

# Das Tor

AMERICAN GRADUATE SCHOOL OF INTERNATIONAL MANAGEMENT

Vol 16 No 23

12 Pages

August 2, 1983

## Duarte reassures Thunderbird: 'Fico'

By Lee Youngjohn

Twenty years hence, AGSIM will still be a unique institution serving the international business community, predicts Prof. Joaquin Duarte, chairman of the International Studies department.

He should know—he's been around for the past 20 years.

When Duarte first began teaching here in August of 1963, the school was still known as the American Institute of Foreign Trade, which offered a second bachelor's degree and had an enrollment of just 300 students.

With only three instructors in the department, Duarte had to teach a Latin America survey course and four seminars. "It was a heavy schedule, but I loved it; I knew every student in those days," said Duarte, who has been the IS department chairman since 1969. He even spent his first year living on campus in dormitory B, a rather frightening experience because of the mushrooms growing out of the wall, he added.

Soon after he arrived, the institute offered a master's degree to students who attended four semesters. "It has been fascinating being an old-timer and watching this "new" idea for a core curriculum and 4-semester program come full circle," Duarte said.

Now he knows fewer students, but "our students are and have always been highly

motivated and "now-oriented" as compared with those in more academically-oriented schools like Stanford." Duarte received both his bachelor's and master's degrees from Stanford University and taught there for two years.

"Our students want an interpretation of what was reported in the 'Wall Street Journal' this morning," Duarte said.

The composition of the elite student body hasn't changed much, according to Duarte. "But even Thunderbird was mildly affected by the turbulent 1960's, and the student body became more active in representing itself to the administration—that's when ASLC took real form," he said.

Duarte has also seen a tremendous improvement in the quality and competency of the faculty in general, but particularly in World Business. "It's important to keep a healthy mixture of academicians and former professionals having a wide variety of areas of expertise in all departments," he said.

The IS department has grown to include a teaching staff of 12 and Duarte hopes to recruit more. IS has evolved from almost exclusively offering regional courses on Latin America, Europe and Asia to developing more global international relations and foreign policy courses as well as expanding geographic coverage into the Middle East and North Africa. For example, he and his colleagues spent nearly 10

years pulling together the Cross-Cultural Communications Course first officially offered in 1975, and now the department includes courses on the services sector of business.



Dr. Joaquin Duarte speaks before Brazilian businessmen in Sao Paulo.

"We try to take advantage of the specialties of the professors we've got while also accommodating the demands of students and the industry itself," Duarte said. The department is aiming toward developing more seminars, training the instructors in different areas and encouraging more exchange programs specifically with Brazil.

Duarte, a self-admitted bibliophile, is the coordinator of the IS research center too, which, he claims, kept him up-to-date and out-of-trouble. He reads more than a dozen daily and weekly magazines and newspapers to keep himself informed of current events, and he would like to see more funds channeled into the periodical collection at the Barton Kyle Yount Library. "Although it was wonderful to see the new building go up," he added. The library was built in 1978. The entire northeast face of the campus has changed considerably since Duarte has been here.

But more importantly, the school has gained credibility. Thunderbird used to be an academic pariah, but in the last 10 years, it has gained respect and earned admiration," Duarte said. He feels that AGSIM has been adaptable through the years and has had good leadership.

"We should never be smug, though, because we can always be better," he said. Duarte, who considers himself an expert on Portugal and Brazil, is also branching out and getting interested in Spain, Mexico and Luso-African countries. "All teachers go through a metamorphosis during their careers, and teaching here is like teaching nowhere else," Duarte said. He plans to be here until retirement. "Fico," he said,

which in Portuguese means "I stay." "If I could, I'd do it forever," he added with a wink.

## CPA accounts for role as minister and prof

By Constance Dugan

Although class let out at 12:30, students waiting to discuss their projects form an enclave around Professor Dotterer. In the background enter students who have come to see if they might be accepted into Dotterer's WB-521 course in the Fall. Their chances look grim, however, for Professor Dotterer teaches just part time at Thunderbird. When he's not in the classroom, it's likely he can be found at the Apostolic Christian Church in North Phoenix where he serves as lay minister. In an interview with Das Tor, Professor Dotterer discusses current topics in his field with a contagious enthusiasm.

Das Tor: As a teacher and lay minister, you spend much of your time front and center. Are the two roles analogous?

B.D.: There certainly are a lot of carryovers in that much of the ministering work involves teaching to a certain degree. I suppose experience with one tends to complement the other. I don't do much consoling of students except to their grades perhaps. There are also significant differences in that I prepare for my classes here but I don't prepare the sermons.

Das Tor: The basic principle of accounting—the double entry system—has existed for hundreds of years. What, then, makes accounting a dynamic field?

B.D.: I think the fundamental purpose of accounting in general is to provide information, and the means by which the information is accumulated is a double entry system. That's a means by which it's been accumulated for hundreds of years, and it's a very efficient system for accumulating information. I suppose what makes accounting dynamic would include the fact that conditions keep changing—different kinds of assets and liabilities, revenues and expenses keep popping up; the difficulty of measuring economic transactions and complex organizations, and trying to boil it down to financial statements. A good example is the pensionary. Pensions didn't exist when double entry accounting started.

Das Tor: How important is an understanding of accounting principles to the finance student?

B.D.: I have a biased viewpoint, but it would seem to me difficult for someone to be very expert in finance without knowing quite a lot about financial accounting principles and standards. It doesn't mean you have to know how to do a consolidation to know what kind of bond to issue. But to understand the financial structure of a firm and to be able to assess financial risk that exists, if you don't understand the accounting standards, I don't think you have much of a basis to evaluate a very complex organization. A very simple organization, perhaps, yes. But in an organization complex enough that you can't visually see what all the assets are, trying to assess the degree of financial risk in an organization can be a very hazardous thing if you don't understand the accounting standards.

Das Tor: Do you tend to agree that a degree in accounting is the most marketable skill to have in business?

B.D.: I suppose given a broad variety of economic conditions, the demand for accountants seems to be there. Both large and small firms need accountants. I would think it would be one of the more marketable skills.

Das Tor: How is the computer changing the accountant's work?

B.S.: It's changing his work quite a bit. The use of the personal computer is allowing the CPA to perform more work. It's accomplishing the classic purpose of mechanization and automation: to extend the capability of the individual. And it's genuinely doing that in the case of the CPA. It is also removing some of the tedium and boredom of accounting work, and, perhaps, it is requiring the accountant to have a higher level of expertise.

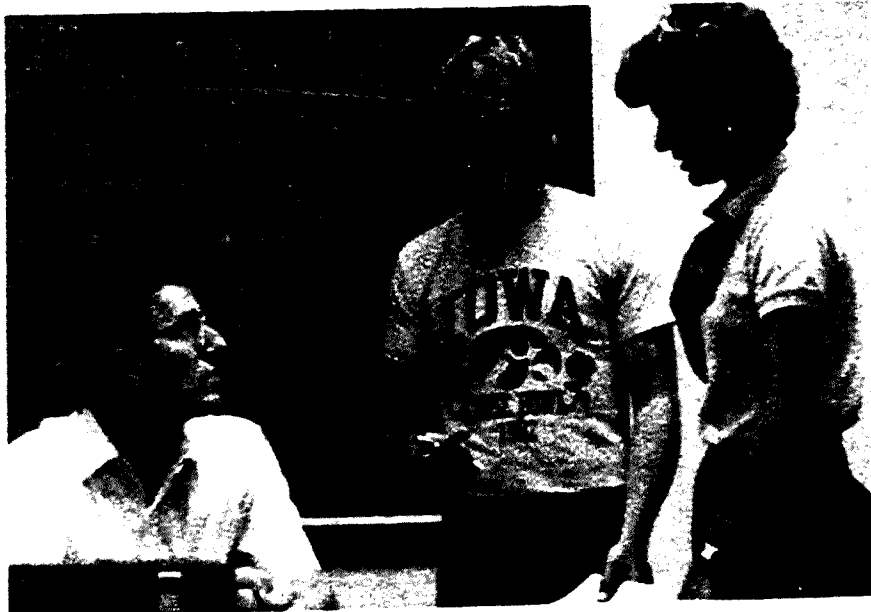
Das Tor: You spend a fair amount of time in FSA (financial statement analysis) discussing pension funds. Is it your understanding that pension funds will become increasingly important?

B.D.: I suspect that pensions may well come to take part of the place that social security is occupying right now. I suspect that the country may go to a need based social security system, or at least partially need based. Therefore, the private pension plans may step in and play a larger role. I suspect we may be seeing a situation where individual retirement plans may become relatively more important and corporate retirement plans the less important. They're both part of pension plans, but the individual, I suspect, might become more important, because of the huge cost that a defined benefit corporate pension plan entails that isn't obvious when the plan's installed. It will become more and more obvious as more workers retire. I suspect some companies will be experiencing huge pension costs and will seek to cut back on these costs. As a consequence, the individuals will take up the slack. With the IRA individuals can put aside a couple thousand dollars a year, and I'd almost expect to see that increased.

Das Tor: To disguise real production or financial problems, accounting architects create ways to beat the system and maintain unrealistic levels of profits. In what areas of accounting do you caution prospective financial analysts to be wary of such paper profits?

B.D.: I suppose one of the major areas we've dealt with is in the pension area. We've also talked about manipulation of cost of goods sold through LIFO inventory accounting, although LIFO itself tends to be a conservative kind of practice. In the area of inflation accounting we dealt with the problem of underrecording depreciation; but that's just a problem of the system itself, resulting in overrecording the profits.

Das Tor: Have some businesses attempted to compensate for the negative effects of Please turn to page 7



Gwen Swift and B.J. Bottger are first in line to discuss with Professor Bill Dotterer their project in WB-542 Financial Statement analysis.

# EDITORIAL

This will be the final issue for the Summer Session of 1983. As editor it is important to give credit where credit is due, and thank the faithful writers who have contributed so consistently. There is little incentive to write for the paper at times, beyond the sheer love of writing. The Das Tor is almost entirely a volunteer organization—although the editor, assistant editor and business manager are supposedly on salary.

I have been pleased about the quality of writing and general layout of the paper—I would hope that it approaches the quality that would be expected of a graduate school newspaper. We, the summer staff, have been guided by the conviction of providing a forum for student discussion of international issues.

One of the most fascinating aspects of planning a paper has been the realization of the fantastic resources available on this small campus. There are few other places that enjoy such a cosmopolitan outlook and atmosphere. Tucked away in this desert enclave are some of the most fascinating individuals I'll ever meet. In fact, I've almost become jaded to the experience of being part of such an interesting community.

The Thunderbird experience has been almost too much to objectively evaluate.

One will only need to enter the work world and look back to have a true appreciation of the uniqueness of this place. We're so involved in the frantic work, that it's difficult to evaluate things properly.

My thanks to Connie Dugan (the brains behind the operation), Christy Grieff (dependable and inventive), Roy Thong (I wish I had him working for me in the real world), Jim Parker (reliable, thought-provoking and an excellent writer), Tony Kireopoulos (feature writer, enjoyable and able to get the good story), Kevin Kehoe (no doubt that he could easily become a pro-writer), Lee Youngjohn (brought Northwestern J-School savvy to the D.T.'s), Ed Ranger (Das Tor's answer to Hunter Thompson, a great inspiration to the harried veterans), Barbara Langston (cheerful, highly talented, photographer), Karen Wolfe (cheerful, the next Lois Lane), Jack Moore (the Renaissance man from Vassar), Pier Ingram (posterity is the loser that school prevented him from contributing more, Pier's articles drew rave reviews), Wendy Wong (great writer, another loss to posterity that school took time away from her writing), Dave Brayer (while putting together a mammoth project, took time to do some excellent writing), and Ken Bennett (his articles should save many lives).

## REVIEW

By Paul M. Dickie

### The Next American Frontier

By Robert B. Reich.

New York: Time Books, 324 pp (\$16.60)

U.S. industry was clearly top dog in the world of the 1950s and early 1960s. The subsequent decline and the now urgent need to engineer a turnaround in U.S. competitiveness is attracting major attention. Most of the attention is focusing on correcting the perceived ills through the active involvement of the government in some form of an industrial policy. Mr. Reich's variation on this theme has some interesting offerings, but perhaps more with respect to the diagnosis than the cure.

