

THE POINTER

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WSU-STEVENS POINT, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1971

NO. 15



During second semester, The Pointer will be distributed on Monday. Deadline for material is Wednesday noon; all material must be typewritten!

Dr John Heaton Nat Resources Prof



Dr. John Heaton is an Associate Professor of Natural Resources at WSU-SP. Dr. Heaton has five years of professional teaching experience and has worked in fisheries research and management for several state and federal agencies. He received his B.S. and M.A. from the University of Missouri and was granted a Ph.D. at Montana State University.

POINTER: As a member of the Department of Natural Resources, what are your personal objectives?

HEATON: Trying to prepare our students to function in the area of fisheries management to be studied ecologists with the ability to help solve some of the problems that are facing us. To build an awareness among my students and to try to give them some of the tools they will need in a professional career. And the secondary objective is to try to supply some information and ideas to those students who will not be seeking a professional career, or those students who are seeking just enough information to help us survive for another generation or two.

POINTER: Why do you think our country is experiencing the extreme environmental problems that we are?

HEATON: Well, this is an extremely difficult and complex question. There is no nice easy answer. One of the largest problems, of course, is the population expansion. This is probably the root of the problem. Also, we have developed a technology which has caused us several problems. Our system of ethics is lagging far behind our technological development. So its really a combination of our tremendous increase in population and our wasteful technology technique. We then would need some basic changes made in our way of life. Obviously, the answer to such a question could be expanded almost infinitely.

POINTER: What part could the average American citizen play in solving our environmental problems?

HEATON: I think one of the first steps is actually developing an ecological awareness among our population. Too many people believe that we don't have any problems. I think that

the educational aspects are extremely important to the masses. Besides, I think that it is important that the average citizen enter into the political arena to make sure that our representatives are aware of things we must have. Many orderly changes are certainly necessary. The people must become first aware and then political. We need to change the direction in which our nation is headed.

POINTER: Do you think all aspects of this university are ecologically sound?

HEATON: There's a nasty question. I can look at my own existence, and conclude that not everything that I do is ecologically sound. But I do believe that we should all begin to question our personal lives regarding environmental practices. Certainly not everything that is done at the University is ecologically sound.

I think we should begin questioning and changing some of these practices. I believe that some good examples should be set on our campus. We must give our time, money, and effort to work out some of our local problems so that we could set a high standard.

POINTER: What organizations might a student join if he were interested in environmental problems?

HEATON: There are several of these. There are, of course, several professional organizations. This includes

chemistry, wildlife, and fishery societies—which students might join to work on our problems. Plus, there are a number of new organizations for people with an interest in our environment. Zero Population Group is a very active and beneficial group. The Wilderness Society is interested in the preservation of true wilderness. The Friends of the Earth are also interested in environmental improvement. The Audubon Society is another. There are several other good ones.

POINTER: Do you think that some of the fatalistic conclusions drawn by some of the environmental experts have actually turned some people away from the cause?

HEATON: I really don't know. I think the human animal was a fatal fatal tendency to ignore serious problems until they are really brought forcibly to his attention. Thus, I think some of our modern ecologists, who might appear fatalistic, have presented us with the necessary alarm. This is not to say that some people may have been turned away from the movement because of the apparent hopelessness of the situation. But I think in the long run the modern ecologist has created much more interest in our ecological problems, than they have slumped away from the issues.

POINTER: Do you think that our numerous ecological problems can be solved under a capitalistic economy?

HEATON: I don't think we are going to solve our ecological problems until we come up with some major change in our ways of doing things. I think we need a new system of land ethics, as LEOPOLD IN THE Sand county Almanac claims. We can no longer make large decisions on merely economic grounds. We must look and see if any particular decision will be ecologically sound. We can no longer envision more man as being apart from the land, soil, water, air, etc. Philosophies and religions must come to grips with man as he relates to his earth. But I don't think that a capitalistic economy is the only cause of environmental problems. Russia has built up some massive environmental problems.

POINTER: What is your opinion of the recent march held to collect money to give to the local paper industry to assist in pollution abatement?

HEATON: As a symbolic gesture, it was great. To take some clean water and dump it into the Wisconsin River is a great put-on. I think it was a real attention-getter. I think the students showed us a great imagination.

POINTER: Perhaps George Mead pointed to the real short comings in the environmental uncoverment when he claimed

that his business could not make the necessary reforms without laying-off workers and thus creating economic problems. Wouldn't the implications seem to suggest that the entire socio-economic system must be changed in order to get at the roots of the problem?

HEATON: I feel that this again leads us into a discussion of land ethics. I would agree with the statement that Governor Lucey made. I find it a bit hard to believe that Consolidated Paper can be crying poverty at this stage of the game. Perhaps, they are only trying to create undo-pressure by claiming they may have to lay-off workers. I don't think the guidelines that were given them were unreasonable at all. I'm not an economist, but I look at Mr. Mead's projections suspiciously.

POINTER: What books of personal interest would you suggest to students?

HEATON: One of my first choices would be Leopold's Sand County Almanac. There are a large list of new paperbacks that are good. Odell's quiet crisis traces the development of the environmental problems in the United States. The Moment in the Sun, the Biological Time Bomb, Science and Survival, The Immense Journey, and The Frail Oceans are all very good. MANY books are available in the local book stores. There are of course, many other good books on the subject, and new ones coming out all the time. My list would also have to include books on human behavior, mans development, ethics and philosophy.

New Senate Elections

Student senate elections will be held on Monday, February 15, for seats in the following districts: 1,3,4,5. Nomination papers for Senate seats may be picked up in the Senate office (2nd floor, U. C.) beginning February 1. Nomination papers must be signed by no fewer than fifty (50) students and returned to the Senate office by 5p.m. Monday, February 8, for the nominee's name to appear on the ballot. Absentee ballots for the election may be picked up February 12, the Friday before the election in the Senate office.

Winter Carnival Schedule

Monday, February 8, King and Queen preliminary elections all centers.

Thursday, February 12, King and Queen elections.

Sunday, February 14, Torch Lighting, University Center 1:00 p.m., kick off band concert, 8:00 p.m. Fieldhouse.

Monday, February 15, Hair-do legs, knees and hog call, Fieldhouse 6:00

Tuesday, February 16, Beards and pipe smoking, Wisconsin Room, 8:00 p.m.

Wednesday, February 17, Pancake eating and apple cider sipping, Berg Gym, 6:00, Lecture by Ramsey Clark, 8:30, Berg Gym.

Thursday, February 18, Chariot race, Cin. Theatre, 6:00 and 8:15, Othello and Boulder Wham.

Friday, February 19, Ice sculpture judging, University Center, 6:00 Cin. Theatre, 6:00 and 8:15.

Saturday, February 20, Games behind Fieldhouse, 1:00 Cin. Theatre 6:00 and 8:15.

Sunday, February 21, Climax performance featuring Tony Jo White and John Denver 8:00 Fieldhouse, tickets \$2 and \$2.50.

Moon Rocks

Stevens Point - Part of the lunar rock collection brought from the moon to earth Apollo astronauts in 1969 will be displayed at Stevens Point State University Feb. 15 to 28, it was announced today.

Only on few previous occasions have the surface materials been on exhibit in Wisconsin, and the showing here will coincide with the open house and dedication of the university's new seven story Albertson Learning Resources Building Feb. 25 to 28.

The Stevens Point State University Foundation, Inc. is sponsoring the exhibit in cooperation with the National Aeronautical and Space Administration. The case containing the rocks will be hand delivered to the campus where strict security precautions are to be under taken. Long reports! The display is to be under guard at all times - at night it is to be behind two locks in a vault.



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Pointer To Investigate Housing

During the first semester, the Pointer made an attempt to explain some of the problems and expose some of the injustices confronting students with articles concerning the employment dilemma, the bookstore and the pinery to name but a few.

Although these items are a concern to many students, these inequities seem less significant when juxtaposed to the problem of inadequate housing which is probably the most blatant injustice facing students on most college campuses. This semester the Pointer will run a series of articles which it hopes will help the student better understand his predicament with respect to housing offer him several avenues of action.

This situation of inadequate housing is not a new problem since it came into being many years ago when the demand for rooms and apartments exceeded the supply in this rather small city of only twenty thousand. WSU-Stevens Point, in contrast to state universities like Platteville and Whitewater which have empty dormitories, has recently grown at an unprecedented rate, thereby complicating the already existing housing shortage. Even though there are approximately one hundred fifty coeds living in the cloister and Whiting Hotel, WSU-SP was still forced to turn away over two hundred fifty freshmen, due to lack of dormitory space. This lack of adequate housing experienced by freshmen also extends on to the upperclassman living off campus. The shortage is great as there are approximately 2,500 students renting rooms and apartments in the Stevens Point area.

The results or effects of this demand for housing have manifested themselves in a variety of forms. Besides exorbitant rents, the physical conditions of many houses in which students are forced to live, are horrendous. Three or four students crammed into a bedroom that would be comfortable for one or at best, adequate for two is becoming less uncommon. Houses where the temperature never reaches sixty degrees once winter sets in, where there is not even a desk to study on, where the lavatory has neither a bathtub or shower, or where there is not even hot running water are a few of the more serious situations facing students who are in desperate need of a place to live.

In addition to these physical inadequacies, there are countless ways that landlords harass their tenants. Unreasonable policies including the prohibiting of guests of the opposite sex to visit and charging additional rent for friends that stay overnight such as on a weekend are decided at the caprice of the landlord. Furthermore, some homeowners make visits at peculiar hours like late Saturday night to insure obedience to their rules.

