

THE POINTER

July 13, 1978

Vol. 21, No. 2



Off-Campus Price 15'




Pointer Environmental Editor Mike Schwalbe takes a look at the latest addition to the estates of our friends to the north, Sentry Insurance: a proposed golf course on the grounds. Story on page 8.

On the cover

THE POINTER

JULY 13



In the wake of the American League-National League All-Star game, Pointer writer Dave Schier penetrates the ranks of the somewhat less glorious University Center intramural softball teams. Descriptions, ramblings and delusions of grandeur begin on page 14.

Undercover

VIEWPOINT

Overtime blues

By Suzette Jacobson

The summer employment situation in this town is tight. Jobs are hard to find, and when they open up people scramble for them. People lucky enough to find a summer job in Stevens Point usually aren't foolish enough to quit.

As a two-year veteran in Stevens Point I remembered how hard it was to find a job last summer, so when certain departments at this university announced they needed summer help I whipped out an application. These summer jobs on campus are set aside for continuing students, but when I was hired I considered myself lucky (after all, over 200 students applied in the department I work). Like me, most of the people hired for the summer were interested in lots of hours. They weren't going to school and they needed bucks.

Working 40 hours a week meant a fat paycheck, so during certain weeks when my hours piled to 42, 43, 45 . . . the dollar signs in my eyes made the overtime seem worth it. Until it came time to turn in my time card.

Now I always thought any overtime hours resulted in overtime dollars (like time and a half maybe). Seems this is not the case, at least in certain departments of this university. My boss for example explained I could only be blessed working 40 hours in any single week. I was told that any hours I worked over 40 HAD to be "saved" and added on to a week when my hours totaled less than 40. Actually I was asked to record LESS hours than I actually worked so that I

did not have to be paid overtime.

Now this overtime situation did not occur every week, but I remember those dreary weeks when I worked close to 50 hours all too well.

I discussed this matter with several faculty members who explained that most of the students hired for the summer indicated that they wanted (or needed) to work 40 hours each week of the summer so that they would make enough money to last through next year. I understand that the summer schedule is irregular in many departments. For example the manpower needed to handle three or four summer conferences on campus during certain weeks results in too many employees when times are slack. If more people were hired so that no one had to work overtime, everyone's hours would be cut. This is a sticky situation, but the students affected are slightly "under the thumb" of their employers when they are asked to record less hours than were actually worked.

I considered the Wisconsin Department of Industry, Labor and Human Relations, and it seems that the big boys in Washington feel the same way I do about overtime pay. A Federal law passed clearly states that any hours worked over 40 in a single week are classified overtime, and that means being paid time and a half. There are some exceptions to this law, i.e., restaurants, executive and professional employees, but universities are included in the list of occupations that should receive overtime

for extra hours.

The reason more students haven't complained about this situation might well be because as an inexperienced labor force these people aren't organized enough to formally complain. Besides that, what person would complain about working too many hours in a single week with the employment situation as tight as it is in this town? The fact is that everyone (whether summer help or full time employees) is entitled to certain rights as a worker, and on this campus overtime pay for overtime hours is one such right. I'm fairly sure that the university isn't trying to exploit the students (the working conditions on campus are certainly better than a Chinese laundry), but I feel a need to speak for the students. No student should be asked to work more than 40 hours if the employer does not intend to pay overtime for those extra hours. Students can and should refuse to work overtime without being paid time and a half.

Now I am grateful to this university; after all, they were nice to reserve these summer jobs for us students. That summer job keeps food on my table and a shirt on my back, and the cash I stash will keep me alive next year. But listen, this hanky panky with the overtime is a no-no, and if certain departments don't watch it someone might blow the whistle on them.



The Pointer encourages its readership to submit photographs for the correspondence page.

Photo by John Hartman

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

To the Pointer:

I'd like to respond to the political cartoon that was published in the June 22 issue of your paper.

Your cartoon seems to be misplaced. Senator Jarvis himself has not cut any of the public monies. He simply introduced a bill to the California voters who decided property taxes should be cut.

Nor did Proposition 13 cut the public monies. Proposition 13 simply limited property taxes.

Who is it that is cutting budgets? City mayors and the California governor.

An interesting point was brought up by a poll done by CBS the day after Proposition 13 was passed. The poll asked the California people which departments should be cut, and which shouldn't. Of the most popular, 67 percent of the people wanted Welfare cut. The two the people least wanted cut were police (4 percent) and fire protection (1 percent).

So naturally, the first 1500 people laid off were police.

Huh?
The next day, 500 firemen were laid off.

What?
This week, parks, pools, and the city zoo are being limited.

Why is this happening?

It's simple: California politicians don't want their precious taxes cut. Why, they might even have to trim their own staff, or not get next year's raise if taxes are cut too much.

So what to do?

The answer is also simple: Cut the most needed programs, so most people will get angry over lost privileges, and vote more taxes in to pay for now needed police, fire, and other services. End result — California politicians get their taxes back.

Are these politicians gambling with people's lives and personal safety by cutting police protection?

Yes.

Are they gambling with personal property and safety by cutting fire protection?

Yes.

Why? To prove to the public that they can't just go around and blatantly cut their taxes.

Could the politicians cut at less controversial areas, achieve the same end, without loss of personal safety and most privileges?

Again, yes.

Why don't they?

If they did that, it might seem that the governments could work even

with a tax cut (which I believe it can). This might (Heaven forbid!) even encourage the voters to have all of the taxes reduced to an intelligent level.

With an imminent danger such as this, politicians are duty-bound to prove that Proposition 13 can't work.

This is exactly what is happening in California now.

This is also why I don't believe Jarvis should be in the cartoon; rather California Governor Brown, or one of the city mayors' should be. The intent of the cartoon is correct: public monies are being slaughtered for all to see (every 6:00 p.m. on the news), but Jarvis himself isn't the one to be wielding the ax; he just sharpened it, and gave it to the California politicians who are using it.

Thank You,
Jay Toser

411 Linwood Avenue

P.S. Even the blood on the ax is misplaced. The head should come off before any blood would be split.

arrogant and childish actions are an embarrassment to Stevens Point and the office of mayor. He has abused his power and rights as mayor, with his repeated attempts at coercion and discord.

I am thankful, however, for the dignified manner in which the city council has handled the matter. In spite of the mayor's juvenile behavior, the aldermen have acted responsibly and have not succumbed to his attempts at intimidation. You have to respect the council for their cool and rational approach to these sensitive issues. They have remained gentlemen during the debate, while Mr. Feigleson has not.

Also to be commended is the Daily Journal for its recent editorial concerning the mayor. It was a courageous and articulate rebuttal to the mayor's negative position on the issues. They have also done an excellent job of journalistic reporting on the subjects, covering it thoroughly yet fairly.

So let's hope the future will bring an improvement in the performance of Mayor Feigleson. The voters of Stevens Point deserve more than they have received from him thus far.

Sincerely yours,
Darrel F. Jaeger

To the Pointer,

Concerning the recent controversy over regional planning and planner Bill Burke, I am appalled at the behavior of Mayor Jim Feigleson. His

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News

UTC Director leaves UWSP



Mark McQueen

By Susie Jacobson

One of the head men of University Telecommunications has decided to channel his energy outside of UWSP for awhile. Beginning August 1 Dr. Robert Burull will take a leave of absence from his duties as Director of University Telecommunications.

Burull won't completely cut his ties with the university, but he will only be employed by UWSP one-quarter time. His main energy will be devoted to his new position as Vice President

of Corporate Development for a Chicago based Telecommunications Agency.

While Burull is off developing a new division of broad band (or cable) television for telephone and data systems, University Telecommunications will continue the production work it has in the past.

The directors position will remain open at least for the next year as Burull has the option of returning to full time director next summer.

The remaining UTC staff will have its hands full with a smaller staff than it had in the past. All the telecommunications facilities on campus will be used to their full capacity, and although the facilities have tripled in size during the past year the state of Wisconsin has put a freeze on the hiring of new permanent employees. The budget for UTC has not been cut, but last year's 11 member staff has dwindled to six (with several CETA funded employees gone). UTC's studio in the basement of the Learning Resources Center and their new fully equipped studio in the Communication Arts Center will handle all telecasting and video functions even with less manpower.

UTC's first priority is in the teaching of television production and use, but through self-sustaining servicing requests by departments and faculty in supporting classroom curricular instruction is taken care of through UTC's facilities too. William Clark of the English Department is working on a 10 program series this summer with the help of UTC. This type of program is produced free of charge because it is University related, but UTC also provides production service to regional and state constituents.

This summer UTC is producing "The Outdoor Sportsman" a show that will be syndicated through the

midwest. When this type of outside source requests UTC's services the costs are not paid for by the University. Whoever wants the production help pays UTC for the service it provides. This is one type of self-sustaining project which makes money for UTC.

Production Director Jim Daniels explained that this money is not profit for UTC but rather money that is put right back into UTC's account. Daniels said that with the state freeze on employees these self-sustaining projects are the only way UTC will be able to make money to hire the extra technicians it needs to meet its demands. Burull indicated that he would probably line up more of these self-sustaining projects.

Campus Television, the separate student TV organization, also uses UTC's facilities. A UTC staff member must accompany C-TV students using the studio, and in the past there has been some friction between the two organizations. "There are certain rules and regulations that UTC has set up," explained Daniels, "and in the past it has sometimes been a problem working with the C-TV students. That situation seems to have pretty much cleared up though."

Things are jumping in UTC at the moment, and even with a limited staff they seem to be keeping up with the heavy workload lined up.

LRC and Fieldhouse face renovation

Approval for initial planning of new library and physical education-recreation facilities at the UWSP has been granted. Officers of the UW System staff in Madison okayed a UWSP request to take the first steps in a complicated process leading to state financing of the projects.

Harlan Hoffbeck, director of facilities management, said the need for new space is to alleviate crowded conditions that have been existing for some time in the Albertson Learning Resources Center and the Health, Physical Education, Recreation and Athletic Building.

Though only minimal enrollment growth is anticipated in the immediate future and graduate declines are almost certain to develop in the early 1980s, Hoffbeck said those considerations are not germane to the two proposed building proposals.