Mr. Reich argues that U.S. managers have remained committed far too long to high volume, standardized production techniques coordinated and supervised on the basis of "scientific management"

principles. Jobs were analyzed and simplified so that they became robotic in nature. To handle the detailed coordination and direction required, extensive staffs were needed and layers of middle management were added. Thus, orders were transmitted down through up to seven layers of management to the bored and disinterested assembly line worker, who thought as little as possible about the job, other than how to raise the hourly rate through participation in a confrontational union. Once in place, the system became unresponsive to changing consumer needs or to competitive challenges from abroad.

Since the mid 1960s the U.S. share of capital intensive, high volume industries has declined markedly. The U.S. proportion of world car sales has declined by almost one-third. The U.S. share of industrial machinery is

likewise down one-third, while agricultural machinery is down 40 percent; telecommunication equipment is down 50 percent; and metalworking machinery is down 55 percent.

Productivity growth has concurrently lagged in the U.S. and it has fallen back from the 3 percent per annum pace of the late 1940s and 1950s to one percent in the 1970s. The impact on the U.S. standard of living has been substantial. From the mid 1960s, real incomes slowed their rapid increases dating from the end of World War II and from 1968 to 1981, the average American real wage declined by up to one fifth. In the words of Mr. Reich, "The engine of prosperity has stalled."

During the 1970s American industry made no progress in overcoming these difficulties. Rather, there was an increased emphasis on what Mr. Reich characterizes as the "paper entrepreneurialism"—complex financial maneuvers such as the Bendix and Martin Marietta follies that attempt to achieve profits through astute accounting, tax and legal manipulations. Litigation has become the American way of life. There is now one lawyer for every 400 persons in the U.S.; the ratio in Japan is by comparison one lawyer for every 10,000 persons. Unfortunately, during the 1970s the U.S. fell further behind.

U.S. production techniques were, in fact, easy to copy. Following World War II, the governments of Western Europe and Japan pushed reconstruction of their economies with the assistance of the U.S. These governments assisted their industries to first achieve parity with the U.S., and then competitive supremacy. This type of government involvement in formulating industrial policies con-

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# FREEZE FRAME

This weeks question posed by the reporter at large was: Das Tor would like to know what has been the most memorable moment of your Thunderbird experience?

**ART FRYE:** My association with the Christian Fellowship here on campus — especially last semesters banquet for graduating students.

**KEVIN KEHOE:** The night we almost drove a cadillac through Country Bob's front door so we could wake him up to party and because he wouldn't get up, we tossed two huge hounds into his waterbed and watched the fun. To our surprise, Country Bob was upset.

**ERIKA LITTLE:** When I heard that 120 companies will be here next semester and I won't be here to interview!

**MEAD ARNOVITZ:** Winning the first annual Mini World Cup Soccer Tournament with the American team after playing with the Latin team for nearly two semesters. Victory has never tasted so sweet! Quizas los Latinos podran ganarlo el ano enprante.

**SCOT CHAMBERLIN:** The first day — 117 degrees — the first class — Spanish grammer with Finney!

**MARA KENNEY:** Finding Bill Carly, passed out under the oleanders, with a tag on his toe saying "If found, please return to pub."

**CAREY HAYNES:** Reading chapter 14 in Principles of Corporate Finance — it changed my life!

**PETER TERRY:** The first pajama party at the pub. I registered myself for what I thought was a raffle and wound up winning "The Most Likely to Sleep Alone Award" and a great bottle of champagne!



## Das Tor

AMERICAN GRADUATE SCHOOL OF INTERNATIONAL MANAGEMENT

"THE GATE"

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DASTOR accepts and encourages letters to be submitted on any subject with relevance to the AGSIM community.

To ensure the maximum expediency in publishing, all submissions should be typed, double-spaced and margins set 20 and 70.

Letters should be signed and are subject to revision at the editors discretion.



## Beirut Embassy Survivor: 'My God, I'm alive'

The following excerpts are from a letter recently received by Thunderbird student David Brayer who spent the past few years working in the Middle East. The letter was written by a friend, a U. S. Foreign Service Officer, who survived the bombing of the American Embassy in Beirut last Spring.

I am so glad to be alive. For the first time in my life I thought I would die: Surrounded by fire and light and smoke and sound I thought: "Now I die Lord... I am ready". And in a flash of thought change I screamed inside no, and struggled to my feet, headed for the exit, or the direction I thought was the exit, struck rubble which I could now see, turned towards the new source of light and fled through a huge new opening in the wall for the sea. I ran 100 yards or so to the seawall thinking to jump in and cool down or put the fire out that I thought to be covering my body and stopped.

Fortunately, I realized jumping in the ocean was not a good idea. Then I wondered what I could do with my melted body, an eye I thought I had lost, hands I couldn't move, and a face so distorted. I thought of my parents and a girl friend, how would they accept it, and then thought of my dead friend with whom I was just finishing lunch and turned back to the embassy, now a cloud of black smoke and rubble.... Only one Lone Lebanese soldier was in sight, shooting into the air to chase off traffic... I walked back dazed and hurtling towards the embassy. The soldier looked at me with such complete fright in his eyes and motioned frantically "to the hospital."

Miraculously a cab appeared which whisked me

alone to the hospital. I had a little longer to think about what had happened now, but I couldn't think - I couldn't feel. I knew the cab driver from an earlier ride but he couldn't recognize me now for blood, and I couldn't talk. I could walk and couldn't figure out how that was possible. At least two sets of walls disappeared around me and I could walk... "Praise God" I repeated over and over in Arabic, my emotional language. It's strange perhaps that a second language would be the one stuck on my lips at this time.

As it turned out my friend Anne Danarell wasn't dead. I found that out some hours later while they sewed up my head; she was badly hurt with breaks and things but alive. Praise God; I could move my hands too - I was so astonished to find whole fingers and solid flesh beneath a thick crust of whatever explosions and flying walls are made of - almost all of which washed off. That encapsulation seems to have protected my hands and immobilized them at the same time creating the impression of loss or burn. The same applied to my face and neck not at all melted away and I was soon to discover sight in both eyes when they stopped the bleeding and washed the blood off. Except for a head full of lacerations, even my vanity was preserved. What

luck I thought.

But around me, all around in the room after room of make-shift operating halls were the moans of so many others less fortunate and so much worse off. Anne, dear Anne, for whom we had parties planned for weeks for her send-off to a new post lay fractured a little bit everywhere; and I was helpless in my pain and confusion to help her. We were just, over dessert, discussing the sad condition of the world: a new border clash between China and Vietnam, plus the whole list of countries fighting countries and people tearing each other apart. Not two seconds before the explosion I had just finished saying, "It's either the end of the world or time for the second coming." BOOM! In the intensity of the inferno that followed, I was so displeased with my prophesy until I realized somehow that God wouldn't end it like this not with this much hurt. I knew right then it had to be some crazed politics.

Anne and I were the only ones to survive from the cafeteria. It won't do me or anyone much good to acquaint you with our friends and co-workers who did. I went to the new Embassy two days later, set up in someone's apartment only to see so many long faces and a few dear souls trying to elicit smiles or laughs with strained approaches. My Mom was right when she said on the phone the next day that the emotional part would be the most difficult. I'm sorry - we have to grieve. It doesn't have to make us but it has to come out. I mourn those friends.

What this traumatic event

has solidified in me is my resolve to work against those forces and conditions which create such fertile ground for violence and terror in the area. I long so for peace and justice which must be applied equally to the hurting people of these battered nations. I too hurt now, and it goes beyond the few scars that I will bare. The answer is clearly not blame and anger. As I see it, it is in a rededication to the good of Peace. If we don't continue with renewed determination then the sacrifices of those who died will go unanswered.

I told an orderly who was wheeling me around the hospital while still covered with blood "We're going to leave you now because of this and you'll be lost." I regret saying that. It's not at all how I feel after more reflection. I don't know who made the fire that encircled me. A number of Lebanese in their own seemingly contorted logic, blame Israel for this disaster. In a country where all logic and events seem so distorted, I too have considered that possibility, just as I have considered the possibility of Soviet, Syrian, Libyan, or Iranian responsibility, or perhaps just the foul work of some isolated fanatics.

Regardless of who perpetrated this act, the responsibility for the future now lies with all those groups and nations which have it within their capability to affect change in the Middle East. We must all continue to work and sacrifice to create a lasting peace in the region. The next necessary step is the complete withdrawal of

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## Breakthroughs made in office automation

by Jim Parker

The following excerpts are from an interview with Vijay K. Rathnam, Senior Software Engineer for Honeywell's Large Computer Products Division. The interview was conducted on July 21, 1983 at Honeywell's Deer Valley Plant.

Q. What advances in the computer industry do you expect to see between now and the end of the century?

A. If current trends continue we should see great strides made in office automation, artificial intelligence and robotics.

Q. Exactly how will computers be of help in the office?

A. At present computers are of use in several areas. Electronic conferencing via satellite has cut down our phone bills here at Honeywell considerably. Word and data processing capabilities have eliminated many of the routine secretarial chores such as filing, retrieval, retyping mistakes, and mailings. We now have printers that print 18,000 lines per minute. That includes stapling and collating. Computers are ideal for such routine work and we will see more and more such work performed by computers in the future.

Q. How have your secretaries responded to such developments?

A. Of course there is a little resistance at first because a little training is involved as they learn how to use the computer terminals, printers and telecommunication links, etc. Once they are trained however, it's next to impossible to get them to

forego their word processors for their former typewriters.

Q. How far away are we from development of intelligent machines?

A. I would say that we should see some breakthroughs in the next ten years. The Japanese are working on a government sponsored project to develop a very high speed, intelligent computer by 1990. It will probably operate at speeds five to six times that of our latest top-of-the-line machines and will be able to interface with voice commands. The primary reason for their concentrated effort is to take the lead from the U.S. in computer technology.

Q. Has the U.S. taken steps to prevent the Japanese from taking the lead?

A. Yes. Just last year Microelectronics Communications Corp. (MCC) was established in Austin, Texas. MCC is actually a super think-tank concentrating on research and development of a machine similar to what the Japanese are trying to develop. Its current budget is \$100 mm and it is headed by Bobby Innam, an ex-assistant director of the CIA.

Q. Earlier you mentioned robotics would be a growth area in the computer industry. Why is this?

A. Here again computers do routine tasks very well. Currently, they are being used in industry on production lines, they have cut costs tremendously and are very reliable. Once the manufacturing costs of robots have declined to a

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## Russia: 'It behooves us to understand them'

by Wendy Wong and Karen Wolfe

The Russians are coming to the Valley of the Sun next semester. Well, actually the Russian Language. Glendale Community College will be offering a course in Russian language next semester for those students who feel they've got their second language under their belt and would like to try a third.

This challenging opportunity through the 33-character Cyrillic alphabet will be taught by Dr. Joyce Story. Dr. Story is a Polish translator for the Joint Publications Research Service, and holds a M.A. and Ph. D. in Slavic Languages and Literatures from Indiana University. She has previously taught courses at Ohio State University in Russian and Polish Language, Literature and Culture.

Her work has allowed her to live and to travel many times to the USSR. Last week she shared with Das Tor, some of her impressions of the people, culture and challenges facing the Soviet Union.

Das Tor: When was your first trip to the USSR?

Dr. Story: My first trip was in 1964 and my last was in 1977. All of my trips to the USSR have been connected with a university or the CIE (Council for International Educational Exchange). On my trips I was assisting the leader, or leading a group of American students studying the Russian language. We'd travel from city to city with Russian classes every day taught by teachers who specialized in teaching Russian to foreigners.

Das Tor: You've been in Russia during an interesting time. What changes did you observe?

Dr. Story: The difference I noticed was one, not so much in a zagging back and forth over the political climate in the U.S., but how much more accustomed the Russians are getting to foreigners. They are just not as much in awe as they once were.

Das Tor: What are the similarities between Americans and Russians?

Dr. Story: I think we tend to like each other in that we are both citizens of very large nations. That brings with it a certain set of ideas and reactions that we both understand. The USSR is a new nation and the U.S., after all, is not that old. We are both leading nations; two of the strongest and most powerful nations. In that sense we have a lot in common.

Das Tor: Where do we differ?

