ARRIVE ALIVE

At 3:00 a.m. driving south through Florida, we passed a reflective green highway sign with white letters bearing the message: Magic Kingdom 6 mi. The goat milk fudge sign some miles earlier was funny, but the Magic Kingdom really broke us up. I always thought the Magic Kingdom was a strange corner of the mind or Mr. Roger's neighborhood, but didn't realize that anyone knew how far it was. It was supposed to be something akin to paradise, existing only in my imagination, not on a highway sign.

A lot of Florida, however, is about living in paradise — a paradise of images and highway signs, a paradise of travel brochures, and at brief moments, a paradise on a piece of land poised between the ocean and the large areas of Florida beyond walking distance from a beach. We placed our hopes for an idyllic existence in Captiva Island on the Gulf Coast of Florida, where eight of us had rented a house for six days. I focused my attention on these thoughts and the piece of highway just beyond the car headlights.

When we arrived at Sanibel, the island adjoining Captiva, the temperature was 53 or 51 degrees, depending upon which bank time and temperature sign you believed. Because lying on the beach in a down parka wasn't appealing, we popped the tops on a few of the Busch beers purchased in Ft. Myers and headed to the J. N. "Ding" Darling Wildlife Refuge. It was the only place open at 7:00 a.m. that we had any interest in seeing.

While Ding might have the silliest name I've ever heard, his honorary wildlife refuge is an extraordinarily beautiful place. As we

stood around taking pictures and laughing wildly, a navy van from the University of Chicago pulled up. The weary students who climbed out wore parkas and a lot of natural fibers. These people were obviously here to study. They carried binoculars and cameras with tripods and huge telephoto lenses. With all this gear they were going to discern the secrets of this place of water and mangroves. Their disapproving glances made us realize that silly hats, beer cans and careless, loud speech were simply not park etiquette.

We clambered back into the car and might have left without further disturbing the ornithologists, horticulturists, botanists, zoologists and all around nature worshippers in their daily devotion had I not spotted the alligator.



SPECIAL PHOTO

At Hemingway's home in Key West

He looked about seven feet long with ridges extending the length of his back and tail, which he ominously stroked from side to side, following a feeding coat. I wanted to see the wicked bastard clamp that bird in his toothy maw in a terrifying burst of reptilian speed — gratuitous violence in nature. Where were Marlon Perkins and Jim? Jim could wrestle that ugly beast while Marlon and I sat in the car and admonished, "you wouldn't want to try this at home."

When we came tumbling out of the car, the alligator sank low in the water, only his eyes and nostrils protruding above the water surface. I suppose not even alligators like to be watched while they eat. The nature worshippers looked on with disdain as we jabbered and pointed at the slimy knobs indicating the reptile's presence.

Later, we parked in a lot marked by a "nuns only" sign and put on our bathing suits behind a hedge. We slept on the beach for several hours, bundled in sweaters and blankets against the stiff, cold morning

breeze. As we lay on the sand like a bunch of castaways saved by this spit of land, gray-haired people picked among the debris washed ashore by the storms earlier in the week. After a strong storm, fresh shells from deep water are washed ashore, free of the potholes and breaks caused by the surf.

## CLIMATE ACCLIMATION

Since that high speed ride down here, events have become more regular. I've slid very easily into this lifestyle. My biggest worry every morning is where on my body to put factor 4 Hawaiian Tropic and where to put factor 6. I sit atop my cooler which holds more refreshments than I could possibly hope to drink and jot down rambling thoughts on a canary yellow legal pad. Sometimes the scenery becomes too overwhelming, and I have to pace around, making my friends lying on their towels very nervous.

Of course, I'm still baffled as always. I wonder about the bat kite caught in the tree next to where we sit each day. Would it still fly if we got it down? I wonder if the girl with blonde hair and nice legs will come visit again today — should I ask her to put Hawaiian Tropic on my back? I think of Joan in Key West and of a girl in Sanibel I don't much know anymore. The beach doesn't encourage monogamous thoughts. I try to decide who it was that blew cookies down the stairway, on the back door, the deck and my favorite fishing cap.

The days fade lazily, one into the other. Only certain moments with complete disregard for time or sequence maintain their clarity: swimming far out into the ocean trying to be near the cavorting porpoises, a conversation on the screen porch, the ocean during a storm seen through the window of the Mucky Duck (a bar which no one calls by its proper name), a view of the ocean where it comes up to the rocks by the Sanibel-Captiva Road.

I like this place. I like our house which stands on tall beams a full story off the ground and sways in the wind at night like a ship. I like the twisted green undergrowth and shell-covered parking lots. I like this narrow beach, littered with the twisted roots of trees and large slabs of concrete, mementoes of man's arrogance in trying to tame the capricious ways of the sea.

The engineers and developers really screwed up when they thought they could keep sand in one place with concrete piers. The sea showed them that they couldn't impose their sense of order and correctness here. And because these people made a muck of this construction job, the beach is impassable to automobiles. Even if they wanted to, the cops can't drive the beach as they do at Lauderdale, Ft. Myers, and a host of other places, monitoring people's behavior.

But I've no need to worry. My behavior has been quite decent since we came here. I've given up driving with an open beer but the understanding that they will impound your car for it and amputate the tab-pounding finger of repeat offenders. Also, no primal screams at sunset.

On a seemingly random day, I returned from watching the sunset to find everyone cleaning, carrying out the garbage, and pack-

ing. Regaining my fumbled sense of time, I realized that it was Thursday and we were due to vacate the premises by 10 a.m. the following morning — Friday morning.