The advent of equal opportunity for women in athletics and additional academic programs in the School of Health, Physical Education, Recreation and Athletics have already created a 34,000 square foot space deficit. A new swimming pool, women's locker rooms, gymnastic room, indoor running track and additional handball courts are the most critical needs, Hoffbeck said.

Whether an addition to the present

fieldhouse facilities is possible or a separate building is needed has not been determined.

The Albertson Learning Resources Center, which opened less than a decade ago, was funded by the state to accommodate a collection for 7,500 students but the enrollment had surpassed that number by the time that facility opened.

An additional 52,000 square feet would meet the projected library needs by 1982 and well over half of that space would only correct present shortages, Hoffbeck explained.

The equivalent of four more stories of the present Albertson building will be sought, but whether the addition would be atop the building also is unresolved.

Many of the areas designated for study when the building opened have been diverted to storage for the permanent collection, and the crowding within the stacks has reduced accessibility to handicapped people, Hoffbeck declared.

The UW-System currently is conducting a survey of future library needs at all campuses, looking in part for ways to establish cooperative library programs between institutions and reduce duplication of some materials as a means of blunting the space problems.

"It won't matter what they find and

decide," the planner advised concerning the study, "there'll still be need for more space in Stevens Point."

Concerning other needs cited by UWSP administration, the system officers have given the go-ahead for planning of more out-of-door lighting, more outdoor playing fields, acoustical treatment and improved ventilating systems in several academic buildings, new equipment and remodeling in the theatre arts department, new polymer chemistry (plastics) and air track and air table laboratories in the Science Hall, addition of green house facilities with new controls and a necropsy room for the Natural Resources Building, new access to buildings for the handicapped, second-floor level enclosed walkways to connect the Collins Classroom Center, Professional Studies Building and Science Hall, establishment of a small playground for the Gesell Institute for the Study of Early Childhood, and minor remodeling of existing facilities in several buildings.

After the initial planning is done on all of the projects, several different bodies deliberate on the funding including the UW Board of Regents, state Building Commission and the state Legislature.

Fall Housing open

There appears to be an adequate supply of housing both on and off campus for students who will be enrolled this fall at the UWSP.

Mel Karg, administrator of residence halls, said that at worst the situation may only approach being "snug."

Earlier plans were to move workers from offices in Old Main to Delzell Hall in late summer in preparation for the renovation and removal of the two wings of Old Main. But that timetable is being delayed several months and will make it possible to assign residents to Delzell during the first semester.

The enrollment picture for fall is shaping up almost exactly as it was a year ago with the likelihood of any change being on the down side when the final count is made in September. Current projections call for an enrollment of 8,825, 79 fewer than in 1977.

Wellness workshop slated

A third annual summer workshop on "Wellness Promotion Strategies" will draw several hundred persons in health related professions from throughout the United States and Canada to the UWSP from July 17-21.

Acting Gov. Martin Schreiber will be among the program leaders at which discussion will focus on leadership-government support for wellness programs, Canada's Operation Lifestyle, stress management, fitness, emotional, marketing and dental wellness, nutrition, school health promotion, lifestyle assessment and corporate and community wellness promotions.

Schreiber, who recently established a state wellness commission, will kick off the workshop Monday, July 17 at 9 a.m. in the University Center where all of the sessions are to be held.

Leading other discussions will be Dr. Herbert Benson, associate professor of internal medicine at Harvard University and director of the hypertension section of Boston's Beth Israel Hospital and author of a best-seller, "The Relaxation Response"; Alan Best, co-ordinator of the Lifestyle Modification Master's Program at the University of Waterloo in Ontario, Canada; Dr. Hans Diehl of the Longevity Research Institute in Santa Monica, Calif.

Two Stevens Point physicians who have been early promoters nationally of wellness and preventative medicine will be among the main presenters. They are Dr. William Hettler, director of the UWSP Health Center who has published articles in

U.S. Medicine, Journal of the American College Health Association and two recent proceedings of the Society of Prospective Medicine, a consultant to government agencies and industries on lifestyle improvement, and Dr. Donald Johnson, associate medical director of Sentry Insurance and formerly director of the UWSP Health Center.

Hettler and Robert Bowen, a health education specialist at UWSP, are in charge of planning the workshop and Barbara Farlow of the Office of Extended Services is making arrangements. She is receiving advance registrations at a fee of \$33 for all week or \$15 per day except on the Friday session, which will carry an \$18 fee. She said housing can be arranged on campus or in area hotels and motels.

The program has been arranged, she announced, to focus on leadership and advocacy for wellness on the opening day, a Monday; action programs on Tuesday; stress on Wednesday; wellness delivery systems on Thursday; and personal wellness on Friday at which time participants may fill out a personal wellness form which will be analyzed by a computer.

Stevens Point Mayor Jim Feigleson, who will take part in some of the proceedings, has proclaimed "Wellness Week" in Stevens Point during the workshop.

Special features of the event will be morning "fun runs" plus a half marathon on Saturday, 7 a.m., July 22, which will be open to the public and is expected to draw over 400 participants. It will be for 13½ miles beginning at Bukolt Park.

UWSP out of the red

The University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point has managed to avoid an expected budget deficit for fiscal year 1978. Despite concerns which surfaced earlier this year, UWSP ended FY8 on June 30 in the black.

It began appearing in late winter that UWSP was headed deep in the red because of the inflationary spiral, several unforeseen expenses, and deficits from the last year that had to be made up during the 1977-78 term.

Virgil Thiesfeld, faculty representative on the Planning Programming Budgeting Advisory Committee, announced to members of the Faculty Senate that a series of

precautions and spending freezes helped the university reverse its problem. One of the major boosts was the fact that sick leave pay was minimal in 1977-78.

For a time, hiring and capital equipment expenditures were held up, but by early last month the balance sheets had tilted strongly in the black and Thiesfeld said the Budget office released monies for library acquisitions, freed up what amounted to 88 percent of the total capital allocations for the year, and also made a \$75,000 pre-payment on the university computer against next year's bill.

Grad program receives grant

A \$31,000 federal grant has been awarded to the UWSP to support its new graduate teacher preparation program in early childhood — exceptional educational needs.

The money will be used to conduct three in-service institutes for teachers throughout Central and Northern Wisconsin serving young handicapped children for graduate assistantships, student financial aid, and for the purchase of equipment, materials and supplies.

The grant is subject to renewal for two additional years.

Darvin Miller, who coordinates the exceptional education unit, and his wife, Marge, who specializes in early childhood education in the UWSP School of Education, prepared the grant proposal.

The new early childhood — exceptional education needs graduate program was approved earlier this year to be offered jointly by UWSP and UW-Oshkosh and with certification from the Wisconsin Department of Public Instruction. The first courses for it will be offered during summer session which begins June 12.

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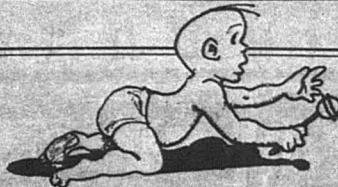
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Passing Glances



United Council will attempt to tailor "Tuition Check" to the varying needs of each UW campus.

United Council of UW Student Governments unveiled a plan of action against rising tuition costs at the Council of Chancellors meeting held June 29 in Madison. "Parents and students are writing the checks and then going home with their complaints," said Susan Tibbitts, Legislative Director. "Somehow, the Legislature needs to hear those concerns."

The key to getting these concerns heard, according to United Council, is to dramatically increase parent and student participation in the "write-your-legislator" process during the registration period at the UW campuses. UC feels this is the time when the high cost of tuition is most keenly felt.

"Students do not generally write their legislators," noted Paul Rusk, United Council President, "so we must make their participation easy, quick, and innovative in order to attract attention."

The UWSP Writing Lab is hosting a series of informal workshops over the course of the summer. Known as the "Look-At" sessions, the workshops will provide the opportunity for individuals to share, investigate, and discuss ideas in English education.

The first workshop, "Assignment Making," will be held on July 17 and will look at written assignments and what constitutes a good one. The second, "Working with the Basic Writer," July 24, will look at ways to tackle basic writing problems. The final workshop, "Poetry: Writing and Evaluating," will be held on July 31 and will concentrate on ways of writing and responding to poems.

All workshops will be held from 1:30 to 3:00 pm in Collins Classroom Center 306, and are free and open to the public.

Marge M. Miller has been elected to a two-year term on the coordinating-executive committee of the Wisconsin Early Childhood Teacher Educators.

Mrs. Miller is a member of the education faculty at the UWSP where she specializes in early childhood programs. Before coming here in 1971 with her husband, Darwin, also a member of the education faculty, she taught at Ball State University in Muncie, Ind.

The organization which will serve as an officer includes faculty members in early childhood programs on university, college and vocational-technical campuses in the state.

Susie Sprouse, is the new director of the University Child Learning and Care Center at the UWSP.

She succeeds Linda Pagel, who resigned after serving as director since 1975.

A Pennsylvania native, she earned an associate degree in early childhood education from Garland Junior College in Boston, and has taken additional courses at Boston University and at UWSP.

The university child center has a current enrollment of 30 pre-schoolers during the summer session, and a registered enrollment of 40 for this fall. There are some openings available during the fall semester, both mornings and afternoons. The center has experienced a steady growth in enrollment and programs offered since it opened at the Peace Campus Center in 1970.

