Staff photo by Toni Hutto

Debbie Phialas performs in a scene from "The Maids" by Jean Genet, French playwright noted for his studies of criminality and perversion. Described as "A play of envy, love-hate relationships, impotence, and violence turned inward," this Lab Theatre production is directed by Cheryl Earp and is on view at 4 and 8 p.m. today in 06 Graham Memorial.

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Soap opera addiction

Students crowd tv areas as the stomach turns

by Sue Anne Pressley Staff Writer

"When will General Hospital's darling Dr. Hardy ever see that he should marry Jesse Brewer - she's needed a good man for so

The standard-edition groupie of daytime serials has often been presented by satirists as a variation of housewife Ruby T. Funderburk in her K-Mart duster secured with a safety pin, absorbing As the World Turns and ironing Leroy's shirts while the pinto beans boil.

Fictitious Ruby and her cohorts are not alone; a substantial number of UNC students and employees are able to regurgitate the plot lines of the assorted soap operas that grace daytime television.

"The only time the television is on in our department is at 1 p.m. when All My Children comes on," a journalism professor told his students. Across campus, TV sets are blaring as devoted viewers settle down for their favorite programs.

Some students even take caution to arrange their class schedules so they will be free when the idolized All My Children comes on. In one of the high-rise dorms. suitemates have teamed up to create an elaborate family tree so that they can keep the characters straight. Obviously an alltime favorite, All My Children was frequently named "the show I hate most to miss" according to an unscientific random poll taken last week on campus.

Quite a few viewers are impartial; they try to catch as many programs as they can. "Did anyone see The Young and the Restless today?" a girl asks as she plops into a chair, kicking off her flipflops. The group in the Student Union basement displays reactions ranging from disdain to infatuation as the revamped theme of Search for Tomorrow

flows from the CBS full-piece orchestra.

A girl sitting in a modified lotus position idly explores her left nostril with an index finger. A young man painstakingly salts his soyburger. The majority of the crowd fade in and out of their DTH's and textbooks,

reading only when Durwood Kirby appears with his Ivory Liquid girls.

A few students on their way to the bowling lanes openly scoff at a poignant scene between Scott and Jennifer, frustrated adulterers on Search for Tomorrow. "Oh,

Scott, don't do this to me!" one young man pleads in an anguished falsetto to his friend.

Meanwhile, Jennifer is tearfully grappling for Scott. Scott finally succumbs and passionately jerks toward her. She shakes

her head and resists: "Scott, you still love me, don't you?"

"You know I love you." "Scott, that's not answering my question. Please tell me. I need to hear it."

"I love you." "That's not very convincing."

Their dilemma remains unresolved. Instead, a deodorant commercial aerates

their passion. In one of the fraternity houses lining Columbia Street the set is on, but only sporadically watched. A couple of young men with Lacoste alligators on their breasts and Levi tags on their jeans chat with girls drinking Tab. One of the girls confides, "I don't really watch these things. But, after being in classes all morning you need some kind of relief."

In one of the administrative offices on campus, typewriters are abandoned as The Young and the Restless spans the set. A group of young matrons hover around and gulp coffee. "These things make you feel better about your own little life," one lady volunteered. "I feel like I've been lucky. I've still got my original husband."

"I don't know . . ." another lady commented. "My life has been pretty dull compared to Lisa Shay's (a character in As the World Turns)."

Even professors get in on the act.

Dr. Paul Ziff, philosophy professor, admits to having watched soap operas in the past. "They're dreadful . . . but interesting. The people are like specimens under a microscope. Soap operas show all the absurdities of the middle classes. I hate them . . . but I love The Beverly Hillbillies. Now that's a great program."

Garbage collecting — no wasteful career

Gazing at daytime drama is a favorite past time for students, whether here in the

by David Perlmutt Staff Writer

Six-thirty a.m. came early, and sleepyeyed Lisander Stroud, along with his two assistants, climbed into garbage truck 207 and pulled out to do Chapel Hill's dirty

Born and raised in Chatham County, the 35-year-old Stroud has been driving truck 207 for one year.

