

TCU DAILY SKIFF

Vol. 84, No. 99

THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1987

Fort Worth, Texas



Having his work cut out for him - Howard Cobb, TCU groundskeeper, mows the Horned Frog baseball field Wednesday morning in preparation

for the home game against Arkansas. The forecast calls for sunny skies with temperatures reaching the mid-80s.

House approves late report fine

By Nancy Andersen
Staff Writer

Organizations that receive money from the House of Student Representatives for an activity and fail to submit a written report about the activity will be fined and unable to receive more money, according to a bill passed unanimously in Tuesday's meeting.

The bill fines an organization 10 percent of the money allocated and makes it unable to get further House funds for two years if it doesn't give a report to the House Finance Committee within two weeks after spending the money.

The report must include the organization and president's name, the amount of money allocated and the way the money was spent, said representative Joe Gagnon, a member of the Finance Committee.

In addition, the report must describe how the funds helped the trip or activity and how the trip or activity was beneficial to TCU, Gagnon said.

"It's a safeguard to make sure people are spending the money like they're supposed to," he said.

The two-year suspension was necessary because "it's a stiff enough penalty that they (organizations) will submit reports," Gagnon said.

Finance Committee chairperson Patti Keeffe said that in the past, no organization has been penalized or

It's a safeguard to make sure people are spending the money like they're supposed to.

Joe Gagnon, Student House representative

fined for not writing up a report.

Any fines now will be placed in the House General Reserve, Keeffe said.

Representative Keith Kirkman supported the change.

"Organizations can now approach the House, receive money and know what's expected of them," he said.

The bill also revises several dates in the House Treasurer's Bookkeeping Procedure to comply with revised university fiscal policy dates. The bookkeeping procedure is a guide for future House treasurers, Gagnon said.

In other House news, representative Beth Eley read a bill written by the Finance Committee to fund TCU's lacrosse team.

The team was originally allocated \$925 in a bill passed earlier this semester to fund extramural teams. The money was denied at that time because the team had no adviser.

Assistant professor of management Colette Frayne is now the team's adviser, so it can receive the \$925, Eley said.

Polluted water ratings surface at Worth Hills pond

By Heather Steine
Staff Writer

Poor water quality of Worth Hills pond is resurfacing once again. The outfall located on the TCU campus is just one of 25 sites around Fort Worth diagnosed as a potential health hazard.

The TCU site received a polluted water quality rating by the city's Environmental Health Services division early this year.

Linda Santolosa, a public health educator for the Fort Worth Health Department, said pollutants found at TCU are not harmful to students or area residents unless water or fish have been consumed.

Robbie Reeves, a sophomore finance major, was recently thrown into the pond as a joke for his birthday. However, he didn't think it was too funny when he climbed out and found his toe bleeding.

"As long as people know it's my birthday, I think the pond should be filled in," Reeves said.

Some agree more adamantly than others, such as Bill Ray, director of the urban studies program at TCU.

"It's a disgrace. I feel that any type of surface water should be in its most complementary state," Ray said. "I think a lot of pleasant activities could occur around the pond if its condition was improved."

Greek residential adviser Rick Barnes' apartment window looks out over the pond.

"I think it's pretty filthy," Barnes said, "and I would support—and I think the students would too—a beautification project. I also think if people saw it cleaned up, that would cut down on a lot of abuse."

Joe Jordan, president of the House of Student Representatives, agrees.

"The pond is definitely an eyesore now, but it doesn't have to be that way," Jordan said.

While Sidney Padgett of TCU's Physical Plant said the university has "ultimate responsibility" for the pond, the city of Fort Worth could also be involved in cleaning it up.

"The city has usage rights across the property because it is part of a drainage system to carry off excess rain water," Padgett said. "Sometimes the city helps out by cleaning out the pipeways."

Jim Anderson, an engineer in Fort Worth's Public Works Department, said the pond is not an integral part of the city's drainage system but that it just happens to lie in its path.