Coeds being propositioned by their landlords as a means of having their rents lowered, have also been reported in several cases. And, a few professors even participate in the role of slumlord, providing inadequate housing facilities for their students. Two members of one academic department, for example, own a house where six girls are packed into a dwelling that has extraordinarily small bedrooms with no closets, that contain one bunkbed and a single dresser. Furthermore,

they only provide a table to be used as a study area for six students.

The situation described above is grim and the avenues for action are few. One fact responsible for the perpetuation of this sad situation, according to the Pointer's legal advisor, is that the state housing laws tend to favor the home-owners. But more importantly, this situation is a cultural matter. These injustices are not a result of a few bad individuals or laws which, if eliminated, would eradicate the problem. The problem goes much deeper, the housing situation is just another manifestation of a perverted culture. The slumlord in our society is not seen as a villain but rather as a shrewd businessman who gains greater prestige the wealthier he gets.

The Pointer plans to run articles on the obstacles blocking the passage of fair state housing laws and on the culture that produces and respects the slumlord.

In the meantime to try to provide some immediate relief, articles will be written to suggest avenues for short term assistance.

The Stevens Point city housing code will be printed so tenants will know what legal standard their apartment must fulfill. An example, for those living in crowded bedrooms, might be section 803 of the Stevens Point housing which reads:

In every dwelling unit of two or more rooms, every room occupied for sleeping purposes by one occupant shall contain at least seventy square feet of floor space, and every room occupied for sleeping purposes by more than one occupant shall contain at least fifty square feet of floor space for each occupant twelve years of age and over and at least thirty five square feet of floor space for each occupant under twelve year of age.

With this type of information one can determine whether his landlord is abiding by the prescribed standards.

The Pointer will also print an article listing the rights of the renter however small it may be to enlighten tenants of the few rights they do have. One example might be the right of a pro-rated refund if a tenant moves out during a period of paid rent.

A list of housing laws that need to be either changed or eliminated to insure greater justice for the tenant will be printed. One law that needs to be modified for completely abolished is the law that extends to the owner, the right to evict a person on a thirty day notice providing a lease doesn't exist.

Concerning leases, the Pointer plans to discuss the ideal contract which will list the crucial items to have included in one's lease. Reasonable access, for example is a right of the landlord mentioned in almost every contract, but it is important the "reasonable" be spelled out in detail. Twenty-four hour notice may be reasonable access so the owner doesn't decide to come visiting at one o'clock on Sunday morning.

Information on the functions and benefits of a tenant's union will also be printed for those who feel that this is the best route of action.

The Pointer is working closely with the city housing inspector to see that the property being rented to students has complied with the

city housing codes. "The city standards for rooming houses, which are any buildings with three tenants or more, are quite adequate" explained Mr. Pfifner, the city housing inspector, "but most landlords fail to apply for a license so the city inspectors do not know what property is being rented." It is hoped that tenants will learn to demand to see a rooming house permit before signing a lease, thereby insuring certain standards.

The city official also mentioned that students should not fear being evicted for exposing a corrupt landlord because the officials will do everything in their power to prevent any such action. Mr. Pfifner then brought out a copy of a letter written to a landlord who attempted to evict a party because they filed a complaint to the housing inspector.

The letter read:

"The tenants at the above address are quite concerned that you are, in effect, trying to evict them by raising their rent. If this occurs, the housing department will have no alternative but to make a further rigid inspection of the property, issue orders to you to bring everything in the property up to code, and not allow you to rent to anyone until the orders have been complied with." "An official can always find some standard that is not being satisfied if he tries hard enough," the city inspector explained.

Anyone having problems with their housing situation is encouraged to contact the Pointer office for advice and assistance.

New Point Calendar Undecided

The decision concerning the acceptance or rejection of the new experimental calendar for Stevens Point State University has, as yet, been undecided. The new calendar proposes that classes begin Monday, August 30, 1971, one week before Labor Day, and conclude Friday, May 20, 1972.

Last month the Student Senate passed on the new experimental calendar for President Dreyfus to inspect. He vetoed the resolution. President Dreyfus explained the reasons for the veto at a faculty meeting held February 4. He felt that there was not enough study given to the calendar by the other universities; (their decisions were made too quickly.) President Dreyfus said that his personal feelings about the calendar are "quite negative." However, he stated that the primary basis for any change in the calendar must be academic. The second basis, he said, would be the student employment: if the calendar is not in the best interest of the students, than it would not be accepted.

Though President Dreyfus is getting pressure from all sides, he feels that a thorough study of the calendar (and its effects) must be made if, and before, it is officially accepted.

(Actually, Senate did not send the resolution at all; it finally had to be picked up.) President Dreyfus related this at the meeting.

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Editor's Note:

If you are harboring doubts about our cover, the following comments should ease your mind. The WSU Board of Regents, the omnipotent supervisor of the printed word and ever-present guiding light in this intellectual darkness, has promulgated that student newspapers no longer exist, as such, on the WSU campuses. Our new designation is now "university publication" and our "publisher" is none other than that man truckin' along with the suitcase. The Board undoubtedly interprets "freedom" of the press to mean "control" of the press. Just more raw sewage dumped into

Free Environmental Forum Starts

Stevens Point--A free forum on environmental studies is being established at Stevens Point State University, involving weekly programs on Thursday nights for faculty members, students and the public to discuss pollution and population problems on an interdisciplinary level.

The coordinators are Robert Rouda of the chemistry faculty and J. Baird Callicott of philosophy. They are part of a committee appointed last year by Dr. S. Joseph Woodka, dean of letters and science, with a responsibility of gearing the curriculum here to environmental issues. (Three members of the committee will work this summer drafting plans for an environmental studies program).

Rouda said the seminars, to begin Feb. 11 with attendance at a speech on campus by Rene Dubos, one of the nation's leading ecologists, "will bring together the many specialized disciplines at this university so we may help each other understand and make decisions with respect to the eminent ecological crisis. We feel that it is necessary that we gain an overall perspective of our educational resources and

knowledge, and not remain as totally isolated specialists."

The chemist noted that "we on the faculty are so much specialized, often times we don't know what's going on in other places. We're all Ph.D.'s in something but we don't know what's going on in their places in the world."

For those reasons, he and Callicott have planned programs that touch many areas of specialization. On Feb. 18 Rouda himself will conduct a session on "The Roles of Science and Technology;" on Feb. 25 Callicott will discuss "Philosophy and Environmental Ethics;" on March 11, John Moore will be in charge of "Anthropology;" on March 18, Richard Christoferson will lead a program on "Environmental Politics;" and on March 25, Thomas Rothrock will have charge of a session on "Economics."

The remainder of the semester's calendar has not been completed.

The planners announced that the meeting probably would be different each time. Some may take on the format of a lecture, others might be panel discussions, still others free forums.

Makobero Receives Post

STEVENS POINT-- An African student who was graduated from Stevens Point State University in January of 1969 has been appointed director of the department of higher and secondary education for the Republique of Burundi.

Barthelemy Makobero received the post from the president of the tiny African republic that ranks as a newcomers in the field of developing nations.

Makobero, 29, majored in French and English here and was president of The French Club.

Exclusive Pointer Interviews in the near future:

Darryl Germain
George Mead II
Ramsey Clark

New Museum Items

STEVENS POINT: An early Indian grinding mill and 200 research specimens of western United States mammals have been given to the Museum of Natural History at Stevens Point State University.

The donor is Tim Clark, a biology instructor at the university's branch campus in Medford, who collected the items for his own research.

Museum director Charles Long said it's difficult to place a value on the stones, but the specimens are worth at least six hundred dollars. Some of the mammals include kangaroo rats, busy tailed wood rats, prairie dogs, foxes, badger and mice.

Long, who specializes in the study of mammals, said the gifts would provide valuable research and teaching opportunities for faculty and students alike.

The grinding mill from the Cimarron River Valley in Oklahoma weights about 75 pounds. Professor John Moore, an anthropologist on the faculty, examined it and identified the two pieces as mano and metate. He said the age is upward of 10,000 years.

Moore wrote this material about the mill:

"During the 3 million year history of man, the majority of this time was spent in hunting and gathering. It was only with the advent of agriculture that this changed. This change has been tentatively dated at between 10 and 12,000 years ago. Both the mano, which is the upper grinding stone, and the metate, the lower grinding stone date to this period. This is not to say that these particular stones are this old, but the tradition of which they are a part may be. Food grinding as a trait of human culture arose during the Late Pleistocene and both the mano and metate are sometimes found in association with the bones of big game animals such as the mastodon, horse, camel and ground sloth.

"The appearance of food-grinding has great economic implications; not only is it perfectly clear that Pleistocene big game was disappearing throughout North America, but that mano and metate are concrete evidence that collection and preparation of vegetal foods had begun, undoubtedly to provide sustenance to replace the dwindling game herds. Seeds, nuts, berries, and roots were probably used in earlier times, but their increased use apparently led to the development of an economic revolution in North and South American prehistory.

"The peoples of this Protoarchaic or Early Archaic stage of development remained basically hunters and gatherers but were able to live a more sedentary life. Their habitation sites in caves and rockshelters provide considerable evidence of their new agricultural occupation.

