

Telling Is The



CRAIG DANIELS

THIS IS THE PIG PEN," ELEANOR SAYS with a flourish as she ushers me into a suite of law offices. We are almost ankle deep in popcorn. It's like this every night. She's as mystified by it as anyone.

"I couldn't imagine how it gets this way," she says, leaning a shoulder against the wall with her arms crossed. "Unless they're just sitting there and throwing it around."

"They're slowing up on the popcorn these days, and getting into potato chips and peanuts," she adds. "But there are two boxes of popcorn in the back that haven't been opened yet, so I'll be looking for more."

Eleanor has been cleaning this particular

floor in this Baltimore area skyscraper for about 1½ years and has gotten to know the people who work here fairly well without spending much time with them face to face. She gets to know them by what they leave behind. By what they throw away. The sort of things they believe become invisible in the trash can. Or on the floor.

She is one of thirty-two people hired to clean this building, with its 2,480 windows and a daily output of 1¼ tons of garbage.

They come to work at 6 p.m., waving hello to the security guard and hearing his cheery "Good evening, ladies!" in return. Picking up a ration of garbage bags in the

basement, they head to their assigned floors to begin a night's work.

Eleanor takes me on an informal tour of her floor and points out the office of the law firm's senior partner, who has a near fiendish obsession with his chair. He's worried that the cloth on the tops of the arms will be worn thin by rubbing against the underside of the desk. He becomes highly vexed if, in the morning, he finds that his chair has been pushed under his desk at night.

Eleanor makes sure that never happens and says that when she was out for a week, the man very nearly had apoplexy.

"His secretary was so glad when I came back. Oh, he's very particular about his chair," she says, indicating the seat in question. "As you can see, it's no different from

By **CONSTANCE ADLER**

Night

What Your Office Says About You After You've Gone Home

any other chair. He's just particular about it."

She takes me through the offices of an investment company down the hall and shows me the desk that belongs to the woman who's trying to convince her boss that she has quit smoking.

"It always smells like perfume around here. She's spraying it in the air so her boss won't smell the smoke. And then there's *this* young lady," Eleanor says, passing a disorderly desk. "I don't wipe it off to teach her. She has to learn to be neater. It's wrong to leave a desk like that."

"It's not so bad," I remark—a guilty vision of my own cluttered desk coming to mind.

"She should do better," replies Eleanor, unmoved. As we're on our way out, she ponders some of the more embarrassing moments on her floor. Aside from a stray brassiere in the men's room, she can't recall much except for that time she walked in on a couple one night.

"Oh, nothing was going on. She was just sitting on his lap, smiling. I just said, 'Excuse me!' And walked out. You could tell they wanted to be alone."

Tactful Eleanor, it turns out, has a sharp eye for this kind of thing. She admits that she's not above reading "love notes," as she calls them, if they're left out in the open. And illustrations to go with them. Graphic illustrations. The details of these are lost as she is reduced to incoherent giggles.

"I just put it back down on the desk," she says as she takes me through the last firm on the floor. There are two large offices, practically identical, and both have a telescope set up at the window.

"Ever look through these?" I ask, taking a peek into the telescope myself and seeing nothing.

"Oh, no. I might move it if I did. And you never know what it might be set for."

YEAH, IT'S REAL HARD TO FIGURE OUT what that's for," snorts cynical Bert, co-owner of the janitorial company that cleans this building among others. "We did a building once that was right next to a Holiday Inn. All the guys in the offices that faced the hotel had either binoculars or a telescope in them. Real hard to figure that one out," he says again.

He and Diane, principal owner of the company, both cleaned more than a few bathrooms themselves before buying their own firm. Now they are executive types. Each month they allocate \$2,500 for the care and feeding of this building.

That buys 120,000 paper towels, 1,450 rolls of toilet paper, 750 tampons, 16,400 plastic trash bags, 80 gallons of all-purpose cleanser, 54 quarts of ammonia, 50 pounds of white cotton rags, 10 gallons of wax, 2 dozen rubber gloves, and 12 mop heads. Incidentally, The Law Firm is the only one that uses toilet seat covers. And only in the women's bathroom. They go through forty-eight packs a month.

Diane and Bert also have collected a few observations on the human race in their years of experience in the janitorial industry. To wit:

Secretaries are harsher with cleaning people than anyone else. And secretaries who don't have much work to do are the worst of all.

"Those are the ones who will ask one of our ladies to get down on her hands and knees and scrub the floor," says Diane indignantly. "If their bosses don't keep them busy, their eye starts to wander, and they see things they don't like."

