

Directory lists rest stops for globe trotters

by Kevin McCarthy
Special to the Tar Heel

When Ralph and Ev Grimes of Burlington, Vt., reached Paris this spring, they were tired, hungry and unable to find a parking place for their VW bus. But, after skimming through *The Travelers Directory* under the France section, they found the number of Andre Flon of Mutual Welcome Association and phoned him for aid. Soon thereafter, Flon located a parking place for their van on a dead-end street and escorted them to a good, cheap restaurant.

Lost and in trouble, the Grimes might have wasted hours adjusting to the strange surroundings. But with *The Travelers Directory*, an international register of people who enjoy meeting others and who are not afraid to offer hospitality to any wanderers passing through home territory, they received help fast and met a new friend at the same time.

The directory contains the names of all kinds of travelers ranging from the more backpack types who need a pad to crash in for the night, to the veteran, middle-aged traveler who just wants a place to sleep. Their philosophical persuasions vary from anarchism to Jesus freakism to all-American free enterprise. They are vegetarian elementary school teachers, stoned castle roamers, kibbutzers, lesbians, Scorpios, insurance salesmen and elderly secretaries from Peoria.

In general, the listees are free-thinkers, interested in new faces and tolerant of alternative life styles. Their average age is approximately 28.

You would think such a directory would be the brain-child of some countercultural Whole Earth Catalogue figure with a severe case of wanderlust, holed up, temporarily (of course), in a dirty Greenwich Village attic.

Not so. Actually, it is compiled, edited and published by a less glamorous couple from Lancaster, Pa., the home of the Amish and other conservative religious groups.

A part-time helper, in fact, once described David and Judy Miller

as just plain people. David, 38, and Judy, 32, live in a simple apartment in downtown Lancaster. There are no chic, nomadic waterflutes from Ethiopia scattered on coffee tables or pointed lizard-skin boots from Italy in the closet.

The *Register* was started in 1960 by travel writer and hip entrepreneur John Wilcock, of *The Village Voice* and *East Village Other*.

"His idea," David said, "was that a person who gets into a strange city will have a contact point, someone who lives in the city who could show him the good places around town."

Between 1960 and 1967, six editions of the directory appeared under four different editors, until Peter Kacalanos, who called himself "Supergreek," took it over. He produced two editions, one in 1968 and another in 1969, but was so swamped with work that he was unable to compile another.

In July, 1972, David Miller, a charter listee of the original directory who describes himself as its number one fan, rescued it from extinction.

The Millers decided to pay a visit to Kacalanos to pick up any correspondence that he might have accumulated since the last edition.

David secured two boxes for the material from the house, threw them in the back of his VW square back and took off for New York City.

Kacalanos hadn't opened his mail in a year. There were enough stacks of old checks (some dated 1969), letters and printed material to fill the back of their VW.

Next, the Millers tackled the near-impossible task of returning all the old checks to their owners, hoping to receive an updated listing form and a new check. To complicate matters further, many of the old listees had moved.

To regain their confidence, the Millers published a *Super Quick* edition in October 1973 which listed 512 people from 48 states and 60 others from 23 foreign countries and U.S. possessions.

After another five months of complication, the Millers finally

published the ninth edition of the directory, the first since 1969. It included over 150 pages listing 614 travelers, 89 of them foreigners.

To get listed, applicants must send the Millers a 100-word-or-less description of themselves, stating what hospitality they could offer travelers. The cost is \$5 to list.

The descriptions that the listees offer about themselves vary greatly.

One native of Colombia, South America, wrote: "Pisces, vegetarian, English physiotherapist, living with Marco Lopez, Colombian tamax-maker and machine-inventor. Into politics, nature, Bach and Beatles, yoga, talking. Offer food, beds, sightseeing, use of washing machine, home-grown mung-beans, and as many avocados, mangoes and pamplemousse as you can pick. No dope please, they're strict here."

One entry from Applegate, Ore., reads: "We are a farming family attempting to integrate the spiritual light of truth and omniscience with the customs of our world counter-culture..."

Robert "Spike" Myers of Lakewood, Ohio, wrote: "Let's touch each other, look into each other's eyes, talk to each other (in German or French), be one with each other, eat with each other."

Current Taster's Choice

Cinema

"American Graffiti"—One of the best films of last year, with a cast of inspired actors who should immediately go out and make more films, but not about the 50's or 60's. Ron Howard has already made his mistake. Filmed in Northern California in 29 days by George Lucas. Lit in neon (Playing at Plaza 1.)

"Charlots of the Gods?"—Erich von Daeuiken's theory is that prehistoric extraterrestrial visitors might have taught people in Egypt, Mexico, South America and the Middle East to build their pyramids, temples, cities and other wonders. The result is this three-year-old German film which, according to *The New York Times*, is a placid pastiche, a picturesque but unconvincing travelogue that sometimes captivates the eye but rarely the mind... Unfortunately, until science verifies the author's and the film's assumptions and findings, "Charlots of the Gods?" merely rolls through a succession of pleasantly exotic places while posing a series of unanswered questions. (Starts Wednesday, at the Varsity.)

