

TCU DAILY SKIFF

Friday, March 10, 1989

Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, TX

86th Year, No. 84

Culinary delights provided

By JADA THADANI
Staff Writer

International Student Week should leave students with a good taste in their mouths.

Two events, "A Taste of the World" and the International Student Banquet and Cultural Program, offer a variety of foods from various areas of the world, as well as an opportunity for students to view different aspects of world cultures.

"A Taste of the World" is serving up foods from different world regions today from noon to 2 p.m. in the Student Center Lounge.

The International Student Banquet and Cultural Program will begin at 6 p.m. Saturday.

A dinner will be served at the banquet, which will feature foods from over 20 different countries. There also will be a program featuring cultural dances and songs, said Reena Daniel, president of the International Student Association.

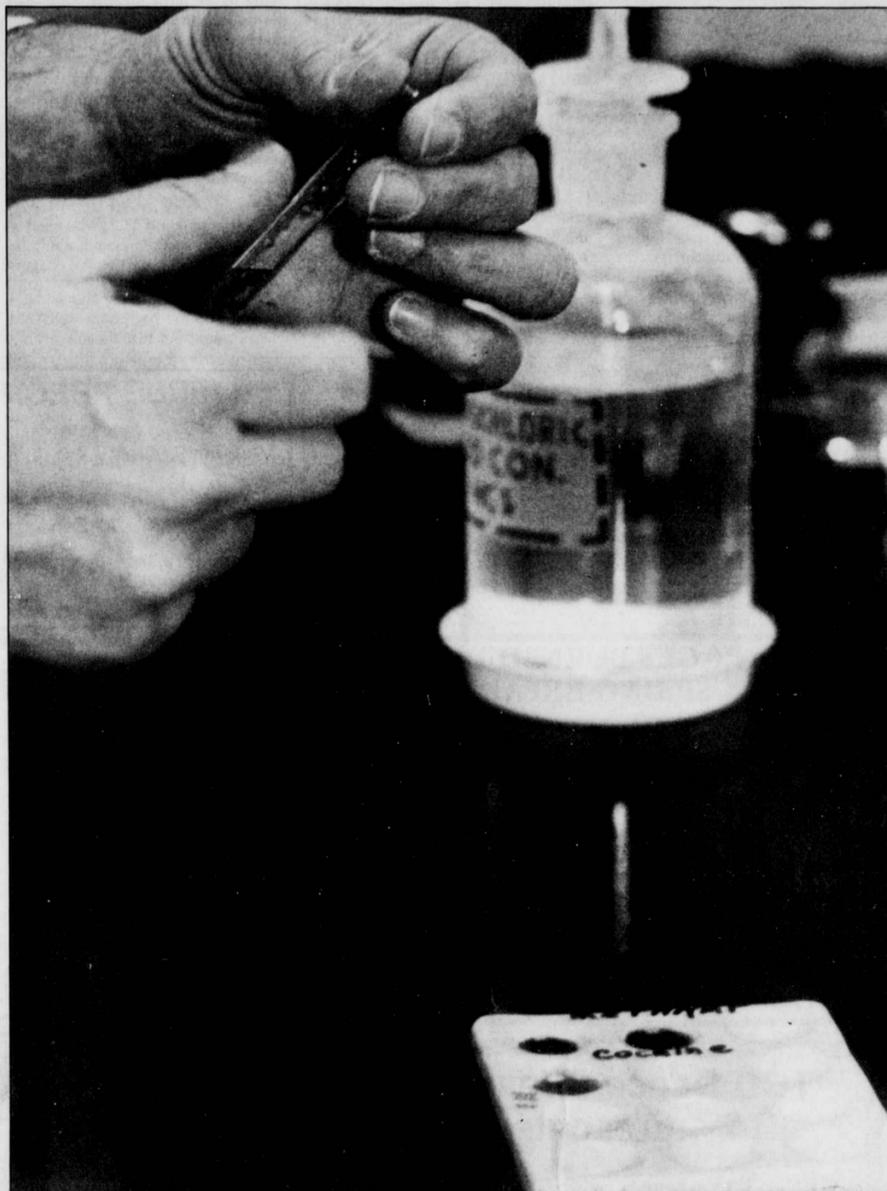
Tickets are \$8 each and can still be purchased with cash or check until 5 p.m. today in the International Student Office, Sadler Hall Room 16.

"A Taste of the World" was designed to bring together organizations from all areas of the campus to represent the areas of the world.

"My goal was to bring other groups together to do ISA Week, and this was accomplished through 'A Taste of the World,'" Daniel said.

Each of the organizations sponsoring the event represent a different country. The organizations are ISA, Interfraternity Council, Panhellenic Council, Residence Hall Association, Campus Christian Community, Black Student Caucus, Organization of Latin American Students, Interlock, and R.O.A.D. Workers.

The House of Student Representatives also donated money, but it will not represent a country.



TCU Daily Skiff / Jim Winn

Wade Thomas, criminologist at the Fort Worth Police Department, conducts a Scott's Test to determine

whether a substance contains cocaine. The test is used in the department's fight against drug trafficking.

'X' use prevalent among students

Drug's effects unknown, users say

By MELISSA WILLS
Staff Writer

Because of the sensitive nature of this topic, the names in this article have been changed.

She was a sophomore at TCU when she first took ecstasy, a designer drug that was legal until about three years ago.

She was at a fraternity party when her date slipped half of a chalky, white tablet that looked like aspirin into her hand.

He told her to take it because it would make her feel good, and it would work faster than alcohol.

She refused at first. She had never taken a drug in her life. She thought people at TCU just drank and didn't do drugs.

She thought wrong. Her date told her it was OK - that it wouldn't hurt her. He told her most of the people at the party were on it.

She felt pressured. Her palms were sweaty. Her heart was throbbing. She put the chalky, white tablet in her mouth and chewed. It was bitter and gritty. She chased it with a screwdriver and waited.

She was scared. All she could do was stand there and wait for whatever was going to happen to her to happen.

Thirty minutes later it did. She was hyper - the adrenaline was flowing. She was running around talking to everyone. She felt like everyone was her best friend.

Her date was right, she thought. This was better than drinking. She felt great. She didn't have to buy drinks. She didn't get sick. She didn't get tired. Best of all, it wasn't addictive.

Since that night four months ago, she has done it 25 times.

According to Diane Kolberg, a crisis response counselor at Care Unit in Fort Worth, ecstasy, also called "X," is an addictive drug, even though many people think it is not.

Wheeling and dealing

It's no secret that drugs play a part in the lives of many students. But beyond the occasional high, behind the daily habit, lies another devastating addiction that many people could never imagine.

The world of a drug dealer is characterized by a helpless lack of control. Money comes and goes, extra cash becoming as necessary to the dealer as drugs to an addict.

He lives from fix to fix, pledging to quit, trying to break his link in the drug underworld chain. The cycle continues to drain the dealer, while some dealers continue to drain TCU.