"The pond doesn't help or hurt the drainage system," Anderson said. "It wouldn't matter if it was there or not, and it's not sewage or drain water, as many people think. It's just excess surface water from rain."

About 10 years ago the city studied the possibility of making it a retention pond site to help prevent flooding by holding excess water during storms, he said. But the pond and location weren't conducive to it, and the plan was scrapped.

Because the pond is always full, it doesn't have any flood prevention capabilities at the present time.

Anderson has been with Fort

Worth's Public Works Department for seven years and said as far as he knows, the city doesn't have any responsibility for the pond.

TCU can do anything it wants to with it as long as the water is allowed to pass by, he said.

Right now, nothing can be done about the pond, said Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs Peggy Barr. She said Edd Bivin, vice chancellor of administrative services, is working with the city's water drainage problem to control run-off water in other areas of the campus.

Barr said before anything can be done about the pond, problems upstream must first be corrected.

But according to Anderson, the pond has nothing to do with the water drainage system, so anything could be done with the pond at any time.

Anne Trask, assistant director of student activities, said, "We've always been told that nothing could be done about the pond."

Jordan had a different theory on why nothing has ever been done.

"I guess it just hasn't come up as a priority," Jordan said. "Look at what the House of Representatives did to make Reed-Sadler Mall what it is today."

"If a student group came to me with this project as a priority, then I would fully support it," he said.

Jordan said he had many ideas of how to make the pond and the entire area more attractive to the whole campus: landscaping, adding picnic tables and grills and increasing maintenance.

"I would like to make it into more of a park-type atmosphere and move activities like Sigma Chi Derby Day and Frog Fest to that area," Jordan said.

"And it wouldn't just be for the Greeks. That is really the only wide open area where students can go for sports and other activities," he said.

Barnes suggested building a bridge over the end of the pond by the Worth Hills cafeteria.

"Right now people have to walk all of the way around the pond and creek

to get to the upper intramural fields," Barnes said. "It would also add to the aesthetics of the area."

Padgett had some ideas of how to clean up the smell and filth of the pond itself.

"The entire pond needs concrete or stone sidewalls. The bottom could be cleaned out and filled in with certain types of plants and fish that would clean the water of its smell and many of the chemicals it now has in it," Padgett said.

A debris gate could be constructed at the end of the inflow pipe to keep trash from flowing into the pond once it is cleaned up.

Anything interrupting the flow of water would have to be approved by the city, but Anderson said the Public Works Department would be happy to look at any proposals TCU had.

No matter which solution is chosen, the project would take money. To drain the pond would cost several thousand dollars, Anderson said, and a concrete bottom runs around \$25 a square foot.

Preventing diseases Health Center's aim

By Nancy Andersen
Staff Writer

"They gave me a throat culture and all I had was a sprained ankle from aerobics class!"

Over beef fritters and green beans, the harried student was discussing her afternoon visit to the Health Center with a friend.

Her friend drained her milk carton and shook her head.

"I don't trust them," she replied sympathetically. "They're just hooked on strep."

Despite many students' skepticism, the Health Center gives routine throat cultures to caution against contagious diseases, not to ignore other medical problems, two House of Student Representatives members learned last week.

Sophomores Tracy Tam and Cindy Griffith said they spent much of this semester looking into the Health Center as a project of the House Student Concerns Committee. They said they met regularly with Health Center Director John Terrell and Peggy Barr, vice chancellor for student affairs.

Griffith and Tam said the Health Center staff is very concerned about contagious diseases like mononucleosis and strep throat, which spread rapidly in residence halls.

"They (the Health Center physicians) see maybe 100 cases of mono

or strep during certain seasons," Griffith said. "Throat cultures are just test precautions to prevent (the diseases) from spreading. There is a legitimacy—you may have strep."

The general university fee pays for the tests and, if necessary, for medicine, which the Health Center receives from a separate pharmacy, she said.

"They don't make any money from the fees," Griffith said.

Tam added that not many students know they have the right to refuse treatment from Health Center physicians.