"I tried farming for a while, like my daddy taught me, but I couldn't support my wife and four kids when there was a bad season." When garbage is unusually heavy, he lends are generally light. assistance to his co-workers.

Union or in various T.V. lounges across campus

Stroud is quick to admit that the ground forces ("toters," as he calls them) have it particularly rough.

"They are giving a whole lot of something for nothing," Stroud said, "Their work is strenuous, with each toting pails weighing 80 to 100 pounds when full. If they had to tote for eight hours a day, it would be too much for them. Since the toters average six hours a day, they can handle it."

The length of a garbageman's workday varies. Mondays are usually the longest, Stroud said, because of garbage piling up

Holidays bring an overload. "During holidays, the garbage builds up to an unbelievable amount," Stroud said. "We sometimes have to work six-day weeks for 12 hours a day, so we don't get behind. We're just beginning to catch up from Labor Day."

Staff photo by Toni Hutto

Stroud devised the route that truck 207 travels. It is highly efficient, scurrying in and out of lanes, not missing a single can or Dempsey dumpster.

The route is strategically mapped along Cameron Avenue and lanes running off of Cameron, throughout the west section of Chapel Hill.

Stroud said in the past there have been complaints about the regular trucks breaking up the smaller roads. "These are the streets we send Little Joe (a small, scouterlike vehicle) down. Since it has a better maneuvering ability, it can go anywhere."

Several unloading points are placed throughout the route where truck 207 links up with Little Joc. Chains from the truck are hooked to Little Joe's garbage container. The container is hoisted up the side of the truck and dumped through the overhead lid. into the storage bin.

Many hazards are inherent in the garbageman's job. "When a toter has so much weight on his back, he has trouble keeping his footing on ice and wet grass," Stroud said. "Also he can't see low fences and stumps."

Stroud said there are also dangers of falling into the storage bin. Housed in the bin is a packer that compresses the garbage into a block. "If a person should get caught in the packer, it's instant death," Stroud said.

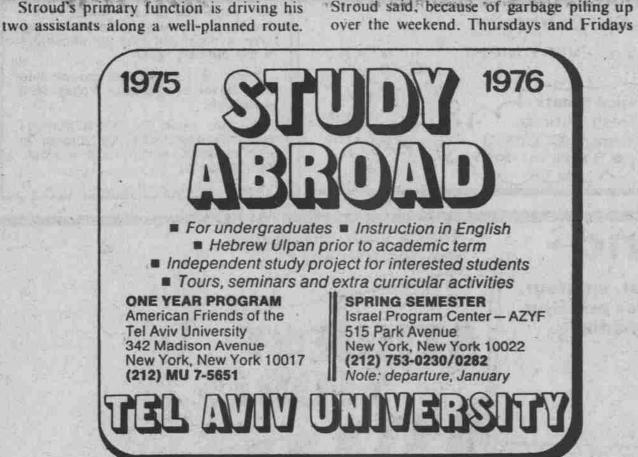
"There are many things that can go wrong during a garbageman's day," Stroud remarked. "If a cable breaks, you're in trouble because a container could fall on you. If you forget to close the lid on top of the bin, you could ruin the whole truck. You have to keep your eye on the other man." Stroud said he has never felt that his

workers resent the fact that they are doing the work while he sits in the truck." I think they respect me because I help when the loads are heavy; most drivers don't do that."

After driving truck 207 for a year, Stroud has learned certain habits of different families. "There is one house in particular that two elderly couples live in," Stroud said. "Every Thursday I'll pull around the corner and sitting at the head of the driveway will be two neatly packed paper bags with some flowers, coffee grinds, and orange peels in them. Never fails.

"You never know what you'll find in the garbage. One time I found \$5 at the bottom of a pail. I don't know if someone was trying to tip me or if he just made a mistake."

Stroud feels his service is invaluable to the community. "It's a dirty job, but someone has got to do it. The town has to have garbagemen.'



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