

the summer chronicle

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Durham, North Carolina

Monday, July 8, 1974

Soviets win meet in overall scoring, US men triumph

By David Arneke

Despite Durham's typical "late afternoon and evening thundershowers," over 65,000 people attended the two days of the USA-USSR track meet on Friday and Saturday, and most who came stayed all the way through the intermittent rain both days.

Although the USSR team won overall 192-184, Saturday's crowd of 38,500 saw the American men put on a strong surge at the end to beat the Soviet men 117-102. As most observers had predicted, the American women were defeated, by the score of 90-67.

Although there were only two world records broken during the meet, there were several close races that brought the crowd to its feet. Lyudmil Bragina broke her own world record in the 3,000 meter with a time of 8:52.14. Although she had no competition at all from the American runners, the crowd saw her chance for breaking the record and brought her in with a tremendous ovation which she later credited as a helpful factor in her performance.

It was announced

Saturday that the Soviet women's 440 relay team, which ran in one of the final events Friday, had broken the world record of 44.7 with a time of 44.2.

Valery Borzov, the most celebrated member of the Soviet team, finished third in the 200 meter behind Reggie Jones of the University of Tennessee and Steve Lutz of Kansas. The times were 20.81 seconds for Jones, 20.83 for Lutz, and 20.84 for Borzov.

Borzov, who took gold medals in the 1972 Olympics in the 100 and 200 meters, was held out of both the 100 and the 440 relay on Friday. He had repeatedly said in the last week that he was not expecting to win in this, his first race of the season.

Two controversies occurred in the men's running events. In the 1,500 meter, American Tom Byers of Ohio State was leading coming out of the last turn when he stumbled and almost fell. The two Soviet runners passed him for a sweep of the event. Byers later said that his ankle had hit the knee of the Soviet

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Cloggers at the Summer Arts Festival last weekend. (Photo by Bruce Siceloff)

USSR track team received warmly during stay at Duke

By David Arneke

In the week before the track meet, lots of us got to see a good deal of the Soviet team. From the day they arrived, they were in sight almost constantly around campus and all over Durham. They met with groups of reporters three times. They went to Raleigh and Chapel Hill, pulled the tourist bit all the way.

You couldn't exactly say that they are just like us, and the language barrier kept getting in the way,

A news feature

but they still talked with a lot of Americans. They all appeared happy, pretty much free to do as they pleased, and, to varying degrees, curious about the campus, much different than the social studies of Cold War American elementary schools would make us think. They weren't sullen and serious and oppressed looking. They didn't look ready to escape

at the first chance. They looked just like we do.

One of the hardest things for the Soviets to deal with were press conferences. They just didn't seem to know what to do with direct questions asked in public.

They answered the questions briefly with nice, favorable, innocuous comments that got sounding pretty similar very fast. They were happy to be here, it would be an exciting meet, everyone has been very nice to them.

They weren't very outgoing with predictions or comments on their performances. They didn't generally give reporters much to write about, but a few of them would talk and they instantly became favorites among the press. And for the most part, they weren't the athletes.

Everybody's favorite member of the delegation was the official interpreter, Lioudmila Ijashevskaja. She was on hand at every event, and charmed every reporter in the place, from Lou Bello to Mark Finsky. She was short and good looking, very Western in her blond shag-cut hair.

She was a fast, confident interpreter, whom Coach Igor Ter-Ovanesyan relied on often, even though he can speak perfect English. She smiled a lot and got interviewed by herself a lot, even though she was only supposed to be interpreting for everybody else.

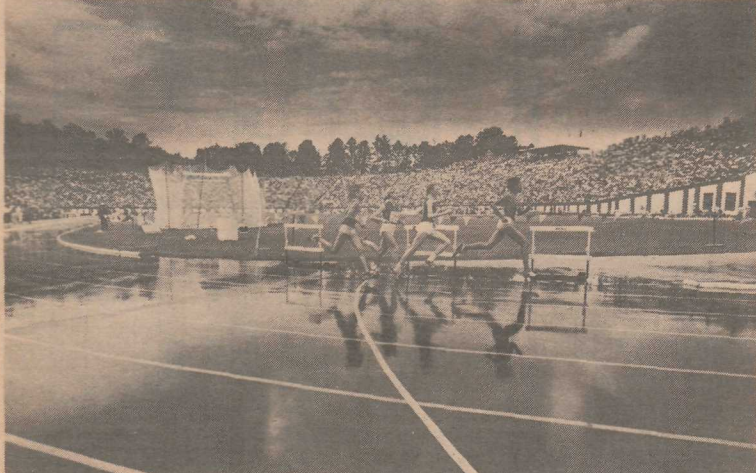
The coach of the Soviet team, Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, talked quite freely and openly. He was well known to track reporters as one of the great Soviet long jumpers of all time and seemed to be widely respected as a coach, even though he hasn't been at it too long.

After the first press conference, he started speaking English and was straight forward and sure of himself and his team. He wasn't afraid to make predictions, but he always seemed conscious of how his words would sound, and how easy it would be to overbearing.

He figured the American men to win, and the Soviet women. He openly admitted that ace runner Valery Borzov wasn't in shape after his ankle injury. He may have looked like he was hedging his bets some of the time, but he was just showing an openness almost unheard of.

Ter-Ovanesyan has a sense of humor that gave some of the reporters a moment of uncertainty before they decided he was joking. At the first press conference he was asked to comment on the American coach's prediction of a Soviet victory. "Then why should your team come?" he replied. Then he smiled.