"There's been complaints about the bedside manner," she said. "A lot of it is just talk. But if you have a problem (with treatment), go directly to Dr. Terrell or Dr. Barr, not to your friends."

Griffith said the Health Center staff is interested in more rapport with students about its policies and treatments.

The staff has considered holding an orientation class on college diseases like mononucleosis and strep throat to describe how the Health Center treats them, she said.

"That's one way (the Health Center) can convince students they are not just bad guys," she said.

The Health Center employs 10 registered nurses in addition to four full-time physicians who begin work at 7:30 a.m.

Embassy guards recalled for questioning

WASHINGTON (AP)—The investigation of an espionage scandal that has rocked the Marine Corps' elite embassy guard force broadened Tuesday with the announcement that four guards formerly stationed in communist-bloc countries were being recalled from Austria for questioning.

Robert Sims, chief Pentagon spokesperson, said the Marines, now assigned to the U.S. Embassy in Vienna, were suspected of possible improper fraternization with foreign citizens while posted to other embassies in Warsaw Pact nations.

The four will return to the Quantico, Va., Marine Base, where the espionage inquiry is being conducted.

A fifth Marine is being replaced for unrelated violations of "local security regulations" in Vienna, Sims said, and

a sixth was recalled to appear as a witness at a pre-trial hearing Wednesday for Sgt. Clayton J. Lonetree, the guard whose arrest touched off the current investigation.

Sims also said the Marine Corps has tightened its screening procedures for new guard recruits, and he confirmed that an internal Pentagon study had recommended changes in the supervision of embassy guards.

Defense Secretary Caspar W. Weinberger, meantime, said the Pentagon might consider assigning more married Marines, accompanied by their wives, to guard duty instead of relying on young, single servicemen.

And a lawyer for Lonetree said he was seriously considering an attempt to move the espionage case against his client into a civilian court and wanted

to summon Arthur Hartman, former U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union, as a witness.

Sims told a news briefing he could not release the identities of the Marines who had been recalled nor disclose to which embassies the men had served before Vienna. He stressed that none had been formally charged with wrongdoing.

Lonetree, who has been charged with espionage, was arrested in December at the Vienna embassy. He had transferred to the Austrian capital last fall after working in 1985 and 1986 as a guard at the Moscow embassy.

The Marine Corps has formally accused Lonetree and a second former guard, Cpl. Arnold Bracy, of allowing Soviet agents inside the Moscow

embassy on numerous late-night spying forays last year.

Lonetree also has been accused of breaching security at the Vienna facility by providing floor plans and office assignments for the building.

Sims declined to say whether any of the four Marines returning for questioning might have served with Lonetree in Moscow, although he acknowledged they had been targeted as an outgrowth of the Lonetree investigation.

Pentagon sources have said Lonetree and Bracy became involved sexually with Soviet women in Moscow, who in turn introduced them to Soviet agents. A third Moscow guard has been charged with improper fraternization with Soviet women but is not facing any espionage charges.

Gorbachev won't visit Washington for "stroll"

MOSCOW (AP)—Soviet leader Mikhail S. Gorbachev got a new invitation from President Reagan on Tuesday for a summit in Washington, D.C., but responded: "Generally, without reason, I do not go anywhere, particularly America."

Secretary of State George P. Shultz gave Gorbachev the president's letter when they met in the Kremlin.

"This cannot be just a stroll," Gorbachev said of a possible visit to the U.S. capital. "When I will be nearing retirement, then I may travel just for pleasure, but now I need business."

Gorbachev, 56, has steadfastly resisted Reagan's invitation, even though the two leaders decided at their 1985 meeting in Geneva to hold summits in both Washington and Moscow.

"You're welcome to come," Shultz said. "I have a letter from the president and it says so."

He and Gorbachev spent 4½ hours together, and a late-night meeting was arranged between Shultz and Foreign Minister Eduard A. Shevardnadze.

Reagan and Gorbachev held an "interim" meeting in October in Iceland

and reached tentative understandings to reduce nuclear weapons.