"They say it's not addictive, but it is," Kolberg said. "They said cocaine wasn't addictive either."

"It's just as dangerous as cocaine. It's the worst withdrawal I've ever seen. One guy that was withdrawing from it had seizures off and on for a week."

Kolberg said ecstasy, which is a designer drug, was formerly classed as legal because it contained ingredients in a combination that had not been manufactured before.

"It took a while before the FDA could classify it and make it a controlled substance," she said. "Then it was made illegal around 1985."

In the late 1970s, ecstasy was given to depressed people over the age of 65 because it gave them a euphoric feeling to combat their depression, said Mary Ellen Seufferer of the Psychiatric Center at Oakbend Hospital in

See Dealer, Page 2

Students, graduates receive honors in Creative Writing Contest

By BRENDA WALLACE
Staff Writer

Once upon a time - Thursday - in a land not so far away - the Student Center Ballroom - more than 100 prizes were awarded to TCU undergraduates, graduate students, and alumni as well as to local high school students in the annual Creative Writing Contest.

Harry Opperman, coordinator of the writing competition and assistant

professor of English, said "the contest is a pretty good thing the English department does. It provides encouragement in writing because the booklet is often the first time writers see their work published."

Besides having their work published in a booklet that is distributed to people who attend the awards program, some award winners also receive cash prizes ranging from \$10 to \$150.

Heather White, winner of this

year's Mortar Board Prize in Literary Criticism, said she used the money she won last year to pay her phone bill.

"This year my parents are sending me the money for the phone bill," she said. "I'm spending the (prize) money the way I want."

Sherri Englund, winner of the Walter E. Bryson Poetry contest and the Siddie Joe Johnson Poetry award, said she would probably use the prize money for school.

"If the world is your oyster, go for it. If what you have in this world is just 80 acres of West Texas dirt, you crawl in the dirt and make it bloom until you have enough to write about for 40 years."

WALTER McDONALD,
short story writer

"I don't do this for the money, though," she said. "The awards are good for the resume, too."

Englund, a junior English major, said most of the works she entered in the contest were pieces she had written for her classes.

ten for her classes.

Walter McDonald, a poet, short story writer and professor at Texas Tech University who read some of his poetry at the awards program Thursday, said writers write what they know.

"If the world is your oyster, go for it," he said. "If what you have in this world is just 80 acres of West Texas dirt, you crawl in the dirt and make it bloom until you have enough to write about for 40 years."

Whodunit to open Friday

By TY WALKER
Staff Writer

Love, sex, violence and murder can all be found at the TCU spring dance concert, "Pointe of Death," this weekend.

"All the things you find on TV are here at the ballet," said Jim Clouser, chairman of the TCU ballet and modern dance department.

"Pointe of Death," a comic murder mystery, is an innovative "whodunit" ballet that takes place in the 1920s, a period of jealousy and intrigue in the ballet world, Clouser said.

The mystery plot of "Pointe of Death" unfolds backstage at a performance featuring segments of "Swan Lake," "Scheherazade" and "Le Train Bleu."

The technical theater staff devised a way to allow the audience to view backstage and onstage happenings simultaneously, Clouser said.

Inspector Cluezot, a Peter Sellers-like detective, investigates and solves the murder. Kelly Smith, a senior theater major, plays Cluezot.

The curtain raiser, which will be separate from "Pointe of Death," is "Slipknot," an abstract modern dance piece, choreographed by Rob Esposito, guest artist in residence at TCU.

The free performance begins at 8 p.m. March 10-11 and at 2 p.m. March 12 in Ed Landreth Hall Auditorium.



Jonna Garrett, left, and Michelle Reagan star as "Swan Lake" ballerinas in "Pointe of Death," presented by the dance department March 10-12.

Meteorites drop onto campus

Collection a gift from businessman

By ANDREA HEITZ
Staff Writer

To someone who doesn't know better, they look like rocks.

The display is full of them: a white, grainy, slightly-larger-than-fist-sized chunk, which looks like something over which someone might trip on a sidewalk, and flat, bubble-filled black bits, which would seem the perfect skipping stones.

Display cards, however, clear up any confusion in the minds of those

who would otherwise think they were looking at "ordinary, run-of-the-mill" rocks.

The sidewalk chunk is, in fact, "a very rare aubrite," which was observed "falling into a stock tank in 1946," and the skipping rocks are rare "tektites" from Thailand.

They are meteorites - parts of the Monnig Meteorite Collection, the largest private meteorite collection in the Southwest and one of the largest in the United States.

But to Oscar Monnig and to Arthur

Ehlmann, professor of geology, the meteorites are more than just rocks or parts of a collection.

To Monnig, a retired businessman from Fort Worth who donated the collection to TCU, they are pieces of his past.

Monnig began collecting meteorites in the 1930s because he was interested in astronomy and, "nobody was paying too much attention to meteorites at the time."

See Rocks, Page 2

Dumping of toxic waste affects all life on earth

By ANGIE COX
Staff Writer

One of the most dangerous misconceptions of today's society is that toxic waste can be dumped in a section of the ocean without affecting the entire ocean, said a lecturer from the Coast Society Wednesday night.

David Brown spoke to about 50 people in the Student Center ballroom of the dangers facing our oceans and ecosystem today.

The speech was sponsored by the Programming Council's Forums Committee as part of the International Students Week activities, said Andy Black, Forums Committee chairman.

Brown's message was simple - people have to realize that the ecosystem is being disrupted because of human problems and it is up to humans to

solve the problem.

"We only have one ecosystem," he said. "If we disrupt it permanently, there is no other. So we have to take the long-range view to solving the problems."

Brown said there were three basic problems facing the ecosystem today, the release of toxic wastes, increasing demands on natural resources and the conversion of the naturally complex ecosystem into predominantly human ecosystems.

Toxins dumped into the waters, including oil, industrial wastes and human sewage, are carried everywhere. Because water knows no boundaries, particles are carried wherever water reaches," said the 30-year-old oceanographer and diver.

To illustrate the magnitude of the problem, Brown explained a process

See Brown, Page 4

Inside

Indian takers
How would you like it if someone put the remains of one of your ancestors on display? Page 3

Wise move
SOC's decision to go public with information including offenses of organizations does students a favor. Page 3

Baseball blues
Frogs lose last two games, leaving the TCU baseball team's record at 9-5. Page 6

Outside

Today's weather is sunny with highs in the mid 70s, lows in the mid 40s and winds from the south at 10-15 mph.
Saturday's and Sunday's weather will be sunny with highs in the upper 70s.

CAMPUSlines

Study Abroad Reception: Go International! Learn about multicultural educational opportunities at TCU and abroad. Meeting at 3 p.m. today in Student Center Room 205-6. RSVP in Reed 113 or 921-7289.

Graphic Art Design Contest - sponsored by PC Concerts Committee for the first-ever Battle of the Bands. If interested, submit an entry today. Winner will receive \$75 prize.

AERho CD hour presents Def Leppard at 8-10 p.m. today.