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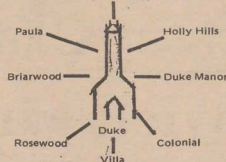


Women runners stretch out on the second turn of the 800 meter run before a crowd of some 38,500, who braved the dreary weather to view the second day of the USA-USSR track and field competition. (Photo by Frank Owen)



Over four thousand people from all over the country staged a peaceful march in Raleigh Thursday, the main focus of which was the abolition of capital punishment in North Carolina. (Photo by Paul Lassiter)

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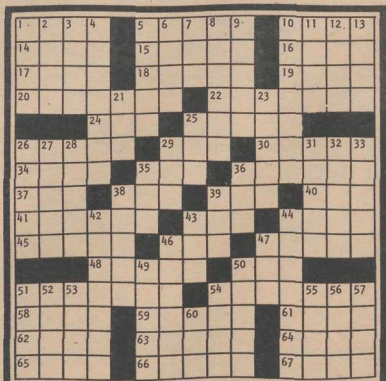
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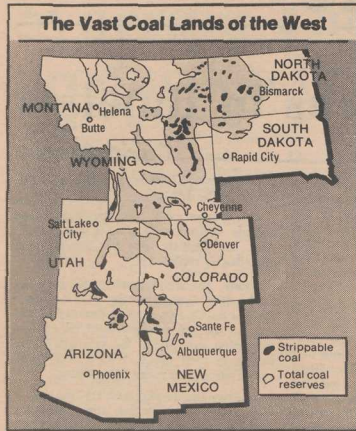
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| 24 Skill | 48 Fine paper | 3 Standard | than sword |
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Solution to last week's puzzle:

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HARK	DIAN	STREPT
ETA	BARBER	
BRITISH	HASSE	
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MARI	MARRIS	FRU
BREWERS	AM	
AVIARY	NOH	ARAB
JAS	ESTER	MOZ
AGE	NIGHT	REGAL
HES	ASTAR	ADORN



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New York Times map of the western coal reserves.

Coal strip mining in West attacked by environmentalists

By James P. Sterba
(C) 1974 NYT News Service

DENVER—A crucial debate is under way over whether western coal lands can be reclaimed after they are strip-mined. At stake are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of square miles of land in this generally arid and fragile region. The key element in the controversy is water.

Coal companies, already implementing plans for massive strip-mining operations, argue that most of the land to be mined receives sufficient annual rainfall to allow restoration to productive use.

Environmentalists argue that successful reclamation is doubtful and that stripped regions could become a vast "national sacrifice area" of barren, useless land incapable of being rehabilitated by either nature or man for decades and possibly centuries.

Both sides tend to agree, however, that precious little research and experimentation has

been conducted on mined western land to answer key reclamation questions with much certainty.

"We're suffering from a disease that can be terminal if it isn't controlled—it's called lackadata," says Carolyn Alderson, a Birney, Mont., rancher and environmentalist. Like other opponents of strip-mining she is skeptical of reclamation.

"We're not comforted by assurances of reclamation," she says, "when in fact there is not one acre of reclaimed land in the Northern Great Plains which has been returned to agricultural production, much less grazing." Some 12,000 acres in that area has been disturbed by strip-mining thus far.

Industry, meanwhile, looks to the future. "We must find a way to take the wreck out of reclamation," says Roger Rice, senior exploration geologist for the Western Energy Co., which has Montana coal mines. "We must find a way to do better than merely restore mine lands, for the creative potential for accomplishing great things reclamation-wise is very real."

Annual rainfall in Western coal areas averages less than 16 inches a year—three or four times less than Appalachia. Thus, reclamation techniques used in the East are largely irrelevant. And research in reclaiming stripped western land only began in earnest a few years ago.

The coal industry favors going ahead with western strip-mining while at the same time conducting reclamation experiments. It generally acknowledges that key reclamation questions remain unanswered, but argues that the national quest for energy self-sufficiency requires huge increases in western coal production in the next several years.

Environmentalists argue that successful reclamation should be proven before coal and utility companies are allowed to proceed on the massive scale they envision.

Alaska town grows beyond control as pipeline construction begins

By Wallace Turner
(C) 1974 NYT News Service

VALDEZ, Alaska—The quiet beauty still clings to this little place, hidden at the end of a fjord and sheltered by mountain peaks. But occasional sounds, as emphatic as the crack of ice off the front of a glacier, forecast the human flood that is only months away.

The roar of machines improving the gravel airstrip, the strident voice of a wife searching for housing so she can live with her husband, the expectant chuckle of a bar manager, the worried talk of a chief of police—all are sounds relating to the construction of a terminal here for the Trans-Alaska Pipeline.

When pipeline talk began in 1969, there was a flurry of activity, and the town's 1,000 residents settled back for the wait. Trailer camps went broke and retail business sagged.

In April a pipeline bill cleared Congress. Crews quickly moved into Old Valdez where the pipe that will be used in the line is stacked across the grid

pattern of the former city. The old town was washed away by the tidal wave that followed the 1964 earthquake.

New Valdez is five miles west, on the north side of the Baldez Arm of Prince William Sound. There Herbert Lehfeldt, a professional city manager who came to Alaska to escape Southern California, spoke first of the housing problem.

"The population is up to about 2,000 and we have no trailers, no place for the new people to live," he said. "A lot of them are hiding in the bush, camping, violating sanitation laws, and we can't take the time to run them out. It's a real problem."

There will be 8,000 people here within a year, officials predict.

The construction companies will bring some 3,500 to build part of the pipeline and the tank farm on the south side of the fjord where the oil will be processed and the tankers loaded. They are building barracks for most of the workmen and family

housing for the supervisory staff.

But for the other thousands who come here to work as waitresses, clerks and so forth, no housing is provided.

"You just don't do things overnight and no one has been willing to put up money," Lehfeldt said. "The city owns almost no land and can't provide housing."