"And they're like little mothers taking

The building in this article is real, one of the many office towers dotting skylines in and around Baltimore. The names of members of the cleaning crew and the janitorial company have been changed.

care of their boys," says Bert, disgusted.

Or they while away the day by dreaming up ways to test the cleaning people. Some may plant a matchstick down against the baseboard.

"They'll put a date on it and everything," says Bert.

"After two weeks, they'll call me and scream, 'You never vacuum! See, this matchstick has been here two weeks. That proves that you never vacuum!'" Diane adds.

And then take bathrooms, for instance. Bathrooms are a touchy subject. Tenants are more persnickety about the bathroom than any other room in the building. It's a touchy subject for the cleaners, as well.

There probably isn't an office bathroom in the city that you can't go into one of the stalls, usually the end stall, and find a cracked seat. "Or footprints on it," says Bert—he doesn't have much patience for anything anymore. "Women are always climbing onto the toilet seat so they can see themselves in the mirror and adjusting their skirts so their slips don't show."

"Every bathroom should have a full-length mirror," says Diane with finality.

"It's a whole world here," says Bert, now in a story-telling mood. "And this place takes on a whole different life at night."

"We're like the phantoms of the night," says Diane dramatically.

"We see all kinds of things going on here," Bert goes on. "There's sex. There's . . . uh . . ."

Bert seems in danger of veering off into one of the other million human stories of the night in his office building.

"So, tell me about the sex," I prompt him.

He grins like a farmhand, and seems to have momentarily forgotten what sex is. Diane comes to his rescue.

"Well, you just never know what you're going to walk in on. One of our ladies opened the door on that kind of a scene, and she just came downstairs and said she was never going up there again!"

"Okay, okay. I got one now," says Bert. He's remembered a good story. "There's this guy up on . . . oh, I'm not gonna tell you the floor. But it was in this building."

"So this guy calls me, and he says his couch is all speckled. He says, 'One of your people must be having sex on my couch.' He immediately says it's one of us. Well, the lady who cleans his floor is what? Sixty-five years old?!" Bert is laughing hard now. "What could I do? I said I'd shampoo his couch. No charge!"

Telling Is The Night

There isn't only sex going on after everyone has left the office for the day. There are also love, heartbreak, nurturing, trickery, and soiled laundry. You just have to know where to look. And whom to follow.

Martha is my guide. The overall supervisor of the cleaning services here, she's a stern 39-year-old black woman with flashes of warmth.

"Martha is my savior," says Bert of this woman, who is reputed to be an expert at detecting slackers, laggards, liars, and cheats. I am only a little afraid of her. She takes me from one level to the next in this building and introduces me to the rest of the crew. "This is the young lady from the magazine," she tells one younger woman. "She's going to ask you some questions."

WHenever I ask Lucy a question, she stops what she is doing, turns around, props one rubber-gloved fist on her hip, and gazes at me in utter bafflement.

"You just keep asking the questions," she says, laughing and trundling her trash-can-on-wheels before her. She likes this floor pretty much, but especially likes taking care of this one company that has the great parties and often lets her take home trays of lunch meat.

"They're always entertaining people from out of town," she says as we head for another locked door. She takes out her jangling ring of keys and peeks in first to see that everyone has left for the night. We reach the office of a minor celebrity, a former government official.

"I know him well. Oh, not *that* well," says Lucy as she wipes down the receptionist's desk and arranges the pencil and message pad so they are parallel. "When he's getting ready to leave, he says to me, 'Good night.' And I say, 'Have a nice night.'"

"Do you ever look at what's on these desks?"

"I never pick anything up. I might look at the headlines on the paper or something. But I never touch anything."

I take a quick inventory of the minor celebrity's desk: pictures of John F. Kennedy, a back scratcher, a judge's gavel, a mug that says "Everything is coming up green for business in Howard County," a Kenny Rogers tape, a Diet Coke, *Getting Elected* by J. Leonard Reinsch, and the October issue of *BALTIMORE Magazine*. Satisfied, I move on.

ROSE CLEANS ONE OF THE FLOORS OCCUPIED by The Law Firm. She is a tall, almost impossibly skinny woman, about 40 years old. Her hair is done in such a severe knot at the top of her head that it seems to pull the skin of her face farther back on her skull than is comfortable. She's wiping

down a glass tabletop in one of the lawyers' offices.

"Mind if I sit down?" I ask. A night's work here requires standing for almost three hours straight. I already am having lower back pains, although we've only just started. Rose puts in a full day housekeeping at a local hospital before she comes here.