Kappa Delta Sorority - will hold its annual Shamrock Project at 1 p.m. Saturday at Cowtown Bowling. Proceeds will go to Lena Pope Home. For information call Becky St. Clair at 923-1733.

Criminal Justice Student Association will meet at 8 p.m. Sunday in the Student Center Woodson Room. Guest speaker will be Larry Ansley, FWPD narcotics officer. Everyone welcome. Call 921-7471 for more information.

TCU Calendar Cover Competition for 1989-90 TCU Calendar/Student Handbook. Entries may be slides, photos or art and must be related to TCU. Cash prizes. Submit entries in Room 101 of Sadler Hall. Deadline Wednesday.

TCU Student Foundation applications for membership are now at the Information Desk in the Student Center or at the Alumni House. Applications due by March 17.

Charles E. Hanna Literary Award open to Tarrant County residents and to persons who work or attend school in Tarrant County. Entry must be a poem in sonnet form only. Entries by mail accepted through March 25. For information call Lenore Clark at 739-0519.

The Microcomputer Lab on the lower level of Mary Coats Burnett Library, available for use by anyone with a valid TCU ID., will be open for limited hours over spring break at 11-4:45 on March 18, 20, 21 and 22.

INTERLOCK needs a logo. Must be submitted by Tuesday to Janet Trepka in the Student Activities Office, or bring to next INTERLOCK meeting at 10 p.m. Wednesday.

Easter Sunrise Service - will be sponsored by Campus Chrin Community at 6:30 a.m. on March 26, in front of Sadler Hall. All denominations are invited. For information call 921-7830.

TCU Daily Skiff

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The Skiff is a member of the The Associated Press.

The Skiff welcomes letters to the editor. Letters must be typed, double-spaced, signed and limited to 500 words. Letters should be turned in two days before publication. They must include the author's classification, major and phone number. The Skiff reserves the right to edit or reject any unacceptable letters.

Rocks/ from Page 1

Many of the meteorites, which he gathered through several means - some were bought, others found and others gotten through ads in farming journals saying, "Do you have a peculiar rock?" - have stories that go with them, Monnig said.

One of the first meteorites he bought came from Cleburne, where a man and his son had found it.

The son had died, Monnig said, and the father had kept the meteorite.

Monnig and a friend found another meteorite near Richland Springs, Texas, after hearing that a group of campers had seen it fall and had thought "it just fell right out of the moon," he said.

Once, he said, he got a two-shot deal in Texas' Somervell County.

A rare meteorite had fallen in the county, he said, and someone who didn't know what it was had taken an axe and chopped it into three pieces.

One of the pieces was put into the foundation of a house, and another was built into a bandstand in town. Monnig paid for the one in the bandstand, he said, and began chopping it out.

"A man walked up while I was chopping," he said, "and said, 'Mister, if you want meteorites, I've got one in my front yard.' So I bought it, too."

All in all, Monnig collected some 3,000 meteorite pieces, which account for about 400 collisions of solar system debris with the earth, said Ehlmann, who is curator of the collection at TCU.

The value of the collection, he said, is more in its scientific value than in its monetary value, because "meteorites are not the sort of things that have a sale value."

For Ehlmann, who is cataloging the collection for research purposes, the meteorites are pieces of a more distant history.

"They tell us something about how the solar system was formed," Ehlmann said. "These are the materials that tell us what the planets are made of. By studying these, we find out what the materials were like before they became planets."

The pieces in the collection, which Monnig accumulated over a period of about 50 years, range in size from a few ounces to one that weighs 800 pounds.

Monnig began transferring the collection to TCU in the 70s, Ehlmann said.

"I had to get rid of it," Monnig said. "I'm old enough that I'm going to die before too long, and I don't think St. Peter would want them."

He chose TCU as the recipient of the collection because the meteorites will be used for educational purposes, he said.

Dealer/ from Page 1

Fort Worth.

Seuferer said ecstasy was also available in "ecstasy clubs" in southern California and Europe. People who paid a membership fee would receive ecstasy at these clubs.

"These clubs were closed down because ecstasy was outlawed, because it was found to be habit-forming and addictive," she said.

"It's not given out for medical purposes now, either, because it's not approved by the FDA," Sueferer added.

In spite of its illegal status, Kolberg said, in the past couple of months, more people than ever have come to her because of ecstasy-related problems.

She said most of those people are in

college.

Susie, a sophomore at TCU, took ecstasy for the first time last semester in Dallas.

"I got it from a friend, and I was so scared to take it," she said. "Thirty minutes after I took it, I was hyper. I wanted to run around and be obnoxious."

Ecstasy is the third most prevalent drug at TCU, with alcohol and marijuana being first and second, she said.

"It's very out-of-control, because it's so easy to get. I can name 15 people that deal it in Fort Worth," she said.

"I don't know if it has long-term effects," she said. "That's why they made it illegal. They have nothing to base it on, because it's such a new drug."

Regardless of the unknown effects of ecstasy, she said, a lot of people at TCU will probably continue to do it.

"People do it for a change of pace from drinking and getting stoned. It enhances the evening."

Jim, a junior at TCU, said most of his friends have at least tried ecstasy.

"Who hasn't done it at least once? Some of the most unsuspecting people do it," he said. "It doesn't seem that bad, because it used to be legal."

He said he has done ecstasy about 10 times in the past two months, because it is better than getting drunk.

"You don't get all sloppy, and you don't have to buy drinks," he said. "It doesn't seem to impair judgment like alcohol does. It just intensifies everything."

Janet, a senior at TCU who used to do ecstasy every weekend, said she had a bad trip about two years ago.

"I was hallucinating," she said. "I saw bugs on the bathroom wall, and when I would look into the mirror, my

face would be distorted. I was grinding my teeth so hard that I bit my lip."

"I thought I was messed up for life," she said. "It took forever to come off it."

Janet said that even though she thinks it is stupid to do ecstasy, she continues to use the drug.

"It could be laced with anything, but it's cheaper than drinking," she said. "It's 20 bucks and you're hit for one night."

Joe, a senior at TCU who does ecstasy almost every weekend, said the possible long-term effects are what scare him.

"I still do it because it's fun for now, but I can just see me and all my TCU friends who do 'X' having some disease 10 years from now," he said.

"I don't think that will ever happen, but sometimes I ask myself before I take it, 'Is it worth taking the chance?'"

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9:15 a.m.	Campus tour with student guides
10:15 a.m.	Welcome and briefing on schedule for the day
11:00 a.m.	Residence hall tour
12:00 noon	Lunch in Worth Hills Cafeteria
1:15 p.m.	Meet academic deans for department visit
2:30 p.m.	Wrap-up reception in Student Ctr. Ballroom
3:00 p.m.	Optional Financial Aid/Scholarships Session

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Exp. March 17

Commentary

Our View

Increased openness benefit to students

By revising the university's policy of confidentiality, the Student Organization's Committee and Peggy Barr, vice chancellor for student affairs, have done students a great service.