While Valdez has the most urgent problems, other cities and villages in this thinly populated state are also discovering the realities of the boom that they have fought to bring about.

Glenallen, an unincorporated town on the pipeline route, has no housing available, its streets are clogged with traffic and the village expects to be overwhelmed with job-seekers. Crime is up in Fairbanks, and the Alaska State Troopers are reassigning men to stations along the pipe-route.

Officials have lobbied the state government for help. Of \$12 million appropriated this year, \$2 million went to Valdez. But this and more

will be used in hiring more policemen, buying new equipment, expanding the city staff and meeting the increased demands of the school system.

The city budget has risen from \$500,000 in 1971 to \$4.25 million next year, and school enrollment in the same period has jumped

(Continued on page 5)

-Soviets at Duke-

(Continued from page 1)

The American coach, Jimmy Carnes wasn't quite so outgoing. He kept changing his mind throughout the week as to who would win the meet. First the Soviets, then the Americans, and then back and forth a couple of times.

He dodged most of the tough questions, like "What about all the Americans who aren't here? Like Prefontaine, and Dwight Stones, and..." He said that the American team had "100 percent of the best available athletes in the United States." Apparently

a lot of the Pacific Coast Club runners became unavailable by simply not wanting to come.

While Ter-Ovanesyan and the officials were working out the details of the meet and surrounding events, the athletes were all over the place.

They went to several movies. "The Legend of Blood Castle" was first. A group went to see "The Sugarland Express," and, not to miss any of Durham's landmarks, a group went to see "Five Fingers of Death" and "Enter the Dragon" at the Criterion. Whether it was an American's idea or a Soviet's to go and see "The Devil in Miss Jones" is uncertain, but a carload of them ventured out to the Midway Drive-In to see it.

At least two groups went to Raleigh. The biggest attraction there seemed to be Sam Goody's in Crabtree Valley. On Monday a group of about 20 spent over an hour there, and spent over \$1000.

The clerks in the store and the rest of the customers were amazed at the diversity and quantity of their purchases. The manager said that every Russian record he had was bought. The Soviets cleaned the store out of Deep Purple and bought a lot of Led

Zepplin, Grand Funk and the Beate. "Abbey Road" and "Meet the Beatles" were popular.

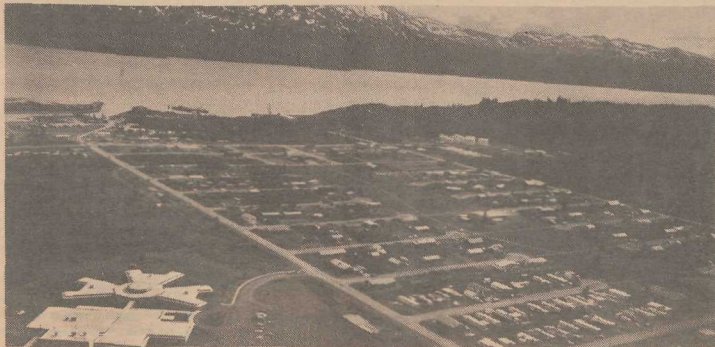
The athletes said they just couldn't get such a wide selection at home.

The staff of the B. Dalton bookstore was ready for them, but they apparently didn't show up there. The people there were particularly interested in seeing what the Soviets would think of the four foot high display of Solzhenitsen books on a rotating table at the front of the store.

The most interesting figure among the Soviets was their star runner, Valery Borzov. One look could tell you he's the star of the team. Quiet, rather a loner, he has all the bearing and gets all the respect from his teammates that you'd expect. After two gold medals at Munich, he deserves it.

This meet was not a good one for him, and he said it wouldn't be from the start. He was asked at the airport press conference about a recent ankle injury. He replied that he expected his best times to come in Europe in August, that the beginning of the season was always slow for him. The ankle didn't seem to be a

(Continued on page 8)



An aerial view of Valdez, Alaska, which is preparing for the oil pipeline. (NYT photo)

the summer chronicle

Getting even

The clowns in Raleigh

David Arneke



Staff for this issue:
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Sally Austen Tom (toots)
Frank Owen
Bruce Sicheloff
Paul Lassiter
Barbra Burke
Fritz Getze

Bill Sakolsky
Fred Cornell (ed. asst.)
David Arneke

The last meeting of the summer edit council will be held Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. in the Chronicle office.

In the nation

Affirmative action

Tom Wicker

A study such as that just being published by the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education appears to support the anger of many Americans at what the government calls "affirmative action" and they denounce as "reverse discrimination." That anger is still misplaced, if understandable; it is rather like being angry at a painful treatment rather than at the wound or illness that made it necessary.

The new study was compiled by Dr. Richard A. Lester of Princeton as an offshoot of the Carnegie Commission's massive inquiry into higher education. It concludes that "affirmative action" by colleges and universities to hire blacks and women is lowering academic standards, elevating unqualified persons beyond their abilities, and discriminating against white men of higher qualification.

Lester wants a different emphasis on, not an end to, "affirmative action." News accounts of his study say he advocates less stress on hiring available minority-group members, and more on increasing the supply of well qualified black and female academics—which means more black and women students in the universities and professional schools.

Unfortunately, that goal, sensible as it is, runs straight into strong opposition to a different kind of "reverse discrimination"—preferences for blacks and women in higher education admission policies. The DeFunis case, taken to the Supreme Court by a white student refused admission to the university of Washington Law School because of its "affirmative action" policies, did much to focus that opposition.

So Lester's recommendation only shifts the problem from hiring policy to admissions policy, without really solving either. Somewhat similarly, he wrote that "affirmative action" to hire a sufficient number of blacks and women was more applicable to "typists, bricklayers, or punch press operators" than to "choosing a medieval historian."