"Go right ahead," she says. "I was just getting ready to take off my shoes."

Indeed, the carpeting is tempting, notice-

LOOKING AFTER LAWYERS IS A CHALLENGE BECAUSE YOU ARE SO OFTEN CLEANING AROUND THEM—THEY OFTEN WORK LATE INTO THE NIGHT.

ably thicker and lusher than any other company's carpeting. Everything about The Law Firm's floors seems lusher and more comfortable than on any other.

Rose says that she never looks at things on the desk either. "If I did, I wouldn't understand it, so what would be the use? Oh, but I glance at family pictures."

Looking after lawyers is a challenge because you are so often cleaning *around* them—they often work late into the night. They also tend to allow their files to pile up on the floor. In some offices you can't even see the floor. Add to that the debris that all humans generate—little pink pieces of paper, soda cans, Styrofoam cups, cigarette butts. Of course, some generate more than others.

"Okay, now here's one. Here is *the* one. He is something," says Rose, leading me into the office of one of the more senior lawyers. His floor and desk are littered with *stuff*—papers, files, matchbooks, messages, newspapers.

"Some nights he comes in and changes to go jogging. And he just leaves his clothes on the floor," she says, standing over a pile of worn shirts and socks. Usually loath to judge, she looks a little disappointed in him. "Oh, and then there's the *pipe*." Among his collection of pewter figurines, a Godzilla, and an E. T. doll, he also has an impressive collection of pipes. Some of them rest on the edge of his overflowing ashtray.

"He sometimes remembers to empty his ashtray, but then half of it ends up on the floor anyway, and I have to vacuum, so I'd just as soon do it myself," sighs Rose.

We look into one office that is so neat it's almost sterile save for the rubber Gummy doll and his companion, Pokey the Horse,

hanging by a ribbon from the light switch. Rose gazes at them as though for the first time and laughs.

"I guess he has to occupy his mind somehow."

IT'S VERY SELDOM THAT YOU FIND A MAN who cleans as well as a woman," says Martha as she escorts me to the eleventh floor. "A woman can see more dirt than a man. It's true. I'm not prejudiced. I will hire a man if he can clean. I have a couple working for me now, and they're really good. But it's rare. Very, very rare."

"You don't have any white people working for you," I point out.

"Oh, they don't clean good at all. They just do not clean," she says emphatically.

"I would like to hire white people just for the morale around here," she goes on. "And I don't care what color you are. I can get along with the worst person. If you're willing, and you can clean, you got the job."

"But if black people clean better than white people, so be it. That's what I have to go with."

WANDA IS 22 YEARS OLD BUT LOOKS 14 and hardly big enough to push one of these industrial strength vacuum cleaners. "I just went to the doctor's, and he told me I weigh a hundred pounds," she assures me. "The work was hard at first, but now my body is used to it."

Wanda's friends Viola and Charlotte work in the same building, as does her mother, Louise. They all ride the subway home together, but her mother made sure Wanda understood they wouldn't chat while at work. Martha has strict rules about no interfloor traveling. Each does a floor alone because socializing slows down cleaning.

The hardest part of the job, Wanda says, is doing the men's room. "Sometimes I forget that the men's room has urinals in it," she says. "It's always a little shock when I walk in and see them there."

She works on the floor where The Law Firm keeps its Extensive Library, and she's getting an informal education in *Blashfield's Automobile Law and Practice*. The attorneys toss out-of-date books in the trash along with their accumulated newspapers and soda cans. So Wanda fishes out the *USA Today* and the law books alike and flips through them. She's been thinking about maybe becoming a paralegal.

"She's planning something, but I couldn't tell you what," her mother, Louise, says during a pause in her scrubbing of a bathroom sink. "I don't know how her little mind works. I do hope she goes back to school. She's too young for this kind of work."

THE NEXT STOP IS WITH BARBRA, WHO IS a slightly plump young woman with hair done in a precisely clipped flattop. We clean accountants' offices first.

She says accountants throw away more paper than anyone else in the whole building—especially in April. They tend to cram as many of themselves into a space as possible. That means they have lots of partitions, all of which need dusting, of course. Accountants also have the most paper clips littered about and the most used staples stuck in the carpet. She says maybe they smoke more, too. Nervous types.

When Barbra opens the door to the dentists' offices, a muffled "plink" sounds in the recesses of the office. And when she flips the light switch, the radio automatically comes on.