We'd been here six days, almost a week. I went directly to the screen porch, shut the sliding glass door, and went to sleep on one of the reclining chairs for several hours.

When we were back at Duke, some people who had visited the house while I slept on the porch told me that I looked dead at the time.

"Oh, you were the one on the porch. You looked dead."

"Didn't you have something on your head?"

"Yes, it was a bandanna. Did it make me look dead?"

"I'm not sure, but you really looked dead."

I may have been near it. All of this methodical preparation to leave gave my system a severe jolt. It was a long way from that narrow stretch of sand on the Gulf to this house where everyone is tromping around with such deliberation and purpose. A very serious and death-like nap was entirely in order.

When I awoke from this slumber, it was clear that I would have to come to terms with time again. I would have to keep moving. My idle thoughts of earlier in the week of traveling south to Key West were galvanized into a plan. Yes, these people are discussing the things they have to do at Duke before Monday. Going in the opposite direction of the compass from North Carolina to the southernmost tip of the United States made perfect sense.

The plan was inspired, but still had some crucial unknown variables. Every time I called the Atlantic Shores where Joan and her friends were supposedly staying, they told me that there was no one by that name — or any of the others I rattled off — staying at the motel. Second, at little more than 12 hours before estimated time of departure, I had no passengers, no company. I was already slightly wiggled out by the evening's sequence of events. A six-hour drive alone over a narrow chain of causeways, coral reefs and mangroves to the southernmost point of the United States and I might not remember my name, purpose or function by the time I arrived. A co-pilot was crucial. We'd keep each other sane.

Recalling what I had seen of the Keys in the past, it is no place to stand next to the highway thumbing a ride to the nearest gas station. People are tough down there, sun-bleached country types with many scars and few teeth. They openly disdain the gawking ways of the tourist. In the bathroom of a local bar, I noticed that the fellow bent over the sink had a fillet knife stuck in the seat of his pants, the handle touching his back beneath his untucked shirt. If I accidentally insulted one of these products of generations of in-breeding who carry razor-sharp knives tucked between their buns, having another person along might balance out the odds.

I didn't find out. At 9:35, Mike — right out of oblivion and the fog of a serious punch hangover — decided that he, too, wanted to travel farther south on the last weekend of

See page 4



# FLORIDA

From page 3

spring break. He, too, saw the logic of the plan.

## THROUGH THE SWAMP

After battling traffic between Ft. Myers and Naples, we hit that long two-lane highway through the Everglades which is so straight that the end of it simply fades into the heat rising off the asphalt. On this little piece of asphalt built up along the swamp we moved very fast - to the beat of the swamp, to the beat of The Pretenders.

Every one of the several buildings we passed offered 'scenic' airboat rides. These airboats, barely touching the water as they

pass, are fun. Sitting in one, however, is to be the captive of the roar of an aircraft engine. On the fast ones, the tips of the prop break the sound barrier - that is loud. Every airboat operator I've ever met was nearly deaf.

Just north of the Keys, we passed through endless acres of vegetable crops where large mechanized praying mantises sprayed geysers of water over the fields. Several times we realized that a shower of water from these machines was descending upon the road ahead; we furiously closed the sun roof. The greenness of the area was overwhelming. Here, the Bible's promises of a land of fertility and abundance appeared fulfilled. White-washed vegetable stands with the U.S. flag proudly flying overhead spoke of a sense of devotion to the aspirations of our country.

After coming from the Everglades where water dwarfs land, the Sunshine State's serious water shortage is difficult to comprehend.

## WAY OUT THERE

A series of causeways connects the mainland with the Keys, but a lot more than water separates these two pieces of geography. The spirit of the stars and bars over fruit stands, and cultivation is altogether lacking on mangrove islands. But these people in the Keys haven't just survived the ocean, they've thrived on it. . . with the help of some outside funds. Fast, expensive cars cruise the highways - Corvettes appear most popular, though there are also many Porsches and Mercedes. And they don't seem to belong to tourists because they have Florida license plates. Perhaps they belong

to the same people who own those large homes looking out on the water. One home has an adjoining boathouse on dry ground with a sloping track to the water and a cigarette racing boat inside - a much faster get-away than any Corvette.

The reputation of the Keys for all kinds of piracy, smuggling and shady characters is legendary and extends back to the first occupation of the area by white men. I've heard the story that the early occupants used to move the lights marking safe passage for ships in order to wreck, then pillage, them. Hemingway and others wrote about the smugglers. The best drink on Islamorada bears the epithet, "The Rum Runner" The statistics on the millions of dollars in drugs

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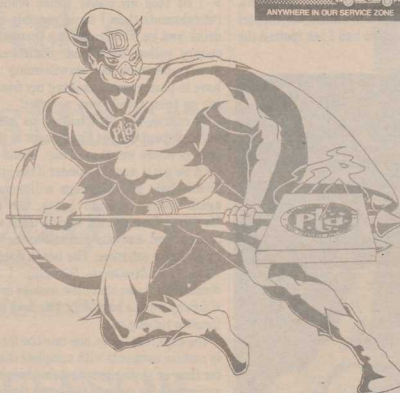
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# HOMI

## —A Sho

By SHERI

DRAWING BY

It was late afternoon when Collin's mother drove off down the dirt road. Sun shone hot on Collin's head as he stood on the gate watching the silver bumper of the Chevrolet disappear into the dust. Wind blew through his auburn hair (a little on the long side for a prep school boy) and whistled in his ears. Collin's grandmother opened the door a ways and called out to him.

"Come on in now honey," she said in the high voice she used for calling across long distances, talking through doors and speaking to Collin's grandfather. "I'm going to have supper here pretty soon."