Nuclear arms dominate the Shultz agenda in Moscow, and U.S. and Soviet arms experts have held separate meetings in an attempt to narrow differences.

A dispute over 130 short-range Soviet weapons has delayed an agreement to remove medium-range missiles from Europe.

The espionage issue is more volatile. Shultz confronted Shevardnadze at the start of his visit Monday with charges that Soviet spies helped by

U.S. Marine guards had access to sensitive files at the U.S. Embassy.

Soviet officials claim there was extensive U.S. bugging of their diplomatic facilities in Washington and New York.

As Gorbachev and Shultz shook hands Monday, a reporter asked the Soviet leader if he would go to Washington this year.

Shultz stood impassively as Gorbachev made his comments about the possibility of a visit, including: "Well, I think I have to be hopeful, and it just cannot be that I would avoid America in my travels."

OPINION

A picture's worth 1,000 words, but a good scar can tell a story

"When I am sliced, do I not scar?"
-TCU DAILY SKIFF, April, 16, 1987



John Paschal

platinum-haired dame! on ye olde screen o' silver.

And the eight-word passage probably isn't highlighted in bright orange and green marker in a tattered college philosophy book. Nor is it scrawled on a hippie-joint bathroom wall. It ain't scripture. It ain't the Oath of Office.

The words are my own. I take full blame for each of them.

Yet, they too are everyone's words. Humankind—quite the scar-able species, you know—exists under the omnipotent domain of those words and forever will.

That's because, barring medical breakthrough beyond the common suture, one thing will inevitably occur when we are cut: first we curse life, then we bleed, and then we scar like the dickens.

It will happen; we invariably will be furnished with puffy, flesh-tone trophies in honor of the blood we relinquished, and at the exact point that blood was relinquished.

But it is for those scars, I think, that we owe Mama Nature a nice little thank-you note.

However, lest you dash to the Hallmark store clueless, let me explain my reasoning behind my gratitude for the big Mama's scarring tactics. It is this: Scars are stories. Good stories, all of them.

The state of humanness has this requirement that you must scar whenever appropriate. It's an integral part of what people call life. Find a person without a scar and you've found a person who resides comfortably in a padded pantry or who digs the heck out of surgery o' plastic. Scarless O'Hara, oh, a sheltered wench was she.

If you don't have one really good scar, one that makes Grandma say, "Egad, boy," then you're not worth your weight in cotton swabs. It's imperative that you have a good scar if you want to be counted among the worthy. With it you can summon drama and intrigue in an instant.

Something involving a sharp object happened one day or one night, and people want to hear about it. It was something so unique (with an object so sharp) that a patch of flesh went through a painful separation and a certain amount of plasma emigrated from its former vessels, and, hell, that's theater!

Yes, a picture is worth a 1,000 words, but a scar is worth at least 175 more, plus a couple of dangling participles.

There is so much to tell about the scar. Show it and pull up a seat, bud. We've got stuff to talk about. Because scars are subject for comparison, even debate. Whose is worse? Who had the most stitches? Who, bestowed with a veritable opulence of Ramboian machismo, bothered not with stitches and wen' about his or her business?

It's the anticipation of a good scar story—or the threat of it—that makes deep, grotesque gashes somewhat acceptable.

"How many guys was it that jumped you? Eight? And all of them more than 6-foot-5? Amazing they all knew karate and ju jitsu. Rotten luck, man, rotten luck."

God, I love scars. I wish I had more. If not for the pain that accompanies them, I'd inflict a few more of the buggers upon my person. The stories are just so ripe for embellishment. As long as the person you're telling the story to wasn't there when it happened, you can say dang near anything you want about the incident.

"Skiing accident. Going for a record run on the back bowls, saw a polar cub and diverted my course to save it from certain peril, went sprawling over the edge and got impaled by a blue spruce."

"Well, probably shouldn't've tried to jump that 19th station wagon. I hadn't been stunt riding in such a long time."

"Damned Pamplona autograph hounds. Tore me up more than that bull did."