"The metate (from a Nahuatl or Mexican Indian word) is still one of the most widely used implements for grinding vegetal materials. The early stones, either flat or with shallow oval basins (such as the specimens on display) in which the mano (or muller) was used with rotary motion, are better designed as milling stones. The true metates were used with a back-and-forth motion and are much later in time as well as much more restricted in distribution, principally among agricultural peoples of the southwestern United States and

Mesoamerica.

"From radiocarbon dates it is possible to trace the diffusion of milling stones and manos from their first appearance in the united states about 10,000 years before the present as far south as Tierra del Fuego about 8,000 B.P. This speaks for an extremely rapid diffusion over immense areas within a space of only about 2,000 years."

Persons may view the gifts in the museum, which was moved last fall from the science hall to the new James H. Albertson Learning Resources Center. It is on the first floor and open every day and evening except holidays.

Grant Deadline Announced

Deadlines for applying for cash grants to attend the nine Wisconsin State Universities next fall have been announced by the WSU system office in Madison.

High school seniors seeking grants to help cover their costs as university freshmen should submit applications by March 1. The financial aid application forms may be obtained from Wisconsin high school counselors or principals. The forms include instruction.

A student is declared eligible to receive financial aid if his family's resources are found to be insufficient to meet the estimated cost to attend a State University. The family's "need," is determined by university financial aid offices, based upon a standardized computer analysis of a family confidential statement.

Financial aid usually is offered in a "package," made up of cash grants, long term loans and part-time employment.

Students who submit applications after the Mar. 1 deadline may be offered only in the form of loans and employment, because the funds available for cash grants may all be committed.

Most students who apply for financial aid will receive aid offers between Apr. 13 and May 15. They will have until May 31 or two weeks after they receive an aid offer, to accept or reject the proposed "package."

The State Universities began accepting applications for admission and applications for financial aid from high school seniors last Oct. 1. Many students already have applied. A student must apply for admission to a State University before his application for financial aid can be considered.

Valley Of The Jolly Green Giant

Each year we see fewer migrant workers in Central Wisconsin and more and more machines—those mechanical migrants that the jolly green giant and Del Monte green giant and all the other corporate green giants, who euphemistically refer to themselves as "growers," are using in an attempt to avoid paying a higher wage to the men, women and children that have been for years doing the green giant's work.

The ironic significance of this phenomena is the indifference of the permanent residents, the farmers and merchants. They see the machines, more and more of them, rumbling through their towns in the last couple years, and they have noticed that there are only a fraction of the migrants that there was once, on the street. And surely they have noticed that the machines do not stop in the stores and spend their pay checks. But what they apparently do not see is that this substitution of machines for near slave labor is not progress but a plot.

The plot is two-fold. The first is obvious; to get rid of the migrant workers; they are beginning to demand higher wages, though few ever average as much as two dollars an hour. But corporations look to the future and some day their workers will be asking for twice as much as they are asking for now. But even at two dollars an hour it is cheaper to hire a machine. However, the best part is that the machines, although they cost what would be considered by any worker to be a fortune, can be gotten for nearly nothing.

The new machines are bought and paid for but then the money is returned to the corporation by permitting them to deduct the cost from their income tax. And at some future date the machines can be resold, which is something that is difficult to do with a worn out migrant worker—the man with a hoe. So in this way the machines that are putting workers out of jobs are being paid for by the government. But the government never pays for anything it simply redistributes the cost of subsidizing the corporate giants to the rest of the people. If they were not allowed to deduct the cost of the machines from their income taxes, the corporations would have to pay more money into the government treasury. But by deducting the cost of the machine, they pay less and the rest of the taxpayers pay more. The income tax-paying

workers are paying the cost of purchasing machines that put their fellow workers out of work. And if the corporation's victims, its former employees, can not get another job, the workers will pay more taxes to pay for the growing numbers of unemployed workers collecting some form of welfare.

Even though the new machines are aid for by the tax payers, the farmers can never have them because they do not have the hundreds of thousands of dollars to purchase them, even though the money would be refunded at income tax time. And they do not have the thousands of acres of land necessary to utilize the machines. It is this second point, the lack of land, that will destroy the farmers.

Anyone who drives around this part of Wisconsin, this valley of the green giants, is stunned by the number of deserted farms. Farmers are finding that it is increasingly difficult to make a living at farming. The markets are controlled by the green giants and they are not interested in buying the small farmers' harvests. Thus the farmer's right to sell his products being cut off. At the other end, his expenses are being increased. His taxes, especially his real estate taxes are being increased at rates that are bound to destroy him. Just as the workers pay for the machines that put them out of work, the farmer is forced to pay the real estate taxes that should be paid by the corporations. Every time a farmer is forced from the land the burden of taxes that he did carry are distributed to those that remain. And when the tax burden is distributed, the green giant land owners do not assume the same proportion of the in-

crease that is levied on the farmers. As usual the law is the source of injustice. The amount that the farmer pays in taxes is based on two levels: one is on the land, the other on the buildings on the land. If a farm consisted of 80 acres that contained the farm buildings, the farm is taxed, let us say five hundred dollars. The farmer should get a tax bill of four or hundred dollars for the forty acres that contained the farm buildings—and another bill for one hundred dollars on the forty acres that did not contain any buildings. And if that same farm was a hundred and sixty acres, there would be tax bills of a hundred dollars for each forty acres.

As the farmers are forced to sell, the giants eventually buy the farms and annex them to their growing domains. The taxes, however, do not remain the same because the first thing the giants do is bulldoze down the building and thereby the section of the farm that paid the most taxes is reduced. A farm that did pay five hundred dollars in taxes when it had buildings on it now pays less than half that much. And each time this happens, the county treasury is forced to raise the taxes on the remaining farmers, and thus the cycle continues with each year ending with fewer and fewer farmers and bigger and bigger giants. And finally, to accelerate the destruction of the American farmer for the profit of the corporate giants and at the expense of the American workers, President Pigson recently announced that he is going to ask Congress to permit corporations to deduct expenses for industrialization over a shorter period of years. It is no wonder that the green giants are jolly. But the laughs on us.

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Placement Interviews

TO: All Graduate of 1971 and Alumni
FROM: University Placement Center
RE: Second Semester Placement Interviews

The following companies and government agencies will be interviewing on campus during the first two weeks of the second semester. All 1971 graduates are urged to take advantage of these interviews by contacting the Placement Center, 656 Main Building, at their earliest convenience. Remember to notify the Placement Center when you have accepted a job (phone: 341-1251 Ext. 618).

Tuesday, February 9.
Packaging Corporation of America - Business administration, economics and all majors.

Tuesday, February 9, 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., Aetna Casualty and Surety Company - All majors for sales and other insurance positions.

Wednesday, February 10.
Sears, Roebuck and Company (two schedules) - Business administration, economics and all majors for retail management positions.

Wednesday, February 10.
Gimbel's Milwaukee, Wisconsin - All majors for retail management and all aspect of retailing.

Thursday, February 11, Social Security Payment Center.
Chicago, Illinois - All majors interested in social security administration.

Thursday, February 11, Del Monte Corporation - Business, economics, and all majors interested in the food industry.

Thursday, February 11, 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.
First National Bank of Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin - Business, economics majors with some accounting.

Friday, February 12.
Howard Johnson's - Business, economics and other majors interested in restaurant and food industry.

Friday, February 12.
Aetna Insurance Company - All majors for underwriting, claims and sales opportunities.

NOTE: ALL INTERVIEWS WILL BE SCHEDULED FROM 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED.

EDUCATIONAL RECRUITMENT - SCHEDULED INTERVIEWS

Wednesday, February 10.
Hamilton Joint School District, Sussex, Wisconsin, 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. Vacancies to be posted in the Placement Center.

Wednesday, February 10.
Brookfield Public Schools, Brookfield, Wisconsin, 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. All majors.

Wednesday, February 10.
Muskego-Norway Consolidated School District, Muskego, Wisconsin, 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Vacancies to be posted in the Placement Center.

Friday, February 12, 1971.
Waukesha Public Schools, Waukesha, Wisconsin, 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Vacancies to be posted in the Placement Center.

Friday, February 12, 1971.
Kenosha Public Schools, Kenosha, Wisconsin, 11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. Elementary, English, Social Studies, General Science, Guidance, Health, Industrial Education, Library Science, Math, Physical Education (Women), Music, Physical Science, Special Education.

CAMPUS-COMMUNITY CALENDAR

Mon., Feb. 8

Arts and Lectures: Meredith Monk Dance Residency, Aud. UAB Coffee House: Mike Meade 8 and 9 p.m., Gridiron, UC
Student Assembly, 3:45, A-202, Science Build.

Tues., Feb. 9

Arts and Lectures: Meredith Monk Dance Residency, Aud. UAB Coffee House: Mike Meade 8 and 9 p.m., Gridiron, UC
Student Ed. Assoc. Meeting 7 p.m. Frank Wright, UC

Wed., Feb. 10

Arts and Lectures: Meredith Monk Dance Residency, Aud. UAB Coffee House, Mike Meade 8 and 9 p.m., Gridiron, UC
Sign-up UAB Trippers Snowshoe hike - C.C.

Thurs., Feb. 11

Arts and Lectures: Dr. Rene Dubos, 8 p.m., Aud.
Student Senate, 7:30 p.m., Van Hise room, UC

UAB Coffee House: Mike Meade 8 and 9 p.m., Gridiron, UC

Fri., Feb. 12

UAB Coffee House: Mike Meade 8 and 9 p.m., Gridiron, UC

Sat., Feb. 13

UAB Trippers Snowshoe Hike, 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. \$2.00

UAB Coffeehouse: Mike Meade, 8 and 9 p.m., Gridiron

Sun., Feb. 14

Winter Carnival, UAB Dedication Ceremony, 1 p.m., UC lawn

Winter Carnival Kick-Off Concert 8 p.m., Berg Gym.