But "affirmative action" is not really welcome at any employment level—as witness the fact that on the same day Lester's study was publicized, so was the action of a group of New Yorkers of Italian descent, who were forming organizations to fight "reverse discrimination" against themselves. They believed blacks and Puerto Ricans, in particular, were being favored by special programs and job preferences on a much broader scale than

in faculty hiring.

No one likes to be, or should be, discriminated against. As these Americans of Italian descent see it, and no doubt with reason, they are legitimately protecting their own interests. Academics disturbed by "affirmative action" are doing the same, as well as trying to uphold academic standards—if standards are, as Lester believes, being undermined.

But the need for "affirmative action" arose only because some groups—primarily white males—for years were greatly disadvantaged at the expense of others. Colleges and universities, in particular, having excluded blacks by racial segregation and by merit systems oriented to the white middle class, are in poor position now to decry the shortage of qualified blacks and women. Nor is there much evidence to suggest that discriminatory policies, either in universities or elsewhere, would have changed sufficiently without the pressures of "affirmative action."

The fact is that there is no way to redress a deep-seated grievance without shaking and disarranging things as they are, and disadvantageous some who would otherwise have been preferred. This causes understandable anger and resentment and raises the cry that two wrongs don't make a right; but neither does ending a discriminatory practice in name only, without some effort to recover what has been lost by those discriminated against.

The major problems caused by "affirmative action," moreover, are temporary. Some academic authorities believe, for example, that the number of blacks and other minorities in medical schools has been sufficiently increased so that preferential admissions policies on their behalf are no longer needed. This reflects the fact that undergraduate colleges—not least because of "affirmative action" pressures—are turning out more and more minority graduates who can compete equally for places in professional schools.

But if "affirmative action" is necessary and valuable as a short-term instrument of redressing a grievance, it is still preferable by race and sex, and such preferences are not finally compatible with democratic society. That is why it is all the more necessary to speed the day when all Americans can compete for education and jobs on an equal basis of merit, without preference and without discrimination.

The North Carolina Legislature is not really innovative, trend setting, progressive, or in any other way very notable. On the other hand it is relatively uncorrupted (apparently), not too reactionary and often funny. The humor in watching the legislature comes from another attribute it lacks: competence.

The thing they're best at, it seems, is building roads. North Carolina has more miles of secondary roads than any other state in the nation. California comes in a distant second, and it's a hell of a lot bigger state, too. Well, we have all these roads so we can go anywhere in the state we want to, but the legislature seems to trip over its own feet when it comes to managing them.

For example, during the administration of Governor Bob Scott, it was reported that the governor's home county annually received more highway funds than the next 50 counties combined. Which is nice if you live in Haw River with the rest of the politically active Scott clan, but it doesn't help the other 99 counties much.

That's not all that funny, but many people have noted the humor in the omission of the new right turn on red law from the even newer Uniform Traffic Code. This bold step was taken only a matter of years after several states proved it wouldn't cause massive disruption of traffic. It was eradicated by accident (perhaps deliberately, by an opponent), and one wonders how many more details were overlooked. Did they remember that speed limits are 55 now?

Well, maybe even that isn't all so funny, either, but all that's the work of the Democratic controlled legislature. They say that oppressed peoples develop their own distinctive humor, and perhaps the legislature's Republican minority bears that statement out.

Representative Mullins from Charlotte was a big liquor-by-the-drink backer who was chagrined at its defeat. Last spring he wrote a bill about tree zoning or some such dull topic. The bill was so dull that none of the anti-liquor people read through to the part that said that all counties with

populations of 275,000 or more could have liquor by the drink.

He sneaked that one by right nice; nobody noticed until after it was passed. Alas, the Baptists were not amused and immediately repealed it.

There are some great possibilities in tricks like that, though, aren't there? Mullins didn't even try too hard; all he did was get the other members of his county delegation not to tell the one anti-liquor person in their group. With a little more organization, you could do anything.

A little frightening, isn't it? But only a little. One can imagine the legislature meddling and obstructing with things like the ERA and Bald Head Island, but not doing anything too sinister. They tried once, in the sixties, with an old thing called the Speaker Ban Law (an attempt to repeal freedom of speech at UNC), but they got caught on that one and have been pretty dole since.

They spend most of their time debating things on the same level of importance as the soft drink tax, a hotly controversial issue when it was enacted a couple of years ago.

They couldn't even get a right-to-reply bill passed. How reactionary and sinister can they be if they can't even pull one off? The sponsor of that bill says it's still needed, Supreme Court or no Supreme Court.

If he ever managed to get it passed we really would be exposed to the laughable law makers. Every time the clowns screw something up, they would rush into print replying to anything written about them with all sorts of face-saving gestures and lame explanations.

That would be funny, but when you come right down to it, we really shouldn't encourage them. At a time when the North Carolina legislature has an obligation to be leading the nation in areas like prison reform, just about the last thing we need is a bunch of clowns like we've got.

But at least they're not a threat.

Letter

Bus

To the edit council:

I am a frequent rider on the East-West Campus bus, and am generally satisfied with how it's been running this summer. I do, however, have one complaint to make: the bus is not air-conditioned—and kiddy, it sure gets hot in there!!! The normal, large buses owned by "Your friendly, neighborhood Power Company" are air-conditioned, and I think that since we students are letting Duke save money by replacing that bus with this, the least they could do would be to install air-conditioning on this bus. Better still, they could put a water fountain in it, or if they put in a TV or stereo system, most people would become occupied with that and forget that they were hot. That way, they could save the expense of air-conditioning. (My terrier, Sanford, suggested this to me.)