The grandmother's gray hair and soiled apron blew in the wind, and she closed the door a bit. "I'll be in a minute," Collin called back over his shoulder. He could make his voice sound low and mature for a nine-year-old.

She let the screen door close, and Collin heard the creak and the gentle bang behind him.

Collin stared down the road to the north, in the direction the car had gone. By now the dust from the car had settled or blown away, but there always seemed to be dust in the air. Back home in Louisiana, mornings were lemon yellow and wet with dew. But here in Oklahoma, the thick dust gave even mornings the muted orange look of late afternoon. The reddish, iron-rich soil made the land look as hot as it felt. But despite the heat, dust devils constantly swirled brush around, stirring up dust.

Collin stared down at the ground and imagined that if he bent his head over the gate and cried, his tears would make little canals in the dry clay soil and they would get bigger and bigger and turn into gullies and people who walked by — even years later — would see and know and say, "Look: over there in that canyon is where a city boy got homesick once." And Collin knew that if he cried, his tears would make tracks on his dusty face and when he went in his grandparents would see and know and say, "Honey you need to go wash your face and get ready for supper now." So he didn't cry.

Balancing himself on the bottom part of the gate's wooden Z (which was no easy feat in his hard-soled loafers), Collin pushed himself off from the fence, made a wide arc backwards, swung back quickly, and whacked against the side of the fence. Push, swing, swoosh, whack — Collin liked the monotonous rhythm of the motion and did it several times until his grandmother came back out and asked him what was making all that racket and then said that's an old fence and be nice to it.

"You'd better come on in now honey," she said, raising her voice as the wind tugged at her skirt and apron through the door. "It looks as though the winds are picking up. It's starting to get chilly. Hurry up now."

Collin jumped down from the gate and walked slowly toward the small white farmhouse, away from the road.

The house faced east, and the road ran in front of it. Across the road was a huge field surrounded by barbed wire. On all sides of the house were fields, and no neighboring houses were in sight.

Here and there a clump of trees or a small pond distinguished one part of the prairie from another. About a hundred yards south of the house was a row of trees and brush which divided Collin's grandparents' property from someone else's, but the vegetation was neither so high nor so dense that you could not see over or through it. It had been good land with rich soil at one time, but years of wind and terrible heat had dried it out.

Collin had spent summers with his grandparents before and was familiar with the surrounding area. The two main objects of interest in the vicinity were an old schoolyard and a general store. The school playground was located off a side road that jutted out to the west of the main road, north of the house. Classes had not been held in the old school for years, but the playground still had a good swingset, a jungle gym and a couple of see-saws. The merry-go-round was off its track, and the rusty bell from the schoolhouse roof sat broken in the yard, but it was fun to go exploring in the empty classrooms, and there were usually a few cats living underneath the steps of the schoolhouse.

The general store, called Aunt Lou's, was off the main road to the north. It was a long walk, but well worth it. Half the store sold various drug store and grocery items, and the other half was made into a cafe and soda shop. That side was Collin's favorite side, and he would sit on a rotating stool with a torn, round vinyl seat and order a root beer float. Sometimes his grandmother would give him extra money and he would buy some sticks of candy that came out of jars or maybe a package of Clove gum. The big deal to Collin was going there with his grandfather for lunch and getting a ham sandwich and a Cherry Coke and going back with two comic books from the drug store side. The lady who worked there was nice and had big red arms and a big face. She always talked to Collin, especially if he walked up there by himself, even though he was very shy and never said anything. She always said, "How's our favorite city boy?" when he came in and, "Say hello to your grandmom for me," when he left.

Collin now walked into the warm house and relaxed his eyes. He hadn't realized he had been squinting hard against the wind and sun and dust. His face suddenly felt long and stretched out. Dinner smells came to him from the direction of the kitchen, and Collin felt hungry. He walked into the kitchen and washed his hands at the sink in front of the window that looked out over the back of the property. He saw his grandfather picking up armfuls of brush over near the south side of the house. His grandmother was bending over the oven taking something out with hands wrapped in towels like little turbans. Collin caught a glimpse of the big orange setting sun through the window as he turned away from the sink and dried his hands.

"I think these pork chops are cooked just the way you like them," the grandmother said. "Don't they smell good?"

Collin sniffed and smiled. "Yes," he said, looking at them.

Just then the back door swung open, letting in the cool smell of the outdoors, and the grandfather stomped into the previously quiet, empty room. He was a big, powerful man, and Collin admired him.

"Mm-mm!" he said loudly. "Dem poke chops sure smells good!" He laughed as he took off his gloves, jacket and hat and hung them on the hooks he had nailed by the door for that purpose. He walked over to the sink and emptied a pile of small pieces of fruit into the basin. "You want a persimmon, Collie?" the grandfather asked, rinsing them off.

"No, now Dad," the grandmother said to her husband. "Collin's not used to them and probably wouldn't like them. They're not in season anyway. They're not ripe." She was peeling apples now and elbowing in for sink room. "They're very sour, especially if they're not quite mature," she told Collin, "and they make your face pucker up like this." She scrunched up her face.

Collin laughed, but the grandfather said, "If you want to be a be a man, you've got to learn to like persimmons." He grinned, and Collin knew he was kidding. "Back in the good old days Indians had to live on berries and fruits like persimmons, whether they were ripe or not," he said. Collin took one from his grandfather's big hand. He bit into it and said, "You'll learn to like them in time. By the end of the summer you'll be our number one persimmon picker!"

Collin heard the words, "By the end of the summer," again in his head and sighed to himself.