"The whole place is rigged," I remark nervously.

"Um-hmm. I like it that way," Barbra says. "See if anyone comes in here at night when I'm here, I won't be scared. I can hear them coming."

We hurry past the examining rooms without looking—neither of us cares for the torture chamber aspect of them—and reach the lab. It is a small, crowded room, and the counters are covered with drill bits, pieces of wire, evil-looking instruments, grinning plaster replicas of sets of teeth.

"I never know what I'm going to find here. Like, what is *this*?" Barbra says, pointing to a hunk of grayish-white clay that will probably go to making a mold of someone's mouth. "In the trash there's all kinds of stuff. Bloody gauze, teeth. . ."

I am feeling light-headed all of a sudden and have to leave quickly. Barbra follows my speedy path out through the reception area, the distant muffled "plink" sounds behind us as we regain the safety of the hallway.

DONALD IS A SEVEN-YEAR VETERAN OF the building, an affable man who can speak without drawing a breath. "I prefer working at night because I can relax a little. See, I have bad blood pressure. I was very sick for a while with a fever, cold and then hot all over. So I went to the V.A. Hospital, and they told me I had to take two weeks off. But me and my stubborn self, I only took one week, but I take it easy."

We are on another floor of The Law Firm. Donald lowers his voice confidentially. "To be frank with you," he says, "if they don't see me in here for a while, it's 'Where's Donald? Where's Donald?'"

"Scuse me," says a secretary laden with files as she scoots around Donald's large traveling trash can. This floor is teeming with life at eight in the evening. As we roll past the conference room, snatches of

lawyerly talk float out. "Okay, it should read, 'If this document . . . note all persons thereto . . . relinquish rights and remedies thereunder . . .'" Donald sticks his head in and takes a look.

"I'll have to come back and get those soda cans later," he says.

"So, do you ever listen to the stuff going on here?"

"What, those debates in the conference room?" Donald is a little stunned. "I never put myself in a position where I might be

ACCOUNTANTS ALSO HAVE THE MOST PAPER CLIPS LITTERED ABOUT AND THE MOST USED STAPLES STUCK IN THE CARPET. MAYBE THEY SMOKE MORE, TOO.

knowing someone else's business. They have important work here. Marriage suits, tax suits, lawsuits. Your instincts tell you that you're not supposed to listen to the conversations—it's none of your business. Even if they're talking about someone that you know."

Donald points out the office of a lawyer friend of his who got the federal government off his back. They seemed to have been under the misapprehension that he, instead of some *other* Donald, had failed to pay his income tax for 1959. "I wasn't even in the United States in 1959. I was in the army, stationed in Germany. Well, Mister K, he took the letter for me and said he'd follow it up and get rid of it. We are close friends. I like to call him 'Mister K.' I cut it down short like that."

He points out another office, which was redone in October, much to Donald's satisfaction. "This was all bare before, and it's much nicer now. This carpet he put in about three weeks ago. He must have brought it from home," he says, pointing to the rich Oriental. The office is sumptuous with its large leather desk chair and an upholstered wing chair in the sitting area. Donald is troubled by the remaining details of the redecoration, though.

"He doesn't have enough space to put up all those pictures of his," he says of the framed maps. "So I don't know what he'll do with them."

It's time to go back to the conference room and get those soda cans. The people working there have left for a few minutes and troop past us in a hurried single file, trailing clouds of anxiety. And muttering. "I thought Bob knew how to use the copier?"

Doesn't Bob know how to use the copier?"

Donald collects the empty cans and picks up one that is half full. "Are you done with this?" he asks the remaining occupant of the conference room, who barks "No!" without moving his eyes from the page he is reading. Donald emerges looking as though he'd been bitten on the nose. We proceed to the bathrooms.

"I always wait 'til late to clean these out, see, because when they're working, it's always in and out, in and out, all night. And I'd just have to clean it again at 8:30."

Donald says that it takes him about four hours to clean this floor, although some brag they can do it in 3½.

"But then you're pushing yourself, and you might miss something," he says, stopping and turning to me. "Of course, if I stopped to talk to everyone, I'd never get done."

NETTIE TAKES ME DOWN TO THE CINDER-block-walled office where Martha will meet me. She's been detained by a crisis on 14—an overturned cart and a new cleaner having low-grade hysterics. When Martha arrives, we stand around watching Nettie help the new person, who has also gotten the straps of her blue smock all tangled.

Most of the cleaners work in jeans and sneakers, but Martha comes to work more formally dressed because she meets with the tenants in the late afternoon. The purpose of these interviews is for the tenants to make their complaints in person. The problem most often aired is stealing.

