

Bobby Ramsay
Consider business before granting gays civil rights.

In last week's issue of *The Davidsonian*, Anna R. Kirkland advocated the passage of a Civil Rights Act to protect sexual orientation in her article "Grant gays legal right to protect equality & justice."

It is true that, as citizens, homosexuals should be granted the same rights as the rest of us; but an Act such as the one Kirkland extols may actually tread on the rights of many others.

Kirkland used the example of the openly lesbian mother in Virginia whose child was taken from her because she was gay. It was not noted, however, that this woman admittedly engaged in oral sex, which, strange as it may seem, is a felony in Virginia. It was this admission that was the strongest influence on the judge's decision that the mother would be a poor moral example for the child. Almost always, the children of felons are taken from them, despite the specific crime.

Another example used was the firing of several employees from the Cracker Barrel restaurant because of their sexual orientation. A Civil Rights Act such as the one Kirkland promotes would preclude this kind of action.

The Cracker Barrel, though, is a private business, and if it is losing customers because of the presence of a certain individual, then it has a right to get rid of that individual for no other reason than the survival of the business.

As an example, we will look at Joe's Deli. Joe's caters to a specific clientele. Many of the customers have been patrons for decades. One day, the meat slicer quits and Joe runs an add in the newspaper. Soon, Joe hires Al, the new guy in town who has a great deal of meat slicing experience. Business continues to flourish, and the loyal customers of Joe's Deli seem to be very happy with their sliced meat.

And then, somehow, it is dis-

covered that Al is HIV-positive. Rumors spread, and soon Joe notices that some of the regular customers haven't been to the Deli in a long time. Soon, business drops so low that Joe barely makes a profit one month.

One day, Joe is at the grocery store and overhears a few women talking about his deli. They say they would never go to a deli where some guy with AIDS is cutting the meat. Now Joe knows why business has declined. He has no choice but to fire Al.

Businesses must have business to make it, and anything that stands in the way of optimum business and profit must be eliminated.

Now, I don't know if the Cracker Barrel was losing business because of the gay employ-

ees. However, if it was, and the Civil Rights Act presented by Kirkland existed, there would be nothing that Cracker Barrel could do about it. This stands in the way of capitalism, and gives inarguable rights to one group while prohibiting the success of another.

The situation is similar for doctors. A recent article in *The Charlotte Observer* entitled "Dentists sued for dropping AIDS patients" spoke of a dental center in Houston that was sued by the Justice Department for refusing to treat an HIV-positive individual, which violated the Americans with Disabilities Act. After eight months of treatment, the patient was told in a letter: "Due to the recent discovery of your health problems, [our dental center] has decided to cease

providing you with orthodontic treatment."

First of all, AIDS patients should not be included in the group protected by the Americans with Disabilities Act. They have an infectious, incurable disease, not paralysis or a missing limb. Yes, they do deserve protection against discrimination, but not under the Disabilities Act.

Secondly, a doctor of any kind has a responsibility to protect his patients from possible health threats such as the HIV virus. If that dentist in Houston feels that the AIDS victim poses a real and unnecessary threat to his other patients, he should have the ability to discontinue service to that person.

Concerns of American businesses cannot be overlooked.

Seay Rations: Nathan Seay
I am even neurotic in the laundry.



I do my own laundry here at Davidson. No, I'm not going to complain about the laundry service. I agree 100% with Wesley Davis (wasn't his letter sweet?). The reason that I do my own laundry is that I'm such a pathetic mama's boy; I must have my clothes fluffy soft and April fresh. I think that I am the only person on this campus who is obsessed with using fabric softener. My clothes are the one part of me that smells good.

You can tell a lot about a person by observing them wash their clothes. You can spot the anal retentive, the slob, and the hopeless. I get a sort of sadistic pleasure watching people come in who have absolutely no idea how to work a laundry machine. One time (I swear this is not a joke) I was doing laundry, and a guy came in who didn't know that he needed soap to wash his clothes.

What I found out about myself is that I'm a moron. I went to the senior apartment laundry and was incredibly disappointed that there were coin slots in the washers and dryers. I cursed the school for being cheap, ran back to my apartment for quarters, and spent about three bucks before someone told me that the machines work just fine without money.