Symphonic Wind Ensemble Concert, 8 p.m., Fine Arts
UAB Trippers Sleigh Ride

Summer Jobs Abroad Listed

Summer job opportunities look good for students this summer both in the United States and overseas!

This optimistic outlook comes from the 1971 editions of two annual paperbacks, "Summer Employment Directory of the United States" and "Directory of Overseas Summer Jobs," just off the press.

For students who want to work in the States, there are more than 90,000 specific openings listed with salary, dates of employment, and name of the person to who applications should be sent. Jobs are largely in the recreational areas where savings by the end of the summer can be substantial—resorts, national parks,

restaurants, summer camps, summer theatres; also, business and industry, government.

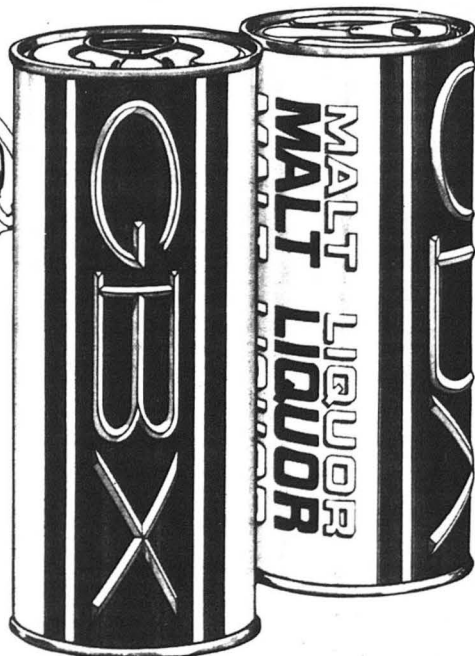
Students who would like the growing experience of working abroad will find information on over 50,000 vacancies. Included are specific paying jobs; au-pair, paying guest and exchange visits; visa, resident and work regulations. Countries covered are England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, France, Germany, Spain, Israel, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Switzerland, Scandinavia, North Africa and South America.

For early application, "Summer Employment Directory of the United States" (\$4.50) and "Directory of Overseas Summer Jobs" (\$3.95) may be ordered by mail now from National Directory Service, 266 Ludlow Ave., no. C, Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

SEA Meets

The Student Education Association will have its first meeting of the semester on February 9, at 7:00 p.m. in the Frank Lloyd Wright Lounge. Many questions have been brought to the SEA concerning stikes, contracts, management rights and teacher responsibilities so consequently, the organization's guest speaker will be Mr. A. Philip Borkenhagen. Mr. Borkenhagen is the WEA locals consultant who was present at the Wisconsin Rapids teacher strike from the moment it began until it ended. He will be able to give the "inside story" on the strike and a young teacher from Rapids will be able to convey what it is like to be "caught in the middle."

New brew for the new breed.



Mastering The Draft

Supreme Court Decision On C O's

Copyright 1970 by John Striker and Andrew Shapiro

No C.O. should let himself become a political eunuch. The law does not call for such emasculation. Nevertheless, some C.O.s feel compelled to hide their politics from the draft board. Although this inhibition may seem tactically sound, it is alien to the legal requirements for exemption.

The chief requirement (explained in this column a few weeks ago) is still "religious training and belief... The Selective Service Act requires that a C.O.'s opposition to war in any form must exist "by reason of religious training and belief... According to the Act, "religious "religious training and belief... does not include "essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views or a merely personal moral code... Recently, the Supreme Court drew a clear line between "religious training and belief... and "essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views or a merely personal moral code... The line was drawn in June 15 in *Welsh v. United States*. The government had argued (unsuccessfully) that Elliott Welsh held "essentially political, sociological, or

philosophical views or a merely personal moral code... To support this contention, the government belittled Welsh's system of ethics, his belief in the moral value of all human life, and, instead, emphasized a letter that Welsh once had the courage to send his draft board.

"I can only act," Welsh wrote, "according to what I am and what I see. And I see that military complex wastes both human and material resources, that it fosters disregard for (what I consider a paramount concern) human needs and ends; I see that the means we employ to 'defend, our way of life, profoundly change that way of life. I see that in our failure to recognize the political, social, and economic realities of the world, we, as a nation, fail our responsibility as a nation..."

The Supreme Court declined to fault Welsh for his strong expression of political and sociological views: "We certainly do not think that Congress, exclusion of those persons with 'essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views or a merely personal moral code, should be read to exclude those who hold strong beliefs about our domestic and foreign affairs or even those whose conscientious

objection to participation in all wars is founded to a substantial extent upon considerations of public policy. (emphasis added)"

In fact, the Court recognized only two groups of registrants who obviously succumb to the



Congressional exclusion. First come registrants whose beliefs are not deeply held. These beliefs (upon which the conscientious objection is based) may be moral or ethical or religious in nature, but they must be deeply held with the strength of traditional religious

conviction. Otherwise the beliefs do not function as a religion within the registrant's own scheme of things; and his board might be justified in concluding that his beliefs were excluded by Congress.

The second group of excluded registrants are those "whose objection to war does not rest at all upon moral, ethical, or religious principle but instead rests solely upon considerations of policy, pragmatism, or expediency... (emphasis added). The Court's key words here are "at all, and "solely... together they minimize enormously the exclusion that Congress enacted. There will rarely, if ever, be a C.O. whose objection does not rest "at all, (i.e., to the slightest degree whatsoever) upon so-called moral, ethical, or religious beliefs. Such a man would be a thoroughgoing pragmatist, whose objection rests "solely, (i.e., exclusively) upon the dictates of public policy and expediency.

Draft Director Curtis Tarr has raised to tell draft boards just how much Welsh really narrowed the scope of "essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views or a merely personal moral code... Instead, Dr. Tarr in-

structed the boards: "A registrant who is eligible for conscientious objection on the basis of moral, ethical, or religious beliefs is not excluded from the exemption simply because those beliefs may influence his views concerning the nation's domestic or foreign policies." (Local Board Memorandum No. 107, para. 11).

This inane truism avoids the real heart of Welsh. Certainly the Supreme Court never doubted that a "registrant's moral, ethical, or religious beliefs... may influence his views concerning the nation's domestic or foreign policies... Actually the Court was concerned with exactly the opposite situation: namely, the degree to which the registrant's pragmatic views can influence his ultimate beliefs. This latter problem was solved by Welsh in no uncertain terms—terms which, unfortunately, remain hidden from draft boards. Therefore, it is once again up to you to bring the supreme law of the land to your local "friends and neighbors..."

We welcome your questions and comments about the draft law. Send them to "Mastering the Draft," suite 1202, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Draft Takes Beating In Courts

Copyright 1971 by John Striker and Andrew Shapiro

Selective Service is starting to take a well-deserved thrashing in the courts. For an agency whose stock-in-trade is the violation of due process, final retribution comes in the courtroom; refusal-of-induction cases are mounting, and conviction rates are plummeting. Whereas the number of cases has increased tenfold in the last five years, the rate of convictions has dropped from a consistent 70 percent in 1965-1967 to barely 30 percent in 1970.

And that is only half the story. Gone are the days when conviction necessarily meant the maximum 5-year sentence for refusing induction. Consider the sentencing record of the federal court for the Northern District of California in fiscal year 1969: Of the 86 men convicted that year, none received 5-year sentences; only 3 got 3 to 5 years; 21 drew 1 to 3 years; 8 men got 1 year or less; and 54 were just put on probation.

Of course, statistics vary with the individual judges in the different federal districts. If the Northern District of California is the Woodstock for draft resisters, then their Altamont lies in courts like the Eastern District of Michigan. There in fiscal 1969, 20 men got 5-year sentences; only 23 men had been convicted!

No wonder, then, that since the mid-1960's, draft resisters with good cases for acquittal have been California-dreamin'. In droves they have had their scheduled inductions transferred to the Oakland induction station, where they can refuse induction within the jurisdiction of the Northern District of California. (The court in which a resistor will be tried is the one having jurisdiction over the station

where he refused induction). By transferring induction to a lenient judicial district, a young man exercises some control over the likelihood of his acquittal (because his draft board violated his procedural rights) or, at least, a softer sentence (should his defense fail).

After a man receives an induction order, he can apply for a transfer from the local board which ordinarily sends draftees to the station where the young man wants to go; usually this board will be the one located nearest to the desired induction station. The application for transfer cannot be made at the young man's own board—the one that issued his order.

Under the regulations, a transfer should be granted by the board receiving the application if that board "finds that the registrant has good reason for his absence from his own local board area and that he is so far from his own local board area that it would be a hardship for him to return to his own local board area for induction..."

This fall, Draft Director Tarr acted to tighten up the standards for transfer. He took direct aim at instances of self-induced "hardship, by warning each potential transfer board to grant applications only if convinced that the applicant is in the transfer board's area "because of normal changes in his, or his family's place of current residence..."

"No request for transfer... should be approved," Dr. Tarr continued (in Local Board Memorandum No. 116) "when it is evident that the applicant is transferring primarily to delay compliance with orders, or for purposes inconsistent with his obligation to perform military training and service..."

"The local board of transfer

should inquire into the time he arrived in the transfer board area, the reason for his presence there, the date of his expected return to the area of his own local board, his local address and other pertinent matters.