Sprouse emphasizes her plans to continue the program's high standards of promoting emotional, social, physical and intellectual development. She states that helping to develop each child's positive self concept is an important part of the center's goals, combined

with promoting socialization and the development of language skills, motor skills, and concept formation.

classified

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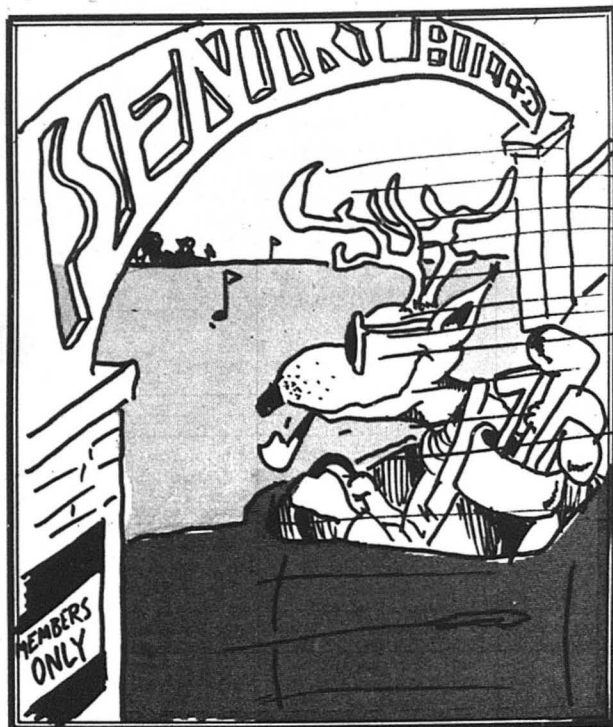
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Written permission is required for the reprint of all materials presented in THE POINTER. Address all correspondence to Room 133, Communications Arts Center, UWSP, Stevens Point, WI, 54481.

ENVIRONMENT



Of trees, deer, and nine irons

By Mike Schwalbe
Wildflowers, to the best of my knowledge, grow rarely on putting greens. And since no endangered species of flora or fauna has yet been discovered anywhere within the city limits of Stevens Point, it looks like the only natural elements which may survive within the realm of Sentry's land-digesting influence are possibly green grass and wet water.

But the matter of Sentry's tentatively approved plans for constructing a recreation building and two golf courses on 260 acres of land it owns east of its World Headquarters will unlikely cause much stir. The plans themselves are no surprise as they were outlined to the city Plan Commission in August of 1974. Concern at that time centered on the Michigan Avenue extension issue; however, Sentry's long-range development plans were also an issue to many who feared the area would eventually be treeless, or landscaped and manicured to parklike sterility.

While the city Plan Commission has asked only that Sentry present its final plans for approval, several aldermen on the commission raised questions about various possible adverse environmental effects the project might have. Some regret was expressed that most of the wetlands in the area would become lakes,

further depleting the state's dwindling wetland acreage.

Further questions were raised about the potential affect of fertilizers used on the golf courses, on the remaining wetlands in the area as well as in the Schmeckle Reserve area. However, the view was expressed by Sentry that problems with fertilizer run-off would be easily controllable by selection of safe types of fertilizers. Tom Aten, a water scientist who works for the university in the Schmeckle Reserve, guessed that because of soil conditions in the area and because only a small portion of the Reserve is affected by the run-off from Sentry property, fertilizer contamination of wetlands would not be a problem.

No concern, however, was expressed for effects the recreation building and golf courses would have on wildlife residing in the area, which includes a herd of about 16-20 deer according to a graduate student doing wildlife research in the Schmeckle Reserve. An anonymous source suggested that those deciding to remain in the area could be fitted with harnesses allowing them to work as caddies. One young doe, the recent mother of two fawns, upon learning of the Sentry plan and faced with the prospect of moving, suggested it was all par for the course.

Locals object to water diversion

At a DNR hearing several weeks ago residents of southern Waupaca County expressed their objections to a request for a water diversion permit from a Milwaukee based development firm to use water from the Crystal River to raise the level of an artificial lake.

The developers are seeking to use so-called surplus water from the Crystal River, a popular recreation stream for trout fishermen and canoeists, to raise the level of a nearby man-made pond, the namesake of the "Lake Solitude" project.

But about 250-300 local residents appeared at the permit hearing held in the Waupaca High School auditorium, to voice objections to granting the permit. While DNR hearing examiner David Schwartz suggested that many of the objections were based on emotional arguments, opponents held that no surplus water is available from the Crystal, that inadequate safeguards would be

employed to watch the developers, and that the company doesn't even know how much water would be needed to raise the lake level.

The question now seems to be a legal one, however. According to Schwartz, the number of objections is not a determining factor in deciding if the permit will be granted. A technical and legal question concerning whether the DNR has the authority to grant the permit in the case of a man-made lake where a "normal level" may be undetermined, must be answered first. Attorneys are now filing briefs with the DNR on the matter.

An alternative for the developers if the permit is not granted, would be to simply drill a well in the area and pump water directly into the lake. Depending on the size of the well a permit might not even be required in this case.

A decision on the permit will be forthcoming in about three months, Schwartz said.

Yes, the door is always open

Uncle-Eco made his first pleading appearance a few weeks ago and sorrowfully commanded little attention. Sure, I know this is summertime, the very antithesis of semestertime. But a fun, relaxed summer vacation needn't require a shift to mental-neutral.

Now is the time for anyone interested in getting a foot in the door, or in establishing a niche if the metaphor need be environmental, with the Pointer, to do so. The environment section needs writers, reporters, and idea-people. Bring us your interest and we'll assess your ability. I've found the former to be more important in determining success than the latter, which is potentially unlimited.

I suppose if this were the Susie Homemaker school for wholesome girls and nobody stepped up to this offer to get into the world of big-time environmental journalism I might not be too surprised. But this is UWSP. What are we supposed academically renowned for? Dig, CNR majors?

Even if you're not interested in selling your soul to a half-mad boy-editor no matter how outdoor oriented you are, you are still valuable. Tips on how-to, or where-to see and do outdoor activities, or suggestions for topics for this section of the Pointer to explore, are wanted. I'll even pay up in beer for the good ones. I hope I don't have to go much further in making non-refusable offers...

DNR wetlands authority a hot potato

The State Natural Resources Board has voted to table a resolution that would have ordered a start on drafting regulations for wetlands protection in the state.

Assistant attorney general and public intervener, Thomas Dawson, had submitted a petition to the board

asking it to adopt rules on the draining and filling of wetlands. In tabling the resolution the board cited uncertainty regarding the DNR's legal authority in matters of wetland protection. The board did vote to refer the question of legal authority to its legal bureau for review.

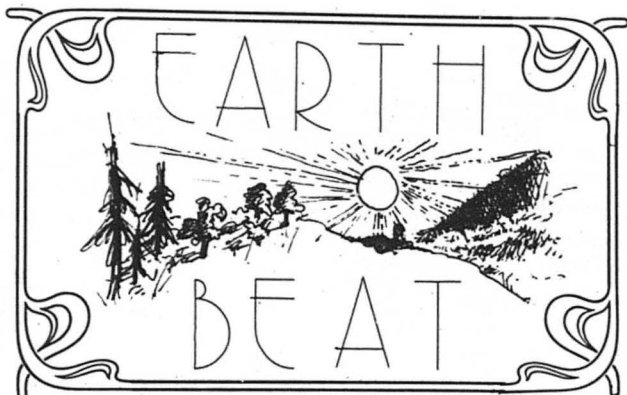
Don't go near the water

As if you didn't already know, our own Lake Dreyfus has been opened up to sunbunnies and swimmers this summer. The decision to allow swimming strictly "at your own risk," was based on the impossibility of keeping people out without a full-time armed guard.

But paradise may be lost again for local aquaphiles. Last summer, before swimming was banned, bacteria counts in the lake rose to extremely high levels. It was

suggested this was partially due to the lack of sanitary facilities in the area, which remain as basic as those known to Neanderthal swimmers.

Should the bacteria count exceed a prescribed safe level for public use however, the "swim at your own risk" sign will be replaced by the city health inspector with one that reads simply "beach closed." So even if no one sees you do it, keep in mind that sooner or later it may be cut off. Use of the lake by swimmers that is...



More cartridges for partridges this year?

Final results of the 1978 spring grouse drumming survey are in and the news is good for hunters. The survey indicated increases in eight of the ten North Central District counties. While the surveys are intended to provide wildlife managers with grouse trends and are not necessarily indicative of total bird populations or hunter success, the two usually follow each other closely.

The DNR conducts the drumming contests between April 15 and May 15 each year by running 15 mile transects. Wildlife managers conduct the surveys by driving along the 15 mile routes, stopping each mile to listen for grouse drumming. Each transect is run twice during the month-long period so that the peak grouse mating period is covered to insure accuracy.

YACC positions available

Young Adult Corp.

North Central District DNR personnel are seeking applicants to fill 44 positions opening with the DNR through the Young Adult Conservation Corps (YMCA) program.

All applicants must apply through the State Job Service to be referred for interviews to the YACC openings. The jobs are not seasonal, but will be full-time positions for 12 months, the maximum limit under the YACC framework. Salary will be at the minimum \$2.65 hourly rate.

"In the North Central District, there will be four resident employment centers and two non-resident centers," said John Jacobs, district supervisor of services. "The four resident centers will be at Woodruff, Boulder Junction,

Babcock, and Mosinee, and each will house a six-person crew." Jacobs explained that the non-resident centers will be located at Wisconsin Rapids and Woodruff. There, 10-person crews will commute to work each day just as the DNR personnel assigned to those stations do.

The YACC projects will include all aspects of DNR programs, from fish and wildlife management to forestry, Jacobs added. Objectives of the program are to help alleviate the nation's youth unemployment problem and to accomplish needed conservation work on public lands. Applications for enrollment can be obtained from the nearest state Job Service office and must be filed with that office for prospective YACC enrollees to be considered for employment.

Report planet going to hell

The Council on Environmental Quality has released a report by the Worldwatch Institute on the Global Environment and Basic Human Needs.

The report addresses the problems of threatened agricultural productivity, health, energy supply, population, and climate. It stresses that reckless misuse of our natural systems has created many problems, the effects of which are felt all over the world.

Conclusions of the report include:

- In Africa 650,000 square kilometers of farmland and grazing land have been lost to the Sahara Desert. In the Sudan the Sahara's southern boundary shifted south by 90 to 100 kilometers in less than 18 years.

- An estimated 35,000 children under the age of 5 die every day because they have no safe water or waste disposal.

- Drastic climatic changes may result from a doubling of the carbon dioxide level in the atmosphere which is predicted for the next 75 years. The temperature at the mid-latitudes may rise by 3 degrees C and that near the poles by 9 to 12 degrees C.