One of the biggest problems in the laundry occurs when somebody's wash is done, but they're not there to claim it. I never know exactly how to handle the situation. I look in the machine to see if the owner is male or female. If the clothes belong to a male, no problem. They're out of the machine and on the table like a hot tamale. But if I look in the drier

and I see a bunch of delicate ladies' underthings, I slam that door faster than I would on that encyclopedia guy on TV. (I had some difficulty creating appropriate similes in this paragraph. Don't question them.)

"You sexist pig. You little brown noser. Are you afraid that some girl might think you're a jerk?" Nay, nay, little bear. Plenty of girls the world over think that I'm a poor excuse for a human being already. Being called a jerk is nothing new; it happens every day. The reason I don't touch girls' laundry is that I know that this will happen: I'll get the towels, t-shirts, and all the sterile stuff out just fine. But I know that at the precise moment when both my hands are filled with dainty things from Victoria's Secret (or worse — Frederick's of Hollywood), the owner of these particular panties (God, I hate that word) will come strolling through the door. I'll freeze, blush, and look very guilty. The young lady will scream, punch me, and run into the night, yelling "Nathan Seay is a pervert" at the top of her lungs.

Some people are very polite and fold the laundry they take out of the driers. I don't want to go into why I would never fold any girl's laundry. Anybody remember *Vision Quest*? Let's just say that I've had several nightmares about getting busted as bad as the guy in that movie.

So if you're a guy and you find your laundry on a table, you're more than welcome to blame me. If you're female, don't blame me for missing underwear. There's plenty of that laying all over the laundry floor. I could have a bag full of it any time I want,



Tony Tuntasit
Women speak a different language.



I was hanging upside down in the jungle gym with my best friend Danny discussing the pros and cons of having Grover for president when all of a sudden Heather walked by and shot a loogie at me. Immediately I knew that Heather Green, the class cubby monitor, the tall brown haired girl with freckles, and the cutest girl with no front teeth, was going to be the mother of my twelve children. So I did what most five year old guys do when they're in love: I yanked her pigtails.

Life used to be so simple. Only yesterday, the woman of your dreams was that little girl who tagged you during duck duck goose. Or you could find out if a girl liked you by using one of these clever questionnaires:

Heather, do you like me? (Please check which applies)

- Yea.
- Nope.
- Sort of.
- Who are you?

As men and women get older, they start playing subversive mind games because they're afraid of showing their true feelings. They emit mixed signals, hand signals, no signals and morse code signals. Honestly don't think that men and

women speak the same language. I actually overheard the following conversation at the Duke soccer game the other night:

KATE: What did he say about what she told him about that incident he had?

JENNY: Well, he said that she wanted him to tell her that he said he wanted him to her him that he how.

KATE: Really?!!!

Perhaps women use this intrinsic code that men must somehow try to interpret and understand. I know that the guy that wrote the book *How to Understand Women and Fix a Standard Butterfly Valve Carburetor* is bloody rich.

Apparently women have the same problem understanding men. A recent issue of *YM* had the following headline: "100 Guys give inside dirt on dating, relationships and why they love the Mets." Yes, the language of the male includes philosophy, religion, literature, the sciences and mathematics which are all neatly packaged in the latest *Baseball Weekly* (This week's issue includes of an aesthetic pictorial of John Kruck using the thighmaster). Men are just suckers for sports.

And women are picking up on this:

EMILY: Um, so you're in Biology right?

BOB: Nope.

EMILY: Have you gone to the new Visual Arts Center yet?

BOB: (Whistling dixie) Uh, no.

EMILY: Did you know that the Philllies won?

BOB: The PHILLIES WON!!! Really? Wow! They're incredible! Gosh, that means they've clinched!! YAHOO!!! Emily, will you marry me?!!

Clearly, women have the clear advantage over men. They've learned that the way to a man's heart is through good old baseball. Men however have a distorted understanding of what women want that usually ends up being completely wrong.

So, to any guys out there, if you've got an incredible understanding of women, come share your knowledge with me and I'll take good notes. We'll be bloody rich.