Dr. Story: There is a very basic difference between us on which we don't see eye to eye. That is the lack of information in the USSR. This drives Americans up the

wall. It does not bother the Russians. Obviously, some Americans read more than others, but the opportunity is still there. Television for example. Nothing is more boring than Soviet television, except when a ballet or symphony is on. Generally, it's the party and government line and it's continuously repeated and repeated. Russians grow tired of it but they start to look at it as we do commercials. They just tune it out. Lack of information is a serious difference. Very important to us are our freedoms, but Russians don't look at society the same way. They haven't for centuries. Community and communism fit so nicely in the Russian language because the whole unit of society has been much more important in Russian tradition than it has been in ours. That's another big difference.

We Americans are used to making up our own minds about something. We may be a little deceived. But we often feel, "I am making a choice". This is not important for Russians because for centuries orders have come down from on high. This is alien to the American tradition. To the Russians our system is total chaos. They don't see anything to be gained by it. They genuinely do not feel our freedoms are anything special.

Das Tor: What are some common misconceptions we have of Russians?

Dr. Story: The average Russian lives about 1/3 as well as we do here. He has never had it so good. It's a total misunderstanding. We go over there and say why doesn't the Russian rise up? The average Russian has more now than ever before. One of the reasons there has been controversy over wheat is that the authorities have responded to the desire of the average citizen to eat better. Buying American wheat was less a function of keeping people from starving than it was a desire to meet the rising expectations of the Russian consumer. So a certain type of consumerism is on the rise, but the Russian can and will continue to sacrifice and do without to a degree that is difficult for us to understand.

People often say to me, "Is it true that Russians don't ever smile?" Two things may encourage an impression like this. First, Moscow can be very cold. People concentrate on quickly getting to their destination. Secondly, the hassles in daily life are so much greater than here that frustrations may rise up more quickly and a sharper response may result. For instance, there are always shortages; therefore, always lines. Moscow can be out of stock of something for months. It's not that they're out of stock permanently, it is just uncertain when an item will come

in. It happens, I've done it myself, that you stand in line and don't know what it's for. But if there is a line, it's got to be good.

Das Tor: What are the major challenges facing the USSR?

Dr. Story: The major challenge of the Soviet Union is the agricultural situation. They don't have the advantages in climate as we do.

There are a lot of great decisions to be made. If you want to be philosophical about it, then the major challenge is to be truthful.

Das Tor: Is the Soviet System up to the challenge?

Dr. Story: No, I don't think the system is flexible enough. I don't think it will address the problems in a visionary style. They will continue to muddle along and make due. We can say, we have made mistakes and then move to do something about it. The Soviets are unable to do that, for lots of reasons. For example, history has been rewritten so much that if you compared the Great Soviet Encyclopedia the year it came out with the current edition controversial topics would differ. How do you begin to know what the truth was?

Das Tor: What effect has government suppression had in the overall quality and content of Russian literature?

Dr. Story: It did just exactly that. Russian literature in the twenties had the possibility to go so many ways. It was cut off. The institution of socialist realism is sad! To think that what type of literature was promoted and that a writer like Pasternak was suppressed. How has the suppression effected the people? Well, very few people care that much. In our nation, how many people read good literature? They still allow the publication of 19th and 20th century classics, so that you can have a waitress in a restaurant that can quote Pushkin by heart. So Pushkin and Dostoyevsky are still alive in the sense that their works are published and appreciated.

Das Tor: How is the Russian Language and the study of Russia useful, outside the military?

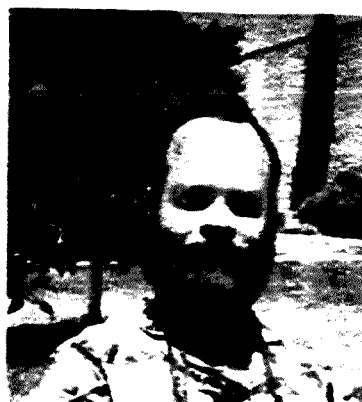
Dr. Story: I wish that I could give you an answer that would encourage everyone to take Russian. Samantha Smith was over in Moscow and was greeted by a group of peers that were hand picked because of their proficiency in English. I thought, she's 11! Tell me what school in America could you go to and select children who were relatively proficient in Russian? They are a nation that is our nation's major rival; it behooves us to understand them.



International terrorists elude Interpol in Glendale.



ADOPT A BOOKSTORE MANAGER



Bunker McGlasson rephrases Freeze Frame response: "I meant to say: Let'em eat ramps."

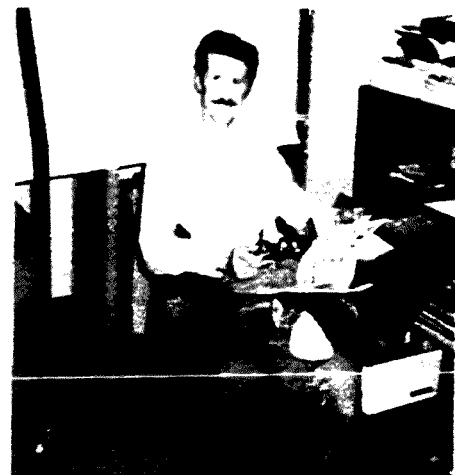


Manuel puts operational strategy to work on school's computerized business simulator.

# All the faces fit to print



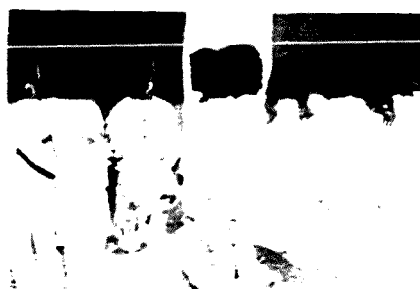
Heathcote algebraically proves that finance is truly an exact science.



Tom catches in on required reading.



Journeymen sumo wrestles train at AGSIM.



Wine Tasting Club together at A.A. meeting.



Ernie Hemingway visits campus during the Summer World Business seance.



Karen Prill: "Behind every good editor there is a strong secretary"



The DAC cramming for finals.



Students trim down and have fun in the new Kama Sutra positions class.



AGSIM coed succumbs to final exam pressures; drops her drawers and moons dorms.



Charles provides new AGSIM student with necessary diversions.



Doc Foster takes a long position after two IF&T lectures.



Frankie T. Psyches up for some hoop.



Ranger wants to know: who is driving my white thing?

# The Basement

Fiction by Ken Bennett

Growing up with that old man in the house was weird. I never even knew he was my biological Grandfather until I turned eight. I remember how I found out the truth. Mom got really drunk one night and spilled the whole story. The fact that I was there to listen didn't matter to her. I think she would have talked to the walls by then. But I heard every word, and always after that night, I regarded by Grandfather through changed eyes.

He lived in the basement of our house, rarely coming out. Sometimes after school, while fixing a sandwich in the kitchen, I'd go to the heavy basement door and listen. If Mom wasn't home, I'd knock and wait for a reply. Sometimes he'd answer, and I'd open the door and walk carefully down the long flight of teetering wooden stairs.

I'd find him huddled in one damp corner of the big stone room, with his old wool coat pulled close around him.

We'd talk, sometimes normally. Once he even asked how school was going. More often, when we spoke, he did all of the talking. I'd just sit there and listen, watching his eyes, wondering if he even knew who I was.

Everyone believed that the old man was quite insane, you see, and though I was never too sure myself, I could see why others believed so.

He never looked at a person when he spoke. He'd sit there, all hunched up, conversing with himself in short, frenzied bursts.

"It's almost time!" he might say, sounding nearly hysterical. "They're close by now," he'd continue, grinning widely, apparently very pleased with himself. "My friends are coming!" he'd say. He was always talking about his "friends."

Once, I asked who it was he spoke of—who his friends were. I remember his reaction:

He leaned slowly back against the wall and shut his eyes, digesting my question. His fists constricted into tight white balls. I was scared—worried for him. He seemed so worked up. Sweat beaded and dripped from his forehead, even though it was quite cool in the basement. The high cheeks on his long, bearded face went white, baby powder white.

He turned toward me, but his eyes, milky and roving, focused on nothing. He spoke to no one in a high, sad sort of voice that made me sorry for him.

"They're different than us," he said, nearly crying. "They don't care what you look like or what you have to say. They don't judge you. They won't leave you when you hurt inside either."

I started to say something, but he continued, and now he sounded solemn.

"They're coming. I can feel their heat through the wall. They're very near now...." his voice trailed off.

I looked at the ancient stone wall. Our house was nearly two hundred years old, and according to family history, the basement was even older. I looked at my Grandfather. He had fallen abruptly asleep. His wool jacket and Mom's shawl were drawn snugly around him. Some old books, their bindings split and torn, and a little wooden chest that he always kept close by, were piled neatly by his feet.

He must be crazy, I thought. But something deep inside me said I was wrong....

At age fourteen, I left home for the first month of the summer, to visit relatives out on the West Coast. When I got back home, Mom said things with Grandpa had gotten a lot worse.

"He starts screaming," she said, "Sometimes in the middle of the night—for no reason at all. I've had it up to here!" She made a slashing motion across her neck, sounding more disgusted than usual.

"What does he scream about?" I asked, very curious and very concerned. Mom didn't seem concerned, just angry.

"Nothing!" she said. "He doesn't say anything at all, it's just nonsense. He keeps talking about how he's finally figured it all out, and how he can finally join "them." Well, he's been talking about little bogymen for a long time, but I've never seen him like this—so excited. He says he's ready to go live with them! God knows I wish he would!"

She paused and looked me right in the eye. "I think he's really gone over the edge this time," she said seriously. "Who knows what he'll do next?"

We were standing in the kitchen. Mom

turned back to her pans on the stove.

"I'll tell you one thing, she said, over her shoulder. "He'd damn well better keep quiet during my party on Saturday. God knows what my friends would think if they heard him screaming."

Mom's friends didn't know anyone lived in the house besides Mom and me. No one knew. Grandpa had been a family secret, and Mom had been bitter and embarrassed about him for as long as I could remember.

She moved from the stove to the refrigerator in a trance. I thought I could feel her contempt for the old man.

Once, she had tried to put him in a "home," after his stroke, but Grandpa swore he'd kill himself if she made him leave.

"I grew up in this house," he'd said, "and this is where I'll die."

She hated him now, because he made her feel trapped, and she grew more bitter as time went on. Sometimes though, I think Mom worried most of all that she'd turn out like him—in her words: "a crazy, senile old shrew."

I left her in the kitchen and went upstairs to unpack. I wished she would leave so I could go down to the basement and see him. Whatever had happened while I was gone had stopped. It was quiet down there now. Very quiet.

But all that day, and the next, Mom stayed close by. I was getting anxious. Several times, Mom came puffing up from the basement carrying Grandpa's untouched meals on a tray, cursing to herself as she reached the kitchen. From the hard look on her face, I knew it was best not to ask questions.

Finally, on Friday morning, I got my chance to see him. Mom went grocery shopping early. I was still asleep when she left, but his screams woke me abruptly.

I leapt out of bed on the first cry, blurrily put on my robe, and bounded into the hall and onto the stairs.

The second scream made me jump. What I was hearing was different from what Mom had described. These were screams of physical pain. It sounded like Grandpa was being tortured.

My hands were trembling violently as I reached the basement door, but it swung open easily when I turned the handle. A thick smokey smell from below shocked my nose, just as I heard the third scream—a long pitiful wail, loud and unmuffled now that the door stood wide.

Part of me wanted to stay at the top of the stairs. "What in God's name is going on down there?" I asked out loud.

I descended to the third basement step. The smokey smell was strange—like sweet incense.

I could hear him whimpering in his dim corner now. And I was aware of another noise too—a sawing noise....

I descended further. At the foot of the basement stairs I stumbled in the half light and landed noisily on the concrete floor.

He looked up from his corner in fright, and stared at me for a moment through wide, glazed eyes. His gray hair and beard hung lank, and he was stripped to the waist. There was no one else in the room.

A fire was burning in a metal box at the foot of the wall behind him. Little flames danced in the gloom, forming odd shadows on the old stone wall.

I carefully crossed the cold floor between us. He was hunched forward on his knees, and he held a hack saw in his left hand. He resumed sawing, very clumsily and slowly, as I neared him. I think he realized that I was not a threat.

"Grandpa what are you..." I began, stopping suddenly as I drew near enough to see what he was cutting. I covered my mouth with one hand, stifling the cry that had risen in my throat.

He was sawing on his own hand. The hand was splayed on a wooden block by his knees, and the saw appeared to be deeply imbedded in the bone of his right thumb, near where the thumb connects with the hand. He winced and shook with each unsteady draw of the blade.