Sludge study being done by CNR profs

College of Natural Resources professors Ron Hensler, Aga Sager, and Carl Lee have received an agricultural research grant for \$13,200 to study possible alternate uses of papermill sludge in forestry and farming.

The study is seeking to determine whether the clay-fiber refuse material which is presently dumped in land-fill sites can be used as fertilizer and soil builder in industrial forestry applications. Initial testing of the fertilizing properties of the sludge will be conducted in the university greenhouse. In addition to looking at the material as a potential boon to tree production, the study group must also examine any possible adverse effects of dumping the sludge on forest floors and open land.

Later this fall further testing of the sludge material will be conducted on a larger scale in some papermill-owned industrial forests in Central Wisconsin. Even if the results of the research are in favor of dumping the sludge on forest lands it may be several years before the DNR would issue an OK for routine non-landfill disposal.

Steel shot update

Waterfowl-hunters using shotguns of gauges other than 12-gauge will still be permitted to use lead shot in steel shot zones during the hunting seasons this fall.

The exception, which is for one year only, was published as final rule-making in the June 29, 1978, Federal Register by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The exception for non 12-gauge users would then be terminated by a proposed ruling for waterfowl seasons beginning in 1979, requiring non-toxic shot in all steel shot zones.

Public comment on the proposal for 1979 will be accepted until September 1 of this year. Persons wishing to comment on the proposed amendment for 1979 seasons should write to: Director, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Dept. of the Interior, Washington D.C., 20240.

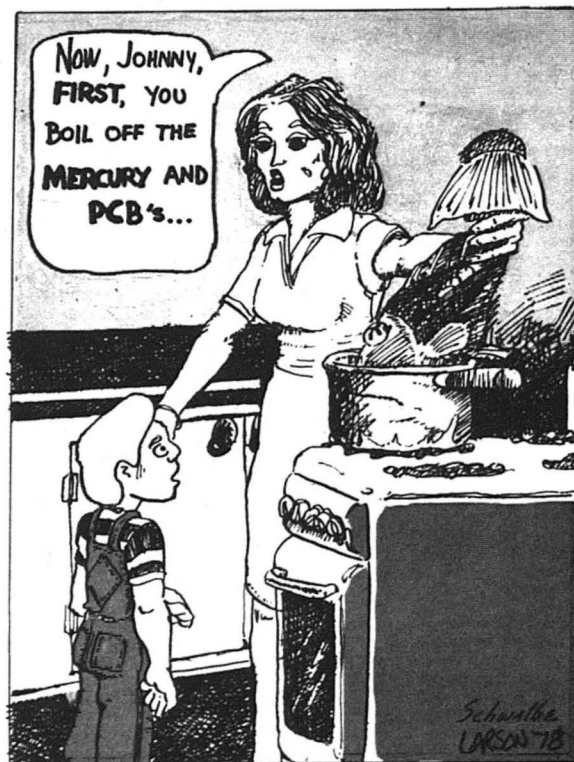
Sheboygan River

PCB warning revised

Two months ago state natural resources and health officials issued a fish consumption warning for the Lower Sheboygan River after discovering high levels of PCB's there.

A revised advisory has been issued lifting the warning from 105 miles of rivers in Sheboygan County. Further testing has isolated the PCB problem in the Sheboygan Falls area and indicates only about 24 miles of streams would be covered by the new warning.

River areas still covered by the warning include: the Onion River from Gibbsville to Sheboygan Falls, the Sheboygan River from the Sheboygan Falls dam to the Coast Guard Station on Lake Michigan, and on Weedon's Creek and Greendale Creek.



Abortion:

notes from an onlooker

by Gordon Heuriksen

Benjamin is asleep. His thin blond hair is wet with sweat. He takes a deep breath, shuffles to a more comfortable position and lets out a soft, healthy sigh. He wears a jump suit of blue terry cloth, making a crisp contrast with his yellow sheets. A large circle of perspiration and drool have formed a solid halo around his head on the sheet. A warm, humid breeze ruffles the curtains by the window, but offers little relief from the heat.

It's been four months since I've seen Ben. He had just had his first birthday then. He's grown almost half-again his size. I lay my index finger in his left hand and he half-consciously takes hold. I feel such compassion for Ben tonight, having watched him grow. I try to picture Ben twenty years from now, the young man he will be. I worship this moment with Ben — our touching, my dreaming, his dreaming.

I leave Ben to his summer night's sleep and return to the next room to join his parents. Julie, Ben's mother, is seven months pregnant with her second child. We talk of pregnancy, how lucky men are to have it so simple and how much they miss because of that. I place my hand on Julie's bulbous stomach. I feel silence for a moment...then, wait!...there! Julie confirms my childlike reaction to an assumed leg adjustment. I lift Julie's shirt and place my ear to her soft belly. Again, silence. Then the crisp gurgle of another assumed adjustment. The water sound of an internal ocean. A primeval scene where life began, begins and continues to thrive.

It's raining hard. The windshield wipers create off-beat accents to the steady cracks in the highway. Sounds like a train. A mechanical heartbeat anesthetizing our brains at 7:15 in the morning. Cindy and I have been on the road an hour and a half and we have to be in Milwaukee at 8:30. We're going to be late.

Most of our drive is spent in silence as much due to lack of sleep as to the reason for our journey. Cindy is pregnant. Ten weeks pregnant. Still in the first tri-mester and still early enough to have an abortion with little risk of complications.

Two days before, I was at work and received a phone call from Cindy. A soft, muffled voice answered my greeting, "Hello, Gordon?" "Hi Cindy, what's up?" "I got the test back..." Cindy was crying. It was a quiet, almost defeated cry of reluctant acceptance. "Oh Cindy..." I sighed softly. "Cindy..." again, consolingly.

"I called Summit," she said through a soft sob. "They can take me Friday. We'd have to be there by 8:30. It costs \$165.00. That's less expensive than Midwest."

Midwest is an abortion clinic in Madison. A week before, Cindy had had her first pregnancy test. It had been negative. We had called three clinics in Madison — Midwest, Dr. Javonovich, and the University Clinic. Being good comparison shoppers, we priced them and weighed the services offered.

Midwest and the University Clinic offered the most services — counseling and post abortion check-ups included in their fee, both around \$205.00.

After Cindy's test was negative, we considered the situation. She hadn't menstruated in almost ten weeks. Her 28 day cycle had been steady for the past few years, though before that time, Cindy had been irregular at times. The pill had made her consistently steady and since going off it three years ago, her cycle has kept in step. Maybe her cycle had tripped and became irresponsible again. It was an optimistic thought a week ago, but optimism seemed an unapproachable character at the moment.

I thought out loud. "Friday, that's in two days. I have to work Friday. I'll talk to Ed and tell him I need the day off. Can you stop by my house on your way to work tonight? I'd like to see you."

"Yes, I'd like that." Cindy seemed somewhat more calmed, yet her voice was still wet with tears.

Words of consolation seemed faint and distant. Feelings dominated. We both felt caught — cornered. Fortune's wheel had taken another pass and this time its centrifugal force seemed to be a heartless tyrant. We felt dizzy with emotion.

Cindy had had her first abortion a year and a half ago. It did seem easier — emotionally — for Cindy, the second time around, but the ethical issues and questions still retained their intensity — the reality of the situation still prevailed. The biggest issue in our minds was the denial — destruction of human potential. Cindy felt most of her guilt about this. But just as most human actions are justified with one or many reasons, we justified ours for ourselves. (Author's note: it is not the purpose of this article to take issue with justifiable reasons for having or not having an abortion. My purpose here is to show you — expose you — to our experience. Pure and simple.)

The rain had stopped, but it was still heavily overcast as we were sucked into the revolving door of the twenty story high-rise. We stepped into an elevator and caught the doors to let an elderly couple scamper in. They pushed the fourth floor button and stood silently.

The steel walls of the elevator were itched with beautiful detailed lines of an old whaling boat. There were no whales attacking dories, just a light breeze and a beautiful full-sailed sunrise.

I pointed for Cindy, "Look at the sea scene."

"Oh yes."

The couple noticed too. The woman commented quietly to her partner, "All the times we've been in here and I've never noticed that before."

We entered the clinic 25 minutes late, and told them we had called the day before to let them know of our probable tardiness.

"Your name?"

"Cynthia Peters."

"Would you please fill out these forms in the other room, right through this door." The attendant leaned forward and pointed.

We walked into a room finished with waiting-room paneling — dark walnut. A few padded kitchenette chairs lined one wall. Another wall was also lined with some padded chairs and a brown leather cushioned chair matching a couch which we walked over to and sat on. To our right, the fourth wall had a window (our wall had two) and a counter which stretched the length of the wall. On the left of the counter sat a steaming coffee maker and the other side of the counter was occupied by a TV — "\$10,000 Pyramid" was on and the TV audience was lively.

A few abortion posters stating legal rights adorned two walls along with a few abstract art prints and some women's rights articles from the Milwaukee Journal. It was a fairly warm waiting room with two large floor plants — one was a Norfolk Island Pine.

Next to us on the couch sat a young girl no older than 18. She had shoulder length, dirty blond hair, a round fair-skinned face and light, rosy red acne. Her nervous energy contrasted greatly with her young lover, who could hardly keep his eyes open. He was slumped over on the couch, using the seat cushion as a back rest and the back rest as a head rest. It almost seemed as if the couch were using him as some kind of stage prop.

Feeling a bit tired, I shook my head, tuned out the TV, and wrote a collage of thoughts in my journal.

In the brown cushioned chair to our left, there was a similar scene — a young dark haired man, 17 or 18 years old, half asleep. Sitting in a padded chair next to him was his lover. She had very curly (kinky) brown hair, a plump face and a pug nose.

In the corner by the TV sat a large black woman whose styled hair sat rather limp from the rain and humidity. She looked very solemn, sitting there quietly, looking down.

Cindy finished filling in her forms and disappeared into the other room. A guest on the \$10,000 Pyramid was asked if he was ready to go the "big one." "You bet!" he said in an excited squeal. Commercial.

