

Local restaurants offer taste of Tar Heel tradition

By MARYMELDA HALL
Staff Writer

History has shown that while college students may sacrifice sleep or study, they will always gravitate toward good food. So in a college town like Chapel Hill, it comes as no surprise that the same restaurants frequented by true-blue alumni are still attracting students today. The Porthole, Brady's, The Rathskeller, and the Carolina Coffee Shop are four such Chapel Hill traditions.

The Porthole

Located in the alley connecting East Franklin Street and Old Fraternity Row, the Porthole was established in 1942 by Morris Masey Timmons. Timmons, who attended UNC as an engineering graduate student in 1929, went into partnership with Willard Marley, also a UNC graduate, in 1941. Marley bought the Porthole building and Timmons served as manager of the restaurant until 1966.

Samuel Brown, current manager of the Porthole, said the average stay of a worker is 15 to 20 years. Two of the waiters have served more than 40 years. "We stress our general staff here," he said.

One of the most interesting features of the Porthole is that customers fill out their own order. "We think this is a more effective system," Brown explained. "We have 31 tables, and when it gets really busy the waiter wouldn't have time to take individual orders. This way a waiter can serve 10 or 11 tables, rather than the usual five or six. It's a way of providing faster service."

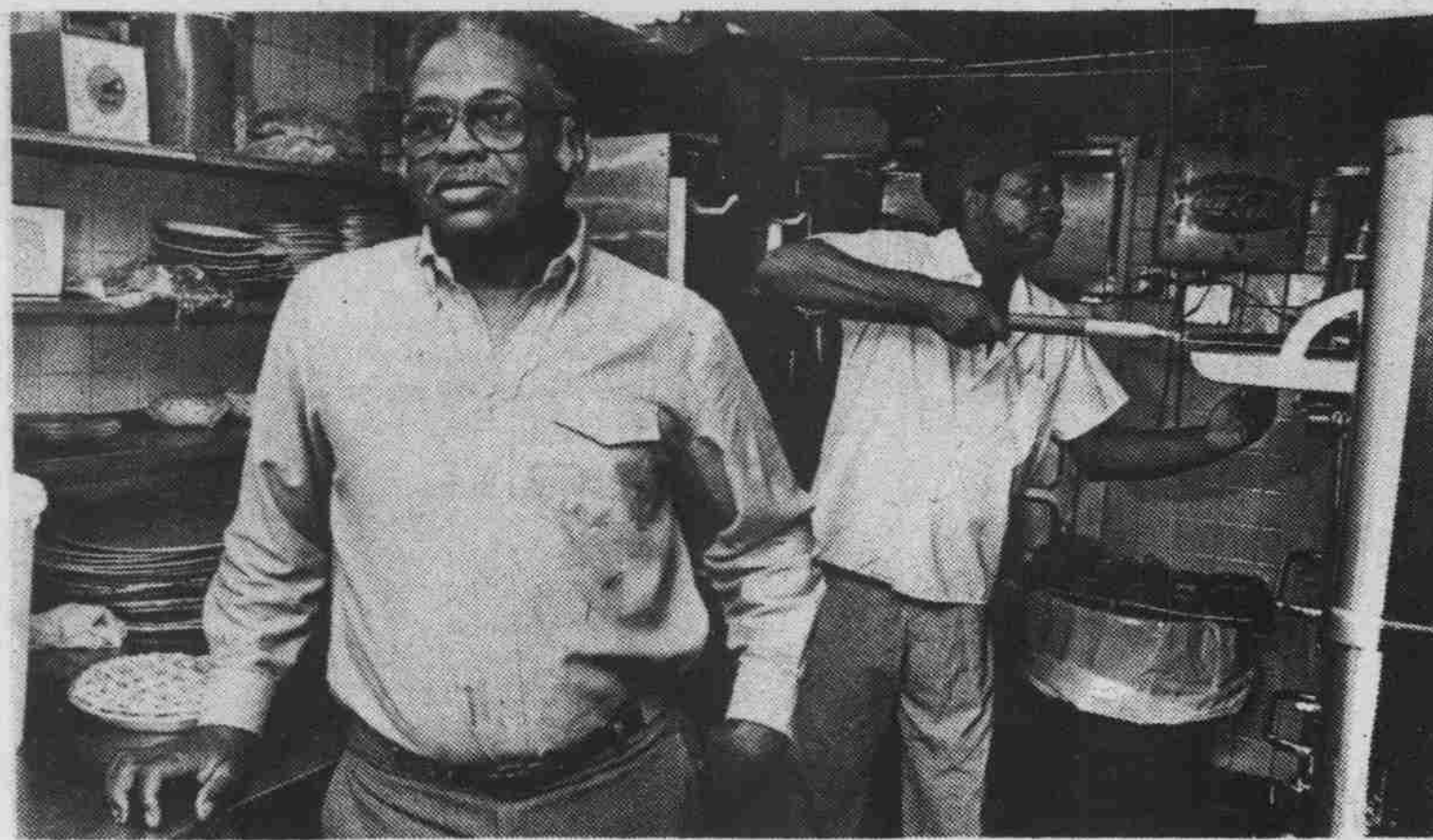
Wallace Oldham has been a waiter at the Porthole for more than 40 years. He remembers a time when it was the big hang-out.