"The local board of transfer should consider whether a registrant requesting transfer is likely to return to the area of his own local board before the date it can schedule his for... induction. If the likelihood of his return to his local board area is apparent, it should recommend that he seek a postponement of induction rather than a transfer..."

After all these warnings, Dr. Tarr did, however, add: "A registrant should not be denied a transfer solely because his own local board is not distant if local transportation facilities make the transfer board easily accessible, reporting to his own board excessively burdensome, and the delay will not be excessive if he transfers..."

Now you know the inquiries you are likely to face should you seek a transfer. If you can meet these inquiries with satisfactory explanations, your motives will not be questioned, and your application should be granted.

The rules for transfer of induction apply equally to the transfer of a preinduction physical examination. This latter form of transfer has also become popular since young men have discovered that rejection rates vary among the different examining stations. In the near future, this column will report a relative comparison of rejection rates which prevail at the various examining stations.

We welcome your questions and comments. Send them to "Mastering the Draft," Suite 1202, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Indian Culture Films

Subject: Movies on Indian Culture to be shown in the Turner Room of the University Center at 7:30 pm on Monday, February 8, 1971.

"Between two Rivers," which is an NBC Documentary, "Indian of the Plains," "Life in

the past; Present-Day Life," "Sun Dance Ceremony."

The movies will last for one hour and will be open to the public. Sponsored by the A.I.R.O. - American Indians Resisting Ostracism.

Drink Point Beer



Stevens Point Brewery

2617 Water Street

DDT & The Fish That Got Away

In late December 1970, Food and Drug Administration officials confirmed they had impounded some four tons of DDT-contaminated saltwater fish earlier in the month before it could be marketed by the State Fish Company, Inc. of San Pedro, California.

The fish were fish caught in commercial nets off Los Angeles. Tests indicated the catch contained about 19 parts per million DDT, practically four times the 5 ppm limit for fish traded in interstate commerce established by the FDA in April 1969. And though kingfish are not likely to ring the same bell of familiarity with housewives as salmon or tuna, probing revealed the catch would have been sold for both human and animal consumption.

Far from the first batch of DDT-laden fish seized by FDA authorities (who sidetracked more than ten tons of Lake Michigan coho salmon headed for family dinner tables in 1969) the seizure marks one of the first strikes against saltwater species in the country. Even

more noteworthy is that FDA officials are not so concerned with the batch of kingfish they grabbed as they are the batch that got away.

Food and Drug officer Dan Kleber said that 1,260 pounds of kingfish containing some 14 parts per million DDT had been peddled earlier by the same firm before FDA officials could do anything about it. And according to the January 1, 1970, Washington Post, State Fish Company president Sam DeLuca said the fish had been sold as pet food and there was no way they could be traced.

Though pinpointing the source of DDT contamination is often a problem because the chemical has been used so indiscriminately, its effects on humans and critters have been researched with frightening conclusions. DDT has been proven to be a cancer-causing agent in test animals by the National Cancer Institute. Other studies have found human victims of terminal cancer to contain more than twice the concentration of DDT residues in their fat than did victims of

accidental death. And the average American carries around an estimated 12 parts per million DDT in his fatty tissue.

DDT's effect on wildlife is a too-often-forgotten cruel joke. The American bald eagle, the peregrine falcon, and the brown pelican are among species confronting outright extinction because of DDT contamination. And the joke continues with a growing list of macabre side effects on virtually every living creature that swims, flies or crawls.

The kingfish being held by the FDA, and part of the at-large batch your cat may be eating tonight, serve as two more examples proving DDT simply doesn't stay put.

So, add the State Fish Company, Inc. of San Pedro, California to the list of innocent companies paying through the nose for the ignorance and greed that are the sole excuses for continued use of DDT. And add kingfish off Los Angeles to the voluminous list of fish and wildlife that are poisoned and/or and/or poisonous for the same reasons.

Pulitzer Prize Winner Speaks

Dr. Rene

Dubos, winner of the 1969 Pulitzer prize in literature for his warnings about the ecological crisis and member of President Nixon's Citizen Advisory Committee on Environmental Quality, will deliver a public address Thursday night, Feb. 11, at Stevens Point State University.

His appearance will be part of the Arts and Lectures Series beginning at 8pm in Main Building auditorium. Tickets are on sale at the Arts and Lectures office in the Fine Arts Building.

Dr. Dubos became widely acclaimed for his book, "So Human an Animal" which received the Pulitzer and included such cautions as "We are as much a part of our total environment as of our genetic endowment. In fact, the environment we live in can greatly enhance-or severely limit-the development of human potential. How can we deal with our experience scientifically and retain our humanness?"

Born in France, he received

his doctorate from Rutgers University and worked many years for the Rockefeller University and for two years at the Harvard University Medical School.

Dr. Dubos has been represented through lead articles in such major publications as Fortune, Time, Life and Newsweek magazines. He also has written the books "Man Adapting" and "The Unseen World," both of which received Phi Beta Kappa Awards, and "The Dreams of Reason," "The Torch of Life," "Pasteur and Modern Science," and the "The Mirage of Health." He has been editor the past 25 years for the Journal of Experimental Medicine.

Faculty at Stevens Point State deem his impending visit one of the highlights of the semester because emphasis is being put on environmental problems in the university curriculum. They regard Dr. Dubos as one of the country's most qualified persons to speak to the issue.

7th Grader Aware Of Pollution

by Debra Collins

Editor's Note: Miss Collins is a 7th grade student at Fletcher School in Jacksonville Beach, Florida. We wish more people had her awareness.

I am talking about the causes of pollution. Pollution is caused by many different things, some of which are: car exhaust, smoke from factories, trash, and little chemicals in the air.

Appearance: The appearance of pollution is really strange and ugly. I'd rather see the sky falling on us than look at air pollution!

Smell: It really stinks! It smells so bad it makes your stomach churn and you get real sick and you throw-up a lot.

Taste: It tastes worse than it looks! No wonder people die from it.

Feeling: My feeling toward pollution is unbelievably bad. I feel that air pollution is what makes astronauts go to the moon: There's no pollution up there!

Reaction: My reaction to air pollution is "Blah!" They say Alka-Seltzer takes away the "blahs;" if it does, why didn't it take air pollution away? Air pollution is what gives us the blahs, not eating too much food!

Opinion: My opinion is that air pollution just doesn't fit into our society. There has to be something everyone could do to stop pollution - and there is - but people, it seems, would rather complain about it and just leave it for our younger generations to do it.

To clean up air pollution, I think they should ban the "no-deposit, no-return bottles," since they only add to our trash piles and air pollution. There should be a law against throwing trash on the grounds and in the water. If someone breaks this law they will be fined; if they keep doing it they will be put in jail for about a year or less. In the city dump they should build a fence area and keep the trash in there. We should find things to make out of the trash: Like out of rubber, make little rubber toys; out of paper make paper dolls or paper money for playing, or getting into movies, or something.

A Sears Career Doesn't Impress Everybody



... but it does impress most people who take time to find out the particulars.

In order to intelligently consider a company for employment there are many questions that need to be answered ... much information that must be evaluated.

We can't begin to relate all you should know about Sears in the space of this page.

We can tell you such general points of information as: Sears is the largest merchandising organization in the world ... and fifth largest corporation in the U.S. That approximately one-fifth of our executives are still in their twenties. And we accept college majors in almost every field for careers leading to store management, merchandise management, accounting, credit, and many others.

But there's much more you have to know. And we're making it easy for you to get the information you need to help make a decision about Sears.

On file in your placement office is an informative 20-page booklet called, "Sears and the College Graduate." It outlines answers to frequently asked questions. It provides a good understanding of the company and what it can mean to you.

And for a more direct response to your questions sign up in your placement office for an interview with the Sears representative. He'll be on your campus

February 10

What you don't know about a Sears career may impress you.

Sears

An Equal Opportunity Employer

If you prefer, get a copy of "Sears and the College Graduate" by writing to H. L. Hinshaw, Dept. 707MW, Sears, Roebuck and Co., 7447 Skokie Blvd., Skokie, Illinois 60076



Campus Journal Gone

Second semester may bring many developments to this campus but a return of the **CAMPUS JOURNAL** will not be among them. Without intending to disparage the capabilities of the former **POINTER** editor, we feel safe in saying that any ad revenue venture, supported primarily by AP feature stories (of little importance to the immediate concerns of the university community) has little chance of producing a high degree of journalistic quality. If there is to be another newspaper circulating on campus, we hope it will be a product of the youth community and oriented toward local problems.

Iris Critiqued

In spite of the advent of the new *Iris* the *Pointer* still struggles to place the existence of yearbooks into the general scheme of university life. However, for the present we will look at the new product from the *Iris* office to see what that publication has added to our general knowledge.

Mr. Crehore's pleasing cover photo announced that the first issue concerned itself with environment; it was refreshing to note that the new format included dispensing with the traditional sterile frontpiece. An "Environmental Issue"? Perhaps. Before discussing the main theme in the new *Iris*, the *Pointer* will briefly examine the non-environmental aspects of the yearbook.

Placing the coverage of Homecoming at the beginning of the book seems to clearly indicate that the campus still places great stock in pointless rituals. The absence of editorial comment on the page displaying the ecologically offensive Homecoming floats raised the question of how the environment-oriented *Iris* staff feels about that tradition.