"Dirty Mary & Crazy Larry"—A descendant of "Vanishing Point," this new movie stars Peter Fonda and Susan George. Variety calls it a vehicular orgy with little narrative or characterization built around an automotive escape from the law. The accent, needless to say, is on the action, as George, Fonda and Adam Roarke steal \$150,000 (to buy a competition sports car) and career around rural California with... demonic Vic Morrow in pursuit. (Playing at Plaza 3.)

"Duck Soup"—The last pure, uncluttered Marx Brothers film. Groucho plays Rufus T. Firefly, who has been chosen President of Fredonia. Harpo and Chico are double

agents, for Firefly and for Trentlo, a rival dictator. "Duck Soup" contains one of the classic scenes in Marxian history: the mirror scene with Groucho and Harpo (dressed as Groucho).

"King of Hearts"—A little, wistful film starring Alan Bates as ruler of a make-believe land. The movie has had phenomenal popularity in college communities and virtually none anywhere else. A true cult film, "King of Hearts" has played in some college towns for months on end, and one theatre (in Boston? or perhaps in Berkeley?) has shown the movie continuously for over a year. Directed by Philippe de Broca, and originally released in 1967. (Wednesday and Thursday at the Carolina.)

"Laura"—Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb and Dana Andrews star in Otto Preminger's 1944 film, his first. Laura is dead, or is she? Andrews to piece together the mystery, and Webb offers wry commentary as a cynical columnist. Judith Anderson and Vincent Price are featured, and this movie proves that the early Preminger was much more fascinating than the present Preminger. (Carolina Union Free Flick, Thursday at 8:30 at the Great Hall.)

"Monkey Business"—This 1931 Marx Brothers film is about four stowaways who open the film by popping out of four barrels of kippered herring, and includes such gems as a scene with a customs inspector in which all four Marxes try to enter America on Maurice Chevalier's passport, and another in which

Harpo performs in a Punch and Judy show. (Last day, on a double bill with "Duck Soup," at the Varsity.)

"The Sting"—An overrated entertainment which delivers a pretty funny punchline to over two hours of set-up. Certainly not the Best Picture of the Year; and hasn't everybody seen it already? (Playing at Plaza 2.)

"Thoroughly Modern Millie"—A fairly fun musical with Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore (pre-liberation) and Carol Channing, doing an unbelievable rendition of George Gershwin's "Do It Again" as she is shot out of a cannon. Gatsby meets Tin Pan Alley, with a lot of fun songs. (Carolina Union Free Flick, tonight at 8:30, Great Hall.)

"Walking Tall"—The (somewhat) true-life story of Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser as he fights evil and corruption. (What else could he do with a name like that?) Pauline Kael comments that, after seeing this violent, powerful audience-pleaser, she knows how it feels to be under the spell of a demagogue. (Last day, at the Carolina.)

Nightlife

Tiffany's Lounge. Doug Clark and His Hot Nuts perform through Saturday. Tonight is Ladies' Night.

Town Hall. Single Tree, a good old country fiddle, foot-stomping, hair-waving band from Old Springs, N.C. Most surprising band to play at Daniel Boone concert. Last night tonight.

DJ teaches school

by Kathy Rea
Feature Writer

If grammar and syntax turn off his freshman English students at Evening College, Wayne Pond tries reaching them with music the next afternoon on WCHL.

Since 1967, when Pond arrived in Chapel Hill, he has taught English at Evening College, taken courses and exams leading to his Ph.D. candidacy in English and also found time to work at the radio station.

Two things sold Wayne on Chapel Hill. "The University didn't ask for an application fee, and I saw a photo essay in *Holiday* on Chapel Hill. I just fell in love with it and thought, 'That's what a university ought to look like.'"

In 1959, the DJ-instructor began his college education at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. The Mormon influence provided missionary work in Uruguay from 1961-1964. Wayne doesn't go on about his religion, but "It certainly has helped me," he said, "and I'm not ashamed to be a Mormon."

During his second semester at Carolina in 1968, Wayne went to WCHL looking for work. At the station initially he wrote commercials, but he now has his own

afternoon program.

Wayne has seen a big change at WCHL since he's been there. It's a carefully programmed station, he says, that has made an effort to balance its broadcasts.

He has seen a definite decline in quality of AM radio and thinks WCHL is one of the best. He realizes the difficulties in audience satisfaction.

"Chapel Hill is a very sophisticated area. It's an island in this state, and you have to please a lot of different people."

Another group Wayne has to reach is his students. He has always liked teaching and he's aware it requires a lot of training.

"I don't think teaching is pouring knowledge into a kid's head and expecting him to regurgitate it back to you. He should read the material, react to it and then discuss his reaction."

Pond is an informal man. And he feels his classroom is, too. One student from his evening college course remarked that "he's kind of the same way in class that he is on the air. That same kind of spirit."

Wayne Pond is sold on Chapel Hill. He enjoys his teaching, writing and broadcasting. I guess that's why his friends and students enjoy him too.



Wayne Pond

Pond thinks WCHL is one of the better AM radio stations and enjoys working there. (Staff photo by Gary Loblack)

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