The grandfather finished washing the persimmons and laid them out on a paper towel to dry.

"Okay men," the grandmother said, "out of my kitchen. I'll have supper on the table in a jiffy."

Collin and his grandfather went into the front room and sat on the couch. Collin brought out his school books to show his grandfather because his grandfather said he wanted to know what they were teaching little boys at those highfalutin' institutions these days. Collin was not very enthusiastic because school had never interested him much, but somehow his grandfather made his subjects sound exciting. A good education was something the grandfather never had but always wanted, and he told Collin to just think of all the boys in the world who would love to be in Collin's place. Collin showed his grandfather his botany book and the grandfather talked about plants around the house. "We can walk around after dinner and I'll point them out to you," he said.

"Oh no you won't," the grandmother called from the kitchen, and Collin saw her through the doorway. "It's getting dark and cold. You can take a walk tomorrow some time."

Collin showed his grandfather his history book, and his grandfather started talking about the Indians who used to live on that land. They were still talking when the grandmother called them to the table. The grandfather could tell that Collin liked the Indian stories, so he kept on talking. The grandmother had heard all those stories before, so she was quiet and smiled dur-

ing the meal, only interrupting from time to time to ask Collin if he wanted more mashed potatoes or another apple.

After dinner the grandfather sat smoking a pipe in a large brown chair in the sitting room as the grandmother cleared the table and hummed as she did the dishes. When the grandfather stopped talking, the room would get very quiet except for the wind outside and the ticking of the clock on the mantle. Collin sat on the rug beside the coffee table tracing a picture of a horse in a magazine onto a thin sheet of tracing paper as he listened to his grandfather's stories.

"You see, when I was your age, around 1910, all this land was still Indian territory," he said, puffing on his pipe. He had dark skin from the sun and a little Indian blood himself, so he looked somewhat like an Indian chick sitting there with his peace pipe. "And when we settlers moved in — that is, my parents and aunts and uncles, who made the run in Oklahoma — many of those old boys didn't take too kindly to us. I remember one day Vernon, Asa, Henry and I had been down over at Tuskegee Creek all day — that was when we were living at the old Lawson house, which would be north of Tallala today — and we boys had been slaughtering a hog down at the creek. It's important to be near water for that business, don't you know?"

Collin asked him why.

"Well, when we slaughtered a hog, first we'd wash it off some with water from the creek. We'd fill a couple of big tubs with water and pour it over the hog, which was hung from a tree, nose down. Then we took a large sharp knife and





# ESICK

## ort Story—

RYL HURD

Y LAURA YOUNAN



skinned it, being sure to leave all the meat on and just take off the hide and the hair." The grandfather was looking to Collin for signs of squeamishness, but Collin was listening intently.

"Then we used more water to boil the carcass. We heated the tib of water over a fire that we built and poured that on to scald it. We did that a couple of times. That's generally all we used the water for, but that takes a lot of water," the grandfather said.

Collin reminded him about the Indians.

"Well, one day when we all had gone away off yonder and left th cattle unattended, a group of Osages came and stole several head. They managed to take some that hadn't been branded yet, so we never got them back."

Collin asked him how he knew they were Osage Indians.

"Grace and Mother - that'd be your great-grandma Stokes - they were in the house at the time and said they saw them riding off but couldn't do anything. Mother said she went out te front door and shot off the shotgun a couple of times to show them she meant business." The grandfather laughed, so Collin laughed too. "You great-grandma was a little woman, but she scared the dickens out of those old boys, and they rode away like lightning."

The grandfather laughed and dabbed his eyes with his handkerchief, and Collin laughed a little harder.

"Oh, some of those old boys were mean," he said. "After dark was when they'd sneak around and steal eggs from henhouses and salted meat

which was hung out to be dried in barns. Those boys are known for sneaking around, you know. Harry Coburn told once of some incidents they'd been having in town late at night. Vernon and Dad and I - I was very young then - were in town picking up grain and feed and some supplies for Mother. Our folks rarely made it to town, but when we did, we heard all sorts of stories. Vernon and I were loading up the wagon with feed bags when Harry came over. He told us a band of wild Indians - Apaches, everyone said, or maybe Cherokees - were in the habit of riding through town after dark and shooting out any light they saw shining in a window. They'd see a candle or a kerosene lamp sitting in there by the curtains - didn't matter if it were a hotel saloon or a child's room - and shoot t it. It kept people from placing lights near their windows, I'll tell you that much - and that's actually a good thing, yousse, because flames can easily leap to a curtain and catch a house on fire; I've seen many a home go up in smoke that way. But it had people scared out of their skins for a long time."

"Did anyone get shot?" Collin asked.

"Yes, I believe a few did get shot; none were serious though. It only happened a few times," the grandfather said. "Then I guess the band must've moved on to another town."

"Why did they want to do that in the first place?" Collin asked.

The grandmother brought a vase of flowers in and set it on the table. "There's a lot of hate out there, honey," she said, to answer Collin's question. "And now I think it's time you best be getting off to bed," she said. "And that means you too, Pop."