The decision allows the chairman of the SOC to act as spokesman following SOC disciplinary decisions. It grew out of dissatisfaction with the workings of the previous policy, which kept all disciplinary proceedings confidential, in a recent case where Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity was placed on probation for hazing.

The decision to revise the policy is a wise one for several reasons.

First, by allowing the chairman of the SOC to issue statements including offenses by the organizations and the judicial action taken by the SOC, students will be more aware of what is happening in their organizations and in the other organizations on campus.

Students have a right to know about hazing, rules violations and other such incidents. They will now receive more information about rules violations and will thus be able to make more informed decisions regarding their interest in an organization.

Second, increased openness in SOC judicial proceedings, which gives students information from a reliable source, will help guard against the rumors and manipulation inherent to closed proceedings.

Despite the progress that has been made, however, at least one area of TCU's policy of confidentiality still needs to be addressed—the new revisions do nothing to increase openness about offenses by individuals.

While there is value in protecting individuals from public humiliation, there is also value in making sure that every assault, theft and rape is widely reported. In a case such as rape, the victim's name need not be reported if that person so requests.

In disciplinary proceedings involving individuals, TCU can comply with the Buckley Amendment and balance the interests of the students involved and the rest of the campus by releasing the details of the incident without identifying those disciplined.

The revisions in TCU policy of confidentiality were necessary and are appreciated, but there is still work to be done.

Watching old films, thinking of Grandpa

By LISA TOUYE
Columnist



When I saw "Brigadoon" in the television listings, I yelped, jumped off the bunk bed and slid across the floor to adjust the TV antenna.

Sunday afternoon was spent munching on popcorn while Gene Kelly and Cyd Charisse danced sensuously in front of some terrible highland country backdrops.

It was like the Sundays spent watching old movies in my Grandpa's room back home when I was growing up. Except Grandpa isn't here now to keep flipping between channels with the remote control when the story gets slow.

Back then, Grandpa and I had it all figured out.

I would wash the car when the movie was over.

The clincher was that in Grandpa's room, the movie never ended.

Right after dumping the bits of scrambled eggs I had hidden in my napkin in the trash, I ran into Grandpa's darkened room, and we wrapped ourselves in afghans and watched science-fiction fantasy movies.

The camera would zoom in on the sepia-toned image of an old television set with a zig-zag pulsing across the screen, and the announcer would warn us the dial on our TV was no longer under our control. We had now entered "World Beyond."

At 9 a.m. on a rainy day Godzilla destroyed entire continents, and tin-foil aliens died at the hands of Buster Crabbe as the original Buck Rodgers.

Just before the tiger went crashing through the grass, signalling the beginning of "Adventure Theater," Mom would come into our sanctuary and demand I get out of my pajamas and try to look human.

When the commercial break came, I'd run through the kitchen, bouncing to my right to miss hitting the refrigerator, lean quickly to the left and invariably slam my body into the oven on my way to my room.

I got back just in time to see another Tarzan movie, the one where they're digging up elephant's tusks for ivory in the sacred elephant graveyard, and the natives don't like it.

I knew I'd never see a bucket of

soapsuds and that grimy car when "Action Theater" came on. They'd always show one of those old Hercules movies or "Jason and the Golden Fleece," and my grandfather would protest to my mother that Greek myths were educational.

Then I would join the rest of the family in the kitchen for lunch after I had brought Grandpa's tray to him in his recliner. We'd yell back and forth during lunch about the movies we saw and keep the rest of them entertained.

Then the string of musicals started, and Mom liked musicals. We'd watch Fred and Ginger dance away in "Flying Down to Rio." I'd beg to watch Julie Andrews as a flapper in "Thoroughly Modern Millie" just one more time. And if it had Ann Miller or Bing Crosby in it, and it was on during dinner, it was a soup-and-sandwich-in-the-family-room dinner.

I saved the zinger for last, though. Just before dinner "King Creole" with Elvis was on. Mom just lay on the couch with this goofy grin on her face and a dreamy look in her eyes when any Elvis movie was on.

The car was history. Basically, I could steal a whole handful of frozen hamburger meat to feed my salamanders or bring them into the house and leave their tank on the bar area when Mom watched an Elvis movie.

Elvis saved my little body many times. Mom wasn't a real hard-liner though. One miserable rainy day when we were watching Hop-along Cassidy, she spread a sheet on the family room floor and made us cheese tortillas and picnic food.

The only time Dad made waves in the viewing schedule was when his hero was on. When those movies were on, the room was as silent as a church.

John Wayne thundered across the screen.

I think I have seen just about every movie John Wayne was ever in. All of them accompanied by a grown man yelling "Yeah, Duke. You show 'em!"

You know, that's what Sunday's are supposed to be like.

I miss those lazy times when the most important thing was becoming the hero, the most glamorous lady or the funniest person in the world for a few hours and leaving the everyday behind.

It was nice having the grace of Cyd Charisse for a few hours. It's something I think we all need to do more often.



Letters to the Editor

IFC helpful

Over the past few years, the *Skiff* and many independents have been putting the Interfraternity Council and the Greek system down. The complaints are varied, and I feel most of the complaints have been taken too far.

I am the president of Tau Chi Upsilon, a local social fraternity. I feel the IFC has gone out of its way to try to accommodate my organization.

Felix Mira, the IFC adviser, invited me to attend some IFC meetings. At first, I was worried I would walk into a darkened room filled with closed-minded individuals.

Instead, I found a group that has encouraged my organization's input, asked us questions and listened to what Tau Chi Upsilon has said.

During recent meetings, I have seen guest speakers come in and give speeches. They were all well-represented and given a fair chance to speak.

This openness is not always found on other campuses.

This openness goes beyond meetings to the individuals who make up the IFC. In meetings, when new business comes up, they evaluate it objectively.

The men speak for their fraternities. The discussions about possible expansion and acceptance of Tau Chi Upsilon into the IFC led the way toward this openness. After analyzing each issue in a pro-con debate format, the group votes to make a collective decision.

Fraternities are criticized for their lack of involvement on campus and with regard to service projects. This is unfair.

Fraternities have a lot of responsibilities coming from their nationals which must take priority in many cases.

Each organization in the Greek community has a philanthropy which raises money and sends volunteers many places. With 20 groups supporting more than 20 philanthropies, there is a great deal of service.

Not all of a social fraternity's time goes into service, and it shouldn't.

Social fraternities are supposed to be social before they serve the community. When it comes to service, the Greeks are often overlooked because the service-based groups do more to be noticed.

Denying that the fraternities could do more is ridiculous. But every group could do more.

The emphasis of each group needs to be where the members want it, not where outsiders think it should be.

The independents have not properly approached the Greeks on many upcoming events. The ISA retreat is one example of the fraternities being told too late.

The Greeks are well organized, with IFC meetings on Thursdays and Panhellenic meetings every Monday. These are the meetings where others can come to make their requests.

The independents don't have two major sections to approach. They have many different groups, which meet at different times. This makes it very hard for any of the Greeks to approach them.