From the section on Greeks we are reassured that college students still engage in some fairly absurd activities, but they don't really warrant that much space. The service fraternities and sororities do serve some purpose on this campus and in the Stevens Point area, but with all the good times occurring on pages 6 through 9, they received little credit. The *Pointer* is nearing omega on this subject.

"Dorms" gave an indication of what a nerve-racking experience barracks life can be. Good steak-and-fries photo.

In an era when the status of marijuana in our society is a daily news issue it is to the credit of the *Iris* staff that "Busted" appeared on the pages of the yearbook. People cannot continue to ignore the drug scene and still reach conclusions regarding it. However, it seemed in poor taste to mention the names of the young men involved; they were only helpless victims of misinformed police apparatus.

We hope Mr. Seldon Faulkner and Company survived the opening page of the "Arts and Lectures" section without serious impairment to their creative abilities.

As for "Sports"... oh, well.

But the issue was on Environment, right?

Although Mr. Crehore's photos were, once again, very well done and Miss Hemauer's "The Environment Within ..." relevant to the student community, the *Iris*' attempt to speak to the crisis of the environment was a failure. Misses Mortenson and Granger were correct in asserting that a certain amount of responsibility falls upon the individual in maintaining this world but non-returnable containers are but a drop in the bowl when compared to other corporate vomit.

Hard as it may be to accept, it is industry and it is government, with which we must contend. Mr. Crehore barely touches upon the core of the problem when he refers to the "profligate, profiteering philosophy that we have clung to for so long ..." However, he and the *Iris* failed to follow-up with any comment on rampant capitalism in a war-oriented society as the ultra-destructive force, causing the collapse of the natural world.

Whatever concessions have been made to social relevance, the fact remains that the *Iris* is a yearbook but as long as we must endure yearbooks, perhaps this style, selected by this staff, will, at least, break the monotony. We understand, as of this writing, that the next issue will pay special tribute to American male chauvinism.

Letters

Black Students Unite

To the Editor:

We, the Black students of WSU-SP, in an honest effort to express our needs and aspirations in a meaningful way to the college community, have formed Black Student Coalition, an organization through which these needs may be attained.

Needless to say, our society is plagued with a host of ills, some of which are the direct result of unconcerned, unresponsive, and irresponsible leadership. Some of these problems are self evident, others are not. When we see friction sparking between the Black and White students on the college campus, the cause of this friction sparking is evident while the result is hidden in procrastination, ignorance, and fear. We in this organization hope to alleviate these problems by working with the college in unveiling the results. Many Black students on this WSU campus feel sincerely dedicated to the task and only hope that their dedication and sincerity will be felt by others in this college community. We feel that we can encourage the college to relate to us and our needs on the campus; that we can live productively without feeling subjected to the pressures of a minority status. We hope to make Stevens Point the college where Black culture will be instituted into the curriculum and cultivated for the benefit of all students who will greatly benefit by this type of education; where students can relate to each other in such a way that will engender true

understanding of the basic needs of all human beings and the specific needs of each race. Moreover, we in the organization hope to promote a better relationship with the WSU-Stevens Point community through a sincere effort of relating our desires to our fellow students.

Our first and foremost needs are centered around five principal objectives:

1. To build group solidarity in our search for identity.
2. To foster better race relations on campus by:
 - a. Working toward establishing an atmosphere conducive to an education which is meaningful to all.
 - b. Providing an organization which will help ease our transition from high school to college which is much greater than adjustment to a college education.
3. To provide a vehicle through which our needs may be expressed to the college community and an effective channel of communication between the races.
4. To effectively combat alienation.
5. To include Black history and culture into all facets of the core curriculum, not just a few.

These objectives we do respectfully submit to you, the college community, in hopes that you will see our hopes, aims, and expectations in the formation of our organization. Respectfully submitted, The concerned Black Students of WSU-Stevens Point

Carnival Applauded

To the editor:

Time and time again people complain and leave themselves so far out on the limb it is costly. I do read your newspaper but find it hard to believe that people who write letters to the editor will not take the credit for their letter. At this moment I find myself the center of attention from good old Disgusted Tom. You remember him I hope. He states that the Greeks are running or should I say dictating Winter Carnival. Where was Tom when the position was opened last spring for a new chairman?

The time comes again for the idea of the ice sculpture. If Tom and all his buddies from the dorm would mind staying off the grass when walking to class maybe we would have some grass around here. Some of the people complain about the people who did not celebrate Earth Day. Well I guess some of them did by sleeping on the grass for three nights and burning holes on the lawn with their camp fires. The marks are still there. Where are the marks left from Winter Carnival? Ice Sculptures?

There are more ideas to Winter Carnival especially when the Wind Ensemble performs to start Winter Carnival week off. Is this not culture or are you a beer drinker all the time? There are also games for the whole campus to participate in, yet I suppose that Tom will sit back and watch.

I think you should stop and think twice Tom about the time and energy that people put into Winter Carnival before you start typing a letter to the editor.

Our meetings for Winter Carnival are every Thursday night at 8:00 in the UAB office. Stop in and see us some time.

Daniel Teplesky

P.S. Eau Claire is still having Winter Carnival. Are there any more negative assumptions that you would like to make? EDITOR'S NOTE: Does anyone recall the "sweathog" controversy of 1967-68?

Centrex Questioned

DEAR EDITOR:

Just exactly what did the new Centrex Phone System solve? The biggest gripes with the old system were: 1) Had to dial to get out of the University, which often times meant waiting for an open line. 2) Had to go through the desks at the halls, and 3) There weren't enough phones on the hall wings.

Now, with the new system, 1) We have to dial 8 to get an outside line, which sometimes means waiting for an open line. 2) Have to go through the front desks at the halls, and 3) No increase of phones on the dorm wings. What was the big advantage of the new system? Gary W. Wodka

Disgusted Tom Rebutted

Dear disgusted Tom,

Your lack of knowledge is overwhelming to say the least. Apparently you don't understand the provisions of Winter Carnival for this "campus community." Winter Carnival is open to all students and organizations and is not compulsory (i.e. this means you do not have to attend, participate, or follow any part of it) which means you are free to do your own thing. This is not a Greek only Winter Carnival, but is set up for all students to participate in and to provide recreation, entertainment, and relaxation.

If you have followed W.C. in years before this has always been well attended by the students here. The rest, usually quite apathetic, and non-involved, pack-up and go home as usual on the weekend after a full week of complaining and doing nothing! Unless I am mistaken and they are holding some of the games in your room I don't think W.C. will infringe upon your freedom.

Had you spent any time on campus this summer would have seen the grass on Old Main to be very lush, green, and in quite good shape. A trip over to the grass in front of the student union would have shown you some dead, brown remnants of grass and a nice big, black spot where a fire was built. Remember "Tent city?" HARDLY!

Tom, I wish you would take a good look at this campus. Even wonder what all the trails are that cross the lawns? NEEDLESS TO SAY, THESE ARE THE WORK OF STUDENTS WHO DON'T GIVE DAMN WHERE THEY WALK OR WHAT THEY WALK ON. While you at it, look at some of the relics of what were at one time young trees planted on the campus. Shameful isn't it, a campus with so many ecological-minded students and no trees.

As you suggested in your letter that we take care of our country first, I think we should start even closer to home Stevens Point. I see the Greeks active in giving blood, Muscular Dystrophy drives, Clean-up drives helping the poor, etc.; but if this is such a minority why is it always them leading? Why, because they not only care but are willing to do something about the problems and not just sit back and talk about them. Tom, I suggest next time you go blasting off at any groups you'd better look around and see whether or not your criticisms are merited.

Fraternally, Steve Berndt.

Phi Sigs Praised?

To The Editor:

Between January 9 and 14, 1971 I was privileged to witness that infamous group, known and loved by all at WSU-SP, the members of our own, dear Phi Sigma Epsilon, in action several times.

That they are fun-loving cogglomeration of mammals can be seen by their hilarious actions at the Pour Haus. They provide entertainment for all by dancing on stage while a band is performing. The distribute their pearls of wisdom to the crowd by spitting at each other in organized, contest style. The

can puke on the floors more vehemently than any amateur. They show their innate masculinity by getting a piece of ass the only way they can, that is by pinching and biting girls - a trick new to this campus.

Phi Sigs are wonderful friends and visitors. They drop in any time for a friendly chat. They show their consideration and manners by pushing their way into a private dwelling, by biting their date's room-mate in the ass and by saying those sweet nothings all girls love to hear. And sharing is something they are quite adept at. They share your house, your phone, your bed, and anything else available whether you are home or not.

But perhaps the height of their charm, wit and cleverness can be seen in their friendly modes of pre-occupation. They will share that dome of intelligence, the Phi Sigma Epsilon House with anyone - even retarded individuals. Retarded persons are especially treated with the highest regard for mankind. They will be treated to alcoholic beverages until drunk; they will get laughed at, joked with and helped to call lots of girls and find dates! Of course, all of their intentions are good. No harm ever occurs - except to the retarded individual who lands in jail for pulling tricks he doesn't even understand.

We should all be proud to have such a fine group on our campus. The intelligence of many of the kids in Phi Sigma Epsilon can not be equalled. Their possession of such great depths of cleverness, wit and wisdom can be compared to none other. But their ultimate asses can be found in their true regard for humanity. Indeed it is true that no group, organization, or fellowship could compare to the Phi Sigs of Stevens Point. None could be so low.

Mark: Name withheld upon request???