Collin lay in bed that night staring around the room, thinking about the dryness of the land and the Indian stories and people shooting other people, and he was unable to fall asleep. It was his father's old room, and it made him feel strange, especially because he had never met his father. Soon after his parents got married, his father, who was in the military, was stationed somewhere overseas; and since his mother had been pregnant with Collin, they decided it would be best for her to stay in the States instead of joining him. Collin was born and his father was transferred to Vietnam. He remembered being in first grade and seeing other kids wear those metal POW bracelets with soldier's names on them, and some of them having his father's name on them. A girl who felt sorry for him gave him her bracelet with his father's name on it. He remembered looking at it and feeling proud. ROBERT C. STOKES, it read, and the C stood for Collin. But when he wore it into the house after school that day, his mother made him take it off. She never let Collin wear one of those bracelets, but she made him very much aware that his father was missing in action and that she was worried. His mother worked for a New Orleans newspaper and knew all there was to know, and she would tell Collin what was going on whenever he asked. And in the evenings Collin would sit down beside her as she bit her nails

and watched the 6:00 news, and some nights he would see her flick a tear out of the corner of her eye.

He remembered one spring day he was sitting in Miss Hoskins' second grade class, and the windows were open and the room smelled of grass, when he saw his grandfather, his father's father, standing in the doorway with his hat in his hand. Collin had felt sick to his stomach as the teacher, after talking with the grandfather, came over to him and whispered tht he could leave for the rest of the day. Even though he'd never seen his father except in photographs, his mother had told him about him and he felt he knew him. "You're just exactly like him," she told him often, "in every way. And I know you're going to grow up to be just as handsome and strong nd smart and good." His father's death was a terrible loss to him, and it made him terrifically afraid and filled with responsibility.

After that year, Collin spent third and fourth grades away at an all-boys prep school in Virginia. His mother did not know what to do with him and cried sometimes when she looked at him. During the summers, Collin stayed with his grandparents, who treated him even better than their only son Robert. Collin's mother was busy with her job all the time even in the summer, so this seemed to her to be the best possible arrangement.

Collin awoke the next morning to the ound of hammering and the smell of bacon. He walked into the kitchen in his bare feet and the grandmother said a builder was working on the house. They were converting the back porch into a breakfast room she said.

Collin sat at the small table in the kitchen, looking through the doorway to the back porch. At home, Collin would eat a bowl of cereal while watching cartoons in the morning, and during the commercials he would read the back of the box. Sometimes he would ask his mother, "What does 'guaranteed' mean?" or the meaning of some other word, and she would define it without looking up from her paper and coffee. But here it was different. The grandmother put a plate before him on the table and asked him if he preferred grape jelly or strawberry. There was no television to watch, so he watched the young workman hammering away. The workman caught Collin looking at him and winked.

"Rusty, come in here and get yourself some of this breakfast before it gets cold," the grandmother called to the young man.

Rusty was a student at Claremore College who did construction work in the summers. His mother had known Robert Stokes when they were in high school, and Rusty used to mow the Stokes's yard until he started going to college.

"That's awful nice of you ma'am," Rusty said, "But I don't want to put you to any trouble." "No trouble at all," the grandmother insisted. She set Rusty's plate down across from Collin's. "I want you to do a good job on my new room," she smiled, "and breakfast will give you strength."

Rusty pulled up a chair and sat down, look-

ing appreciative. "Thank you, ma'am." Rusty had sandy blonde hair and was tan and good-looking. Collin saw muscles underneath his short-sleeved shirt.

"No trouble at all," she said again, patting his shoulder and sitting down with them at the small table. "Besides, I have a favor to ask of you Rusty."

Rusty, his mouth full, raised his eyebrows as if to say, "Anything?"

"Pop has promised to take me to town today to pick up a few things, things I'll be needing seeing as Collie's staying with us and all," she said, smiling at Collin. "And I was wondering if we left Collie here, if you could look after him while we're gone?"

Collin looked at her with alarm. He didn't want to stay with Rusty; he felt uncomfortable around strangers.

"Oh sure," Rusty said, looking at Collin. "My pleasure, ma'am."

The thing was settled, and Collin swallowed hard, accepting it, not wanting to make a scene.

"If you boys are finished then, I'll just set these dishes in the sink, and we'll be off," the grandmother said.

Collin went to get dressed and heard his grandfather giving instructions to Rusty in the back room. Collin couldn't hear what Rusty was saying; maybe he was just nodding.

The grandmother came into the bedroom tying a scarf under her chin and asked Collin what he wanted from the grocery store.

"Nothing," Collin said sullenly.

"Now Collin," the grandmother said, "I want you to behave yourself and go out there and keep Rusty company and make us proud of you."

Collin folded his arms stubbornly.

"You know, honey," the grandmother said softly, "Rusty lost his father when he was very young too."

Collin sniffed and scratched his ear. Then he hung up his pajamas, helped his grandmother make the bed, and told her he wouldn't mind if they got peanut butter, oreos, or popsicles at the store.

Collin sat on a stool on the back porch holding nails for Rusty as the grandparents' truck backed out of the gravel driveway. Somewhere a dog barked, and sunlight filtered through the screen.

Rusty stood on a ladder, hammering boards on to a wooden frame, making a wall where a screen was now.

"Your grandparents sure are nice," Rusty said. He reached out for a nail, and Collin handed him one.

"When did you get here Collie?" Rusty asked. "It is Collie, isn't it?"

"Collin," Collin said.

"You don't like to be called Collie?"

"It's okay. But kids at school call me Collin."

"I see." Rusty reached out for another nail.

"You know my name isn't really Rusty either,"

Rusty said.

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## HOMESICK

From page 7

Collin said nothing.

"You want to know what it is?"

Collin nodded.

"Rutherford."

They both laughed.

"So I kind of like my nickname," Rusty said.

He inched his ladder closer to Collin's chair.

Collin kept handing him nails.

"You gonna be here for the whole summer?"

Rusty asked.

Collin nodded. He watched as Rusty hammered the nail only twice each time, and then the nail would disappear into the wood.