Both sides need to make an effort to keep communication lines open.

Both groups should also take the heat when it comes to communication problems, not just the Greeks.

Todd Reynolds
President
Tau Chi Upsilon

Not all their fault

I'd like to respond to both Lisa Touye's column on beauty pageants and Caroline Kobes' response.

I agree with Touye that pageants portray an attitude of women that is degrading, sexist and abusive.

I have known women who participated in pageants who had their teeth bonded, their noses fixed, went on crash diets to have "more angular facial features," hairsprayed their bathing suits to their butts to prevent them from riding up and suffered the embarrassment of not being good enough.

However, I am not knocking pageants because I am insecure about who I am; rather, I question the

validity of an activity which places such central importance on what a woman looks like and creates such a showgirl-type atmosphere for the pageant itself and the people who watch it at home.

The majority of the televised Miss USA program is spent showing the women parading around in swimsuits at scenic locales, again for the semi-finals competition onstage in their evening gowns and state costumes. The majority of the program is spent on appearance.

Yes, I realize the contestants do participate in lengthy interviews on current events and themselves. However, the only similar interviews we see are approximately a minute long and usually let us know only about their career goals in a capsule or some funny little anecdote about home.

My point is we never get to see the person behind the wardrobe and the makeup. What is perhaps worst of all is the pageants create an environment of competitiveness at its worst.

I do feel, however, that Touye's article did digress to stereotyping all pageant participants into a mold as husband hunters and vain little girls. I think this is an unfair portrayal at best.

It is not the pageant participants that I have a quarrel with. It is the attitudes and beliefs that pageants themselves present as worthy.

I believe all people, including those who are pageant participants, are victims of the longstanding social mores which state what a woman can or can't be.

Until we are ready as a society to say the attitudes cherished by the producers of beauty pageants, pornography and other sexist ideals are wrong, women cannot expect to receive equal pay, equal respect or equal consideration because we don't act as if we deserve it.

Patti Pattison
Junior
Nursing

Editor's note: Pattison's letter is being reprinted in its entirety because several paragraphs had to be cut for space.

Learn to believe in yourself, Army style

By JERRY MADDEN
Columnist



The other day I was speaking to a co-worker of mine about the Army ROTC program here at TCU. She was asking me about the benefits I

had received during my two years in the program.

I could have told her about the scholarships and allowances and training I receive. I could have also told her about the future benefits like pensions and good resumes.

But while all of those are fine, handy and dandy, they don't quite capture the greatest benefit I received.

I'm not sure I can tell you what that benefit is exactly, either. It's something mystical, almost religious.

The Army made me believe in myself.

Two years ago, I was a long-haired intellectual who was rock-solid into Jesus and having a good time. I was going places in life, and I knew exactly

what I wanted to do.

Most of all, I believed in myself. I had no doubts that I was the best at everything I set about doing.

And then, I threw all that confidence away and joined Army ROTC, mostly out of financial considerations. So, what was the first thing they did with me?

They sent me to basic training.

Having three drill sergeants stand over me every moment of the day was a nightmare. Worst of all, there was no one there to say "You can do it, Jerry. You can do it."

No one, that is, except myself.

And that's exactly what I did. I was forced to believe in myself, to trust myself and to be confident in myself. No one else was going to do that for me, or even encourage me to do it.

Saying you believe in yourself is one thing, but until that belief is put to the test, it really means nothing.

It's the same way with everything else in life. Everyone can say they believe, but only a few actually do.

And that's what it means to put your money where your mouth is.

BLOOM COUNTY



Grave theft in the name of science

By NICK EASTHAM
Columnist



"Sorry folks," the museum official says, "but we are going to have to dig up the town cemetery for... specimens."

The initial reaction passes, and the official continues.

"It's OK, though. The remains of your loved ones will be stored away nicely in our huge museum. It is all in the interest of science, you know."

Strangely enough, storing human remains in museums or roadside attractions really happens. In fact, the Smithsonian's natural history museum has collected some 18,500 Indian remains, mostly complete skeletons.

The practice of collecting Indian remains has been so widespread over time that an estimated 600,000 of them have been dug up from across the country and put on display under glass or put away in boxes for later analysis.

Museum officials and forensic scientists say they need to maintain adequate numbers of "specimens" for analysis and are dedicated to the "permanent curation of Indian skeletal remains."

How many do they need? Studying past cultures is important to the future, but are 600,000 remains necessary? Is the museum trying to convert to a mausoleum?

If the remains of another race, say Anglo-Saxon, were dug up to be displayed and probed, the outcry would be tremendous. Accusations of grave robbing and blasphemy would flood the news, most likely leading to the return of the remains to their proper burial grounds.

Why are Indians not given the same treatment?

"Like people the world over," wrote Clara Spotted Elk, a consultant and representative of Indian interests, "one of our greatest responsibilities is the proper care of the dead."

The Northern Cheyenne word, "tsistsistas," means human beings. Just like all human beings, Indians have a right to bury their dead. No historical data can prove otherwise.

The denial of Indian spiritual and civil rights began when Columbus first came to the Americas. Indians were pushed and fought off the land they had enjoyed and respected, crowded into cramped reserves and left behind to deal with their new homes.

The lifestyle drove them to misery and drinking. Now the rate of suicide and alcoholism in Indians is three to four times more than Anglo-Saxons.

The graves of Indians have not only been violated for human remains, but for artifacts. In February, a huge gravesite in Union County, Kentucky, was ravaged by grave robbers.

Four hundred holes were dug, overturning 1,200 graves in the five-century-old grounds. Tomahawks, medicine pipes, and other artifacts worth hundreds of dollars were stolen. The culprits were caught, yet faced a fine shadowed by the significance of the destruction—\$500 and a year in jail for "desecration of a sacred object."

The fight for the return of the remains has been an uphill battle. Museums, remains collectors and scientists swear keeping the remains is necessary. Now those people will have to go up against a bill to be reintroduced by Senator Daniel K. Inouye.

The "Bones Bill" calls for the return of the Indian's dead, a right most of us could not morally deny, though we can irresponsibly ignore.

by Berke Breathed

News

Brown/ from Page 1

called biomagnification. He said some toxins dumped in the oceans do not break down for decades.

"These toxins get into the simple tissues of organisms and are not broken down (into non-lethal substances). By the time the toxins move up the food chain to more complex organisms like sea lions and dolphins, the level of toxins is so high that the tissues cannot absorb them and therefore harm the animal," Brown said.

The increasing demands on the natural resources of the ocean are also harming the ecosystem, he said.

There are fishermen who can pinpoint whole populations of a species of fish by using highly technological

equipment, Brown said. "They catch these populations and just move on to another. At that rate, there is no time to replenish the supply."

Haiti is suffering from overfishing, he said. Today, Haitian families are surviving on two and three-inch fish because the larger ones have been caught. The six-and-a-half million Haitians realize there will soon be no more fish, he said. But right now, they must simply survive.