Cindy walked back in and sat by my side. She had some pamphlets with her and asked me to choose one, just one. I picked the green one and began to scan its four pages. I barely finished whipping through the thing when the receptionist came in and asked for Cynthia Peters. Cindy left the room again and didn't come back.

I sat and watched the young premed student from Miami, Ohio, go for the big one. He ran out of time (we're sorry), but he did get to go home with \$750. Let's give our guest a big hand.

Feeling a bit tired, I shook my head, tuned out the TV and wrote a collage of thoughts in my journal.

Emotion is the key. At times, when at the doctor's office, or in a given situation, there are flashes of clarity when everything seems clear and simple — when fear is irrelevant. But these experiences of clarity are so dynamic — they flash past as quickly as they are seen. Instantaneous.

What is behind the person — the way they psychologically, emotionally, see, deal and experience the situation — that's the core of an experience.

Lying on the stainless steel table, spreading your legs. Nervous conversation — or silence — with the doctor. Familiar alcohol odor. "Tools," instruments of the doctors' profession. And the thoughts running like whitewater. Distant guilt feelings. Thank you doctor for not having a picture of a fetus on the wall. Thank you for white paint, I don't need any more complications. Not now. How did I let this happen to me? Why do I have to be a woman? It'll all be over soon. I wonder where I will be a year from now. I won't have to worry about this any more. My body is getting numb. This won't hurt will it? Oh god!

I have to move my seat. Coming into the room after taking a leak, I notice a black couple with a young boy, about three-years-old, have taken my space on the couch — it's their space now. Is it near the TV. I hate it.

Everything is still so remote to me. I'm a man. These are women.

There is very little talking in the waiting room. As much due to the turnover, I think, as to the reason they are here — and the TV. It seems an easy distraction — to sit and vegetate with some game show or "Happy Days." It grabs you from contemplation, steals you from thought and confrontation.

Two women enter the room, sit down and one fills in the same forms Cindy had to fill out. The woman filling out the forms is dark skinned and heavy set. She wears faded jeans and a white blouse. Her friend is very heavy, wears similar pants and a loose hanging tan shirt. When she finishes filling in the forms, the dark haired woman in the white blouse leaves to give the forms to the receptionist. When she returns, she sits down, and looks at her friend. It is a compassionate gaze, saturated with companionship. The heavier woman places her hand on her friend's thigh, lightly squeezes and smiles gently.

I remember reading a comment by a woman, very nervous in the waiting room of an abortion clinic. When she held a younger woman's hand, all nervousness seemed to vanish and a feeling of companionship and commonality prevailed. I feel a commonality with the men here. But we sit silently sleeping or wondering. We drink bad tasting coffee. Tune into TV, tune out, and into thought.

The receptionist steps into the room and calls a name. My spine tingles at the sound of her voice, but it's one of the two slouching young men who had been asleep. He blinks his eyes a few times. They look thick and heavy. "You can see Janie now

if you'd like." He rises stiffly and is given the directions to another room a few floors above.

The two sleeping guys and their women have left. I know I'm next, but it seems it's taking so long. I hope there are no complications. I sit looking out the window. Sunlight cuts through the thick haze. It looks heavy and damp out.

Each time the door opens I think it's for me and I'll be able to see Cindy. Two new young men are here. I only saw one of their lovers.

I've sat through two game shows, one soap opera and one serial. I drift in and out of the programs. In and out.

Constant traffic below; people, cars, buses and trucks. An occasional siren. Another game show.

The door opens again. Cindy walks slowly into the room. My body rushes — a faint shot of adrenalin and a stiff shot of nervousness. "Cindy, how do you feel?"

"Fine." I feel real good. Just a bit drowsy from the medication. She wears a big smile and is slightly glassy eyed.

I thought they would call my name so I could go see you. They did it for every one else. Mmmmm, it's good to see you." I hold Cindy's thigh, rub it gently. We look into each other's eyes and smile. "Are you hungry?"

"Yea," she says enthusiastically. "Good, let's find a Greek restaurant."

We are gently ejected from the revolving door onto the hot, hazy street. We walk to the car a block away to put our parkas away. The sun is on its way to burning this haze off.

"Cindy?"

"Yes?"

Cindy turns to me and I give her a nice long hug. For a moment, Milwaukee disappeared, and fortune's wheel didn't exist.

After a feast of three Greek dishes and Greek wine for lunch, Cindy and I stopped at the lakefront before heading home.

An offshore breeze tickled the crests of the waves as they rolled toward the limestone bulkhead. The air was less humid and less sticky by the water. We talked about waves, how they offer a gentle mother's caress to your ears and soul. How they sooth sore minds and muscles.

I reminisce to Cindy of times spent by the ocean at home on the east coast and one almost mystical morning spent on a beach in Bermuda.

We sit on the bulk head for awhile and then walk along the beach inspecting driftwood and skimming stones. A man in his mid-thirties walks by. He has dark skin, dark hair, deep black eyes, and he looks Greek or Italian. He wears a mustache, faded pink shirt and jeans that are too short. He seems very serious. I say Hi and he replies crisply, though softer than I expected. Cindy and I walk on discovering dead fish and a lot of garbage.

On our way back to the car, we notice the dark skinned man in the pink shirt sitting on the bulkhead staring out over the ocean of Lake Michigan.

FEATURES



Roger, Wendy, and Sam:

Getting Lost in the Bermuda Triangle

By Domenic Bruni

They played well and the audience had a good time. We got to sing-along, dance-along, and even play-along on kazoo provided by the band. There was no real reason for what happened. Roger, the only male and leader of the trio, politely asked for 25 cents from anyone desiring to keep his or her kazoo to help defray the cost. Some inebriated gent, who had made a mockery of himself all evening shouting out requests and lewd observations, thought Roger's request a personal insult.

Forgetting he was a guest of the university and that the performance was free, he viciously hurled the small metal instrument at the lone musician. Luckily, it missed Roger, who kept on talking about what a pleasure it was to play for such a good audience. As he left the stage I felt a deep shame for the assailant. Was 25 cents really worth almost hurting a man who gave us so much fun?

What kind of group would play night of night to such moronic crowds like this? Is it a sado-masochistic streak or is it just the insanity of youth? Roger puts it simply and clearly. "It's just something we love." Playing music has been Roger and Wendy's life for some time. They

have no complaints; it's been good to them.

Their group, rounded out by Sam, drummer, fiddler and resident short person, is based most of the year in New York City. They live in modest quarters outside Greenwich Village and play in such clubs as the Dugout and Folk City. Occasionally they travel the college circuit around the country. On one such trip, they caught the attention of UWSP. They were such a hit that the Student Activities office asked them to spend the summer in Stevens Point playing at all the meetings. They liked Point and thought it'd be fun to spend a summer here in Central Wisconsin, so they accepted.

One of the most enjoyable, as well as exasperating, aspects of their residency here is that they are required to play to such a heterogeneous group. One night the audience is made up of incoming freshman and their parents, the next may find a hundred cheerleaders, and a third night will be made out of mostly older folks. Every night is a challenge to feel out their audience and bring them along. Roger says it usually takes about three or four songs before the group knows what

it's doing and if it's working. Being flexible helps them greatly, as do the variety of instruments they play.

The usual arrangement is Roger on electric auto-harp and vocals, Wendy singing and on bass, with Sam alternating between the drums and her fiddle. None of the trio has had any formal musical education; they are basically self-taught. Their exuberance on stage is matched by the intense love of music that drove them to the stage and performing.

Before any thought of becoming a "professional" musician, Roger held more than twenty-five different jobs, from menial labor to setting up fog-testing equipment. In school he concentrated on drama classes and art and philosophy. His most interesting job was working for a Boston firm which made the prototype for the electric harpsichord. Hammond, the famous piano and organ corporation, was so intrigued that they bought the rights and began producing the instrument.

Roger fondly recalls how one day in a recording studio he saw one of the original "monsters" in a corner.

From the day Roger and Wendy took the stage they haven't had to pick up odd jobs to support

themselves. Everything fell into place. They threw themselves totally into performing. Most groups, in these early periods, have had to get outside monies just to stay alive, but not them. Maybe it was because in the late sixties folk music in New York was the rage, or possibly because of the uniqueness of their act. Roger would sit on stage strumming his acoustic auto-harp while Wendy sang old English folk ballads.

As the years passed, Roger began to seriously study his chosen instrument. He loved the sounds that could be produced, but he noticed how soft it was. He decided to electrify it to give it more depth and presence as well as loudness. As he developed his first electric auto-harp, their music began to change. The Old English ballads gave way to electric folk songs and eventually settled into a happy medium. With the addition of Sam, the group has grown into its own style and form of music. They mix Old English and Irish songs with American folk, country, and good old fashioned rock 'n' roll to project a good clean spirited music that, while it may not be profound, does boogie on.

When I was first asked to write this I did the usual reporter's first rule: I asked my friends. Most of them knew very little except what was on the promo materials and were interested in more. The first question had to be on their name. Did they capitalize on the occult boom or was it Bob Welch's song that inspired it?

As Roger tells it, after Sam joined, they toured as Roger, Wendy and Sam. The name was too cumbersome and wasn't right for them. They began to search out a name that would convey the aura of a trio. One night as they sat around their apartment playing on the synonyms of three, a friend suggested triangles. He told them about the new thing going around New York — the Bermuda Triangle mystery. They liked the name and adopted it. A little over four months later, the Bermuda Triangle story broke nation-wide. Roger says it wasn't planned to capitalize on the name. "Some New York things don't go nation-wide. We never thought this would. It was great, but we didn't plan on it."



Photos by Mark McQueen



One of Roger's greatest pleasures is reworking songs into new arrangements. I remember the first time I saw them play. I couldn't believe my ears; I heard this song I knew was a rock hit from two summers ago but it had been changed into a folk song. It sounded like Joni Mitchell singing Aerosmith. "Dream On" never sounded better and that song alone was worth the evening, although none of the other songs disappointed me. It's fantastic to hear and see Sam, like a forest sprite, playing old Irish jigs recast stirringly with the hypnotizing strains of Roger's electric auto-harp.