"During the war, until about 1947, we were open until 12 at night," Oldham said. "Dinner was from five to eight, then from eight to 12 it was almost like a beer place; we served beer, wine, and champagne, and there were dances on Friday night. The beer got a little rough though," he said with a grin.

Brady's
Brady's opened in 1936, but current owner/manager Jim Mask didn't start work there until 1947. "I came to school here in 1947, and became acquainted with Mr. Brady. I helped out some on football game days selling chicken boxes out front," Mask said. After graduating from UNC, Mask moved away to work. "In 1963 I came through UNC and Mr. Brady said, 'Why don't you come back home and help?'" Mask said with a laugh. "I was in Dillon, South Carolina with a family at the time, but on January 1, 1964, I started working for Mr. Brady again."

When Brady died on January 17, 1984, he left Mask the restaurant.

Brady's hasn't changed much over the years. Most of the staff has worked there for anywhere from 15 to 35 years. And the decor is pretty much the same also. "In 1947, there was a little grocery store and a couple of gas pumps out front, and two dining rooms," Mask



DTH/Charles Ledford

Kenneth Mann (left) has been working at the Ramshead Rathskeller since 1949 ... Except for prices, the menu has not changed that much since Mann was hired

members. "Everybody had to go through the store to pay their check." The gas pumps and the grocery store are gone now, and the last dining room was added in 1957, but alumni visiting Brady's discover that "nothing has changed."

According to Mask, Brady's serves a wide range of people, from students to "a lot of local, old-time customers." And many alumni are quick to reminisce about the days gone by and the pork chops at Brady's.

Brady's is located at 1505 E. Franklin St. and is open 4-10:30 p.m. Tuesday through Sunday.

The Ramshead Rathskeller

Ted Danzig, of German descent, founded the Rathskeller in 1948, which accounts for its "underground" name. And Kenneth Mann arrived in 1949 as a dishwasher and has worked his way to chef and kitchen manager. Many of Mann's fellow workers have also been at "the Rat" a while — the waiters averaging about 22 years and the cooks about 25.

"We get customers from everywhere, especially parents and alumni bringing the grandkids," Mann said. "A lot of the athletes come in, like Joe Quigg and 'Rusty' Clark. Most all the guys come in."

And not only did the students come, they carved their names — in the walls, the tables, everything. "A lady came in and said she hadn't been here in 28 years," Mann said with a smile. "And she looked and found her name still there in the table."

The Rathskeller was one of the first places that was integrated at UNC. "It was the first place with a black manager," Mann explained. "One time there were no black cashiers, but we've always been like that." In the 1950s, both Marian Anderson and Louis Armstrong ate at the Rathskeller.

Managed by Charlie Smith, the Rathskeller is located at 157-A E. Franklin St.

Carolina Coffee Shop

Opened in 1922, the Carolina Coffee Shop is one of Chapel Hill's oldest restaurants. "It was first opened by Mr. Levis, a Greek man, and then purchased in 1957 by Byron Freeman," manager Pam Patterson said.

When Freeman bought the Carolina Coffee Shop, he went back to the original brick walls of the restaurant. The wainscoting and the wooden booths are also original, Patterson said. "We don't intentionally keep the restaurant this dark," Patterson added. "But we don't get any southern exposure. The darkness and the high booths give an air of privacy to the restaurant though."