"You'll probably be seeing a lot of me then,"

Rusty said, "It'll take awhile to finish this job."

Rusty told Collin that he only did one job at a time and didn't even think of starting another until the first was completed. He said it was important to do things as well as you could, and he said he liked working with his hands.

"Though I have to be careful not to ruin my hands," Rusty said, "if I'm going to be a surgeon. That's what I want to be, that's what I'm studying to be. But your hands have to be in good shape to be a surgeon. One miss with the hammer, and there goes the career!"

Collin looked at Rusty's muscular hands. He could see him being a surgeon.

"Why do you want to be a surgeon?" Collin ventured to ask.

Rusty put down his hammer and looked out the screen in front of him. "When most people ask me that," he said, "I say because I want to be rich and successful and get out of this little town. That's what most people sort

of expect to hear, I guess."

Rusty looked at Collin for comprehension of this and Collin appeared to understand.

"But I'll tell you the real reason, Collie," Rusty smiled. "It's because I want to save people's lives. I know it sounds corny, but I mean, that's the most – greatest thing you can do, I think – save a life . . ."

Collin looked up at Rusty with a little awe.

"And also," Rusty added, "I probably want to do it because of what happened to my dad."

Rusty looked down; he rubbed his nose.

"What happened?" Collin asked. He had temporarily lost his shyness.

"He died in a little rinky dink hospital on an operating table where a quack of a doctor didn't know what the hell he was doing," Rusty said angrily. He seemed to have forgotten he was talking to a nine-year-old, and his outburst frightened Collin.

Collin stared at the nails lying in his sweaty palms and wondered how much it would hurt if by accident one went through your hand. He was nervous, the room was quiet, and they were both looking down. Through his fear, Collin finally managed to say something.

"They make really good tater-tots at Aunt Lou's," he said quietly, not looking up. He hoped it was the right thing to say.

Rusty looked at Collin and smiled with relief. He looked like he was about to laugh but didn't. "They do?" he said.

"Yeah, they do," Collin said.

They were both smiling now.

"Let's go there for lunch," Rusty said. "I'll do a little more work here and then we'll go." Collin went to the tool box to get more nails and Rusty started to whistle. "I could go for some really good tater-tots," Rusty said.

After a while, they took off down the road.

See page 11



*You are cordially invited to meet*

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*author of*

**HERE TO GET MY BABY OUT OF JAIL**

*on Thursday, April 5th,*

*from Noon to 1 p.m. in the Gothic Bookshop.*

*Refreshments will be served.*

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At 4 p.m., in 111 Social Sciences Bldg., the Department of English, with the assistance of the Rosati Fund, will present Ms. Shivers lecturing on the genesis and completion of her novel. The Public is invited to attend.



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# Stroh's

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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 this 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.



# FLORIDA

From page 4

that pass through this area – and the unexplained luxury which many possess – suggest that the reputation is entirely deserved.

Arriving in Key West at 5:00 p.m., we headed directly for the Atlantic Shores Motel and found the girls had checked out on some unknown day during the week. We would have to find a room.

Enter two road-weary Duke students into front office of a motel complex on Truman Street. The office is dark with a buzzer lock on the door.

First student: Excuse me, we're looking for an inexpensive room for the night.

Clerk: I'm afraid that all our rooms are full right now, but do you know about our club?

Second student: Club?

Clerk: Yes, the gay bathhouse club. (Look of total bewilderment on students' faces)

Clerk: Are you gay?

Second student (a "Stripes" fan): Do you mean like flaming?

First student: No, we're not.

Clerk: Well, come back when you are.

(Exit two very disconcerted Duke students.)

By the time we were in our room at the Key Lime Motel, we were shell-shocked. I'm not used to discussing sexual orientation when trying to get a room for the night. The gay inhabitants of the island (they seemed to run every hotel) did get their point across – it's their island in some ways, so a good sense of humor is essential. After several brews in the room, we headed for the (college type) bars

on Duval Street, with the agreement to have only one drink in each establishment.

At times that night, we followed the tracks of Hemingway, spending time in two of his old watering holes, Capt. Tony's and Sloppy Joe's. Sloppy's might have had a character all its own in the 1930s, but Hemingway's picture adorning the walls and T-shirts in the place make it a stale and unflattering shrine. Captain Tony is still around guiding the character of his bar with his crusty presence. A picture of him on the wall bears his saying, "All you need in life is a great self-opinion and a tremendous sex drive – brains don't mean shit." With any person we met, we asked the same questions: "Where can we get some conch fritters? And have you seen the iguana man?"

Conch fritters are an island specialty, deep-fried corn batter with tasty spices and pieces of conch meat. Conchs are also the people who live on the island year-round, the natives. Conch in conch fritters are the little animals that live in conch shells before they make it to tourist stores. The iguana man is a local character recognizable by the six live iguanas that adorn his attire.

While we didn't find any fritters that night (or the iguana man), we did find the hotel of Joan and her friends. We picked them up in a cab at one a.m. and took them back to Duval Street where they politely listened to our strange tales until the bars closed at four.

## AT THE CORNER OF OLIVIA AND WHITEHEAD

After our eviction from the Key Lime the next morning, we remained true to our plan to visit Ernest Hemingway's house. The house is a grand monument to Papa and provides some human insight into all the courage, virility and ferocity of his novels. The most con-

spicuous inhabitants of the place are the descendants of Hemingway's cats – his "royal cats" as he called them. They lounge around the entrance fountain, the veranda and the pool, and the many flower beds with a casual smugness entirely appropriate to Hemingway. The current owner of the house chooses to live in a bungalow once used for guests. This too appears appropriate; she could only be a guest in this house where the presence of Hemingway still dwells. He was a brawler, a drunkard, a writer and a great spirit, a spirit that still fills the house despite the dreadful redecorating, the lime-green exterior paint, the imitation Oriental rugs.