The highlight of every Bermuda Triangle show is the kazoo. Toward the end, Sams runs around passing a kazoo to every member of the audience. The kazoo is a small metal pipe which creates sounds as the player hums into it. As an audience-involvement tool it's one of the best and one of the worse. Fortunately it usually comes at the end, so it doesn't ruin the show by becoming obnoxious, although some inconsiderates try.

I made a joke about forming an all-kazoo band much like the harmonica bands. Roger said that was where the idea of passing out the kazoos came from. He used a kazoo in a few numbers and a woman had heard about it. She was trying to form a

kazoo band but had very little luck, so they gave Roger twelve kazoos she had and told him to keep them. That night, as the group played, Roger thought it might be fun to pass out the kazoos and see what might happen. He liked the result and so have audiences. The first word I heard connected with Bermuda Triangle from my friends was always kazoo. If they'd tried to make money off the number of kazoos they've given to audiences, they might have a healthy bank account. To Roger they're just for fun.

Fun is the key word to describe this group. On stage Roger clowns around, occasionally making funny faces to the crowd. He darts around the stage like a leprechaun during spring. Sam dances happily as she manipulates her fiddle. Wendy calmly and coolly stands playing bass and sweetly singing; as usual the bassist is the anchor that holds the show on state.

Bermuda Triangle plays two to four times per week during the summer session in the coffeehouse. Although the performances are specifically for orientation or conference groups, the public is welcome and nobody will be thrown out. For a song in your heart and a smile on your lips, the Bermuda Triangle is the best show this summer in Point.



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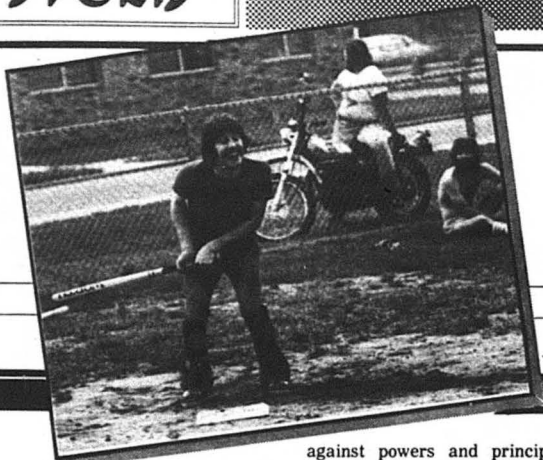
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SPORTS



Take me out of the ball game

By Dave Schier

FLFLC0
FUBBS 3

Bottom of the seventh, two out, winning run is on third; the batter is working on a full count...

Of such stuff are our nightmares made. We'll never find a resting place in the hall of fame; you'll never see our names in the record books. We'll never doff our caps before the cheering throngs of Brewer Stadium.

FLFLC01
FUBBS34

We are the Woody Allens of the UWSP summer intramural softball league. The FUBBs must have Diane Keaton on the mound — when I come to bat I distinctly hear Bogey razzing me from the stands.

Fortunately, we aren't playing the fearless FUBBs for money, nor do we of the valiant FLFLC team battle for blood (mine was anemic anyway). Maybe we'll have better luck against the Bad News Bears. Maybe, dream of dreams, I'll hit that ten inch meatball out of creation against "D Beau" Center. Maybe the grass will turn blue on the Fourth of July.

FLFLC011
FUBBS344

The FLFLC (whose initials represent a mantram divinely revealed to our team captain by the patron saint of softballers) does not merely "play softball" at west Quandt Field. We defend our honor

against powers and principalities. How else does one explain the way this game is going except demonic intervention? That short fly bouncing ten feet over Tom Eagon's head before he had a chance to react; the ball mysteriously popping out of Jane Thomas' glove at second; the blade of grass that suddenly turned to steel and tripped me in right. Tell me you see merely an infield and I'll tell you about a Bermuda Triangle where balls mysteriously vanish only to reappear ten seconds and four runs later.

Maybe we didn't eat our wheaties. It is hard to believe that the FUBBs fell to us 39-0 two weeks ago. Talk about a Cinderella story — the FUBBs are sure letting us make them look good.

When you think about it, softball is an unsavory game. Call to mind some of the jargon — "hit and run," "foul ball," "strike three" — and you'll get the picture. Maybe that's why they never play softball at Christmas. And umpires you never see in who's who.

FLFLC01101
FUBBS 34423

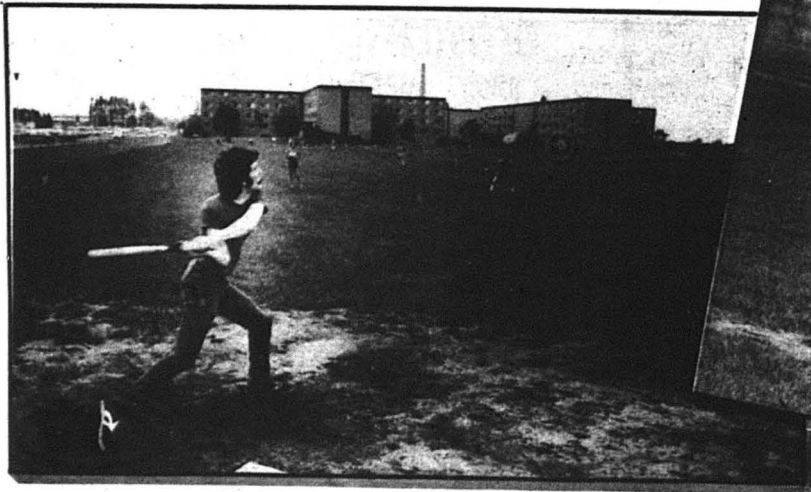
These seven innings sure are taking on the cast of eternal damnation. Yet we of the FLFLC are cool and nonchalant. We make a point of keeping our chin up, joshing ourselves lightly ("Center fielder is a phagocyte") We should win solely on sportsmanship. We know our heart is big, a heart not even three consecutive home runs against us can break. Who can match our aplomb,

our clan, the subtle but strong machismo of our men, the strong but subtle liberated femininity of our women? What team is there like unto us, the chosen team?

But what can a team do when the rules say two strikes and you're out? Exactly as we do — regather

ourselves and train and practice and drink pitchers of beer and laugh out the cold cry of "Wait til next time, ofay!"

Final
AHE
FLFLC011011041620
FUBBS344234626535



REVIEWS



Bob Dylan
Street-Legal
Columbia JC 35453
Reviewed by Bob Ham

Well here he is, shaking our windows and rattling our walls again. The fact is, the only safe, 100 percent uncontested thing you can say about any new Dylan album is that it's different. The man is always doing something to throw you off. On *Blood on the Tracks*, he ditched The Band in favor of a bunch of steel guitars and banjo pickers. *Desire* had Emmy Lou Harris on background vocals and Scarlet Rivera on, of all things, the violin. His "live" album, *Hard Rain*, though it suffered from uneven, sometimes clunky production, featured new lyrics to old songs, and some strange new arrangements.

On *Street-Legal*, Dylan is taking more chances than ever before; playing an electric guitar, using yet another group of unknown musicians, and filling in the spaces with a wailing female chorus that ooooo's, aaaaaa's and hey hey hey's all over the place. The result is electrifying. The songs are more rhythmic and rocking than anything Dylan's ever done before. "Changing of the Guards" has an almost reggae beat. "New Pony" is pure bad-ass boogie. Christ, you could dance to this stuff.

The new band is hotter than hell — especially Steve Douglas, who breathes fire through the alto and tenor saxophones, and Steve Madaio, whose trumpet pushes "Is Your Love in Vain" right up through the ceiling. And yet, despite all these new turns, *Street-Legal* has a certain haunting familiarity to it. Songs like "No Time to Think" and "True Love Tends to Forget" sound like you've heard them before. Dylan sings in many familiar voices here — everything from the rubber band nasal twang to the rough, gravelly roar. And some of the instruments — especially the organ — sound like The Band.

This strange mix of old and new carries over into the lyrics too. The songs on *Street-Legal* are about trying to find answers, about looking into the past for some clue to the future, and about trying to sort things out. Dylan's separation from his wife weighs heavily here, with two thirds of the songs being about love and its various imitations.

Of the love songs, "Is Your Love in Vain" stands out. Musically, it's one of the finest moments on the album. Propelled by the aforementioned

Steve Madaio's trumpet, the song sounds like the music at a coronation — which, in a sense, it is — with Dylan as the Crown Prince, accepting a love he is not sure of.

All right, I'll take a chance,
I will fall in love with you.
If I'm fool, you can have the night,
You can have the morning too.
Here, Dylan is uncertain, almost afraid. In his search for something solid in this new relationship, he falls back on some very traditional (and some might say, sexist) values.

Can you cook and sew,
Make flowers grow,
Do you understand my pain?
Are you willing to risk it all
Or is your love in vain?
On the other end of things, there's "Baby Stop Crying," in which Dylan tries to console a lover he's mistreated. The music starts out loud and fast, then quickly drops to a Wurlitzer whisper behind Dylan's low, tender vocals.

You've been down to the bottom
with a bad man, babe,
But you're back where you belong.
Different stances on love are taken in "True Love Tends to Forget," a song about becoming too familiar with a loved one, and "New Pony," in

But she's drifting like a satellite.
Then, finally, almost screaming,
I can't believe it,
I can't believe I'm alive,
But without you it doesn't seem right.

Where are you tonight?
"Changing of the Guards," the album's opener, and one of the non-love songs, tells a complex story of oppression, conflict, and revolt, all tangled up with personal pain, love and mythology. It's a deeply personal statement, but it goes beyond that.

Sixteen years,
Sixteen years,
Planters united over the fields,
While the good shepherd greets
desperate men,
Desperate women
Divided, spreading their wings
'neath the falling leaves

The personal side of the song becomes apparent when you consider that sixteen years is the span of Dylan's career. He's saying something here similar to "The Times They Are A-Changin'" but he's saying it from a different perspective. He's not a threatening punk here, he's a conquering hero.

Gentlemen, he says,
I don't need your organization,
I've shined your shoes,
I've moved your mountains and
marked your cards,
But Eden is budding.
Either get ready for elimination
Or else your hearts must have the
courage

of the changing of the guards.
The song has a fantastic rock beat to it, and comes off like a victory march.