Students Thanked

To The Editor:

We, at St. Michael's Hospital would like to extend our appreciation to the various groups of carolers from Wisconsin State University who generously gave of their time and talents during the holiday season. Unfortunately, we do not have the names of the leaders of these groups and therefore, cannot send individual thanks your letters to them. A music sorority and a group of students from Hyer Hall were among those performing. Karen Zoromski

Finals, 1971

To The Editor:

What is the use of taking a test anyway? Tests only kick those who are trying hard and doing less well than their peers. What is learned by sitting down and trying to prove that you know the answers to a set of objective questions? Just because you can do that doesn't necessarily mean that your understanding is complete. I find that failing a test after studying is the best means of psychological destruction available.

If the purpose of taking a test is to teach, then they are all right because that is what the university is all about. But quite

often, taking a test is the best way to turn a valuable class period into a meaningless farce.

Also, the pressure of a test can be bad. Those who can not stand the pressure of a test will find that the test rejects their knowledge. The pressure has often caused me to fail a test when I knew almost all of the material going better than some of those who passed.

Another reason against taking tests is the amount of cheating on tests. I cannot remember taking an exam without someone taking an answer off my paper. That makes me feel personally cheated because my understanding is being used by him for his test rather than for mine. That makes the test absurd as an inventory of knowledge for the teacher to analyze the students' understanding with. Dan Fleming

Mystery Man Revealed

Pointer Staff:

The following is information gathered so far by our people on the M Y S T E R Y M an of the Week (1-11-71).

This seemingly harmless, very elderly dude is believed to be a member of the University faculty. This report has not been confirmed. He may be found in the Gridiron Monday thru Friday at least eight hours each day, drinking coffee and offering conversation. This, however, is only a guise.

He is actually a PUSHER!!! He sells a relatively new drug which is beginning to show up on University campuses across the country-PhD. The only known effects of PhD are that it makes you talk funny, and it lasts a lifetime. Going street price is approx. \$30.00 a hit.

As all effects are not known, we consider this man and his wares dangerous and to be avoided at all costs.

PEACE, Stevens Point Resistance Mobile Unit II

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Layout -

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I F Stone

A Body Count Nobody Took

Sen. FULBRIGHT: You have information, I believe, that six of our men have died in prisoner-of-war camps?

Se. c. LAIRD: That is correct. We had this information well over a week ago, and we have further information of 11 others. Sen. FULBRIGHT: That is over what period, just recently, or over the last two or three years?

Sec. LAIRD: It was the first notification we have had of prisoners dying in North Vietnam prison camps...

FULBRIGHT: Do you know how many of their prisoners held by our side have died during this same period? will be very pleased to supply that information for you...I did not bring the total medical records with me today.

Now You See It Now You Don't

There has been some talk about an understanding between North Vietnam and this government relative to the use of reconnaissance planes over the past two years. Frankly, I know of no such understanding.

-Majority Leader Mansfield in the Senate Nov.24

Sen. CHURCH: Are you familiar, Mr. Secretary, with my understanding that permits the United States to fly reconnaissance missions over Vietnam?

Sec. LAIRD: Yes, I am.

Sen. CHURCH: Is that understanding in writing?

Sec. LAIRD: No. It is not.

Sen. CHURCH: What was the nature of that unwritten understanding?

Sec. LAIRD: The enemy knows full well what those understands are and every person that was involved in their government in a major negotiating role certainly is thoroughly familiar with that...

Sen. RASE: It take it what happened, in substance, when he said we would stop bombing, was that we announced three conditions that we expected to be fulfilled. There is 't any kind of affirmative agreement, whether oral or anything else on the part of the other side, or anything very formal. Is that correct?

Sec. LAIRD: There was quite a debate, Senator Case. I spent a considerable amount of time reading the notes...and there was a great deal of discussion, and the other side was, the North Vietnamese were, certainly-they certainly had the understanding after that debate...

Sen. SYMINGTON: You are operating against a good many forces now. You are operating against Pathet Lao and the North Vietnamese and the Cambodian army and the Viet Cong, and it just might be that some of those forces do not agree with what was established in this verbal agreement that you referred to...so I am just saying that if we are going to react by bombing the North with fighter bombers based on something that happens in another country, I think we have to be careful that the people agree to what was agreed on, about which this country does not know the details in any way nor, to the best of my knowledge, does the Armed Services Committee.

(Armed Services, an ally of the Pentagon, is usually kept well informed by it. Symington is the only Senator who serves on both those Committees.)

Centrex

A brief comment on Centrex:

...There is a good possibility, at least from early indications during semester break, that the new Centrex system will function on the same principle governing university time pieces: lack of co-ordination. According to the "book" one dials "9" to get an off-campus number. Not true. Not true. Convincing Centrex to co-operate on long-distance dialing procedure can be even more exasperating. The POINTER hopes that Centrex will uncross its wires before too much confusion results; only the other day a POINTER troll called Campus Security and was connected with Dean Gibb's office.

Pointer Scrapes Barrel

To the editor:

At the risk of appearing naive, may I ask why the "Pointer" feels it must point with disdain to members of the faculty or administration who feel they also have a place in the Grid? I am referring to the

picture and comment in the last issue of the "Pointer" (Jan. 11) concerning Warren Jenkins.

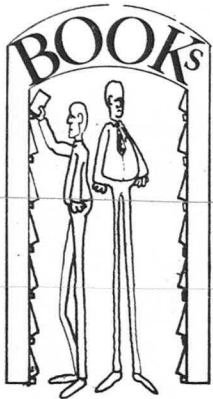
I believe we are fortunate to have members of the faculty and administration who are willing to mingle with the students. This provides an opportunity for each side to see the other as people - not just student or faculty.

I am sure the "Pointer" can find more relevant topics to discuss. You have really scraped the bottom of the barrel this time, Ginny Schumann Editor's note: We certainly have.

John Froines
of the Chicago 8
is coming
(maybe tonight)!

Watch for publicity!

What Makes The Pentagon Tick?



THE PENTAGON WATCHERS: Students Report on the National Security State, Edited by Leonard S. Rodberg and Derek Shearer, Doubleday-Ancor

Reviewed by Tom Riddell

The Pentagon Watchers is another addition to the current critique of the American Warfare State. It is a compilation of papers that resulted from the National Security Summer Research Project during the summer of 1969. The project was sponsored by the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington and consisted of a group of students who spent the summer researching and interviewing to find out what makes the old defense-industry team tick.

The first two sections of the book on "State Power" and "Intervention" are timely within the context of the current debate over the Nixon doctrine and American foreign policy—not to mention the Indochina War. The first two essays by Robert Borosage, now at Yale Law, and Marcus Raskin, co-director of IPS, author and anti-draft conspirator (of the Boston 5), respectively, provide an excellent historical presentation of the formation of the institutions of the National Security State in the years following World War II. And the following piece by Derek Shearer on "The Pentagon Propaganda Machine" and the ideology of the Cold War is overwhelming and, at the same time, a masterpiece of understatement (except for the fact that their machine has worked and worked well).

And where has this National Security State and its propaganda machine led us? To

intervention and to Vietnam cum Indochina. Our proneness to intervention is entirely consistent with our foreign policy since World War II. As William Stivers (a Reed graduate) points out, we assume a world of Communists and us, the bad versus the good. Simple perhaps, but nevertheless a fairly accurate description of what American foreign policy has been concerned with for the past 20 years. The primary goal of the war in Vietnam, Stivers feels, was to show to the world that we could defeat revolutionary warfare—that wars of national liberation wouldn't work. Well, we have failed; we haven't defeated the Vietnamese liberation movement, and we can't.

But our basic outlook on the world remains the same (at least Nixon's does), and the question arises: will the Nixon doctrine (modestly termed so by the President himself, remember when it was the "Guam Doctrine"?) really keep us out of the Third World? As long as American foreign policy remains opposed to revolution in the developing parts of the world, the future for what Robert Heilbroner has called "counter-revolutionary" American remains bleak. As Stivers concludes, "a collective security system assembled in one era, to meet a particular threat, has entangled us in an illogical, inconsistent posture that can produce only never-ending conflict." As long as America maintains its counter-revolutionary stance, Nixon Doctrine or no Nixon Doctrine (whatever it means), we are doomed to take part in violence in the Third World for some time to come. We will continue to intervene.

And the piece by Tom Klein, "Capacity to Intervene" demonstrates that we are building up our ability to do just that. Through our airlift (C-5A), sealift (Fast Deployment

Logistic Ships and Forward Floating Depots), and selective prepositioning (foreign bases) strategies, we continue to have a "rapid-development capability"—to state it in Fivegonese. That is not planning for disengagement!

The final section of the book is entitled "Arms and Industry" and concern itself with the dynamics of the military-industrial complex (yes, Virginia, there is a military-industrial complex). It contains five insightful essays on the process of military contracting from initial research and development right on through to the completion of projects—complete with cost overruns and poor performance. The essays by Marc Kramer and Sam Baker-Kerry Gruson emphasize the point that the military-industrial team has hardly given up the ball game. National priorities are not going to change without a struggle. The "Team" has lined up lots of projects for the next few years (or decades): the ABM, MIRV, a fourth generation Minuteman, the Maneuverable Re-entry Vehicle (complete with jets for making evasive actions), and even the Satellite Orbital Track and Intercept (SORTI) system which will be capable of providing a "space blockade" over enemy territory. Rodberg's and Shearer's conclusion stated in the introduction to the final section is one to consider: This series of studies suggest that the solution to the arms race and high military budgets does not lie in disarmament talks. Only when the real source of the problem—the defense establishment and its associated industries—are dismantled or converted to the production of useful civilian goods, will it be possible to talk of disarmament, or of peace for this troubled land.