Brown suggested strict catch quotas and moratoriums to slow the pace of fishing in oceans all over the globe before the Haitian crisis becomes a worldwide crisis.

The third problem humans are responsible for, Brown said, is the conversion of the complex ecosystems into ecosystems which conform to hu-

man's desires.

The coral reefs, which house more than one-third of all species of fish, are being picked apart daily by sport divers, the aquarium traders and souvenir shop merchants, Brown said.

One way to stop this would be to discontinue support of the coral trade, he said.

The problems facing the oceans are not ones which should be ignored by people living inland. As much as 85 percent of ocean pollution comes off the land, Brown said. And because there is only one ecosystem, humans are not exempt from the adverse effects of toxins in oceanic organisms.

"Half of the bottle-nosed dolphin population on the East Coast have died, 800 out of 1,500. And no one knows exactly why," Brown said.

"They are among the most complex organisms."

The misuse of the oceans is not a new issue, but one which has traditionally been ignored by the govern-

ments of countries doing the harm, he said.

Brown said the governments of countries surrounding the Mediterranean Sea are not actively pursuing

ways to stop the misuse of the ocean.

"Over 10 billion tons of waste are dumped into the Mediterranean each year and the countries continue to bicker about who should clean it up."

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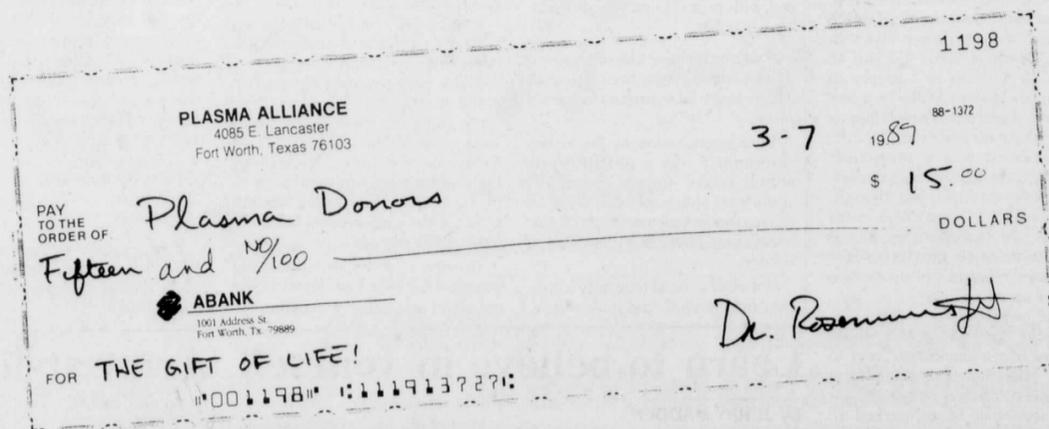


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IT PAYS TO GIVE.

Student life in the fast lane

By BRETT BALLANTINI
Staff Writer

It is Saturday night, and I am sitting at a bar within 10 miles of the TCU campus. I am here with a friend of mine, "John," who has decided that the live-and-let-die lifestyle of using and dealing drugs on the TCU campus has become too great a risk to continue.

John is a TCU student.
A large man waves us over from the darkest spot in the bar, which is lit only by the cigarettes that smolder all around me. He looks fit to hold court at a table scarred with what appear to be knife strokes.

As we sit down, I see him deliver a quick nod to John. Silence.
Glancing up, my voice cracks. "Pinky?"
"You got it. We're talking hard rock, right?"

Pinky is one of the main suppliers of illegal drugs to the TCU campus. As a jack of all drugs, he can secure any illicit substance which might be passing through Texas and is a buyer of drugs such as marijuana, cocaine, crack (hard rock) and acid in mass quantities.

With John's assistance, I am posing as a "trailer." In the drug trade of Fort Worth, a trailer handles transactions under the main dealer — in this case, John — in a certain territory.

In a business not known for functioning in the calmest of seas, a trailer is a minesweeper.
"Uh, yeah, and grass." I wonder for the 1,000th time what will happen if I am not convincing.

John spent an hour last night convincing Pinky that I was the best candidate to take his place as Pinky's main connection on the TCU campus.

"Pinky doesn't go for B.S., though, so he's gonna test you," John told me on the way here. "But business is business, and that's what you want to know about, right?"

Right.
Pinky, I notice, has half a straw stuck behind his ear. Tools of the trade.

"Where you comin' from?"

"Not important," John interjects. "Talk first."

Pinky deals out a surprised look. "Changing sides on me, Big John?"

"No, just looking out for a friend."

Pinky gives me an empty look, then taps the worm of ash off his forgotten cigarette. "No time for friendships in this business."

John first experimented with drugs during his sophomore year of high school. He classifies himself as a "casual" user, taking cocaine or smoking a joint a few times a month. But where many youthful experiments end, his began. John began to deal.

He isn't exactly sure how his dealing went from occasionally selling off part of a baggie-full of pot to being given the responsibility to sell by the supplier of his high school. He does know that it happened quickly and without much effort on his part.

The ease of dealing in high school meant John never really considered the danger he flirted with for three years.

"When you walk through life with a thick wad of green in your pocket, and all you had to do to get it was stop at a P.O. box every week, you don't really stop to look at the side of the road. Jail or death just doesn't come up."

John resolved to stop dealing a few times, but he didn't act because of the pressures of selling and the responsibility he was made to feel as a supplier.

His first true attempt to drop drugs and dealing completely out of his life came the summer after high school graduation.

"Instead of going to orientation, I spent a week at this clinic — not detox, but sort of a psychiatric program that was supposed to deal with the trouble I was having."

"I actually managed to step completely away for about two months. But then money started to run low, and it was all just so easy."

So midway through his first semester, John started making his first contacts in Fort Worth. Parties, informal conversations in residence halls and even his work/study job offered him the opportunity to make more money and make it faster than he did in high school.

John has bought from dealers all over the Metroplex but usually has found himself sitting at this very table, hashing out plans. And when it came time to leave, John carried a shoebox out with him.

Pinky tries turning on a bit of charm early. His eyes begin to glow like a demented Mr. Rogers as he prepares to show us how he got his nickname. With a small baggie of cocaine in his hand, he seems poised for an audiovisual demonstration.

"You see, with coke, when I was growing up, I would just scoop some of the coke here with my pinky, see?" Pinky tells us, with what looked like a small mountain of cocaine quivering on his finger. "And I'd just sorta flap it up under my nose and snort."

"People would think I was wipin' my nose or something."

"Then why the straw, Pink?" John asks.

Taking the straw from behind his ear, Pinky continues. "Well, you see, the ingest part of this nostril here don't work too good anymore, and this helps its direction."

He tilts his head back a bit to show us what he means. At first, in the darkness of the room, it seems as if his nostrils are flaring to grotesque cartoon proportions. As my eyes focus, however, I see that Pinky has little or no cartilage left to separate his nostrils.

After more small talk, Pinky draws the conversation back to business.