"Oh no, oh God, Grandpa, what have you done to yourself!?" I cried. "Please stop it!"

I was standing almost over him now, and I realized that it was too late. The thumb had been completely severed, and he stopped sawing. Blood oozed in slow red rivers from the stub. He jammed a bunched rag onto the wound, and leaning back onto his haunches, raised his head to look at me.

It was at that moment that I realized I was changing. My head felt suddenly very heavy. I wanted to lie down, not to sleep. I thought, but to...to... I couldn't find the right words. I shut my eyes tightly and then opened them again, hoping my head would clear. It seemed very difficult to think for long about anything.

But one feeling, one sense, seemed clear beyond all others, too clear, like a jagged snow covered peak—resolute and painfully bright above the clouds. That sense, brutally sharp, was the sense of smell.

The incense, the smoke, unnoticed for several seconds while I'd focused on Grandpa, was doing something to me now. The basement was thick with it. I realized that at last. The smoke, sweet and heady, had melded with the musty air of the basement, to create a dense, eye-burning fog that seemed to saturate the air and make it heavy, intoxicating.

I seemed to be thinking, and moving, in slow motion—because of the smoke. And with each inhaled breath, the room seemed to roll, like the deck of a heaving ship. I was spinning, falling. I had never tried alcohol, but I imagined that this was how too much of it might make you feel.

Part of me wanted to run, to get away from that overpowering smoke, but I was confused. Grandpa needed... Grandpa needed... I couldn't quite remember why I had come to the basement, now.

Conscious thought seemed to be floating somewhere outside of my mind—on the fringes. I was dreaming, or I was doing something close to dreaming. And now, the heavy, foggy feeling seemed to slide away, like shredded gray curtains drawing apart in my head, and a new clarity possessed my mind. The basement looked different. I glanced down at Grandpa, he was staring at me now. There was a knowing look in his eyes. I knelt to meet his gaze at an equal level.

Everything I did, and everything I remember from that point on, became part of a dream. Looking back later on what happened, I could not swear that any of what I saw was real.

"I need your help, boy," the old man said finally, in a raspy voice. "Before your mother gets back and sees what I've done."

I looked at him, questioning.

He picked up the hacksaw with his maimed right hand, and clumsily laid the blade across the base of his left thumb, which was now splayed on the block like the other hand had been.

"You've got to help me," he said. "They won't let me in unless I shed these."

A struggle began inside my head. Grandpa wanted me to help him deform his hand, and part of me was objecting. Strongly. But I seemed to be removed from this struggle, as though I were standing outside myself, aloof.

I grabbed the closest end of the hacksaw without pausing further, and helped drag it across his hand. The blade broke the skin deeply on the first cut, and he let out a sharp gasp.

"Why won't they let you in with thumbs, Grandpa," I asked.

"Because," he said, his voice staggered and short, "Thumbs are what make us all human—more than brains even." He lowered his head, and I think that he wept. The lines on his face were drawn tight. His expression reflected excruciating pain.

When at last he continued, his voice sounded strangled.

"Thumbs let us build things to kill other people," he said. "They're very adamant about peace, you see. And though, I've known them for a long time, they still won't let me in with thumbs."

"Why do you want to go, Grandpa?" I asked.

He didn't answer for a long while, and we continued sawing, back and fourth, back and fourth. He may have screamed, but I don't remember that. At last the left thumb was gone too. There was blood everywhere. I tied rags tightly around both of his hands then, and when that was done, and the bleeding had slowed, he looked at me again.

"My life has been..." he paused for a long moment. "Sadness," he said finally, shuddering violently from his pain. I have never been happy—never." He faltered, and then slowly began again. "After I learned of them, I was not content around people. Your mother thinks I'm crazy, and you probably do to. She thinks I've gotten sicker since my stroke. The fact is, I've

had more time since my stroke, more time to think about life here, and life there. I'm ready to go, boy, and finally they're ready to take me."

He hesitated. I noticed that his breathing had slowed, and his pain seemed to have lessened a tiny bit.

He continued. "You see, there is another—another world right here, (he made a waving motion around the room) very close to ours, but we can't see it. Not now, anyway."

"They communicated with me," he said. His eyes seemed to glow with an odd light of their own as he spoke of this.

"I learned that I want to go to their world and live. I want to leave this calloused place," he said, his voice rising, "and find happiness! I have prepared my side, and they are readying theirs," he said.

"Your side?" I asked.

"There is an opening here, in the rock foundation of this house." He paused, and glanced from side to side, as though he were going to tell me a secret. "I found the opening with a gift... an heirloom." He gestured toward his corner, to the little wooden chest that he always kept there.

I looked to the corner with interest. I started to ask him a question, I wanted to know more. What was in that little chest? But he was speaking again.

"Sometimes, I sit here and talk to them through the wall. They are genuine, peace loving creatures. They tell me their world is green and cool. They want me to come through the wall and see."

He rose to his feet then, and stood in front of the stone, standing almost over the little fire, which was still burning steadily.

"Feel the wall here," he said, motioning with his right hand to a spot at eye level. I touched the brick and drew my hand back in surprise.

"It's warm," I said, "very warm."

He smiled. "They're coming now," he said. His bearded old face seemed uncannily relaxed and composed. He was waiting.

He pulled the little fire in its metal box back away from the wall, out of the way, and then turned back and stood poised before the stone. I backed slowly away.

All at once, a human sized section of the ancient wall began to glow, pulsing like a transparent heart. The old man tensed. The whole basement was very still. The glowing stone turned a deep shade of red. From ten feet back I could feel its heat.

I heard a sound then. It was unmistakably the sound of shifting sand. Minute streams of sand began pouring from the cracks in the wall at all heights. The sand was bright red, and appeared to be extremely hot. Piles of it began to form at the base of the wall.

The old man turned toward me and I saw that his expression had changed. He looked puzzled.

"A garden," he muttered. "They told me it was like a garden!"

He turned back and put one hand against the wall. The hand suddenly disappeared from view.

"It's so hot," he said, sounding disappointed. His hands seemed to have gone through the wall. Grandpa stepped forward one step, and then was jerked forward.

"No!" he cried, "oh no!"

Something was pulling on his hand. I jumped toward him to help, but at that instant, an arm, a blood red, multi-jointed appendage, with a claw for a hand, came shooting through the wall our way, and, gripping Grandpa viscerously by the shoulder, hauled him through the wall.

He yelled for help, but his cries grew muffled as more and more of his body disappeared within the wall.

From where I stood, it looked like Grandpa was becoming part of the wall. The bricks seemed to swallow him and close up around him.

I waited several seconds, and then took a foolish chance. Mostly I wanted to save Grandpa—even in my hazy mental state, I felt compassion for him. Also, I think I was very curious.

Standing before the wall, where he had stood moments before, I reached out and touched the brick. It was hot, but not painfully so. I pressed it harder, and my hand vanished, just as his had. In one motion then, I leaned my upper body forward, keeping my legs firmly on the basement floor, and stuck my head and shoulders through.

I was not prepared for the sight that

Continued on page 7

# T-Bird Poetry

# Pilgrimage to the past

Fiction by  
by Tony Kireopoulos

place for the cities?" He was not thinking then of how necessary it was to leave years ago when the great war ravaged these very mountains he was admiring so lovingly.

\*\*\*

"His" house stood up the dirt road from the small village church, perhaps only a stone's throw. It showed signs of uncaring time. The house had been white, perhaps bright white, but over the years it had faded. The mortar between the bricks was crumbling; there were adobe patches here and there. It seemed to the boy that the patched house was a microcosm of the village, that, like the house, the villagers had attempted—some successfully, some not—to patch up their lives after too many pains.

The house appeared to him to be the largest in the village. It had been rebuilt after the war. It was two stories, and had a balcony which overlooked the garden, the town, and then the entire valley. The surrounding mountains were amazingly beautiful, and a hovering mist lent an aura of solitude to the place.

But as beautiful as it all was, there was a feeling of emptiness in the village. Perhaps because the stories his grandmother had told him were so full of life, it seemed wrong that the village should be so quiet. All the young people had left the village for the big cities, so all that were left were the old ones, those who remembered. There were no more children chasing after the animals or teasing the widows. Only silence.

As he looked out over the valley, the boy asked his uncles questions that had been puzzling him since entering this pastoral paradise. "Who would have thought that troops would march over these same mountains that had carressed these people for years? Who would have imagined that these insignificant villages would be affected by the war? Why?"

Of course, they couldn't answer him.

## Ramblings of a Crazy T-Bird (With apologies to Dr. Bob)

It's Thursday night  
No fun for me  
I stay at home  
Doing I F & T.

The night goes long.  
The time is short;  
I put in a call  
Of a desperate sort:

"Open, spot,  
Or forward hedge—  
Tell me now  
I'm on the edge."

"Let's be frank—  
This stuff I hate,  
My grade will just  
Depreciate."

"My future's bleak,  
I'm feeling lost,

My options are out,  
And opportunities cost."

I'm losing pounds,  
But getting fat;  
International trade  
Ain't where it's at.

So I manage exposure  
And cover my ass,  
But the greatest risk  
Is taking this class.

—S. O. Terik

Furthermore...

A business professor named Foster  
Warned a grad. student that it would cost her,  
But still, she showed late,  
On his nerve did it grate,  
And out of the classroom he tossed her.

## Promenade sur la Grande Jatte

What we have chosen has become  
us yet not so sure as we ourselves  
are unsure in our choosing.

In recognition lies a seed  
the only whole given hoping  
not to save its self but to cast

those parts marking an end.  
We are conscious of sensation,  
of light upon the palm

and the possibility of unity  
among the fragments of flower hinging  
on what is perceived as seed.

It bids us decide again between  
our various selves and believe  
the leaves which determine

the incline of the bud.  
To attend, as they would the sun,  
the accepted voice.

Reaching past their shade  
we fashioned a knowledge of leaving  
lain on the late door of our years.

by D.L.J.

## Love Song

The mornings are red  
mountains formed  
from the belly of a scream.

I enter the sun  
and the day becomes  
a soft, pink liquid.

I have chosen  
white robes for you.  
White robes  
with golden tassels.

In the evening you come  
to me  
in multi-colored verses,  
first salmon,  
then blue.  
Our evening song  
is as fresh and exquisite  
as a chilled gardenia.

Your body was made  
to be played  
by my hand.

LORA

## The Basement continued

greeted me.

Harshly brilliant, clay red sand — mountains of it — stretched out in all directions. Nothing else. I seemed to be poised on the crest of one dry, windblown dune. With another step, I would fall through the wall and tumble out onto a mountain of blood red sand.

The air was harsh and hot, and the sky was nearly as red as the sand. Suddenly I saw Grandpa, perhaps fifty feet below me on the hill. He was surrounded by six or seven dwarf-sized creatures. They seemed to be examining his hands, and they had removed his bandages.

Each creature was as red as a ripe tomato.

One of them, seeing me as it turned back to look at the hill, let out a piercing squeal, and all at once, four of the creatures came charging back up the hill, leaving two to guard Grandpa. They moved with amazing speed upon the sand, like insects that have evolved in an arid region.

I pulled back hard at the last possible

moment, just as their bobbing little heads reached my level on the dune. Their faces were puffy and contorted — much smaller than ours, with wide noses and tiny puckered mouths. Their eyes were like predatory animal eyes, cold and unfeeling.

I fell back into the basement, just as a bright red claw came lunging through the brick. The arm probed blindly around for several seconds (apparently the whole body couldn't come through) and then withdrew, as I backpedaled further.

I was safe at least. The brain fog was wearing off, too. I looked to Grandpa's corner. There, tucked behind some old books, was the chest he had spoken of. I picked it up, and after cleaning up most of the red sand (I couldn't sweep all of it out of the cracks in the floor) and the bloody mess, and the tiny fire in the metal box, I walked up out of the basement.

Turning first at the bottom of the stairs, I noticed that the wall no longer glowed. I tucked the little chest under my arm and proceeded up to the kitchen.

Dotterer Interview Con't \*

## Tight Money Policy elicits creative accounting

the current tight money policy by altering or changing certain accounting methods?

B.D.: Well, the financial press would say yes. And one particular area we've already mentioned is the matter of pensions, of increasing the earnings assumption to decrease the current pension cost. The financial press has also suggested that creative accounting, which may not be quite proper, is even being engaged in, even at the lower levels of the organization where middle managers are pressed to produce profit goals. When they can't do it legitimately, they falsify the records somewhat.