By the way I thought I'd mention that the bus driver is a brilliant conversationalist. Yesterday I got on the bus, and he said "Hi." Today, I

got on the bus, and said to the man in the driver's seat: "Hey, I recognize you—You're the bus driver." He confirmed my observation. Then he asked me how to get to East Campus. At first, I thought that he was just making conversation. He said he had driven the bus between East and West 650 times in the past 2½ weeks. Later, however, I remembered how absent-minded he sometimes gets, needing to ask people to remind him when their stop comes up, so I figured he was serious.

Oh yes, I do have one more complaint. I have tried several times to get on the early morning runs from the Swift Avenue stop. I have given that up for hitchhiking, though, since it seems that whenever he comes by at that time of the day, he just holds up a sign saying "Sorry, full," and passes me by. You may think this is funny, but I don't. Yesterday, Sanford was raped by the postle of someone who picked me up. (Please tell your readers that we are trying to keep this a secret, since Sanford is sensitive about it.)

(Name withheld by request)

Synergic Theatre dancing production brilliant, stunning

By Barbra Burke
It needed to be said. For years dancers were warned that props and effects were supportive but subordinate to their performances, as though the dance itself would be demeaned by overdependence on these aspects. Last week the Synergic Theatre rightly demonstrated that the components of light, music, and movement are coequal in their contribution to a final piece.

The Synergic Theatre grew from the inspiration of Larry Tseng, Raymond Simone, Suzanne White, Nancy Powers and Deborah Pearce, respectively an electronic engineer/musician, art director, two dancers and a costume designer. They should be applauded for the spectacular fruits of their concept: "a visual/audio/kinesthetic art."

The first number, "Synchronisms No. One" was described as an "exploration of the individual's time space framework." The impression of the grey and white hooded figures, deep grey set, and continued jangling of chimes created an eerie yet oddly calming effect. In response to radio transmitted instructions, three white dancers traveled over the stage with largely pendular movements, reinforcing the notion of Time. The grey figures were shadows in movement as well as costume. Both the metallic spheres suspended in the back and the wind chimes were in continual motion. The overall impact was one of a slow but fluid space.

The second number, Cartoonik, was an easy pole at our less sophisticated dramatic productions. Here the sound effects stole the show as the animated background and characters played out the beloved good guy vs. bad guy melodrama.

The finale, Delata Carnival, was the strongest assertion of the "tripartite" idea. The dancers became silhouettes projected on a screen against incredible sound and light manipulation.

We were reminded of what we knew as children, that shadows can be terrifying as well as

playful. The proximity of the dancers to the screen determined their size and focus. The dancers far from the screen were gigantic and of diffused distorted dimensions. Their relation to the small confined figures next to the screen created a grotesque Alice in Wonderland fantasy.

The lights were stunning, the music "soundscapes" brilliant. The three elements—dance, light and sound—shifted in preeminence throughout the hour long number.

Although impossible to state The Meaning of "Delta Carnival," there were repeated images of dance, the Divinie, the Daemonic, and death (thank you, Mr. Agnew), never traditional strangers.

The handout states "this kind of idea just doesn't seem to lend itself to written description"...and so I've fallen into a taoist trap of sorts (He who says he knows, knows nothing). However, the concept of Synergy obviously extends beyond the performing arts and into society's daily performances. Our interdependence today is not a matter of choice, as our lives are "an effect of which each is individually incapable."



A budding artist contemplates his next step at the Summer Arts Festival Saturday. (Photo by Bruce Siceloff)

Summer Theatre direction shines in 'Private Lives'

By Sally Austen Tom
Noel Coward's "Private Lives" is a neat little farce in which half the humor lies in anticipating the characters' impending doom. Thus, when Sibyl and Elyot Chase argue on their honeymoon about Elyot's former wife, everyone is secure in the delicious intuition that the former wife would soon appear on the scene. Appear she does, honeymooning with her new husband, on the other side of the Chase's verandah overlooking the be-yachted Riviera.

Summer Theater's production of "Private Lives" last weekend, you missed it for good, as this was a one week only show. Since it can't spoil anyone's delicious anticipation, I'll reveal that in the end, just as you probably guessed, true love conquers all. How that happens provides the comedy in a funny play that started out chuckling and ended up roaring.

Summer Theater veteran Becky Wilson played Sibyl Chase, the sophisticated, conniving woman who finds the whole affair unspcakably degrading.

Wilson portrayed Sibyl with an arch, ascerbic wit, making a quite successful change from her former roles as a naive young girl.

Robert Singdahlsen portrayed Elyot Chase, the bull headed, choleric romantic who firmly believes in love at second sight. Although overly stiff in the opening, and overly blustery at times, Singdahlsen showed a fine sense of comedic timing. The expression on his face when he was discovered beating his wife brought shouts of laughter from the audience.

hand fluttering, weakness indecisive side of Amanda.

Warren Levison's portrayal of Victor Prynne, Amanda's second husband, started out overpowered by Olney and Singdahlsen. As the story progressed, however, he gained warmth and steadiness. In the third act Levison offered one of the plays moments of genuine, sympathetic emotion when he humbly reminded Amanda he had married her because he loved her.

Prim and neat in a black and white uniform, Anne King appeared as Louise, Amanda's French maid. Her properly accented French added an extra dash to the indignation she expressed at the chaos in Amanda's apartment. The role was a small one, done very well. "Private Lives" was tuned to a fine edge by director Scott Parker, who also designed the sets. In the final scene, he and the cast drew shouts of laughter in a scene which could easily be made too cute in less competent hands.

Aiders and abettors in the effort were Barbara Baker, costumes, Ric Blaine, lighting, Ellen Thompson, props, and a now-you-see-it now-you-don't-stage crew.