The 15th-century Spanish dining table and chairs chosen by Hemingway and his wife feature racks behind the two head chairs where the men could place their swords while dining. A ceramic sculpture of a cat by Pablo Picasso rests atop an armoire, a reminder of Hemingway's "lost generation" days in Paris.

Every morning, at five a.m., according to the tour guide, Hemingway would rise and make his way to the guest house study where he would work until 10 or – if the writing was going well – noon.

The remainder of the afternoon he'd spend fishing and carousing with the other conchs.

The tour guides didn't tell us precisely what his wife, Pauline, an editor of Vogue, thought of this schedule, but the house speaks of her sentiments and Papa's persistent inability to stay with one woman. In the garden rests a trough full of water for the cats. It was originally a urinal at Sloppy Joe's Bar. When it cracked and the bar was throwing it away, Hemingway decided his cats could use it and carried it across town on his back. Pauline didn't consider having a urinal for a reflecting pool/kitty bowl in her gardens very

fashionable and had the outside covered in painted tile.

The swimming pool is another of Pauline's tasteful additions to the house. Built as a surprise gift for her husband while he was covering the Spanish Civil War, the pool cost three times what Hemingway originally paid for the entire estate 10 years earlier. Discovering this, Hemingway took a penny from his pocket and said something to the effect that "if that's the way you're going to spend my money, here – take my last cent," then threw the coin in a patch of still-wet cement.

Pauline found this so humorous, or at least so typically Ernest, that she placed a piece of glass secured by copper bolts over the penny in order to preserve it. Her voice still echoes around that hermetically sealed gesture, speaking to her guests at cocktail parties, "Look what a silly ass Ernest is," just in case they missed him carrying the urinal.

Hemingway was the first man ever to wear shorts on the streets of Key West, the father of a trend that has gone considerably further than he might have anticipated. Like the new lime-green paint on Hemingway's house, Key West has a new image: as a place where anyone and anything goes. Neither the city nor its citizens make promises they may have to fulfill.

## END OF THE CONCH FRITTER QUEST

We found our conch fritters at a little fish stand in a parking lot. The stand had wheels, but they were deflated and looked as though they had been for a long time. The stand owner told us jokes as he cooked them and gave us more than the prescribed dozen when we told him where we were going – back to Duke.

– Allen Custard is a Trinity senior

# JAZZ

with Dan Adams, Rick Losada, Craig Arps, and special guests, at the Coffeehouse, next to the historical and refurbished east campus post office, tonight from 9 to midnight.

# NIGHT AND FOG

A Lenten/Pre-Passover  
Call to Remembrance

Film: *Night and Fog* (Nuit et Brouillard). Alain Resnais' brilliant and powerful film on the Nazi death camps.

Following the film there will be a discussion led by members of the Duke and Durham religious communities.

Wednesday, April 4

7:30 p.m.

York Chapel

The Divinity School

Sponsored by Duke Campus Ministry and the Divinity School

## Hillel's Passover Seder

Monday Evening April 16th  
6:30 p.m.

at Beth El Synagogue Watts and  
Markham Street, Durham

Cost: \$10 Members \$12 Non-Members

Deadline for Reservations April 9th

Make Reservations in Chapel basement daily 9-4 or send to  
NC Hillel 210 W. Cameron Chapel Hill

## CHICAGO REYNOLDS THEATER

MARCH 31 8:15 p.m.	APRIL 1 2:00 p.m.
APRIL 5 8:15 p.m.	APRIL 6 8:15 p.m.
APRIL 7 8:15 p.m.	
\$6.00	\$5.00 with Duke I.D.
MAY 4 8:15 p.m.	MAY 5 1:00 p.m. & 8:15 p.m.
\$7.00	\$6.00 with Duke I.D.



Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to see a story of murder, greed, corruption, violence, exploitation, adultery and treachery—all those things we all hold near and dear to our hearts.

TOBACCO ROAD/APRIL 4, 1984



# HOMESICK

From page 8

**L**ater that evening after the grandparents had come back and Rusty had left for the day, Collin told his grandmother in the kitchen about his and Rusty's trip to Aunt Lou's. The grandmother said she was glad the two of them hit it off so well; Rust was such a nice young man. The grandmother was frying chicken and Collin was watching.

The grandfather came in from the back porch. "Looks like Rusty got a lot done today," he said. "You know I think we're going to need some more two-by-fours. I thought these would be enough, but he's going through them in a hurry. Dang, I should've stopped by Fixley's Hardware when we were in town today."

"Well just calm down," the grandmother said, rolling a piece of chicken in batter. "You can get some tomorrow." She had another thought. "Or give Rusty a call and see if he can bring some over when he comes tomorrow."

The grandfather agreed, looking annoyed with himself. He decided to change the subject.

"You want to go for a walk around the the house, Collie?" the grandfather asked. "I'll show you those plants we were talking about yesterday. We still have a little time before it starts getting dark."

Collin put on his light jacket and followed his grandfather out the front door. To his left the brown pick-up sat on the dirt driveway. Two trees were on either side of the walk leading from the house to the road. The grandfather took his large piece of driftwood from where it was leaning at its place next to the door, and used it as a walking stick. Collin found a long skinny stick on the ground and picked it up, but it was too short to be a walking stick, so he batted at leaves with it as they walked around to the side of the house. The sun was setting in the west and things were taking on an orange tint, but Collin didn't think the land looked as dusty as it had the day before.