Das Tor: A few years ago, when inflation was much higher than it is today, GATT began requiring corporations to adjust for the changing dollar by restating financial statements using constant dollars. Recently in an article in Forbes magazine, financial analysts reported they didn't make much use of the price adjusted data. Are analysts justified in disregarding these price adjustments?

B.D.: No I don't think they're justified in not using it. In fact, I would tend to feel that the use of price level adjusted statements ought to be expanded. If inflation goes down and stays down there's no need for it at all. If inflation is down now but has been up in the past there is still a need for adjustment, especially in the distortion of depreciation. One year of no inflation does not correct the depreciation problem. I guess I'm expecting the rate of inflation to continue.

Das Tor: In your class one day, you described it "unfortunate" that Pres. Reagan retracted his statement that the corporate tax on dividends be removed. What is generally misunderstood about the

corporate tax on dividends?

B.D.: I don't really have the background to answer that question, but I suspect that the greatest confusion about the corporate tax, with the respect to being a good tax or not being a good tax, is that the tax is widely viewed as being a tax on the rich. The image of those who collect dividends is those who are wealthy. The fact of the matter is, the corporation itself has already paid tax on its income, and on a price level adjusted basis, perhaps a very high level of tax, in some cases a confiscatory tax on its income. Major holders of large corporate stocks are not just wealthy people; they're pension trusts. Beneficiaries of pension trusts are common workers. So what has happened is common workers are having their monies, which are invested by the pension fund in corporate common stocks, taxed at 40 or 50 percent, perhaps 70 percent adjusted for inflation. The burden of the tax is being borne by middle income taxpayers to a far greater extent than they realize. If the wealthy taxpayer can have his own personal corporation, which pays tax at 40 percent, and pays no dividends using capital gains techniques, etc., the wealthy individual may well find the small corporation to be a tax shelter.

Das Tor: What have you enjoyed most about teaching at Thunderbird?

B.D.: I've enjoyed teaching for many years. I taught at the community college for 15 years. Perhaps, contrasting that with AGSIM, one of the real pleasures at AGSIM is a highly motivated student body. I think that is one of the biggest contrasts; at least they let me think they're motivated. An interesting student body for sure.

## Computer Industry still in infancy

Continued from page 11

highlighted in another article in this weeks issue) it was pointed out that the computer industry is still in its infancy. After seeing the current state of the industry during my tour, the advances which are certain to come in artificial intelligence, robotics, and in telecommunications seem exciting. Although, as Vijay points out, there really isn't any substitute for human judgement in management, finance, and marketing, some knowledge of computers, apart from being fascinating, is starting to seem as necessary a skill as knowing how to operate a car or a telephone. An ancient Confucian proverb idealizes the ability to bend with the wind and adapt to changing circumstances. In this case the direction of the wind is clear. I wonder how willing we are to bend.

1. mainframe is a buzzword for a large computer

2. one byte is nothing more than an 8 digit number and one megabyte is equivalent to one million eight digit numbers. In comparative terms 64 megabytes is about 1200 times as large as my \$500 Atari home computer.

## More on G-Dorm

Continued from page 11

accident back home, Brent was hit by a drunk driver, and Marco injured his leg in aerobics class. Needless to say, Bruce, Choi, Julie, Pam, Elani, Belinda, John and all of the others lived in constant fear of being next. There was a mass migration out of G after fall semester. Only John was brave enough to stay. For some odd reason, the spring semester occupancy was rather low.

To the new occupants, the former G dormers wish you luck. You may need it. The mystique of old G will be gone. We hope that the curse went with it!

A critic is a legless man who teaches running.

Channing Pollock

A criminal is a person with predatory instincts who has not sufficient capital to form a corporation.

Howard Scott

## Heathcotte Interview:

## FORAD System shows positive NPV

by Christy Grieff

"Excuse me, Dr. Heathcotte, do you have a few minutes?" "Sure, c'mon in" he said as he stood crouched over a FORAD printout.

Dr. Bryan Heathcotte, who earned his DBA in Finance at Indiana University, teaches Managerial Finance and Workshop in International Finance Problems. Dr. Heathcotte came to Thunderbird after teaching Finance at ASU for six years. He says there is no comparison between the two schools. At ASU there is such a narrow range of student backgrounds and besides "I don't like undergrads, they're dumb."



Dr. Bryan Heathcotte contemplates FORAD after debugging session.

DAS TOR: You have a couple sons; one in college now and one who will be starting college in the Fall. Do you advise them about what courses to take?

DR. H: With few exceptions, I picked all of the courses for them in high school. They consult me about their college course work and tend to follow my advice - so far, I've insisted that they take five years of English and science, calculus, statistics and Spanish, and no courses in marriage and dating.

DAS TOR: What is your philosophy on teaching grad students?

DR. H: You need to understand that I feel an obligation to several publics. I'm a professional employee and as a professional I sometimes feel a tension between the publics I feel I must serve. AGSIM is my direct employer and the students are my indirect employers, former and future students are my public, as well, because they are interested in the quality of the degree. Employers that come to recruit are also an indirect public because they expect certain levels of competence from our graduates. So I owe an obligation to all these to try to give AGSIM students what normally passes in the academic and business world. I feel no compunction in throwing the burden of learning on students and I don't feel obligated to impart in class everything that students are expected to know - that's babying them. I try to guide them. I'm more interested in the students later perception of me than their present one.

DAS TOR: Why is it said that your Managerial Finance is the toughest course at AGSIM?

DR. H: Managerial Finance oppresses all students everywhere. The subject is difficult due to its eclectic nature. Economics, accounting, math, theory - there are not too many people enamored with the process of developing the skill necessary to bring them all together. I expect a lot from students on my exams; they're the kind you can't partially study for. They are an incentive not to do shoddy work. AGSIM students are grown men and women and they like a challenge, even though it may scare them to death while they're in it. But when it's over, they feel good about having mastered the challenge.

DAS TOR: What do you think are the major strengths and weaknesses of an AGSIM education?

DR. H: I once read a study on international education. Large MNC's we've studied to determine what criteria they employed in picking employees likely to turn in a successful overseas performance. In the end, no universal criteria emerged, but most of the participants would probably agree on one thing for sure. Two prerequisites for success are the willingness to learn a foreign language and having the right spouse. I'd like to believe that what we do to students here is of great value. I'm sure we build favorably on their backgrounds. The best thing we do for students is assemble them here. Where firms can economically and efficiently seek students truly committed to an international business career. While the students are here, we try to give them the best international business education that time and cost constraints will allow. Because of these constraints, we can't do a great job in any area - business, language and international studies - but, taken as a whole, we have a fine program.

DAS TOR: You were instrumental in bringing the FORAD Game to the Finance Workshop. Tell me something about FORAD and the bugs you're trying to iron out.

DR. H: FORAD is a computerized simulation game that allows them to make a very large set of decisions, approximately 70, at the beginning of each simulation quarter, approximately 70, and to suffer the results of those decisions. The MNC consists of a U.S. holding company which wholly owns German and British operating companies. The teams must decide: What currency to invoice in; what transfer prices to use between German and British subs; what length of collection and payment periods; what dividends to pay; etc. What the students don't know about the coming quarter is: how the exchange rates and interest rates are going to move; the inflation effects on costs and sales; how many units of sales to expect; etc. At the beginning of each quarter they receive an economic report that gives them clues to these values. The actual values are selected by Dr. Dickie and myself - we are the central banks and governments. The beauty of the game is that it is interactive. The student inputs his estimates based on the economic report, makes the 70 decisions, and simulates the outcome. If he doesn't like the outcome, he can change his decision. However, the results are a function of his forecasts. If he wishes to test the sensitivity of his decisions, he may hold them constant and change his estimates. In the beginning, Wall Street Journal reality and FORAD reality are the same. Then they diverge, and where FORAD reality goes is up to Dr. Dickie's imagination. This semester, he had Reagan re-elected and the dollar strengthened. There were several bugs, in the program but we have most of them worked out. We hope to have it bug-free for Fall.

Lee Remmers of INSEAD in France is the designer of FORAD. As soon as I read about it, I sent for it. It took us one and a quarter years to convert it to our system because it was written in Fortran Dec 20 and our computer is not compatible with Dec 20 Fortran. It sat at Data Processing for a year because, at that time, we didn't have the competence to convert it. When Bob Foulke took over he said it would still take eight months, unless we hired an outside programmer. President Voris provided \$3500. From the president's council funds, which enabled us to hire, Mike Diross, who converted it in a couple of months. Then we had to get the bugs out. It ran, but there were bugs in the logic. Some were introduced in the conversion and some came with the game from France. One and a half years ago, only two schools in the U.S. had the game up and running. I don't know how many there are now but it can't be many, because it is very complicated. The game is especially designed for courses like WB 525.

## OFF The Wall

## Thunderbird Maintains Military tradition

By Joe Mama San and The Leprachuan

Thunderbird a graduate school dedicated to the training of tomorrow's international business leaders? Forget it. It would be a safer bet guessing that this place is a day care center. New evidence amassed by Das Tor's two most devoted seekers of the truth unmistakably points to the fact that Thunderbird is a front for a highly sensitive national war center, located directly beneath this campus. The idea to use students as a front to avoid detection by the KGB originated within the CIA in 1946. Before that time, Thunderbird as a senior citizens home. But national security received priority and the old folks were bumped about seven miles west. We now know it as Sun City. Find this all a bit hard to swallow? You say, "The Thunderbird Mystique; is that in invention of the CIA also? Propagated to throw a wrench in the cogs of the relentless Russian KGB?" Actually, it was originally the idea of a Madison Ave. advertising agency. The Thunderbird Mystique was to be marketed as the perfect perfume for the young women of tomorrow. The name was later changed to "Charles," and the CIA bought the rights and the advertising campaign for the "Mystique" name. Now the "Thunderbird Mystique" is just the aura that surrounds you from eating the food in the cafeteria that is loaded with radioactive mind altering drugs. Now you know why you feel so bad. Who ever felt good after eating Uranium 238? Let us examine some of the evidence. Perhaps if we shed some light upon them you will be better able to understand what you have probably taken for granted every day of your "school?" life here.

• Dr. Voris is actually a nuclear physicist. His sultan is a result of years of work with radioactive isotopes while developing nuclear weaponry. All those trips to China? Forget it. He's been at Camp David all those weekends, with Steven Beaver, discussing the recent MX missile controversy. To these men no controversy exists. The MX has already been deployed, right here on campus. The storage shed behind the post office if certainly a storage shed, but it stores enough nuclear warheads to lay the entire planet to waste. But this is not the only missile launching site on "campus." What ever happened to that other pool in the quad, you might have wondered. Dense-Pak. That's right. Forget about Cheyenne, Wyoming, and all the ranchers and farmers complaining about being the

target of Andropov imperialist ambitions. Those guys were CIA agents interviewed by Dan Rather, et al., as a ruse to draw Soviet attention from the real missile sites right here at T-Bird. The new TAC being built during the height of the controversy raises interesting questions. The TAC is actually the War Room. The nerve center of the U. S. national defense system. Finding this hard to believe? Then why does the Flag of the day always coincide with the country experiencing the latest CIA sponsored insurgency? This place is crawling with CIA agents. Be careful what you say. Let us examine this point more closely.

• Dr. Gullick is really a Richard Nixon clone; the real Richard Nixon never returned from China. His plane took off, but was never heard from again. It was actually Dr. Gullick who ordered the bugging of the Democratic headquarters at Watergate. He has been a crack CIA agent for years. Don't let those plaid suits fool you.

• Prof. Mahoney, who is now in Oxford, will never be coming back. It has been discovered by the CIA that is a double agent for the KGB. His original assignment was to swing the West German elections in favor of the Kohl government which favored deployment of American arms (which Dr. Voris was so feverishly designing). Agent, or should we say comrade, Mahoney is being left out in the cold.

• Bob Foster is really Mo Udall, 1984 Presidential hopeful, also former CIA agent. He was an agricultural warfare specialist for the previous two Administrations, and author of the special White House paper, "Corn Weaponry Diplomacy." He felt we had enough surplus corn in the U. S. to inundate the Soviet Union, in a first strike, under 500 feet of popcorn.