"Yeah, Special Forces, Battalion Eight, Devil Dog Unit. Shrapnel wound."

Even without a bit of fluffing up, most scar stories stand quite capably on their own. On the anatomy I call my own, for example, I've got some excellent scars and the stories to go with them:

My lip was politely introduced to a flying jet-speed baseball, for one. Same lip was introduced a year later to the back of a friend's jet-speed noggin in a wrestling match.

Once upon a time, my right eye had a nocturnal rendezvous with an "invisible" metal wire. Also, my shin had a brief but excruciating affair with the side of a pool, as did the back of my head. A tree branch drove itself into my back.

My knee had several run-ins with the metal cleats of sliding base stealers through my years on the diamond. And a diving catch of a football in a parking lot zapped my elbow, while "logrolling" on a rusty trash can ultimately resulted in the proverbial shot o' tetanus.

All of these, legitimate, medically certifiable marks.

And I'm proud of them. They're mine and nobody else can ever claim them—even if for some morbid reason they'd want to. When I'm 85, an old crusty codger in a rockin' chair, I can tell my grandkids all about the old wounds.

"Oh, about the time that invisible metal wire got me. Yeah, I was running from Ruskie out on the Siberian front. Just stole some Ruskie documents. Yup, mighty painful. And ol' Rickey Henderson—he played with the Yankees, y'know—he gave me this here scar slidin' into second. I tagged him out, y'know. Saced the World Series for us."

"And I remember the war, oh yeah, the big'un. I was with Special Forces, Battalion Eight, Devil Dog paratroopers, y'know. We jumped down into the Amazon, got impaled by a, uh, a blue spruce. Yeah, a blue spruce. They sharpen up them branches, too, clever Amazon people. Well, that's where I got this big scar on my back, rat chere."

I do love scars. Gullible young things, grandkids won't be so bad, either.

"When I am an old codger, do I not lie?"
-TCU DAILY SKIFF, April, 16, 1987



Letters to the editor

TCU athletes pampered too much

Recently Craig Winneker wrote a column complaining that he couldn't stir up any controversy. Well, Craig, I think that the problem lies in your choice of subjects. Why do you need to go all the way to Washington when there is plenty of controversy on this campus? Try topics closer to our home and heart, and I daresay you'll get more response.

For instance, not long from now TCU will add a new dorm to the campus. This dorm will increase on-campus housing space and provide more revenue for the school. The dorm shows TCU's continued dedication to academic excellence.

And it does it in the best possible way: by providing better lodging for the academic standard by which all other students are measured—the athletes.

The end results are definitely worthwhile, but I highly question the means that we as a college are using to achieve these goals. First of all, I wonder why we need to build another dorm for the athletes.

They already have adequate housing. I can't possibly think of a single case where a scholarship athlete was denied housing at TCU. Milton Daniel is one of the newer and more spacious buildings on campus, but that is not enough for our precious athletes.

So why do we need a new athletic dorm? Could it be the long, treacherous trek the athletes must go on to find food whenever they are hungry? Yes, maybe that's it. So we need to build them a dorm with a cafeteria directly below. Could it be the problems that the athletic department had finding a meeting place to discuss strategy?

Maybe, after all, one of the "special" features of this new dorm is its private conference room. Or maybe we are building a new dorm because the athletes are having trouble studying in their disruptive surroundings. It could be, because this dorm is supposed to sequester the football and basketball teams in their own little nooks.

While we're talking about it, I'd like to know why not move it down by the Greek area? Are we afraid some poor athlete might get tired walking that extra distance to class? Never mind that these people are supposed to

be the finest specimens of health on campus.

No, instead let's pamper the boys and give them a house only a few inches away from the football field, while we destroy one of the few recreational areas left on campus. Not only does the park area provide a place to frolic, but it enhances the beauty of the campus. Will another building crowded into that spot do the same?

This is highly representative of the problem. We're pampering our athletes entirely too much. First and foremost, athletes are students. As such, they should be treated as students. Why should they be given special privileges just because they can catch passes or dribble a basketball a little better than someone else?