"No Time to Think" sounds almost like an outtake from *Desire* because of the strong presence of David Mansfield's violin. It's a song about not being able to sort things out, about being confused, overloaded, and generally fucked up. The strings sound like a Victorian dance, the guitars nail down a rock beat, and there's a barroom piano twinklin on the very edge. This is Dylan at his very best, hopelessly trapped by his feelings, being bombarded by dozens of conflicting ideas and concerns ("Socialism, hypnotism, patriotism, materialism...loneliness, tenderness, society, notoriety...") dancing

Bob Dylan



Boogies Down

66

New Pony is pure
bad-ass boogie..

Christ, you could
dance to this stuff.

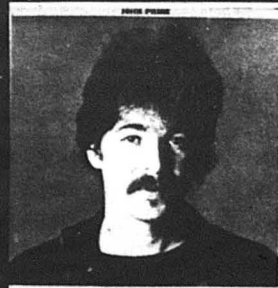
99

which Dylan plays around with the idea of comparing a good woman to a bad pony.

"Where Are You Tonight (Journey Through Dark Heat)," has the songwriter pining away for his lost love, first softly,

There's a woman I long to touch
And I'm missing her so much

Continued on page 17



John Prine bites into a bruised orange

John Prine — Bruised Orange
Reviewed by Mike Schwalbe

At one time I thought if I could take all the kids in this country whose brains are being turned to cheese curds by disco music and shove some John Prine albums down their throats, this curdling process might actually be reversible. My own experimentation thus far indicates a salvageability rating for disco victims somewhere between the Titanic and the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Whatever therapy may exist to remedy this condition, a dose of John Prine from *Bruised Orange*, his Asylum debut, would not be my first choice prescription. Musically it's some of Prine's best, as help from Corky Siegel, Jackson Browne, and old friend Steve Goodman (who produced the album) seem to inject a previously unfelt balance between lyrics and music: more than three-chord guitar, and properly less than the almost overloaded backgrounds on his second and third albums.

Prine fans will like it, happy to have more. Though I wonder what the social axman and poet who wrote "Sam Stone," "Paradise," "Christmas in Prison," "Billy the Bum," and "Your Flag Decal Won't Get You Into Heaven Anymore," has come to with "Aw Heck."

I could be as happy as a sardine in a can

Long as I got my woman
I could run stark naked
and live in an old oak tree
just as long

as she's with me
my woman

I certainly expect more. But I guess in line with the spirit of the times Prine is shifting from a broad social scope to a more personal one. Expressing this slightly different perspective are cuts like "Fish and Whistle," which reflects a light and wry view of life raising little question of its consequence, and "Bruised Orange (Chain of Sorrow)" which is a more stark, cynical view of an off-balance world, again posed against the irony and waste of taking it all too seriously. This is perhaps the finest lyrical product on the album.

Other cuts, "There She Goes" and "Sabu Visits the Twin Cities Alone," poke fun at "my-baby's-leaving-and-I'm-all-broke-up" songs, and absurd movie promotions. Good, clean, well-played fun with a little bite to it. "There She Goes" also features some excellent pedal steel work by Leo LeBlanc. Another cut, "Iron Ore Betty," is also played for fun, but seriously displays Prine's talent for milking the language of its own musical nature.

I'm not sure what to make of "If You Don't Want My Love." It seems totally un-Prine-like, it's lyrically repetitious, but melodically as inescapable as waves at sea. Jackson Browne provides harmony vocals on this cut, and combined with

Prine's slightly drawling rasp it makes a definite vocal impression. Prine fans will have to judge this one for themselves, it's too new to me to decide just yet.

"The Hobo Song" is a romantic ballad about travelling, story-telling men of an earlier time. Prine's lyrical composition is simple, yet offers a Currier and Ives-like piece of bygone Americana for us to chew again, this time with a bit more reverence, appreciation.

A short, side-two cut, "A Crooked Piece of Time," says little more in total than in this title. I'd call it uptempo filler.

Anyone who's heard the album has probably noticed what would appear as a glaring omission here. I've made no mention of one of the best cuts on the album, "That's The Way The World Goes 'Round." I'm hoping I can get away with letting it mention itself. You read, I'll hum along:

I know a guy
That's got a lot to lose
He's a pretty nice fellow
But he's kind of confused
He's got muscles in his head
That ain't never been used
Thinks he owns half of this town
Starts drinking heavy
Gets a big red nose
Beats his old lady
With a rubber hose

Then he takes her
Out to dinner
And he buys her new clothes
That's the way that the world goes 'round

You're up one day
And the next you're down
It's a half an inch of water
And you think you're gonna drown
That's the way that the world goes 'round

I was sittin' in the bathtub
Counting my toes
When the radiator broke
Water all froze
I got stuck in the ice
Without my clothes
Naked as the eyes of a clown
I was crying ice cubes
Hoping I'd croak
When the sun came through the window
The ice all broke
I stood up and laughed
Thought it was a joke
That's the way that the world goes 'round

I'd say it falls somewhere between "Fish and Whistle" and "Bruised Orange" in outlook. But it's special because it also falls somewhere between the social gadfly, guitar picker, and poet (who has been prescribed as a cure for discoidemia), and the John Prine of today who is one of the best of a generation of social gadflies, pickers, and poets who are, bless us, still 'round.

UWSP summer theatre preview

What do a song-and-dance man, a princess with a back ailment, and a floating crap game have to do with each other? Well, together they represent UWSP's summer theater season. As in years past, musical comedies are being presented throughout the month of July at Jenkin's Theater.

"George M.," a musical biography of one of Broadway's greatest songwriters and stars, premiered July 11th. George M. Cohan wrote some of America's most memorable songs: "Over There," "Yankee Doodle Dandy," and the classic "Give My Regards to Broadway." If you've seen James Cagney's Oscar-winning performance in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," you have a good grasp of the life of Cohan and what he meant to American musical theater. Michael Stewart, with John and Fran Pascal, wrote the book that incorporates the great songs of George M. Cohan with loving care. Seldon Faulkner directs this tribute. Remaining performances are on July 14, 19, 22, 23 and 27.

Remember the "Princess and the Pea" story we heard as children? Marshall Barer did, and he created a musical telling the "inside story" about it. He wrote the lyrics and co-wrote the book with Jay Thompson and Dean Fuller. Mary Rogers composed the music that carries the story along. The production that elated Broadway audiences is being directed by Robert Baruch for UWSP. The play premiered on July 12, and will be repeated July 15, 16, 20, 25, and 28.

Damon Runyon's colorful gangsters take over the stage tonight, in "Guys and Dolls," a story about two gangsters, a dancehall singer, a "Save-a-Soul" mission, and a bet. Frank Loesser wrote the songs. Anthony Schmitt directs this award-winning musical that proves that gangsters are really entertaining and sweet guys. The show will be repeated on July 18, 21, 26, 29, and 30.

Tickets for all shows are \$2.50 for the public and \$1 for students. Performances begin promptly at 8 PM.

Dylan



Continued from page 15

forever between intellect and desire.
In the federal city
You've been blown and shown pity,
A secret for a handful of change.
The empress attracts you,
But oppression distracts you,
It makes you feel violent and strange.

Finally there's "Senor (Tales of Yankee Power)," a long, nightmarish journey back into a time and place the songwriter no longer understands, but which he still has strong feelings for.

Senor,

Senor,
Can you tell me where we're
headin'?
Lincoln County Road or
Armageddon?
Seem like I been down this way
before.

The picture grows more and more
depressing, with Dylan finding less
and less to go back to.

Let's overturn these tables,
Disconnect these cables,
This place don't make sense to me
no more.

Can you tell me what we're waiting
for, Senor?

The songs on *Street-Legal* take on more meaning with each listening. Don De Vito's production is crisp, the instruments are mixed for maximum effect, and there isn't a bad moment on the album. The tremendous energy of the music contrasts sharply with the wariness and pain of the lyrics. As long as Bob Dylan can keep surprising us with his music and sustaining us with his words, he will continue to be our most important singer-songwriter.

Survivors:

The Kinks grow up

"Misfits" by The Kinks

Arista AB4167

Reviewed by Domenic Bruni

Dan is a Kinks fan. He's faithfully bought their twenty-some albums and seen all their shows. Like many of us, he didn't really know who or what the Kinks were, but once he heard an album he had to hear more. Kinks fans are born every minute. They are one of the few cult groups that were once in the Boston league. In the mid-sixties they had as many hits as Fleetwood Mac, but somewhere, with a couple of mediocre albums and personal problems, they fell into obscurity.

Last year they made a popular comeback, of sorts, with their first Arista album "Sleepwalker" which hit the top twenty and spawned two fairly big singles, "Sleepwalker" and "Jukebox Music." This year, Ray

Davies and company return with what may be their best album in years.

In "Misfits" Davies looks back at the past with a careful eye toward the future. With wit, grace, and the most brutal self-assessment since Pete Townshend and Neil Young, Davies spins a disk that acknowledges the past and sets the sights for the future.

Davies doesn't scream for life, like Lennon did on his first solo album, but sighs for a peace that can never be. He shows a wisdom for his past and his fate and emerges at the end of the record as a rouser trying to spirit the little guys to "Get up, it's one salvation — Wise up to the situation." Davies is not a man whose time has come and gone; he won't fight against the system, because he's a misfit and never fit in anyway.

Davies doesn't melodramatize his

situation with screaming vocals or tearful pouts; he sings his songs gently with a tenderness in almost a conversational sigh. Perhaps it's because Davies has always been the clown, because he has played the jester ripping away at the fabric of society with his words and his guitar. Here he laughs at his usual assortment of oddities: an unhappy transvestite who tells the world and feels better, a tax exile who runs away, and a young man who can't make love because he has hay fever.

He even pokes fun at other forms of music. To the punks he sings "You say your image is new, but it looks well tested." Jamaican reggae is ridiculed in "Black Messiah," with a double knife-thrust with a Dixieland horn section backing on the song.