• The new Chinese students on campus: Taiwanese reactionaries, studying U. S. CIA techniques, and plotting the invasion of mainland China.

• The Mexican grounds crew; innocuous looking? Try again. They are not even Mexican. They are the 1976 Cuban Olympic Basketball team that was sent over during the 1980 Jimmy Carter Charity Boatathon from Havana to Key West by Castro (who happens to be graduate of T-Bird 1956).

• The guy in the Post Office really is a nervous wreck. It's not a CIA ruse.

• There are NO gays on campus. That's right, no gays.



What about the Das Tor article, and Dick and Jane? Point one, there are no gays. This is a rumor instigated by Tass. It's simply a Russian plot, designed to keep the CIA people busy by occupying their time investigating the numerous closets on "campus." That leads into point two, which implicated Das Tor in the conspiracy. Through their "freeze frame" feature, they have been bombarding the student population here with subliminal messages, such as "drink at the Pub on Thursdays," and "There really will be more companies interviewing on campus in the Fall." Das Tor plays a pivotal role in controlling the emotional state of the student population. Oh yes, Dick and Jane? Nope. Guess again. Boris and Natasha, happily married and living in Budapest.

• The signs of radioactivity are apparent everywhere you look:

- Why is it so hot here? Underground seepage of radioactive waste is the real reason. The sun could never get that hot.

- Those Dutch guys were only 5'3" when they arrived here. Now look at them. It's not from consuming a keg of beer a night, friends!

• Wallace Reed is in reality Willis Reed, Ex-Captain of the World Champion New York Knicks. He has similar designs on power, just like former teammate Bill Bradley in the New Jersey Senate.

• The rumor that the CIA smuggled Hitler out of Germany as the Russians poured into Berlin in April 1945 is true. He is here. Next time you are in the Pub look closely at the mustache and eyes of Country Bob. He is as Aryan as they come. Adolf is here.

• Let's just examine the list of some little known T-Bird grads, Quaddafi, Idi Amin, Jim Jones, Father Guido Sarducci, Yasser Arafat and Bing Crosby. At least one of them made us laugh.

• Prof. Bossert is a Russian defector, schooled in the art of misinformation.

The evidence goes on and on. AGSIM is a front for covert CIA activities and it is the nerve center of our nuclear armament system. So why are we all here? According to Ed Ranger, who really does live in the back room of the Pub, and is rumored to be a CIA big wheel, you've all been duped by the CIA and are not even collecting Level G pay for it. Take care and be careful, we'll be watching.

# Former intelligence analyst becomes T-Bird

by Stuart Winchester

Jerry Putnam came to Thunderbird after retiring from the U.S. Air Force. As an Intelligence Analyst, Putnam served duty in Scotland, South Korea, Thailand, and the United States. He began his career as a crew member in transport aircraft and later went to air rescue. A short time thereafter, he embarked on an eleven month training program to become an intelligence officer. Mr. Putnam has since had extensive experience analysing information on U.S. security interests throughout the world. Here are extended excerpts from a recent interview with Mr. Putnam concerning U.S. security interests.

**DAS TOR:** Briefly tell us about your career as an intelligence officer for the U.S. Air Force.

**MR. PUTNAM:** "As an analyst, I supported operations around the world and had access to a lot of information. I soon took an interest in specific things which resulted in me going to Washington to work on special projects directly for the Operations Department. I tended toward viewpoints that were contrary to the popular way of thinking.

**DAS TOR:** Would you share with us some of those viewpoints?

**MR. PUTNAM:** Well, the business in Europe about the deployment of missiles is for the European governments a difficult political problem because of the grass roots opposition. There is a lack of understanding of NATO's serious disadvantage with conventional weapons in Europe and the ability to reinforce there fast enough in the event of a war. We need something to offset that to at least keep our conventional forces viable there. There is less danger of an all out war if we emphasize tactical weapons over strategic ones. Of course, no one wants an all out affair, especially the military people who I think understand better the consequences of a nuclear war.

**DAS TOR:** Recently, one of the Joint Chiefs of Staff went on record by saying he prefers a buildup of conventional weapons over nuclear ones. Do you agree?

**MR. PUTNAM:** I totally agree with that viewpoint. They are in the long one, less potentially dangerous although they can be quite destructive just as they were during World War II. Fire bombing in Germany did more damage than the two atomic bombs. In order to maintain a viable force the U.S. has usually struck a balance between an arsenal of strategic and conventional weapons.

Now of course, cost is such a determining factor in the composition of an arsenal.

**DAS TOR:** How accurate is the information you retrieved from intelligence sources?

**MR. PUTNAM:** It's accurate. We know fairly well the extent and location of Soviet nuclear tests in addition to the capabilities of their weapons.

**DAS TOR:** What is your viewpoint on the sale of technology to Third World Nations or even to the Soviets?

**MR. PUTNAM:** Well, definitely you don't slit your own throat by selling technology to the Soviets and of course if you sell it to Third World countries other than your NATO allies or perhaps the Japanese, there is always the possibility that it will get into the wrong hands as it has done so many times in the past. I also think we have a moral responsibility to not sell surplus military hardware which is usually outdated and increases the tendency for countries to spend a lot of money unnecessarily on arms, i.e. South America.

**DAS TOR:** What aspects of Reagan's foreign policy do you like or dislike?

**PUTNAM:** Well, I agree with most of what Reagan and Schultz are doing with respect to NATO. We are doing better now than we have in years in terms of relating our moves to them - letting them know what we plan to do and letting them have an opinion which we shouldn't ignore. As a consequence, we now have more support from England and Germany. However, the business in Central America... I'm very leary of what is going on. There are other ways to deal with the problem although I haven't had information on that for a couple of years so I'm a little out of date. The general approach now is a action-reaction whereby the involvement of the Cubans and Soviets, and the U.S. continues to escalate.

**DAS TOR:** Do you think Reagan is supporting a losing cause?

**MR. PUTNAM:** In the sense that we don't seem to be forcing the governments, for instance, El Salvador to promote land reform on an improved democratic basis. Our efforts on El Salvador and Nicaragua should be low key and long term. I think that Reagan's purpose of backing the rebels in Nicaragua is to maintain pressure on the Sandinista government - to keep them from expanding their revolution into the countries around them. However,

the solution lies in land reform which has always been a problem. Even in Mexico, there is a tremendous chance of an urban revolution due to the enormous amount of poor in urban areas.

**DAS TOR:** Turning now to the other side of the world, one can also find threats of communist insurrections. What do you think of the presence of Vietnam in Cambodia?

**MR. PUTNAM:** Well, the presence of the Vietnamese in Cambodia is an improvement over the previous regime which was an extreme group that caused the death by starvation of millions of Cambodians. One thing we should keep in mind about the countries experiencing left wing communist revolutions, is that they are not Communist with a capital C. Rather, they are Nationalist Parties - National Revolutionary Parties. To see the Vietnamese as a threat to the area should be considered in a historical content in the sense they have always been.

**DAS TOR:** In the near future, the U.S. is likely to increase its focus on Southeast Asia as an area which offers better investment opportunities relative to other areas in the world. Do you foresee potential conflicts of American business interests with the left wing governments of Southeast Asia?

**MR. PUTNAM:** Well, the reason Vietnam can stay in Cambodia is because the previous government completely destroyed the infrastructure and social fabric of that country. I think that Cambodians and the Vietnamese will want to improve their lot how ever they may be able to do it. If the US treats each of the countries as countries rather than blocs of communist factions, I don't foresee a great deal of conflict.

**DAS TOR:** When we speak of democracy and communism, the two superpowers come to the forefront. Are we headed for detent or another Cold War?

**MR. PUTNAM:** It seems to me that given the attitude five years ago, we are moving more, not necessarily toward detent, but toward a real reduction in arms. All of this depends on what the US Congress does about voting money to develop some of the talks in Geneva. If the Congress votes down or does not vote enough money to allow us a bargaining lot, there will be no reduction.

## Asia-Pacific Bloc viewed as sound investment

Most AGSIM students are aware of the growing economic interdependence among nations. Potential for development is also great with different areas of the world offering certain advantages and disadvantages for investments. The Asia-Pacific Bloc is endowed with three advantages: 1.)low country-risk, 2.)high growth, and 3.)mutually supportive balance between the bloc economies.

The country-risk factor is low according to a 1982 survey of financial executives. The survey revealed that further improvements have been made in the Asia-Pacific Economic Bloc which is comprised of eleven "free" economies: Australia, New Zealand, Indonesia, Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, Taiwan, Hong Kong, South Korea, the Philippines and Japan. The majority of the countries have shown marked improvement over the last four years relative to other countries throughout the world. The implications are that the area is viewed by financial institutions as a safe region for investment.

In terms of growth, the area has posted superior economic performance. The entire group of countries have had an average 9% real annual economic growth throughout the 1970s whereas the OECD countries have only achieved a 3.3% growth rate. The best reflection of the region's growth is seen in their world trade performance. IMF statistics indicate that Japanese exports account for 6.3% of world trade in 1970, increasing to 7.1% in 1980. Within the same period, the Southeast Asian Nation's (ASEAN) share rose from 2.1% to 3.7%. Unfortunately, since most of the Asian Bloc's economies are export led, they have suffered during the recent recession due to a weak demand in the industrialized countries. However, the consensus among most financial analysts is that this is a temporary phenomena which will reverse itself as the world emerges from the recession. Furthermore, the majority of the Asian-Bloc countries are actually sound since measures were taken to develop domestic capital. Perhaps for no other stronger reason, they have suffered less than many of the South American economies during the recession. The Asian Bloc economies are characterized by rapid growth, brought about through the promotion of both exports and domestic capital investment in countries which have sought soundly based industrialization.

Coexistence in the region is amiable which creates a complementary interlocking of supply and demand that stimulates development unlike many African economies. For example, an industrialized country like Japan promotes export efforts of the lesser developed countries by importing their goods. In addition, Japanese exports of capital goods to improve technology in these countries helps the capital formation process.

Providing that there is not a major shift in world trade, the prospects for continued economic growth and capital investment remains good. It is hoped that the continued growth will develop greater domestic demand which in turn, should add further impetus to the high growth rates.

## Parker opens channels to oval office

Some people might think that organizing a bus trip of T-Birds on a journey to Las Vegas might cause one to join a convent or the French Foreign Legion afterwards. For Kathy Parker, the current ASLC president, organizing the Las Vegas trip marked the beginning of her involvement in campus activities.

Kathy was elected president of the Associated Students Legislative Council during the spring semester and will remain in office until November 2. In a recent interview President Parker discussed the role of the ASLC, her duties as President and the most pressing concerns of her administration.

The road to Thunderbird has been a fascinating one for Kathy. Her father worked for Braniff in the U.S. and South America. Despite many years and many different homes, her family settled down in Seattle. She received her undergraduate degree from the University of Washington in political science, with minor study in Arabic and Italian.

After an extended stay in Italy, Kathy became a secretary in the Foreign Service, working in embassies throughout South America.

While Kathy was attending graduate school at the University of Hawaii, she noticed an ad in the paper about an interesting school in Arizona. The school offered an internationally oriented Masters degree - the perfect supplement to her Masters degree in Spanish. She applied to Thunderbird, and a year later came to school here.

During her first and second semester at Thunderbird, Kathy was actively involved in a number of activities and clubs before deciding to run for the ASLC presidency. "At first, the ASLC seemed to be a powerless organization", Kathy stated, "no one had heard of it, and there were few channels of communication between the students and faculty and administration."

The most pressing needs of the current ASLC, according to Kathy, are the upgrading of the curriculum and image of Thunderbird. "Students are severely handicapped by the lack of computer training," Kathy said. "We are competing against programs that stress these important subjects."

"The basic academic strengths of Thunderbird lie in the tripartite curriculum and its continual updating," Kathy continued. "We need to keep revitalizing our programs in order to keep our curriculum relevant. Unfortunately, we're behind in computers now." According to Kathy, students must remember that Thunderbird is above all a management school. The MIM holder needs to have competitive business skills with which to enter the business world.

One of the avenues that has been proposed for these purposes is the Core curriculum. Kathy noted that this would require each graduate to have completed a number of fundamental courses before graduation. Hopefully, the T-Bird graduate would leave Glendale with a strong base in various subjects. The major disadvantage would be the addition of a fourth semester to many students stay at Thunderbird. Studies have shown that this attracts a large number of T-Bird students.