Why not give privileges to students who excel academically? Isn't this supposed to be an academic university? Instead of an athletic dorm, why not build an academic dorm for scholarship students? It could have its own cafeteria beneath providing more convenient food.

It could even have a large, comfy conference room to be used for concentrated studying. The conference room could still be rented out to the Greeks and civic organizations during the summer, just as we plan to do with the proposed athletic dorm.

Maybe I shouldn't complain, though; after all, Coach Wacker did say that along with the football, basketball, golf, track, swimming and tennis teams, a few "normal" students will be housed in the new dorm. Yeah! Nice to know they are looking out for us.

Harvard and Yale didn't get their reputations by pampering athletes, nor did any other truly academic university. Instead, they took care of those "normal" students. I simply don't see how TCU can hope to improve the academic atmosphere if it continues to compromise academic standards as it is doing now.

Vincent M. Mathews
Freshman, radio-TV-film/political science

SDI needs to be looked at critically

Over the past two weeks there have been several letters in the Skiff dealing with the Strategic Defense Initiative. Most of these

letters made some claim as to how fantastic and inexpensive SDI will be.

I have been skeptical of SDI, and after hearing these claims, I decided to check out their validity. Upon looking into estimates that SDI will only cost \$120 billion over the next six or seven years, I found several interesting facts.

This estimate is for a very limited system designed to protect only our missiles, not our whole country. This would play a similar role to the ABM Safeguard that we deployed in Grand Forks, N.D., in 1975. After only a few months it was decided this system was too costly and inefficient and so was dismantled.

Another interesting fact I found about this estimate is that it projects each missile-carrying satellite, the missiles to be used to shoot down Soviet ICBMs in the earliest stages of flight, as costing only \$30 million each. The cheapest satellite the Defense Department has right now costs \$50 million—without missiles.

One other fact that also did not seem to be taken into account was how the satellites were going to get into space. NASA is having more than its share of problems, not the least of which are budget cutbacks it faces in Congress.

Without all space shuttles operational, it is going to be a very difficult task to put these satellites in space within the next six or seven years without sacrificing nearly every other endeavor in space.

An estimate by a Johns Hopkins University team put the price tag on the limited defense spoken of above as costing \$640 billion to deploy, not to mention an additional \$270 billion a year to maintain it.

In just more than two years after deployment, that is more than \$1 trillion, approximately the budget for the federal government for fiscal year 1988. This is an unimaginable amount of money.

SDI was planned to be a project to develop a defense that would make nuclear weapons "impotent and obsolete," not a point defense of our missile silos. We need to look closely at what our country needs and what our country is getting.

Doug Dowler
Junior, political science

TCU DAILY SKIFF

The TCU Daily Skiff welcomes letters to the editor and guest columns. The opinion page is designed to offer a forum of thought, comment and insight concerning campus, state and national issues. All letters and columns must be typed and double spaced. Letters should be no longer than 300 words and must be signed. Both letters and columns must be accompanied with the writer's classification, major and telep. one number.

Views expressed herein are solely those of the individual writers and contributors. Unsigned editorials represent the consensus of the editorial board. Signed editorials are the opinion of the writers.

The Skiff is a student publication produced by the Texas Christian University journalism department and published Tuesday through Friday of the semester year, except for review and finals weeks and holidays.

The Skiff is a member of The Associated Press.

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BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



CAMPUS NOTES

University committee applica- Yearbook photos

Applications for university committees, such as Student Publications, University Court, Academic Appeals and Traffic Regulation, are available in the Student Activities Office. They are due Friday.

TCU yearbook staff will take photos for the 1988 edition of the *Horned Frog* while students pre-register for classes. Photos will be taken on the bottom floor of Sadler Hall. **Super Frog tryouts**

Students interested in trying out for Super Frog may sign up at the Student Center Information Desk until Monday. A mandatory meeting for all interested candidates will be held Monday at 9 p.m. in Daniel-Meyer Coliseum.