For the first time in six years, Ray's brother Dave has put a song on

a Kinks album. What is most disturbing here is Dave's delivery of the song. Without the lyrics right in front of you, it's barely intelligible. Unlike his brother, Dave can't articulate and come to grips quietly with his torment of age. How can you "trust your heart" when you can't express it in words?

This is almost a perfect rock album in the same way that the Who's "The Who By Numbers" and Neil Young's "Tonight's the Night" are. All three are by survivors who have lived to tell their story about what rock has done to them. Townshend survived to create "Rough Mix," Young has gone back to folk music and acoustic guitars, while Davies has decided to keep plugging on the road. The years haven't dulled his senses. Davies hasn't survived the years, he's grown with them, and on "Misfits" there are no growth pains.

What the thunder said

On The Road With Bob Dylan:

Rolling With The Thunder

By Larry Sloman

Bantam Books 11641-X

\$2.50

Reviewed by Bob Ham

A quarter of the way through *On The Road With Bob Dylan*, Larry Sloman's gonzo chronicle of Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue, Bobby Neuwirth, emcee for the Revue, says, "Fuck, man, who needs another book on Bob Dylan? What are you gonna write about, what Bob Dylan eats for breakfast."

Those are good questions.

God knows, a lot has been written about Bob Dylan, and most of it is crap. What does Bobby eat for breakfast anyway? Why does he wear dark glasses? What kinds of "on the road experiences" has he had?

It is much to Larry Sloman's credit that *On The Road With Bob Dylan* avoids that kind of drivel. The book

justifies its existence. It isn't just another book about Bob Dylan.

Part of the reason the book works is that Sloman was not just an observer of The Rolling Thunder Revue. He was a participant. Besides covering the tour for Rolling Stone, he worked with the film crew, which went with the Revue to get footage for Dylan's movie, *Renaldo and Clara*. The book isn't just about what Dylan is doing. It's also about what Sloman is doing — trying to please Rolling Stone, trying to avoid getting dropped from the tour, trying to stay on Dylan's good side.

Sloman spends a great deal of his time battling with Lou Kemp, Dylan's friend and manager, who thinks Sloman is a "chozzier," and systematically hassles and abuses him, kicking him out of the hotels and keeping him away from the people he wants to talk to.

Fortunately, Sloman overcomes these obstacles, actually gets signed onto the tour, and gets "access" to the performers. Besides the day-to-day description of the tour, there are

long fascinating discussions with Dylan and Joan Baez, lunches with Roger McGuinn, talks with Allen Ginsberg, Salvation Army shopping sprees with Sara Dylan, burn-out weekends with Kinky Friedman, battles with Joni Mitchell, and close encounters with Beatti Zimmerman, Dylan's mother. (I didn't know he had a mother.)

Add to this various encounters with all-night diners, weirdos, whores, dangerous drugs, and obnoxious Rolling Stone editors, and you have a pretty interesting story.

Amazingly, Sloman avoids analyzing what he reports. Most of the book is just plain good description, sans the old "what does it all mean" stuff. There are some beautiful moments detailed in the book: Dylan meets Bruce Springsteen, Joan Baez tells Rolling Stone to "shove it," Dylan's mom gives Sloman chicken soup for his cold; and there are some very nice moments from the shows themselves.

"The set continues without incident

until the last number, 'Knocking on Heaven's Door,' when Dylan cuts his hand on a guitar string. His face becomes a scowl and he turns his back on the audience, licking the cut, but wheeling back just in time to deliver his line about 'wiping the blood off my face.'

There's so much going on in this book that by the time you've finished reading it, you're physically exhausted and emotionally drained. Rolling through Sloman's prose, you're drawn right into the experience of The Rolling Thunder Revue. You know what it's like to be a frustrated, shat-upon journalist. And, more importantly, you know what it's like to be Bob Dylan, wiped out after a show, half crooked, and with twenty people trying to hit on you.

There's a nice selection of photos too — shots of the performers, and one really strange picture of Bob Dylan and his mother performing together that must be seen to be believed. All in all, *On The Road With Bob Dylan* is a wild ride, and well worth reading.

THE POINTER



BACK PAGE

Done in conjunction with the student life committee

On Campus



July 13-Football lessons, 1-3pm, Recreational Services
July 13-Toymaking, 1-3pm Arts & Crafts

July 13-Theatre Performance, Guys & Dolls 8:00pm Jenkins Theatre

July 14-Theatre Performance, George M. Jenkins Theatre 8:00pm

July 15-Theatre Performance, Once Upon a Mattress 8:00pm Jenkins Theatre

July 18-Theatre Performance, Once Upon a Mattress 8:00pm Jenkins Theatre

July 19-Theatre Performance, George M. 8:00pm Jenkins Theatre

July 20-Cornhusk Doll, Making 1-3pm Arts & Crafts

July 20-Theatre Performance, Once Upon a Mattress 8:00pm Jenkins Theatre

July 21-Theatre Performance, Once Upon a Mattress 8:00pm Jenkins Theatre

July 22-Theatre Performance, George M. 8:00pm Jenkins Theatre

July 25-Mini-Concert, "Shine" 9-11pm Coffeehouse

July 25-Theatre Performance, George M. 8:00pm Jenkins Theatre

July 26-Theatre Performance, Guys & Dolls 8:00pm Jenkins Theatre

July 27-Coffeehouse, Joe Ebel 9-11pm Coffeehouse

July 27-Theatre Performance, George M. 8:00pm Jenkins Theatre

On the Town



July 19th (Wed.)
STEVENS POINT CITY BAND, 7:30 p.m. at Band Shell, Pfiffner Park.

July 20th & 21st (Thru. & Fri.)
"CRAZY DAYS" Sidewalk Sales, in Downtown Stevens Point. Sponsored by Downtown Business Association.

July 25th & 26th (Tue. & Wed.)
HOW TO'S OF CANNING & FREEZING, at County Conference Rm., County-City Bldg. Sponsored by UW-Extension.

July 26th (Wed.)
STEVENS POINT CITY BAND, 7:30 p.m. at Band Shell, Pfiffner Park.

July 29th (Sat.)
SUZUKI VIOLIN CONCERT, 7:15 p.m. at UW-SP Quandt Gym.

Aug. 2nd (Wed.)
STEVENS POINT CITY BAND, 7:30 p.m. at Band Shell, Pfiffner Park.

Aug. 4th (Fri.)
SUZUKI CELLO CONCERT, 4 p.m. at Michelsen Concert Hall, UW-SP

In the Area



July 14th-16th (Fri.-Sun.)
LIONS DAYS, in Rosholt. Sponsored by Rosholt Lions Club.

July 20th-23rd (Thur.-Sun.)
PORTAGE COUNTY FAIR, at the Amherst Fairgrounds.

July 28th & 29th (Fri. & Sat.)
TATER-TOOT, in Almond.

On Stage



July 15-Leo Sayer, Dane County Collosum, Madison

July 16-Leo Sayer, Yvonne Elliman, Sanford & Townsand, Duluth Arena-Auditorium

July 17-Journey and VanHalen, Sawyer Auditorium, La Crosse

July 19-Yvonne Elliman, O'Shaughnessy Auditorium, St. Paul

July 21-Waylon Jennings & Jessi Colter, Duluth Arena-Auditorium

July 21-Manhattan Transfer, O'Shaughnessy Auditorium, St. Paul

July 22-Waylon Jennings & Jessi Colter, Midway Stadium, St. Paul

July 22-Beach Boys, St. Paul Civic Center

July 22-Mickey Gilley, Billy "Crash" Craddock, Billy Jo Spears, Dane County Collosum, Madison

July 23-Beach Boys, Dane County Collosum, Madison

July 26-Charlie Daniels, Sawyer Auditorium, La Crosse

On the Screen



July 19-Film 8:00pm, Snow Job Pray-Sims Basement

July 20-Film The Candidate 7pm PBR

Residence hall program nationally recognized

by Domenic Bruni

The National Association of College and University Residence Halls has given its 1978 "School of the Year" award to the UWSP. The association is made up of over 80 schools nationwide and UWSP has been a member for ten years.

Robert Nicholson, director of residence hall programs, and five students accepted the citation and a trophy during the association's convention at Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana, early in June.

The award recognizes the quality of services an institution provides to its dorm residents and participation of

its students at the national convention.

Nicholson outlined some of the contributing factors to the presentation of the award. He cites UWSP's relatively small size, as compared to the other member's schools, and its co-educational programs coupled with strong Resident Assistances. The association was also impressed with UWSP having Dorm Directors who are full-time and have at least Masters Degrees, mostly in the psychology and guidance areas.

On an average, Nicholson said, "We offer more than 2,000 programs

a semester. That's more than two weekly per dormitory. There is an emphasis on interaction between students that tries to achieve two basic things: tolerance and a sense-of-belonging."

Our dormitories, he continued, try to "support the academic mission of the university." They attempt to maintain an academic atmosphere so that people can study comfortably. Out of this will develop a respect for other people and their rights.

The association that gave UWSP this award is made up of large and small schools. Previous winners have been such universities as: Oklahoma

State, Iowa State, Mississippi State, and Kansas State. Nicholson considers it a real coup that the student board of the group should award UWSP the prize.

The national association has held many of its meetings here and UWSP has been a gracious host. This last factor may have been the deciding one in the vote, since this fall they will be returning with several hundred representatives from seven states for another convention.

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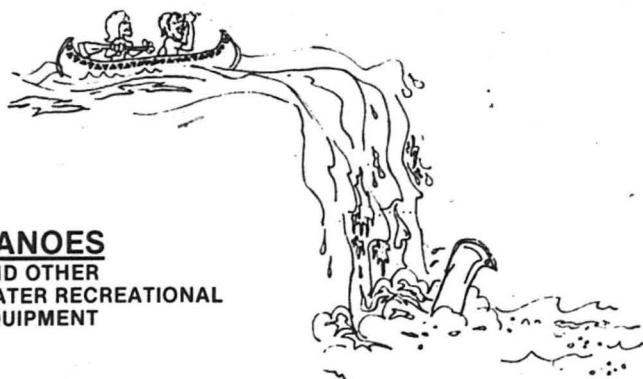
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July 20

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