Kathy points out that ASLC efforts are aimed at strengthening the existing courses already offered. Examples of proposed segments to the core curriculum are:

international finance, computer, international management, and marketing (400 level), business policy and the specialization in one area or service sector. "A course integrating the knowledge acquired at Thunderbird would be essential," Kathy stated, "most Master's programs require a thesis or some element linking the knowledge required."

Through these efforts, Kathy stressed that the ASLC is not trying to antagonize, but to strengthen existing programs. "The IS department is a good example of trying to keep course offerings up-to-date; the courses they are offering are excellent and continuously revised," remarked Kathy.



Kathy Parker, who left her position as Das Tor Copy Editor to become ASLC president, will remain in the oval office until November.

These curriculum changes aren't limited to the excellent IS offerings. "Every sector of AGSIM is willing to bend over backwards in keeping the program excellent," Kathy continued. "As an example, the language I am taking, Arabic, has been an incredible experience. The teachers are enjoyable and excellent. They are committed to maintaining a strong modern language department."

In giving advice to new students, Kathy has no shortage of advice. "The MIM doesn't only consist of coursework. Students need to involve themselves in situations where they can learn from other students also. This is one of the greatest resources available at Thunderbird," Kathy continued. "The MIM consists of an integrated whole."

Kathy arrived at Thunderbird with no clear idea of where she wanted to direct her career. She credits her interactions with activities and coursework with helping provide distinctive direction. "Students need to take advantage of the wide range of activities available to them," Kathy added.

Of practical importance is the need to waive as many 300 level courses as possible. "This will allow greater specialization and the chance to take broader range of classes."

In summarizing her role in the ASLC, Kathy believes it is her task to make the student government have a voice in campus affairs. This voice should provide direction and be as frictionless as possible.

"What this current group of ASLC members does will probably be fully felt in two semesters. Hopefully, we will augment programs that will add to the long-term quality of education and life here," Kathy concluded.

## Letters Cont. gay assertions debated

Dear Editor:

This letter is a refutation of Dick and Jane's demand that society accept their perverted sex preference in your article entitled: "Gay Oasis for alumni network," dated June 28, 1983.

Just as I don't condone the adulterer or fornicator, I cannot condone the (gay's) sex preference. Dick and Jane indicated that their only difference with society is sex preference. That settles the whole issue because sex preference does not entitle them to any preferential treatment from society. They are no better or worse than any other forms of perverters. Their sexual activities are certainly unnatural (and it doesn't take much knowledge in biology to figure it out). They are also perversions of the mind.

Like all other sex perverters, (gays) may continue their sex preference, but please don't demand that society accept sexual perversion as wholesome and clean. By the way, I know that they are everywhere.

Roy Thong

## Beirut Survivor... Continued

all foreign forces from Lebanon, including our own one day, so that Lebanon can define its own destiny, hampered by the whims of powers so much stronger than itself.

From my own vantage point, Israeli intransigence is the main obstacle towards that end. I would ask them to cooperate, as it would contribute so much to the tomorrow's peace.

The second step, which will require even more compromise on the part of the Israelis is the recognition of Palestenians rights to self-determination and autonomy. Can't Israel offer the Palestenians a homeland with the same respect for human dignity which the Jews for so many long years pleaded the world show them?

What I would ask now if my friends, family and Americans in general who might listen, is that we continue to support the rebirth of Lebanon. This is not El-Salvador or Vietnam. In Lebanon we stand for national unity and democracy. The majority of Lebanese, an overwhelming majority, not only support us but count on us for the success of this effort. The American initiative may be one of the last hopes to break this vicious cycle of violence and terror. Your support is that imperative.

I thank you for your concern. Continue to send your energy to those less fortunate than myself and their families.

## Honeywell continued

more affordable level we will see their use in homes like we are currently seeing with microcomputers. Some models already can walk a dog and have a vocabulary of about 1000 words.

Q. Are there opportunities for AGSIM students in the computer industry?

A. Certainly. Corporate marketing, management and finance skills are always in demand, particularly when those skills are international in scope. Most of our marketers don't have an engineering background but obviously some understanding about computers would make an individual that much more competitive in landing a job.



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# After Cairo Culture Shock, T-Bird archaeologist digs Egypt

Thad Rasche had a nice job in Columbus, Ohio. There seemed to be more than ample opportunity for professional growth and advancement. Thad seemed to enjoy the work and was insured of a quiet and secure future.

When a friend mentioned to Thad the possibility of an opening for an artist on an archaeological expedition in Egypt, sponsored by the University of Chicago, it only took Thad a few seconds to think it over. To the consternation of many, he was soon leaving for Cairo, saying goodbye to family, job and friends. Due to the hostilities in the M.E. many of those who knew him expected him to return home in a casket.

Thad, currently a Thunderbird student in his first semester, had little to prepare him for entering the world of archaeology. He graduated in economics from Miami University of Ohio. He had no interest or knowledge of ancient history, in fact, he had never been outside the United States. His closest tie to archaeology was a year spent in art school, which he referred to as "a year of art lessons."

From that epitome of Middle America, Columbus, Ohio, Thad flew directly to Cairo. "I couldn't have been more shocked when I arrived at the airport," Thad explained. "'cultural shock' was the perfect word for it. I couldn't understand a word that was being said or had any idea of what was going on. Luckily, someone helped me get a cab. Here I was, exhausted and on my first visit to a foreign country, roaring into the Cairo night at what seemed 90 miles an hour. Everywhere there were people, and noise, and traffic. It was like I had landed on another planet. My first inclination was to get on the plane and go back home."

Upon meeting some of the other members of the expedition, the group decided to venture into Cairo during the daylight. The chaos and noise were even more overwhelming by day.

A few more days were spent resting before an airplane trip to Luxor was arranged. "When we got into the air it was amazingly evident how Egypt existed on such a narrow band of land along the river," Thad remarked. "The rest of the country is sand and desert."

To the pleasant surprise of the staff, the staff house in Luxor, for the eight expedition members turned out to be a large colonial home made in the 1930's by the British. It was staffed by 28 workers.

The two types of professionals on the expedition staff were artists like Thad, and

Egyptologists. The artists were concerned with recording the findings of the expedition. Almost all of this work consisted of copying inscriptions and hieroglyphics in temples under investigation. The Egyptologists were mainly concerned with deciphering, comparing and checking the texts that were recorded. There was no digging involved, but mainly recording the minute details of what had previously been discovered.



Thad relaxes at a Luxor Mataam.

For the artists, the recording of these inscriptions proved to be painstaking labor. It took about five and a half weeks to record the art on just one column in the temple. The theme of these drawings was invariably of a religious nature, depicting the king offering some sort of appeasement or supplication to the gods. These temples were built mostly during a 100 year period that was presided over by Tutankhamen. The temples represented Egyptian art at its zenith.

The Luxor area had been a center for Egyptian civilization during the 18th dynasty. The fantastic antiquities of the area constituted a great treasure that remains remarkably intact after 3500 years. This makes the task of archaeology easier

since the overall objective of Egyptology is to recreate the why and how of the Egyptian civilization of this period.

After four years of immersion in the culture of ancient Egypt, Thad grew tired of constantly living in the past. The entire conversation on the expedition revolved around work. Thad explained that the competition among Egyptologists is so intense that only persons totally involved in the subject can hope to succeed.

There was no getting away from archaeology. The major forms of entertainment were forays into the books and long hikes in the spectacular desert around Luxor. These hikes proved to offer the only form of real physical exercise.

The expedition lasted each year from October to May—the mildest months weatherwise. The other six months were spent in the U.S. completing the drawings that remained. Since this work didn't require a specific location, Thad was free to choose a spot to operate from. He and a friend chose a beach house near Charleston. Here he could work at random on his work, and pursue other interests concurrently.

In an experiment to decide if he really enjoyed business, Thad enrolled in a finance course at the University of Charleston. Through this course, Thad became friends with the professor, a former Key-man. The professor highly recommended Thunderbird for its emphasis on international business and cultural studies. Another program highly attractive was one offered by the University of South Carolina that offered 2 masters degrees for three years work. The program required a summer at Georgetown, a year and a half at Cairo University and the remainder at South Carolina.

The decision to attend school at Thunderbird came with no regrets at leaving Egypt and the archaeological world. The monetary aspects and unavailability of advancement beyond a certain level, convinced Thad that archaeology was no real way to make a living. Thad and his wife decided to journey west and attend Thunderbird.

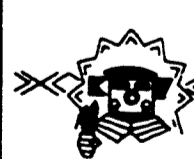
Commenting about the T-Bird program, Thad has good things to say about the student body. "The student body is a fascinating group—not your typical MBA group, this has been a pleasant surprise." The only drawback is living in Glendale. Maybe Thunderbird should consider a move to somewhere comparatively cooler and prettier—like Egypt.

## Aunty Zizi's brings Mid East to Glendale

For those of us who have forgotten the joys of Middle Eastern cooking while at Thunderbird, we need not lament any longer. Close to campus (51st and Thunderbird), a pleasant and welcome oasis has sprung up. Amidst a wasteland of fast-food burgers and synthetic tacos, Aunt Zizi's is a welcome sight.

Pat Brooks, the owner of Aunt Zizi's arrived in the Valley last year from Ohio. After growing up with Middle Eastern and Greek cooking, she found a void in the food offerings of the area and decided to personally remedy the situation. On May 20 she took over what was formerly Joe's Deli in Alpha Beta center.

For those who dream of a good gyro, heavenly baklava or Greek delights, Aunty Zizi's will prove a treasure.



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# Honeywell shares trade secrets

by Jim Parker

In light of the growing interest in computer awareness at AGSIM I was asked to take a tour of the Honeywell Deer Valley plant and write an article about what is going on in the computer industry. Of course, one trip does not make me an expert, yet, I'd like to share with you some of what I learned about the manufacture of very large scale computers, Honeywell style.

Honeywell, as most readers are aware is a multinational corporation. Worldwide it employs over 94,000 people in 92 different countries. In 1982 Honeywell's revenue totalled \$5.5 billion. Major customers of Honeywell include the Department of Defense, members of the Fortune 500 and major universities. Consequently the products and services provided by Honeywell show a great deal of diversity. For the Defense Department, Honeywell produces torpedoes and conventional weapons. On-board navigation systems are made for commercial airlines and other products include infrared and thermal imaging sensors, security systems and computers.

Organizationally, Honeywell is divided into five business units which align its products and services with its major markets: computers, aerospace and defense, environmental and industrial process controls, electronic components and international markets.

The Deer Valley Plant is located on Thunderbird Road facing the Black Canyon Freeway. It is part of Honeywell's Large Computer Products Division. Here, parts are shipped in from its manufacturing facilities and assembled into large, industrial use, "mainframe" computers.

The computers are built on a production line basis, after first being sold to the customer and tailored to fit his individual needs. Assembly takes about three months and then the computers are "debugged", a process of troubleshooting any flaws, this can take an additional three months. During my visit there were twenty-eight mainframes undergoing debugging and several others waiting. One of these had been sold to the Air Force to process their payroll.

When debugging is complete the computers are set up in "benchmark" (another buzzword meaning dry run) and the customer is trained on the use of the machine and works with the designers until he gets exactly what he needs.

Since a large portion of Honeywell's business is repeat sales every effort is made to insure customer satisfaction after the computer has been installed. Honeywell's Technical Assistance Center (TAC) is available to answer any technical questions by phone. If the problem requires a visit to correct, TAC will dispatch a specialist from one of its closest regional service offices.

The Deer Valley Plant manufactures several computer models. Its top-of-the-line model, the Distributed Processing Systems 88 (DPS 88) is the Cadillac of computers. Just now entering production, the DPS 88 cost Honeywell \$100 million to bring to the market. In addition to a 64 megabyte random access memory (RAM)2, the DPS 88 offers several design innovations that make it noteworthy. First most of the convention circuitry, resistors, transistors, coils and wiring have been completely miniaturized to hundreds of 2" x 3" silicon plates called micropackages. These could be thought of as large microchips. Second, the system is water cooled with hoses running in and out of the micropackages. This works more efficiently than conventional air cooling systems. Finally, a much smaller computer is used to monitor the system for malfunction. Pricing for the DPS 88 starts at \$2 million.

Inventory at Honeywell is, of course, computerized. To requisition a thousand parts of a particular item one steps up to an appropriate computer terminal and places his order with a minimum of paper shuffle and bureaucracy. Should supply fall below a designated level the computer notifies the proper person that the order forms it has just completed should be mailed.