Microcomputer Fair

The Computer Center is hosting a Microcomputer Fair today in Sid Richardson Room 148. Demonstra-

tions on computer networking will be featured.

Fair hours are 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

ROTC speaker

Jeff Davis, a graduate of the U.S. Military Academy employed with Bell Helicopter, will discuss the combat decision-making process April 21 at 7 p.m. in Moudy Building Room 155S.

Easter Sunrise Service

The Rev. Clyde Robinson Jr. of United Ministries in Education will be the guest preacher at Sunday's interdenominational Easter Sunrise Service. The service begins at 6:30 a.m. on the front lawn of Sadler Hall.

Special library hours

For the Easter holidays, Mary Couts Burnett Library will be closed Saturday and Sunday. It will close at

10 p.m. today and be open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Friday.

Cherokee Indian to speak

Cherokee Indian Principal Chief Wilma Mankiller will speak on the future of the Cherokee Indian nation Tuesday at 5 p.m. in the Student Center Ballroom.

Admission is free, and an open reception will follow the lecture, which is sponsored by Forums Committee.

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TCU STUDENT PUBLICATIONS WANTS YOU

TCU Student Publications Committee will be meeting Wednesday, April 22, 1987 to elect editors for the *TCU Daily Skiff* and *Image* magazine and to select advertising managers to serve each publication.

Students who meet these guidelines may apply for Editor:

1. Have and maintain a 2.5 GPA.
2. Have satisfactorily completed at least three courses in journalism, including reporting, or experience as judged appropriate by the Chairperson of the Journalism Department.

Students who meet these guidelines may apply for Ad Manager:

1. Have and maintain a 2.5 GPA.
2. Have taken ad principles or be enrolled in it while serving.

TO APPLY:

Pick up an application from the Student Publications secretary in Room 293s, Moudy Building, or the Journalism Department secretary in Room 256s. Return completed forms by Noon, Monday, April 20.

COMPENSATION:

Editors will receive financial aid of up to \$2,880 for the semester(s) served. The Ad Manager of *The Skiff* will receive financial aid of up to \$720 per semester, plus commissions on all advertising sold and serviced after full payment is received. Ad Manager of *Image* will receive financial aid of up to \$720 per year served, plus commissions.

OTHER POSITIONS (NON-ELECTED STAFF):

Other students interested in serving in staff positions on student publications should also fill out an application for consideration.

Oldtimers' stories are more than worth their weight in diamonds



John Paschal

Early Wynn, a jovial gentleman who has weathered about 70 full revolutions of the Earth now, was in Fort Worth the other day fulfilling his obligations as a retired member of society. He was playing golf in these, his Golden Years, as men in the sunset of life will do.

About three decades ago, though, when Wynn was in his Diamond Years, it was Wynn himself who was retiring men faster than they wanted to be retired. Wynn was making his big divot in the world of sports with a good fastball and a pretty decent slider. A starting pitcher for the old Cleveland Indians in the middle of this century, Wynn pitched more

than 300 victories over his baseball career.

Last Sunday, out on a Fort Worth golf course, he was asked just how he accomplished that milestone feat.

His answer came straight down the middle, and nobody dared miss it. "Well," he said, "I pitched 23 years."

That simple. But not that easy. Modesty is nice, but it doesn't get you to the Hall of Fame, into which Wynn was inducted for his 23 years of success; his twenty-three years of throwing a ball to big-league hitters. And man, how each one of those years just had to be chest-high great memories and big stories. Stories so enormously billowing with old, leathery charm that you'd do away with two bags of sunflower seeds and a pinch of Skoal just listening to 'em. Spittin' and grinnin'.

The man who asked Wynn how he did it was my dad, whom I call Big Al (and whom I also call for money, although he responds much better simply to "Big Al"). Big Al and Wynn were playing last weekend in a

celebrity golf tournament here, just swattin' a few golf balls down (around, and all over, probably) the fairway and a few flies from their beers. The tournament was designed for ex-pro baseball players (Big Al played in the Detroit Tigers organization) to get together and swat various things, and accordingly, there were several ex-pros out there on the course, swattin'.