"People tend to look at the janitorial industry . . . well, if it's missing then it must be the janitor," Bert says quietly and regretfully. He also points out that very often the culprit turns out to be someone working in the office.

In addition to having such a sharp judge of character as Martha running things, Bert and Diane work hard to police their own employees. Even with the strict no-phone-calls rule, they've paid several hundred dollars to one building tenant for calls to pay sex-talk lines made from his office phones. And they've learned a few preventative tricks, such as putting on a hiring freeze during the months just before Christmas, a period that attracts more people prone to stealing.

All the cleaners enter and exit through the same door, no one may take packages upstairs with them, and when it was legal they'd have a questionable cleaner take a polygraph test.

"As much to *clear* him as anything else," Diane says. She adds that they have even resorted to photostating a dollar bill and then planting the bill on the floor of a

Continued on page 62

Shape Up '89 Tradeshow, a showcase of fitness & wellness products & services.

Introduce your program/product... stress management, nutrition, exercise... to everyone, from novice to fitness expert. Seminars, contests.

Exhibitor inquiry invited

SHAPE UP '89



A Fitness and Wellness Exposition for Mind and Body

Open free to the public, free parking. Call for more information.

February 10, 11, 12, 1989
Ocean City Convention Center
4001 Coastal Highway
Ocean City, Maryland 21842
(301) 289-8311



HOME EQUITY SHOPPING STOPS HERE:

With Our 11.50% Three-Year Guarantee.

With a 1st Washington Financial Services home equity loan, you'll be paying the same low rate for three years, after which time it is adjusted quarterly at 1-1/2% over the Index Rate.* Call us today:

Baltimore-area Properties: (301) 494-8333
1301 York Road, Ste. 706, Lutherville, MD 21093

Maryland Properties: (301) 951-8600
7910 Woodmont Ave., Ste. 1409, Bethesda, MD 20814

Virginia Properties: (703) 354-8884
5015-D Backlick Road, Annandale, VA 22003

1st Washington
Financial Services
INC.



*Based on the index as of 12/1/88, the current APR would be 12.00%. Rates subject to change.

Telling Is The Night

Continued from page 45.

suspected thief. If it's gone, they'll ask the suspect for change of a five dollar bill—they can't ask an employee to empty his or her pockets. And if the photostated bill is there, they have their thief.

The most frequent complaint is about stealing not money but food. Martha says the oddest encounter she's had on that subject turned on some bottles of fruit juice that were repeatedly missing.

"The man said he wanted it to stop. And he said that if I didn't stop it, he would—by peeing into the bottles. I thought that was so gross of him!" she snaps in an uncharacteristic flare of temper.

LORRAINE WAS AFRAID OF HEIGHTS BEFORE she came to work in this office tower. But she's gradually gotten used to looking out the window and seeing cars that appear no bigger than a coffee cup. As with many of the others, she seems to have been drawn to this work because she likes being alone, and the word she uses to describe anything she likes very much is "quiet."

The floor is mostly empty now, but there are a few lawyers left as Lorraine goes through to pick up the trash.

"Yes, it's time to take that popcorn out of here," says one late-working woman, who at this hour is padding around in her stocking feet. "And I'll let you take my salad, too," she says, coming out of her small office and dumping her untouched lunch into Lorraine's rolling trash can.

The woman down the hall has a larger office, and the decorating is much more to Lorraine's taste. There is a couch whose colors complement the carpeting, a pretty lamp, and two upholstered chairs.

The next office we wander into, Lorraine stops to comment. "Now I don't see how he can find anything on that desk; it's so cluttered. To me, they have to know what they're doing, 'cause I'd be lost."

"Doesn't he look a little bit like Magnum, P.I.?" she says, pointing to a picture of the lawyer and his wife.

I squint at the photo—the man *does* have a mustache. "Tom Selleck? You think he looks like Tom Selleck? I think you're being generous."

"Oh, I think he favors him a little bit," she says. "And isn't there a guy on *Magnum* that always picks up after him?"

We pass a spacious office that still contains its occupant. Lorraine slips in quietly to make off with his trash. I hang back and listen to the low murmured greeting they exchange. As Lorraine emerges, she has sudden and strange paroxysms. She presses her lips tightly together, she bends over as if in pain, and she keeps shaking her head back and forth. It takes me a minute or two to figure out what is the matter.

"Oh, you have a crush on him. Is that it?"