Despite the tremendous amount of automation which has taken place the human beings who still run the machines have not been forgotten. The design of Honeywell's new \$9.5 million software development technology center has made extensive use of ergonomics, the science of human environmental engineering.

Having statistically measured that performance is best when "outside awareness" is maximized, each workstation is less than 60' from a window. The walls of each workstation are such a height to minimize noise but to allow the employee to stand up and look out the window. Phones ring softly after first being routed through a computerized answering service, colors are bouyant, chairs fit the contour of your body and to minimize paper shuffle all mail is computerized and available at the touch of a finger. One feels that he is in a rather cheerful, very efficient library.

I might best summarize by adding that during an interview with Vijay Rathnam, Senior Software Engineer at Honeywell (the main points of that interview are *Please turn to page 10*

# T-Bird & U.S. firm grow with Mid-East agriculture

by Lee Youngjohn

Saudi Arabia wants Western farming and irrigation technology and will pay handsomely to get it, according to a T-bird graduate who has been working there for the past two and one half years.

Mike Dillon, who graduated from A.G.S.I.M. in Dec. 1980, is the sole technical service representative in Saudi Arabia for Valmont Industries Inc., headquartered in Omaha, Nebraska. Valmont produces irrigation machinery.

"Our company would have had an extremely bad time during the recent recession except that we expanded into Saudi Arabia four years ago," Dillon said. "And Valmont has grown 10 times its original size since then."

Dillon, who came back for six weeks this summer through the Key Manager program to learn Arabic, said that Saudi Arabia has been a major factor in keeping U.S. and European farm machinery manufacturers alive and healthy.

Interest in agriculture has flourished since the Saudi government decided to become self-sufficient in wheat production. Tremendous incentives are offered to natives to invest in farming, said Dillon.

For example, the government provides farmers with large 10-year loans at no interest, subsidizes 30 to 50 percent of the cost of most farm machinery, is giving away land formerly owned by the royal family and pays the Saudi farmer eight times the world market price for his wheat.

Most Western companies have formed joint-ventures with Saudi companies because of financial incentives and certain government regulations, Dillon said. Valmont's partner is Alkhorayef.

As manager of all service operations and maintenance repair, Dillon works mostly in rural areas on the extensive farms of wealthy Saudis, although he is based in the city of Riyadh.

Saudis may disagree with and get emotional about the U.S. government's stand on the Israeli issue, but they don't hold a grudge against the American people, remarked Dillon. "The Saudis are extremely pro-Western and are more favorably prejudiced toward Americans than any other nationality," said Dillon. They prefer to hire Americans and Europeans to do their managing because of the traditional stigma attached to labor of any kind.

Dillon, who has traveled extensively, proclaims that the Saudis are the most gracious hosts he has ever met and feels that his attitude about Saudi Arabia has improved considerably since he began working there.

"Saudi is a great place to get experience and make money...and save money, too, because you can't spend it!" Dillon said with a laugh.

Living in this isolated and terribly conservative country is rough despite six weeks of vacation each year, he admitted. Certain cultural things take some adjusting to.

"You can never touch anyone with your left hand because they haven't invented toilet paper yet, he said. And eating meals served on a common plate on the floor

with no utensils and only one hand is definitely a challenge.

Although he is often invited into Saudi homes, because of the Islamic religious restrictions, meeting women is out of the question. Males and females are always segregated, Dillon said. Even contact with foreign women working as nurses or stewardesses is difficult, and dating is illegal.

So what does he do for entertainment? "Well, I work just about seven days a week including the public relations work that I do on Fridays, the religious holiday," responded Dillon. "But when I do have free time, I ride dirt bikes in the desert, watch videotapes and drink bootleg liquor and homemade hooch."

Actually, with the exception of liquor and a few other foods outlawed by Islam, foreign products are highly available in Saudi Arabia as opposed to some other Middle Eastern countries, according to Dillon. However, all Israeli products are also illegal.

And with the recent influx of foreign business personnel, housing is scarce and quite expensive, warned Dillon. Renting a two-bedroom villa runs around \$35,000 dollars per year, he said.

Dillon, 31, specialized in management and Spanish at A.G.S.I.M. and got his bachelor of arts degree from Arizona State University. He is a native of the Valley so getting used to the desert climate in the Middle East was no problem for him.

Dillon had several years of technical experience working in offshore drilling and underground mining. After being hired by Valmont, he went through a four-month training program stateside and then was shipped off to Saudi Arabia.

His lack of background in Arabic was no detriment, however. "Doing business in Saudi requires absolutely no knowledge of Arabic because all business men speak English or can pay someone who does," Dillon said. "But even just a little knowledge of Arabic gives you a distinct advantage - Saudis appreciate the effort." And proficiency in Arabic would clinch your getting a job there, he added.

Dillon had this advice for T-birds interested in working in Saudi Arabia: Get hold of English language Arabic magazines and newspaper with ads targeted to the country and send letters and resumes directly to the company owners - Saudis don't like hiring through personnel departments. But Americans are currently tending to price themselves out of the market, commented Dillon.

Dillon said he needed a break from his job in Saudi Arabia, although studying back in the U.S. and learning a language for six hours every day was equally as intense, too. He sacrificed three weeks of vacation-time and his company gave up three weeks of work-time so that he could learn Arabic, which was Dillon's idea.

Dillon is eager to return to Saudi Arabia to start practicing his newly-acquired language skills. "Now that I've got a good basic foundation, I'll be bugging everyone to teach me new words," he said.

# G-OOD Days at G-Dorm

by Ken Vandervoort

The last of the oldest dorms is being remodeled this summer. Students will have an opportunity to live in the new G dorm this fall. The old G dorm was Thunderbird's answer to preparing for international living in the bush.

No other dorm had such spacious bathrooms. It was the only place on campus where you could have an

open head-to-head conference with your friends. Each occupant had his own sink. Joe's came complete with a lizard. Mine swallowed a sock. I did get it back when the pipe rusted out. There was no light in the shower. That was just fine. You didn't want to see the floor anyway.

The living rooms were probably the best on cam-

pus. The bedrooms were o.k., if both of you went to sleep at the same time or if both studied at the same time. Otherwise, you learned how to sleep with a pillow over your head.

Fall of '82 had the group that will never forget G dorm. That was the semester of the curse. Rumor had it that G dorm was built on top of an old Air Force burial ground

and all residents were cursed.

If you don't believe this, consider the following evidence. Andre' broke his leg skydiving. Marc twisted his ankle doing the same (He was using a 3 iron as a cane), Ketan smashed his finger, Ken ripped open his hand jumping over a fence, Rob received news of a tragic

*Please turn to page 7*

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# DTs spill the beans

by Ed Ranger

This has been my most difficult assignment in my journalistic career. Bryan Prill asked me to interview the Das Tor staff for this final summer issue. Now, you're probably saying to yourself, "What's the big deal." Well I'll tell you the nature of journalists, their never ending quest for truth and documented facts makes them especially wary of a seasoned interviewer like me.

This interview was conducted at Glendale's finest Mexican diner "LaPerla." I figured the combination of frijole side orders and a constant flow of Carta Blanca and blue Margaritas would loosen them up enough to drop their guard and provide AGSIM readers with a true insight into the workings of the Das Tor power structure.

I've been trying to figure out a strategy that would elicit enough interest in the Das Tor and the staff to get y'all to read this from start to finish, word for word, rather than just a brief skim. Although most of us are conditioned in this low retention Evelyn Wood method, I think that a brief biographical sketch of these opinion makers would heighten your understanding and increase your empathy for the Das Tor staff.

Bryan Prill: a mountain of a man who physically resembles a young Lou Grant but morally and ethically is closer to Abe Lincoln or Mahatma Gandhi. The indisputable boss of the operation enjoys his role as editor while emphasizing his support of and dependence upon the tripartite system.

Constance Dugan - the ravishing blonde assistant editor who is known around the Das Tor office as the Gordon Liddy of journalism. This former school teacher is also rumored to be the power behind the throne, responsible for many of the policy and editorial decisions.

Roy Thong - this unscrutable financial wizard is the man who keeps the paper solvent. He is in charge of soliciting potential clients and the collection of their past due accounts.

Christy Grieff - a high-powered young copy editor manages to juggle a busy World Business Schedule and still have time to edit copy, (reading stories for laymen) and producing the famous or infamous "Let 'em eat rice" freeze growl.

The most amazing thing about this team is their almost complete lack of newspaper experience. They are an intuitive bunch possessing the basic prerequisites of common sense.

perspicuity and carnal knowledge. Let's now move on to the question and answer period and see how these "Rookies of the Summer" react and respond to tough probing journalistic inquiries.

YO - What does "Das Tor" mean, are they words from a UN recognized language or did your predecessors just make

ding this mysterious gate. YO - I've met a lot of people around campus who are unaware of both the ethereal "Tor" and of this newspaper. To what do you attribute this lack of interest and readership. (The DT's were speechless for a moment probably because they thought that all students took out a good portion of their Tuesdays

face, passing the newsstand, only leads to depression. The folks who say they don't have time to read Glendale's finest weekly are usually worriers and whiners anyway.

YO - What's the biggest obstacle to the weekly publication of the newspaper.

DT's - Well, actually there are quite a few Heat-cotte Managerial Finance, Bob Foster's Agribusiness and IF\*T

YO - Where did you find your all-star team of writers?

DT's - In the pub at last call.

YO - The summer Das Tor has been globally applauded for its relevant and informative stories and articles. Is it tough to dig up leads and scoops for each issue.

DT's - Not really. We have a task force which monitors the bathroom walls and many of our reporters have been inspired while eavesdropping on conversations at the Delta and Cabaret.

At this point, Roy Thong and Bryan Prill excused themselves, obviously sensing our imminent jugular attack, and walked out leaving the bill semi-hidden under the green salsa. I immediately recognized this old trick, ordered another round for myself and the young ladies, played "Vaya con Dios, my Darling" on the jukebox and resumed my cross-examination.

YO - It seems that we have reached the conclusion of this interview, and if you sweet things don't have anything else to discuss, I would like pose one final and important question. Is Das Tor picking up the tab?



Before any serious writing, editors Christy and Connie let their subconscious go to work in the 'Oasis in the Desert.'



Prill & Thong respond to accusations of never having read Das Tor.

them up for the nice symmetrical effect on the top of page one.

DT's - It's German for "the gate". We're not too sure why they chose it but the most apparent reason is that "Das Tor" serves to perpetuate the Thunderbird Mystique. People spend their whole career looking for but never fin-

or Wednesdays to devour the meaty editorials, interviews and articles either in the library, cafeteria, or the comfort of their own bathrooms. They quickly regrouped and responded:)

DT's - Those few people who don't read Das Tor have a good excuse. They never get any mail. The short walk to the post-of-

## Reich Review con't

Continued from page 2  
tines to have some degree of success in Western Europe and Japan.

Japan has gone through several major industrial transformations with government assistance and some degree of government direction. In response to competition from the newly industrializing countries, Japan first shifted in the late 1960s out of labor intensive industries such as clothing into capital goods industries with mature technologies such as steel and synthetic fibers. By the mid 1970s, Japan was losing its hold on the steel industry when faced with the competition from Korea, Taiwan, Brazil and Mexico. Japan reduced its steel capacity and has replaced that loss with increased emphasis on high technology.

The U.S. has not adapted well to such changes. Mr. Reich suggests that the U.S. should adopt an industrial policy that will encourage the move of industry into areas of high value added such as robotics and biogenetics. He proposes a "flexible-system production" approach which necessitates

a flatter organization with closer links between management and labor, and shorter production runs to better respond to shifting consumer needs.

My own feeling on this subject is that the current U.S. economic policies should be brought more in line with the economic policies should be brought more in line with the objective of promoting U.S. competitiveness. If this were done U.S. industry would respond effectively. At the present time the U.S. government continues to take protectionist measures, such as the recent imposition of tariffs and quotas on specialty steel and has failed to solve the problem of the overvalued dollar through the necessary fiscal measures to reduce the deficit. It is the wrong set of policies to encourage international competitiveness. Economic change should occur in the most efficient manner possible. The most efficient dictator of such change is the marketplace. Entrepreneurship at the edge of technology is an area where governments will fall flat on their face. We don't need an industrial policy; we need appropriate economic policies.

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