Must've been a great place to be, out there. Can't you just hear the course perfectly abuzz with grand old tales? I wish I'd been there to write it all down, because what a story it would be. For old ballplayers tell the best stories of all. They are dazzling.

But old ballplayers' stories, they swell in their nostalgia. They seem black and white, and grainy, like old film. They are warm. When you hear them recollect the old days, you can smell the peanuts and see the old cars out in the dirt parking lot. You can see the young boys in the stands, dressed up by their mamas and their hair slicked back, cowlicks pointing toward the wooden pressbox.

We've seen the grainy old films of Babe Ruth cranking a dinger over the wall and then, aided by the strange, jerky speed of the film, shuffle quickly around the bases. We've seen Joe Dimaggio's wide stance and baggy drawers. Willie Mays' grace. Sandy Koufax's wicked pitches.

At the time it all happened, it was just another fact. But now, over the years, these things have become a sort of fiction, rapt with the stuff that inspires youthful imagination. Hearing about an old spring training, for example, elicits that old front porch feeling.

My dad, Big Al, has some great stories. One of them I remember more than others.

Big Al was a young pup back in spring training in the late '50s, trying to make the big club. It happened that the Tigers, his team, were playing the Boston Red Sox, whose star was none other than the man himself, the Splendid Splinter, Ted Williams. Williams is widely regarded as the best hitter ever to stroll the planet,

what Big Al tells will support that.

Some of Big Al's teammates had heard rumors about Williams' bat, rumors quite unbelievable. So Big Al ventured cross-field to look at Williams' bat. And there he found it to be true: Williams' bat had marks only on the "sweet part" of the wood. Meaning, he had hit not one ball on the handle or the end of the bat. Instead, every single ball he hit, he hit it right square on the nose. That's about like hitting all bulls-eyes during a day full of darts. When you're drunk.

Big Al has another good story. Back when Big Al was growing up, things were black and things were white, and there was no gray. Only segregation. As kids, Little Al and his friends accepted segregation because they knew no other way, really. Still, black kids and white kids played ball together in the streets, unencumbered by prejudice. It wasn't until Big Al was 21 and with the Tigers Class A minor league team that he finally played organized ball on the same team with blacks. The childhood

attitudes carried over. There were no problems. They were just ballplayers.

On game day at the ballyard, they nevertheless were teammates. One of the black players on the team was a guy named Jesse Queen, and Jesse Queen could run. Only Big Al could run faster. Therefore, Jesse begrudgingly called Big Al "Cool Breeze." Jesse didn't much like it that Cool Breeze could run faster, so Jesse did all he could to steal more bases. He ran with reckless abandon, and slid into bases hard. So hard that he inevitably, continually ripped his socks. The team's socks were black with orange stripes.

So one day Cool Breeze said to Jesse, "Jesse, I know what you can do."

"What?" said Jesse.

"Instead of wearing the socks and tearing 'em up all the time," answered Cool Breeze, "just paint orange stripes around your calves."

"Cool Breeze," said Jesse, "you are cool."

Old baseball stories. They are cool, too.

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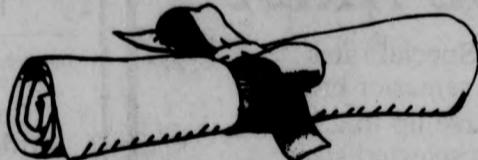
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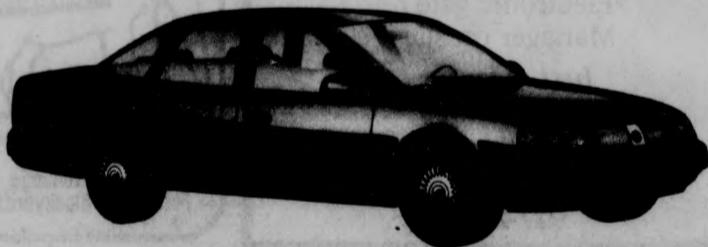
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