"This is our fire bush," the grandfather said proudly, pointing to a round light brown bush at the corner of the house. "You should see it in the fall," he said. "It just blazes with

color. You've never seen a more beautiful red. It's really something."

Collin tried to imagine.

"Folks stop in their cars and ask what kind of bush it is, and sometimes ask for leaves to take with them," he said. He swept under the bush with his stick, as if searching for a leaf of proof that this little dumphy bush could be impressive.

They moved on.

"These are all piracantha," the grandfather said, gesturing to a row of tall green bushes with reddish orange berries which stood against the north side of the house. "You've probably seen these before."

Collin shook his head. He probably had seen them before but just hadn't cared enough to notice.

The grandfather knew the names of all the weeds and grasses and bushes and trees in the area. He said it was just in-born knowledge for a boy who grew up in the country. But also he had taught high school biology for two years, when Robert had been a baby, and then he had become a soil conservationist and worked for the government. Collin did not know what a soil conservationist was, so the grandfather explained that he went around helping farmers make the mos. of their infertile soil. He suggested to them where to put ponds, where to let the cattle graze, what kind of fertilizer to use, when and how to irrigate. It was sad, the grandfather said, when many farmers he knew gave up during the Depression and moved west. They didn't give it much of a chance, he said; you've got to fight hard and stick things out if you're ever going to get anywhere. Even now the grandfather refused

to leave the land, though not much could be grown in the tired soil. The grandparents had given up trying to garden and sold most of their cattle years ago, but they felt tied to that house and were continually improving it. "It's where your daddy was born," Collin remembered his grandmother telling him once with a sparkle in her eye. There was something ghost-like and haunting about that wooden whitewashed house sitting out in the middle of nowhere amidst the grackles and the tumbleweeds. But Collin couldn't see his grandparents living anywhere else.

Collin thought about where he himself had lived. He and his mother had moved three times that he could remember: an apartment, a duplex, another apartment. Collin had never really had a "home," one with a fireplace and a garage and brothers and sisters to fight with. He missed one.

"I don't want you to ever move," Collin told his grandfather suddenly.

The grandfather looked down at Collin, surprised. He chuckled reassuringly. "There's little chance of that, honey," he said. "We're pretty attached to this old place ourselves."

The two men walked inside when the grandmother stuck her head out the screen door and called supper. Collin stood for a moment looking down the road with his hand on the door. Then he let the door swing closed.

— Sherry Hurd is a Trinity sophomore.

The Chronicle Advertising Office Still Has Photos of Models That Were Submitted For The Spring Fashion Issue If You Would Like To Get Them Back, Please Come Up To 3rd Floor Flowers (Before Friday, April 6, 1983) Or Send A Self-Addressed Stamped Envelope.

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## The ASDU Student Affairs Committee wants to know:

What are three of your major concerns about Student life as an Undergraduate at Duke University? (ex: Food service hours, food quality, overcrowding, noise policy, alcohol policy, freshman clusters)

Please put completed forms in suggestion boxes at the ASDU office, Blue & White Room, the C.I., D.U. East Union, or Gradel's by Monday, April 9.

## CENTER FOR INTERNATIONAL STUDIES SEMINAR ON

### "Careers in Development: A Look At Opportunities"

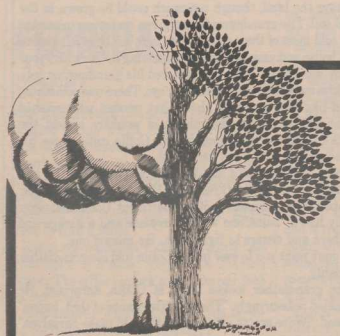
10:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m.

Saturday, April 7th 1984

119 East-Duke Building

Presentations will focus on Women in Development and opportunities for generalists and natural resource managers in developing countries. A luncheon will follow; please RSVP by April 5th.





# PEACEMAKING IN A NUCLEAR AGE

**A Duke University Symposium — April 5—April 12**

**April 5th — 8:15 Page Auditorium**

**David Gergen**

— Keynote Speaker —

Former Director of Communications of the White House

*"The Propaganda War between  
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**April 8th — 8 p.m. Reynolds Theater**

**William A. Rusher**

— Publisher —

*National Review*

**Marvin Kalkstein**

Lecturer of Peace Studies, University of Wisconsin.

Debate over: *"Star Wars"*

**April 9th — 8 p.m. Reynolds Theater**

**Professor Jerry Hough**

Duke Professor, Fellow at Brookings Institute in Washington,  
Soviet Specialist.

*"The Generational Change and  
East West Relations"*

**April 10th — 8 p.m. Reynolds Theater**

**Minister Counselor  
Victor F. Isakov**

Minister Counselor from the Soviet Embassy in Washington.

*"Arms Control Perspectives"*

**April 11th — 8 p.m. Reynolds Theater**

**Professor Joseph Kruzel**

Professor of Political Science at Ohio State University,  
involved in SALT I negotiations,  
former Duke professor.

*"Negotiating with the Soviets"*

**April 12th — 4 p.m. 139 Social Sciences**

**Krimhilde Pardey**

Reporter for the Frankfurt New Press  
German Marshall Fund Fellow

*"The Role of the Peace Movement  
In West Germany"*

**April 12th — 8 p.m. 139 Social Sciences**

**Dr. Dan Young**

Board Member — Physicians for Social Responsibility

*"Nuclear War:  
Physician's Eye View"*

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