An "old" new item is about to be added to the Coffee Shop menu, also. "Years ago, the restaurant served toasted poundcake with vanilla ice cream and chocolate sauce," Patterson said. "We decided to add it to the menu simply because so many people still come in and ask for it."

The Carolina Coffee Shop, located at 138 E. Franklin St., is open 9 a.m. to 11:30 p.m.

Manwatchers can identify finds with help of 'Livingston's Guide'

By KATHY HOPPER
Staff Writer

It's high noon in Chapel Hill and a warm wind blows from the west. They are wearing camouflage fatigues complete with binoculars, safari hats and butterfly nets. With good luck they will be able to observe the species in its natural habitat — the Student Union.

Cheryl Moffit, a self-proclaimed professor of manwatching, and Peter Livingston claim they can place any male in his appropriate species using their book *Livingston's Guide to North American Males*.

The guide uses the same method bird watchers use to classify birds, but they have adapted it to the art of manwatching. They identify various species of men by listing their general appearance (description), clothing (plumage), hair styling (feathering), common phrases (song) favorite hang-outs (habitats) and sexual relations (courtship and mating).

"It's really like bird watching," Moffit said. "You just sit in a cafe and watch the men fly by."

Moffit won a national award for her non-credit manwatching course in Denver, Colo. She approached Livingston, a free-lance writer and literary agent, about doing a book on how women openly observe men. They decided to use the bird watching format as a satire.

The book begins by noting the special charm of manwatching. "Pollution may threaten to overwhelm our cities, acid rain our forests, and inflation our savings, but until the bomb flattens us all, the male will still greet the dawn with his sweet familiar song, 'What's for breakfast?'"

"It's not funny unless it's accurate," Livingston said. They talked to over 1,000 men to get the 40 species that were used in the book.

Each category of males is accompanied by a photograph of a man who typifies the species.

Where you or your friends fit in may stir up some controversy. In many cases the more a man rejects his inclusion in a particular category, the more likely he is to belong there. But it's hard to admit to being a Slob or Boggle Brain, Livingston said.

Species easily spotted on campus include: the Frat (*homo clone*) the Jock (*homo sweatsocks*) the Punk (*homo canine*) and the Slob (*homo porkus*).



The Slob

The Slob wears whatever is handy and easy to put on and take off — typically an ill-matched, frayed assortment. Zipper may be inoperative. His song is "Don't worry about it," followed by "Don't touch that dial." His habitat is where ever there is a TV, and he is surrounded by a sea of litter and food. His track is an unmistakable trail of beer cans, Twinkie wrappers, Spam and baloney.

The Frat (*homo clone*) These men flock together and often wear smug expressions. Their plumage varies but will usually have display colors and insignia identifying the flock. The feathering can be used to differentiate the outsiders in a fraternity. This means finding inconsistencies like long side burns in a preppie frat. The common song is a vague refrain of obscure origins, such as "Let's ram the jam tonight." They nest in large hives with impoverished furniture with a beer can pyramid in the window. They court in groups with kegged refreshments.

Livingston said it is common to spot hybrids (men combining traits of two or more species). But what about the men without any noticeable traits or characteristics? Livingston nodded and said "Homo zero — the generic." The book says these men are "as common as sparrows and as widespread as weeds. They marry and have 2.3 kids, and their song is 'have a nice day.'"

The three authors are traveling down the East coast tracking the migratory patterns of men during spring break.

With any luck you'll be able to catch them during the height of the spring mating season.

Livingston's Field Guide to North American Males. By Julia Rank Jones, Milo Trump, Peter Livingston and Cheryl Moffit. 124 pages. Doubleday/Dolphin. \$4.95.

Guadalcanal Diary indescribable

By LOUIS CORRIGAN
Staff Writer

Described as indescribable, Guadalcanal Diary has no apparent musical limits and has a fixation for bizarre and absurd themes. Tribal rhythms and ringing guitars will be prominent in the popurri the band will serve Saturday night at Cat's Cradle.

The band, which takes its name from a book by a World War II veteran, is a product of life in Marietta, Ga., a historic good-old-boy town now very much a suburb of Atlanta.

Guadalcanal's diary began in June of 1981. The band includes Murray Attaway on vocals and guitar; Rhett Crowe, sister of Pylon drummer Curtis, on bass; John Poe on drums; and Jeff Walls on vocals and guitar. Attaway and Walls write most of the songs.