She nods assent. "He is *so* cute," she says when speech returns a few paces down the hall. "I tell all the ladies downstairs, 'You have got to see him to believe it.' Go look, look. You have to see him."

"No, I can't. I really can't."

"Go on," she insists. "Just go take a look. You can see him in the glass. The window. You can see him right there."

"I absolutely cannot do this," I hiss at her. Lorraine has now planted herself at the small of my back and is shoving me with astounding force down the hallway. My sneakers are digging into the cool, lush carpet, but Lorraine proves stronger.

Rather than have the man come out and discover us wrestling, I give in. I stroll casually past his open door, glance over my shoulder, and take in an eyeful. At night with the bright overhead lights on, the windows are like perfect mirrors. I can clearly see the reflection of his noble profile bent studiously over his work. I report back to Lorraine.

"Fine. So he's cute. Now what?"

"Oh, nothing." She still is giggling as she rolls her garbage can onward. "You know he's very nice, too. He sat down here with me once and asked me how long was I here and did I like it. I was just trying to get out of there. I know the man could see me blushing. But he was so nice."

"YOUR INSTINCTS TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO LISTEN TO THE CONVERSATIONS—IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS. EVEN IF THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT SOMEONE THAT YOU KNOW."

"Some people just talk to you once, say 'Good evening,' and that's it. Some are just tired or grouchy. They don't say anything. At first it bothered me, but I got used to it. Now I just go on my way like I always do."

"Now *here's* my disaster area," she says as we arrive at the men's room. She knocks a warning on the door, but doesn't hear the shout from within, and goes charging in.

"Whoops! Sorry!" Lorraine yelps and backs out quickly. Grinning, we both duck into the kitchenette and feign a surpassing interest in the bulletin board until the cornered man has escaped. Once inside, she points out the sorry state of the faucets.

"It's like the way children always get the

faucets dirty. And how they do the zincs! And there! Look at that mirror," she commands, indicating the one third from the left. "Every night it's the same exact mirror. All smudged up like someone just butts his head up to it. I don't know what it is, but somebody here wants to leave his mark on that mirror."

"Or they just like seeing me clean it," she sighs. "Let's go have a cup of coffee and sit."

She takes me to her favorite room, the conference room. The table is about a mile of very heavy wood. "Isn't this a nice room?" Lorraine says as she walks directly to the head of the table, sits, and lights a cigarette beneath the glowering portrait of a man she figures must be one of the founders of The Law Firm.

"You'd have to start a couple of days early to get this set for Thanksgiving. I just love to sit here with just one or two lights on, drink my coffee, have a sandwich. It's so quiet."

"I wouldn't trade my floor for anything," she avows. "It just seems like home to me. I know when I leave here, I can say, 'Yep, I got it all in order.' I just like it to be nice for them when they come here in the morning." •

Constance Adler is a BALTIMORE Magazine staff writer.

Ocean City, Maryland

Gateway Getaway

WEEKDAYS
Arrive Sun.-Wed.
\$70

WEEKENDS
Arrive Thurs.-Sat.
\$86

Sheraton Fling

WEEKDAYS
Arrive Sun.-Wed.
\$88

WEEKENDS
Arrive Thurs.-Sat.
\$114

2 BEDROOM LUXURY OCEANFRONT CONDO RENTALS AVAILABLE

CALL TOLL FREE:
1-800-638-2100

CALL TOLL FREE: 1-800-382-2582

Ocean Club
RESTAURANT & NIGHT CLUB

Gateway
RESORT HOTEL

OCEANFRONT
49TH & 48TH STREETS
OCEAN CITY, MD

INCLUDES 3 DAYS/2 NIGHTS

INCLUDES: Relax with a private Oceanview balcony, color TV, cable, and free HBO. *2 Breakfasts Per Person-Oceanfront at Sheraton's Horizons Restaurant. *2 Dinners Per Person. *Enjoy oceanfront dining at the Sheraton Horizons Restaurant or at the famous Ocean Club Restaurant. *Health Spa/Per Person-One complimentary admission plus one 50% off discount coupon to Sheraton fully equipped spa. *Indoor Heated Pool. Complimentary use of the Sheraton's tropical pool. *Shop! Discount coupon for Ideas Unlimited Boutique. *Above rates are per person double occupancy plus taxes, by reservation as available-2 night minimum. Holidays 3 night minimum. Available 10/30/88-3/30/89.

Sheraton
Ocean City Resort & Conference Center
The hospitality people of **ITT**

Oceanfront & 101st