Tossing a casually disarrayed mane of hair and slinking around stage, Judith Olney played Amanda Prynne, a woman who described herself as "jagged with sophistication." Olney's marvelously mobile face and huge eyes helped her make the most of every chance for humor. Her portrayal of Amanda held very true to the portrait of a self-wise woman who could so dryly observe that "Honey-mooning is a vastly overrated experience." Too strong and wry to be really weak, Olney was not as convincing in conveying the



American Doug Brown (102) leads Jim Johnson and the two Soviets through the water hazard in the 3000 meter Steeplechase. (Photo by Frank Owen)

-Track meet-

(Continued from page 1)
runner behind him. The race was upheld as it was run.
Steeplechase

Saturday in the 3,000 meter steeplechase, American Doug Brown was leading in the last lap when he tripped over a barrier. As he was being cheered on by the crowd while finishing last, Soviet runner Sergey Skripka bumped Jim Johnson as he passed him in the last 50 meters to finish first. Although no protest was filed, the judges disqualified Skripka and awarded the race to Johnson.

The American men's surge was boosted Saturday by two unexpected sweeps in the field events. Sam Colson and Fred Luke both finished ahead of the great Soviet javelin thrower Janis Lusis. Colson's winning throw was 285 feet, 4 inches, 18 feet ahead of Lusis.

In the discus, Mac Wilkins' throw of 200 feet, 6 inches put him ahead of Dick Drescher to sweep that event, which the Americans have won in all but 2 of the 12 USA-USSR meets.

Field strength

As expected, the Soviet women's formidable strength in the throwing events and distance runs kept them ahead of the American women. In the shot put Nadezha Chizova came within a foot of her own world record with a throw of 69 feet 7 1/2 inches. In the discus, Faina Malnik fell far short of her world record of 229 feet, 5 inches, but far outdistanced her American competitors with a throw of 217 feet, 6 inches.

The Americans, though, took both jumping events, and the 1500 meter. On her last jump Martha Watson edged 35 year old Willye White with a jump of 21 feet, 4 inches. American Joni Huntley, the first American woman to clear 6 feet in the high jump, cleared 6 feet to take that event.

In the 800 meters, 15 year old MaryDecker put on a tremendous surge in the last few meters to win in a time of 2:03.2.

Reggie Jones, who beat Borzov in the photo finish 200 meters, also took the 100 meter on Friday with a 10.23 race and anchored the men's 440 relay team to a win over the Soviets in 39.3 seconds.

Only two competitors placed in the pole vault. Yuri Isakov and Dave Roberts didn't clear any height, and thus could not score. Vladimir Trofimenko beat Dave Roberts with a mark of 16 feet, 10 inches.

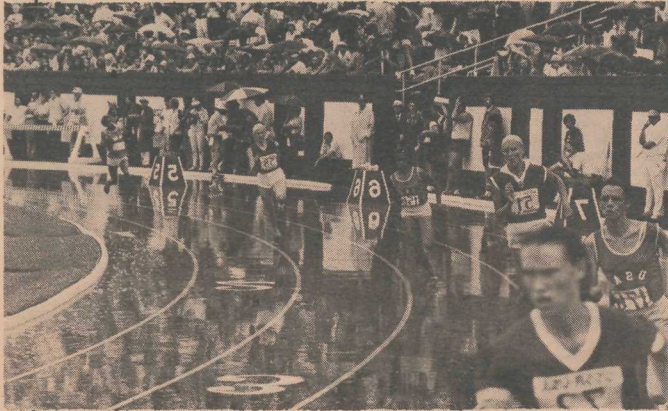
-Alaska-

(Continued from page 3)
from 341 to 1,000 in September.

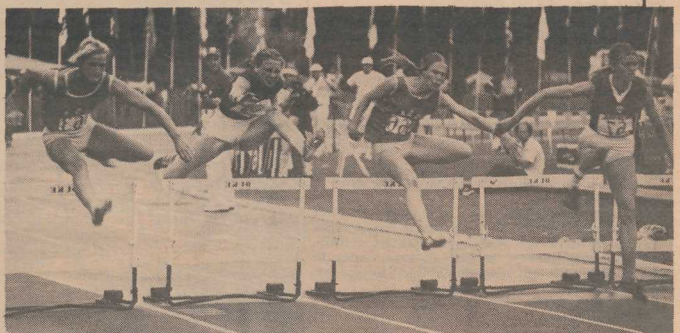
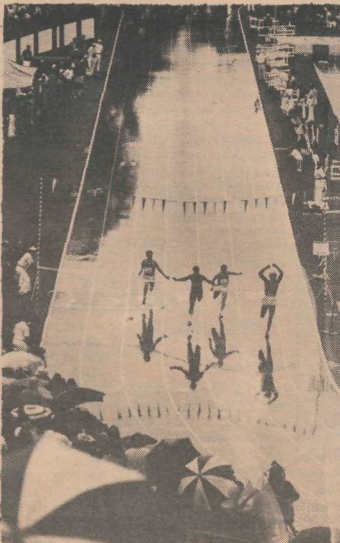
"This town isn't ready for it," said Paul Stoner, a guard at a state mental hospital here. His income is \$831 a month, and the only house he has found to rent for himself and his pregnant wife would cost \$500. They live with his parents in a trailer.

Like many others, he drives the 660-mile roundtrip to Anchorage once a month to buy supplies. There are two grocery stores here, but only one of them sells fresh meat. The drug store is four months old. There is no movie theater and no bowling alley. No dentist practices here and one of the two doctors is 80 years old.