Marietta, Ga. isn't particularly strange. Guadalcanal Diary is.

Listen to the four songs on *Watusi Rodeo*, the band's EP, which was released in August 1983 but recorded nine months earlier.

"Michael Rockefeller," inspired by the man lost in New Guinea, is musically the best of the four. As with other songs on the EP, Attaway's vocals are outstanding. Drummer Poe pounds out the beat while Walls rings his Rickenbacker guitar leads with a vengeance.

For a frail-looking girl with big glasses, Crowe's steady bass playing is an integral part of the band's sound. The song ends with hauntingly cold, quiet passages.

"Liwa Wechi," a cover of Miriam Makeba's dirge, creates the mood of watching a fiery red sun fall under a horizon of rice fields. This is Siddhartha with bass and bongos. Sung more or less in Congolese, "Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah" is the most recognizable line.

"It would probably be some obscenity if someone speaking Congolese could hear it," Walls said.

"Dead Eyes" sounds like a raw mix of punk and tribal music and is reminiscent of The Gun Club's guitar rock. The chorus is simply "Dead eyes."

Perhaps Guadalcanal Diary's best-known song is the black-humored "John Wayne." It is a ballad, of sorts, told through the point of view of a downtrodden gunslinger:

I used to be the top notch gun in this town.

That was before the Duke started hanging around.

I wish I'd killed John Wayne.

Music to the refrain comes straight out of the Monkees' "Stepping Stone."

As Walls explained, this was a song he wrote before Guadalcanal was formed, when the actor was still alive. "We wouldn't even be doing it if that wasn't what (had) taught on," he said.

The band plans to play all originals at the Cradle, but with a little coaxing, it has been known to play an assortment of oldies. Included in Guadalcanal's repertoire are "Kumbaya, My Lord," "The Ballad of the Green Berets" and an astonishingly slow version of "Johnny B. Goode," performed in a low key.

Whatever Guadalcanal Diary plays, it promises to be interesting.

CAMPUS CALENDAR

Today

Noon Director of Admissions, Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, will answer questions about Hopkins and medical education in general in 204 Steele Bldg.

7 p.m. The Navigators will meet in the Union.

Environmental Seminar: Elizabeth Brown on "The Politics of the Clean Air Act-1984," in 231 Rosenau.

The Granville chapter of IVCF will meet upstairs in Chapel of the Cross. The speaker will be Richard Rhodes.

Northeast Chapter IVCF Meeting at Chapel of the Cross.

Long

From page 1

To reverse the insurance department's poor record in failing to prevent insurance companies from getting rate hikes successfully appealed in court — under Ingram's tenure, the department has lost 41 out of 44 — Long said he would hire actuaries to gather the necessary research needed to prevent companies from overruling a commissioner's refusal of a rate hike.

"The problem the department has had so far is that they've just been outgunned. 'The department should have representation at least as good as the people companies have in those hearings.'"

And when given the details of a proposal by Dr. William McRae, director of student health services at UNC-Greensboro, which would allow the state's college students to apply their student health fees toward medical insurance policy deductible, Long said he didn't see why the proposal should not be accepted by a commissioner.

"My basic reaction is yes, I would support it," he said. "The policy may have to be rewritten to make the \$154 (the amount UNC students pay per year in student health fees) apply to the \$100 deductible."

Long was in Chapel Hill for a speech to the City-County Attorneys Spring Conference held at the Institute of Government.

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BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed

THIS IS MY REPORT ON THE IMPORTANCE OF KNOWING HOW TO READ...

IF YOU CAN'T READ AND YOU GET A LOVE LETTER YOU WON'T KNOW WHAT IT SAYS...

THAT WOULD BE VERY SAD...

ALTHOUGH IN THE LONG RUN, IT ALSO COULD SAVE YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE...

I SAID, IS THERE ANY CHANCE THAT THE PLAINTIFF THREATENED YOU INTO GIVING YOUR TESTIMONY?

THREATENED? ME? OH... WELL... THREATENED? SURELY YOU... ME?

CAREFUL...

YES, WELL IF YOU MEAN... RATHER... UH...

YES!! YES HE DID! HE SAID HE'D THROW ME TO THE SHARKS!!

GOT YOUR SWIMSUIT PICKED OUT?