"I've got to know, man. Not tonight, but soon. If you're gonna help me out and do this right, I need specific numbers, names, drugs — the whole package."

I look at John, and his face tells me he's wondering exactly the same thing I am. Who's going to be the next TCU student to carry a shoebox out of here?

John approached me when he saw me taking notes in the mall the second week of classes this semester. I knew him from parties, knew that he used drugs and had carried on a few, random conversations with him.

"What'cha writing?" he asked. I sensed he wanted to know what in the world I was doing trying to write while sitting in the rain.

I mumbled something about avant-garde journalism experiments and went back to my soggy notebook. After a bit more scribbling and peeking, I noticed that John was still hovering over me.

"Well," he said as he shuffled over in front of me, "there's a front-page headline sitting right in front of you."

I looked up to see that his face was twisted into a serious expression, the first one I had ever seen him wear. It was time to talk.

In the next four hours, we discussed everything from food to finals, and John put forth some amazing boasts and estimates.

"You know, they can't catch me," he said. "There's nothing to catch. Anyone who could get me caught is as guilty as I am. Besides, that would mean they would be cutting themselves off from drugs."

"Remember Tom Cruise in 'Risky Business'?" At the end, he talks about the small business — prostitution — that made him thousands of dollars in a weekend? I've been clearing that every weekend for a long time.

"Take-home for drugs varied from about \$5,000 my sophomore year in high school to almost \$50,000 in 1988."

"I came here to get an education," John said, adding that he has taken mostly business and religion courses at TCU. "I tried to go clean before I got here, remember."

It would be easy to assume that John is a drug addict, about to not only drop out of school but also, quite possibly, to die. Nothing could be further from the truth.

John's GPA in high school and at TCU has been more than 3.0. He is an otherwise law-abiding citizen who has contributed to his home community as a homeless shelter volunteer and as a Little League baseball umpire.

During our conversations, John and I branched off into subjects like the current political-economic climate in the United States, the moral alternatives to world hunger and an in-depth exchange about poetry. John quoted me William Blake and Edgar Allan Poe, a character he is fascinated with.

"Poe said, 'When we tremble at the edge of a cliff, it is not for fear of falling, but for fear of jumping.' You know, people have thought for years that he was an opium addict, only because of the inclusion of opium in so many of his stories. But he wasn't."

"I have given Pinky the impression that I am an addict, using money out of my pocket to finance an escape clause in case I ever wanted to stop dealing."

John explained that each week, he gave Pinky some of his drug money that he was entitled to in order to get Pinky to think that he was using more drugs than he really was.

"Pinky wants to believe I'm hooked, so he doesn't care if I stop dealing for him. He thinks I'll be running back to him. And if I don't, it doesn't matter. He'll find someone else to do the work, because the demand is there."

"Listen, I'm not going to lose either way," Pinky explains to me, lighting up his seventh cigarette of the evening.

"I'm just offering you a chance to make a helluva lot of money fast, you know, and give you access to whatever you want. Right, John?"

John manages a weak smile, as if he has just walked in on his parents, engaged in a rabid argument. "I hear ya," he said, patting his pocket.

Drugs of choice at TCU, according to John, are marijuana and crack. When I told him that didn't make too much sense to me, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "I just move what sells. Grass and coke derivatives, mainly crack, sell."

Pinky continues. "Whatever you want, I can get. What John deals now, smoke and coke, I get easiest. But anything you can sell, I'll get it."

"X?" I wondered.

"X, acid, smack, prescription — whatever. Hell, I'll get you beer if I can make a buck, you know."

Laughs all around. The bar feels darker.

John excuses himself and disappears into the darkness around us. I hope he's making a quick stop to the bathroom.

Time to dig a bit. "Don't you feel exposed when John tells you he doesn't want to deal anymore?"

Pinky scowls. "Hell, no. You think he's leaving me? If anything, that boy's gonna be back here more than ever. What else does he have in life besides me and his drugs?"

"Well, he does go to school," I offered.

"School, hell. School doesn't get him the money I get him."

And quite possibly the scariest notion of our conversation comes up yet again.

"Listen — I don't need him. He needs me. Everybody in the world looks for cash, and I got it." Pinky speaks to me as if he is certified to lecture in street sense.

"Someone out there will deal for me until no one wants what I got, you know? And that ain't ever gonna happen."

John returns in time to hear the end of Pinky's tirade, and flashes me a sympathetic smile.

John and I continue talking after saying goodbye to Pinky and the bar. As we maneuver through the late-night traffic of Fort Worth, I note the bright, sometimes rosy faces of many of our peers, now seen from a different perspective.

Amidst the reveling, I find an opportunity to see the product of John's criminal indulgences.

"John, aren't you scared of what will happen when you stop?" I ask, wondering what is going through all those minds behind the faces.

"I'm not worried," he says. "Do you really think I'm safer out there in the drug world than away from it?"

"I mean, outside the heavy drug scene, at TCU an accident is getting hit by a car skidding in the rain or something. In the heavy scene, an accident is someone putting a gun to the back of your head and blowing your brains out 'cause you lost his 50 grand."

"I don't want to talk about that s--- anymore. Let's get a drink."

Soon afterward, I take my first trip into John's room. It is as neat as any other college student's, and I begin to wonder if this guy is using me as some sort of avant-garde journalism experiment.

"John, why in the world are you talking to me? You haven't come right out and told me why, you know."

He walks over to his closet and exposes half a dozen shoeboxes, skewed about the floor.

"There's something big going down here, and half this school doesn't have a clue." John fastens on a face and turns to me, as serious as the poisons that were once peddled via those boxes.

"It's one thing not to care. But to not even know. All this place (TCU) does is run away from its problems."

"The face of TCU is going to have to check out the whole scene. And when it does, it's not going to like what it sees."



"There's something big going down here, and half this school doesn't have a clue. It's one thing not to care. But to not even know. All this place (TCU) does is run away from its problems."

JOHN,
student drug dealer

Graphics / Diane Wooldridge
Photo / Jim Winn

DRUGS

Sports

Frogs ambushed by Cowboys 16-2

By REID JOHNS
Sports Writer

If TCU baseball had a worse-case scenario, it would have been the last two games. The Frogs lost two games to two perennial powers, Oklahoma State and Wichita State, by identical scores of 16-2.

Excellent pitching and explosive hitting by the opposition leveled the Horned Frogs, dropping their record to 9-5.

"We were never in the games," said TCU first baseman Tom Hardgrove.

The Wichita State Shockers jumped on Frog hurler Britt Shoptaw for six runs in less than three innings, and Shocker Greg Brummett fanned 10 Frogs as Wichita State coasted to an easy win last Friday in Wichita.

Shocker second baseman P.J. Forbes knocked in six runs to provide the offensive punch, but weather proved to also be a problem.

"It was 64 degrees when we got there," said TCU head coach Lance Brown. "It was minus-11 degrees wind chill factor by the time we left."

The Shockers appeared undaunted by the weather as their 14-hit attack scored 16 runs.