USA falls to USSR in slippery competition



In descending order: American pole vaulter Terry Parker clearing the bar on the first day of competition; the beginning of the women's 400 meter run, won by Debra Sapenter (170, USA); the photo finish of the men's 200 meter run with the United States' Reggie Jones and the USSR's Valeriy Borzov nosing for the tape; the presentation of awards to the contestants in the men's 800 meter run during a rare respite from the rain; the finish of the men's 100 meter sprint, the two Americans out front; Lioudmila Popovaskay (67, USSR) takes the lead in the first event of the women's pentathlon, a lead she never relinquished during the subsequent four events. (Photos by Bruce Sicheloff and Frank Owen)



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NC Dance Theatre gives excellent performance

By Sally Austen Tom
While the Duke-Durham community focused its attention on West campus and the hoopla of the track meet last week, a fine young dance troupe was sequestered in the quiet of East campus and the Ark. For those lucky enough to stumble on them, the North Carolina Dance Theatre offered a week long series of lecture demonstrations, master classes, and performances.

The Dance Theatre, which is affiliated with the North Carolina School of the Arts and the Rockefeller Foundation, culminated its residency at Duke with two performances in the Indoor Stadium this past Friday and Saturday nights.
On Saturday night, the opening dance, "Vis-a-Vis," took some of its motif from the world of sports, with the dancers moving with the postures of a runner, exaggerated into dance. Choreographed by Charles Dzarny to music by Johannes Brahms, the movement combined elements of modern dance and ballet, with intermittent success. The combination,

for instance, of three couples poised in a very modern lift with a fourth couple executing a classical arabesque betrayed a necessary unity.

Despite some disconcerting moments of choreography, "Vis-a-Vis" was an enjoyable dance. The dancers smiled throughout, and moved with spirit. It was meant to be a dance for the eye of the movement, and therein it succeeded very well.

Four figures stepped out of the gloom at the opening of "Myth," choreographed by Alvin Ailey. Lynn Keeton danced the role of a woodland sprite pursued by three suitors, with a wary seductiveness. Her arms reached out to the would-be lovers, but her body pulled just as firmly away.

Her indelicacy contrasted subtly with the suppressed, elegant fierceness of the three male dancers, Rodvic Fukino, Cortlandt Jones, and Warren Lucas. Ailey's choreography wove a mysterious tapestry of dance inflected with the age-old tension of the drama of an age-old tension. All

four dancers showed a supple, sophisticated grasp of Ailey's intent.

Jose Limon straightforwardly took flavors from Mexican history to present "La Malinche." Michael Saunders, in the role of El Conquistador, showed a masterful flair for drama. His Conquistador was a stern, dominating figure depicted with the aid of a large cross-sword.

Gyla Pandi portrayed El Indio with movement which bespoke oppression and rebellion. With I-dare-you gestures suggestive of a bull fighter he taunted the overweening Conquistador, and won from him the girl, La Malinche, danced by Keeton.

Allying herself with El Conquistador, she showed a hesitant fragility in her movement—which soon changed to the wooden, wounded posture of one conquering.

Dancing with El Indio she evoked the spirit and flair of a fiesta.
Although the music by Norman Lloyd sounded only vaguely reminiscent of traditional Mexico, the choreography and the dancers' faithful representation of the emotions of passion and oppression combined to make "La Malinche" a dance with cultural integrity and grace.

The program notes for the final offering contained a quotation by an anonymous poet: "Madness: A Summer Evening's Heat, Beneath My Feet—/ Shards of Windbells." The tinkle of

Two plays this weekend

Summer Theater at Duke will have two productions on tap this coming weekend.

For its final regular production, the Fred Theater troupe will present Terrence McNally's hilarious *Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?* American playwright McNally is fast becoming one of our most respected comic writers. His most recent play, *Bad Habits* was so successful Off Broadway that it has been moved to the Great White Way where it has received critical acclaim and packed houses. *Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?* is an hilarious play about an aging flower child with a predilection for sex and bombs. The *New York Times* called the play "a boisterously funny, rueful, sentimental, raunchy and outrageous work." It is definitely not for children or easily offended adults.

Brian Keeler plays the title role in John Clum's production, abetted by Rick Cytwon, Jennifer Nielson and J. Schauer. *Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?* plays Friday through Sunday evenings at 8:15 through July 21. Tickets are at Page Box Office.

Peter Shafer's London and Broadway hit, *The Private Ear* will be the Midnight Special this Friday and Saturday evenings at 11:30. This farce about a mishandled seduction features John Ford, John Longnd Debbie Horton in a production directed by Wally Hurst.

windbells in a tape collage provided the musical theme for a beautiful and touching finale to the evening's program.

The dance, "A Time of Windbells," contrasted an ugly, crabbing world of haste, bustle, and wanton violence with an inner experience of peace and sun. A pas de deux expressing two-people's tender love for one another highlighted the piece. The two dancers were lyrically graceful and deliberate, giving the dance a special unhurried beauty.

Sometimes artists experience inspiration

which they convey to the audience, creating a rare moment of beauty which everyone shares. The closing moments of "A Time for Windbells" reached just such harmony, and the audience paid tribute to the dancers and to choreographer Norbert Vesak in a long minute of stilled silence after the music and dance ended.

When the North Carolina Dance Theatre returns to Duke, it should be during the academic year, when they can have the publicity they deserve, and the student body can have easier access to the benefits of their residency.

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-Soviet track team visits Durham-

(Continued from page 3)
problem.

Later in the week, it was announced that he wouldn't run against Steve Williams in the 100, and, a day later, that Williams wouldn't run in the 200 against Borzov. Pointed questions were asked about Borzov dodging Williams, but Borzov coldly said he wasn't ready to run in the 100 meter.

Seen around campus, Borzov was usually alone. He would watch whatever was going on, sometimes talking briefly with one of his teammates. He didn't talk much, but when he did, he smiled a lot and seemed to be making jokes quite often, especially with Coach Ter-Ovansyan. He speaks English, but always spoke through an interpreter here.

The race that he eventually ran was a good one. He came in three-tenths of a second behind Reggie Jones and a tenth of a second after Steve Lutz. His running, seen in slow motion in the film *Visions of Eight* and on television yesterday, shows a perfectly efficient style. Straight up and down motion in the legs, no swaying from side to side. His lunge at the tape in the photo finish of the 200 meters put his body in an almost perfect right angle; from the waist up, he was all but parallel to the ground.

Borzov is a great runner. He holds the European record (along with others) for the 100 meter at 10.0 and the 200 meter at 20.0. With a run only .84 seconds off his best time in his first race this year, it is easy to believe that when he does get in his form, he's unbeatable.

Much different from Borzov was an unheard of pole vaulter on his first trip to America, Vladimir Trofimenko. I met him in the Tarbard commons room, watching "The Wild, Wild West" on the television. He said he liked it, but he didn't understand what was going on.

Unlike some of the Soviets, he was eager to talk, but, unfortunately his English was severely limited. I did get some information from him, but most of it wasn't what I was asking for.

He said he liked the campus. I asked what he liked about it and he happily made a vague gesture that I took to mean everything. "The women," he added. "Lots of women." He seemed rather impressed with that.

I asked if there were women at his school, to which he replied "So-so." I think he thought I asked "How are the women at your school," because that was the next question he asked me. The low probability of articulating an answer to such a question to someone who doesn't quite grasp the essential terms that would have to be used convinced me to just say "so-so." He nodded and gave me what you might call a meaningful look.

The school Vladimir goes to is the Institute of Physical Culture in Leningrad. All the Soviets I talked to go there, and it seems to be the major jock factory in the Soviet Union, at least for track.

Vladimir told me he is 21 years old, but most of the other personal questions I asked he didn't understand and I ran out of alternative synonyms before he could catch on. Unlike some others I talked to, he seemed eager to tell me, but none of the badly out-numbered interpreters were around.

I did manage to get across a question about music. He said he likes Deep Purple and the Rolling Stones. Further questions beyond that about music were met with smiles, but no answers.

When a bunch of the Soviets were invited to a party, I asked Vladimir if he wanted to go along. He didn't understand "party," or "beer," but by the time I suggested "wine," he caught on. He got separated from the rest of the group, though, and didn't make it to the party. A couple dozen teammates of his did, though, and it turned out to be about the most interesting event all week.

At around 9 p.m. Tuesday night a large number of the Soviet athletes were on the quad, talking with the crowd of summer school students and listening to a juke box that

was out there. A guy named Bill and a few of his friends decided to invite as many of the Soviets as they could out to his house on Roxboro Road out beyond the Riverview Shopping Center for a party.

They went through the crowd inviting the athletes and anyone with a car to carry them. By 9:30 a large crowd had gathered in the Edens parking lot, ready to go, but lacking the authority of any of the Soviet officials to let them go.

Bill and his friends were ready to just take off, but the interpreters showed a very strong and understandable sense of responsibility. Nobody seemed to know Bill's last name or exactly where the party was supposed to be, and that didn't reassure them any.

Finally Ter-Ovansyan and Lioudy the ace interpreter showed up. Ter-Ovansyan wanted to know where the party was going to be. Bill popped up beside him and said "At my place. Don't worry, man, everything's cool."

"I hope so," Ter-Ovansyan replied. By about 10 o'clock there was a crowd of about 30 Americans and perhaps as many Soviets in Bill's huge old house on Roxboro Road. The scene was pretty dark, and predictably loud music was blasting out of a stereo. There was beer, but the Soviets stayed with coke.

There were a couple of movies shown with a sheet for a screen. One was an old and very wierd experimental cartoon. The other was a home-made short that was pretty confusing, but seemed to center around a rather bloody castration. I don't think the Soviets (or anyone else) quite knew what to make of it, but it certainly didn't dampen the spirit any.

After a while just about everybody was out dancing on the porch in front of the house. With fifty people dancing on it, it felt like it was going to collapse at any minute. It didn't, but the railing that a dozen or so people were sitting on did give way. It and everyone on it were caught.

Ter-Ovansyan was off to one side in a screened in section. He was sitting on a

stool, talking with a group of Americans and a couple of Russians sitting around him. Borzov sat and listened to him for a while, occasionally making a comment. Then he went off by himself and sat down, watching the Americans dance with his teammates.

The Rolling Stones and Loud Reed were on the stereo most of the time. There were a few interpreters (the word went around in the Edens parking lot that none of the interpreters could go because it might look like an official function, which it certainly wasn't, a few came anyway), but Ter-Ovansyan was speaking English, and Lioudy was also around talking to many of the Americans.

The representatives of both nations danced with each other until about 11:15, when Ter-Ovansyan came out at the end of a song and said it was time for his team to go home. A chorus of objections from the Americans persuaded him to stay for one more dance.

After that dance, shouts again went up to stay, but he couldn't be persuaded to stay again.

In the beginning, most of the Americans had been skeptical about the chances for the Soviets to get permission to go off somewhere to an unofficial, spur-of-the-moment party two days before the meet. Ter-Ovansyan gave the impression that if there hadn't been a track meet to get ready for, he wouldn't have minded staying much later.

Perhaps more than

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anything else that happened last week, the surprising success of the party served to show a couple of things to the Americans and to the Soviets. The language barrier, for one thing, is real, and it kept a lot of people from getting to know each other very well.

On the other hand, regardless of any so-called Iron Curtain or political

differences between governments, we are much alike. Not perfectly, but enough alike to be able to get together and have a good time, dance to the same music and, at least on a person to person level, get to like and understand each other in a way totally unexpected after growing up through the fears and misunderstandings of the fifties and sixties.

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