Brown said that Shoptaw couldn't get his curve or off-speed pitch over the plate for strikes.

Jared Shope relieved Shoptaw in the third, but fared no better as the Shockers scored seven runs on six hits in three innings against him.

The weather turned so bad that it did the Frogs a favor. The last three games with the 14th ranked Shockers were canceled.

The Oklahoma State Cowboys rode into Fort Worth Wednesday and ambushed TCU's pitching for 16 hits and nine walks en route to a 14 run victory.

The Cowboys jumped on starting Frog pitcher Kerry Knox early in the first inning to take a 3-0 lead.

That was all the support starting Cowboy pitcher Tim Pugh would need. Pugh moved to 3-1 with the victory.

"He was getting everything over for strikes," Hardgrove said. "He changed speeds really well."

Pugh, an 8th round draft choice by the Toronto Blue Jays in last year's draft, struck out five in four innings and increased his career record at Oklahoma St. to 25-3.

Fifteen singles coupled with nine walks devastated the Frogs pitching staff. Knox took the loss, falling to a 4-1.

"I just couldn't throw strikes," Knox said. "You've got to make adjustments and I couldn't make them."

The Cowboys also rocked TCU relievers Brad Owen and Jerry Nemecek. Owen gave up four runs in one inning and Nemecek surrendered three in the final three innings.

The Frog's lone bright spot came on a Tom Hardgrove home run in the bottom of the eighth inning.

Hardgrove's monster smash cleared the wall in deep left center field and struck a car in the parking lot.

The shot was Hardgrove's fourth homer of the season, but it was all for naught as the No. 11 Cowboys jumped to 6-2 on the season.

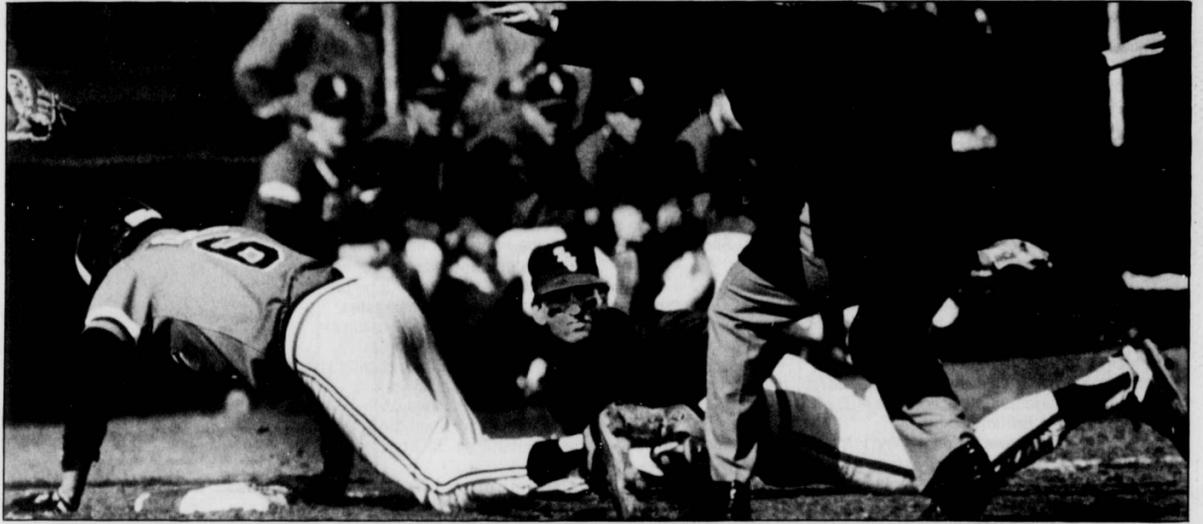
The two games should give the Frogs a good idea of what they can expect from their Southwest Conference opponents. Houston moved to the 20th spot in the polls, becoming the fourth SWC team in the nation's top-20.

Texas A&M is ranked first, followed by Texas at No. 3 and Arkansas at No. 17.

"If we don't get it together (by SWC play), it will be a long year for TCU," Hardgrove said. "And you can quote me on that."

TCU Leading Hitters

	H	RBI	AVG.
Loeffler	12	4	.353
Hargrave	8	4	.296
R. Jones	8	8	.267
Hardgrove	14	12	.286



TCU's Brad Firestone looks on as the umpire signals Oklahoma State's Erik Coca safe. The Frogs lost to the nationally ranked Cowboys 16-2.

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Laura Carmichael (Arts & Science Pre-major)
Jonathan Howerton (Criminal Justice)
Joel Hudson (Business Pre-major)
Thomas Ivester (Nutrition)

John Johnson (Business Pre-major)
Daniel Kaszeta (Political Science)
Mikaela Kenfield (Nursing)
Edith McKeever (Nursing)
Dirk Plante (Astronomy & Physics)
Heather Spence (Nursing)

3-Year Scholarships

Gary Balk (Criminal Justice)
Gina Barnes (Accounting)
Rosemary Clement (Speech Pathology)
Daniel Cochran (Marketing)
Angelia Coffman (Human Relations Communication)
Philip Elmore (Chemistry)
David Favaloro (Marketing)
Charlotte Floyd (Public Relations-media emphasis)
Gregory Foxworth (Business Pre-major)
Tammy Foxworth (Chemistry)
James Grice (Business Pre-major)
James Gustavus (Habilitation of the Deaf)
John Harvey (Theater)
Billy Heiser II (Business Pre-major)
Larry Kelly (Arts & Sciences Pre-major)
Leigh Kyle (Nursing)
Fliden Lacer (Business Pre-major)

Ian Lyles (Management)
Karen Marion (Public Relations-media emphasis)
Jacqueline Maupin (Journalism)
Karen Metscher (Theater)
Thomas Moore (Criminal Justice)
James Murto (Business Pre-major)
Troy Neasbitt (Criminal Justice)
Douglas Owens (Geology)
Andrew Peterson (Mathematics)
Steven Reed (Accounting)
Stephen Renshaw (Political Science)
Paul Selner (Psychology)
Brandee Sims (Elementary Education)
Derek Tillemans (Management)
Charles Webb (Chemistry)
Dean Wou (Biology)
Elina Xanos (Biology)

2-Year Scholarships

Andrew Adams (Management)
Geoffrey Ballou (Marketing)
Rodney Brown (Business Pre-major)
Lisa Caraway (Physical Education)
Ross Clifton (English)
Dathan Dunn (Business Pre-major)
Eric Grubbs (Business Pre-major)
Edward Jones (Finance)
Larry Lewis (Urban Studies)
Jerry Madden (Political Science)

Emily Magers (Dietetics)
Karen McSweyn (Nursing)
Carolyn Miller (Biology)
Jeffrey Miller (Mathematics)
Matthew Perry (Marketing)
Michael Petty (Criminal Justice)
Alfredo Terriquez (Arts & Science Pre-major)
Kelli Whitney (Nursing)
Mara Winters (Management)
Wayne Woodgate (Mathematics)

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