Overall, the book is an intelligent and critical examination of the American

military establishment. Moreover, the appendices contain an excellent bibliography, a course outline, and a reprinting of the military section of NACLA's (North American Congress on Latin America) research methodology guide. The Pentagon Watchers provides an introduction to the origins, the results and the dynamics of the military-industrial complex and the American National Security State. But the Warfare State needs to be studied more if we are to learn to control it or to dismantle it, and the appendices provide excellent indications of where to begin.

Snowshoe Hike Coming

Snowshoe Hikers!! Join the U.A.B. Trippers on Saturday, February 13 for a whole day of fun and frolic. We will leave at 9:00 a.m. and return at 5:00 p.m. Snowshoes, lunch, and transportation will be provided at all for the cost of \$2.00 per person. Sign up on Wednesday, February 10, in the Classroom Center Lobby from 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. (Please pay at sign signup). If you've never been on snowshoes before, now is your chance!!! Wear warm clothes, and come along!

Vet Interest Rates Increased

Interest rate changes on two GI insurance programs were announced today by the Veterans Administration.

Effective January 11th, the interest rate paid by veterans on money borrowed on their government life insurance policies was changed to five percent. The old rate of four percent—in effect more than 24 years—will continue to apply to all loans made before January 11th, according to Joseph J. Mulone, Director of the Milwaukee Veterans Administration Regional Office.

Mulone said the interest VA pays on insurance dividends left to accumulate by veterans holding World War II type National Service Life Insurance policies (with a "V" prefix) was increased from 4 to 4.25 percent effective January 1st.

Dividends left with VA for these NSLI policies totaled about \$283 million at the end of 1970, exceeding by \$10 million the amount left with VA at the end of 1969, he said. The higher interest rate paid by VA results from greater interest earning in the NSLI trust fund.

Mulone said about 105,000 policy loans amounting to nearly \$136 million were made to veterans, in 1970.

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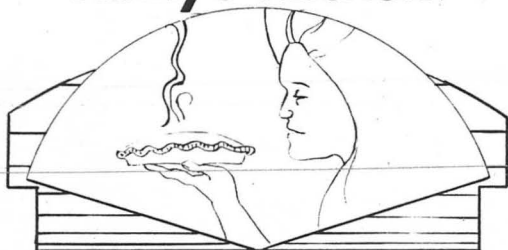
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Kathy's Kitchen



Japanese Cookery

If anyone knows where to buy MASA, corn flour for tortillas, in the Stevens Point area, please contact the Pointer officer with that information. Thanks, Kathy.

JAPANESE COOKING - PART II

These are my favorite Japanese foods and tastes. The Yaki-Soba and the Sushi require special Japanese foods, available at Mr. Chong's International House of Foods in Madison. The 3 recipes will give you some sense of the varieties of Japanese cooking styles, and the fantastic range of Japanese tastes.

use vegetables as well as seafoods, dip them into a thin batter, and then into a delicate sauce after they have been quickly fried in a high cooking oil.

If you can get to Mr. Chong's store, buy the Hime Tempura Batter Mix. Instructions for both tempura and dipping sauce are on the box. You can make acceptable home-made tempura as follows:

Thinly slice carrots, green onions, celery, green pepper, or any vegetable that you think you would enjoy deep-fried, and cut into 2-inch lengths. Slice white-fish into 1-inch strips, and split shrimp down the inner curve (the side away from the intestine.) If you are going to try tempura, shrimp and green onion are the best.

Dipping sauce: Combine in a small saucepan - 3/4 C water, 1 beef bouillon cube, 2 T sauterne, 2 T soy sauce, 1 t sugar, pinch ajinomoto (Accent or msg). Heat to boiling and turn fire off.

Batter: Beat 1 egg white with egg beater in medium-size bowl until stiff. Beat in 1/2 C flour, 1/3

C water, 1/4 t baking powder, 1 t sugar, 3 t cornstarch, and 1/4 t salt. You want a fairly thin batter.

Heat Wesson oil (don't use a heavier oil) to 375 degrees. Dip sliced vegetables and seafoods into batter, and fry a couple minutes, until lightly browned. Drain on paper towels. (Use a potato peeler to thinly slice carrots and celery, and then dip several such slivers together into the frying batter.)

Reheat dipping sauce, stir well, and divide into individual serving bowls. Dip tempura into sauce while eating. The tempura should be light and crisp - unlike the American heavy, thick "breaded," texture.

Make batter as you need it. Don't double the batter recipe, it will go flat on you. 10 shrimp, 2 green onions, and 1 carrot make a meal for two. Always serve this with plain rice.

If you really like tempura, you may want to get a special tempura pan (pictured), also available in Madison.

Yaki-Soba
This unusual noodle-and-vegetable dish requires:

1 Japanese dried mushroom (Jime-brand, or any other). Regular mushrooms are poor substitutes

1 package Nissin "Chow-mein," noodles

1 1/2 t sugar

2 T finely chopped raw chicken or pork

3 to 4 finely chopped crisp vegetables (eg. green bean, carrot, green onion, celery)

3 T cooking oil

Soak dried mushroom in 1/4 C boiling water for 20 to 30 minutes. Squeeze, cut stem out, and chop fine. Save soaking water.

Cook noodles as directed on package. But use mushroom water as part of the 1 C water, and add sugar (very

unauthentic, but I like it) to the water before adding the noodles.

In a skillet, lightly cook the meat and vegetables, including mushroom, in hot oil. Add the cooked noodles, mix thoroughly over medium heat, and serve with soy sauce. Makes 2 medium luncheon servings.

Inarizushi
I suggest this only for the most adventuresome among you. Briefly described. Inarizushi is cold rice balls, seasoned with sugar, vinegar and pickled vegetables, stuffed into fried soybean-curd shells, and served with red pickled ginger. The taste is as unlike American food as you will find. I love them - but have found few other Americans who can share that love.

The ingredients, all available in Madison, are:

1 can Inarizushi-no-Moto (beau card shells)

1 can Chirashizushi-no-Moto (vegetables)

Kokoho rice, or other Japanese rice

Beni Shoga (pickled ginger)

Wash 2 C rice thoroughly, drain, cover with cold water, and let soak 45 minutes. In a large heavy pan with tight-fitting lid, combine: soaked, drained rice; 3 C cold water; 4 t sugar; dash salt. Bring to boil, reduce heat to very low, cover, cook for 12 to 15 minutes or until rice is done. Let set 1/2 hour, covered.

Then, mix into rice the can of Chirashizushi and the liquid drained from the can of Inarizushi. When the rice is cool enough to handle, carefully open one Inarizushi at a time and fill with rice mixture. Dip hands into a bowl of cold water as needed.

Cool overnight in refrigerator, covered. Makes 20 to 24 rice balls. This dries out

very quickly and lasts only for 2 days. Serve with very tiny slivers of Beni Shoga (red pickled ginger).

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House Of Miracles

by Michael Harper

IN MAY

"Look at me and tell me you are not afraid; that you have no future without my consideration, and that if I give you that future you will never forget nor forgive me," Johnathan Andrew said to the frog in his hand. The eyes of the frog were large and unsure, the bridge buttoned the wind, and the three of them thought of the river below. Cars slipped by and across as John thought his childless thoughts. After fourteen years he had given consideration to too many things for which he was not ready to see an answer.

"I have no right to keep you, to be happy at the cost of your suffering. I will give you back to your home, you will some day die, my friend, and you will forget my face, my voice, but you will then damn me forever letting you live." He stared long into the reflection of himself atop the bridge, wavering and blurring into the dark. "I wish you could be calm in my world, but you are not made for schools and churches. You are nervous and your heart is trying to escape your breast. If only I could tell you that it is safe, that my world can give you shelter; there is much which keeps you confused, I too. You can't join me and I can't join you, the water is too deep, too dark." With a laugh the frog dropped into the river and swam out of sight.

He made the long walk home with less time wasted than usual. He did not look into the large windows of stores stacked with sinks and china; without gazing into strange faces. He even stayed out of the Ben Franklin Store where he usually paced and looked at everything, nothing in particular. He was not even aware of the beauty of the afternoon when the sun is no longer hot and the trees are brown.

John could watch the trees laugh in the win, forgetting all the other things he should be seeing. At those times he had to fight to keep the hours from slipping by untouched, he had to be careful not to spend so much time walking the sand where the waters would pull his imbedded path into the dark that he might never turn and follow it home. But today he saw only the grey of the sidewalk. Mrs. Thelms may not forgive his comments in class. "What a dope!" he thought, "there were so many good things I could have told her."

"Maybe summer will make me wiser," he thought, "summer, the teacher of patience and clarity." He wondered if he had read that or thought of it himself. One can never be too sure.

II

IN AUGUST

It was a life to which he did not belong, sometimes alien, or worse, he thought himself to be the great anachronism: fated to be born much too soon. Born too soon and yet not having the gift of prophecy. This was the tint which shadowed and saddened his life—that he had not been born a prophet.

These were his thoughts as the hot August sun made the ground crack from dryness. The wind was arid, the breath came hard and ripped the chest. The glare kept his mind from seeing clearly, yet he was happy

that it was August, that the sun was high; that it never laughed, nor loved, nor rested. His eyes burned as he read the blanching pages of his Bible; they reflected the sun like a dusty mirror. "And I turned to see the voice which spoke with me, and turning I saw seven golden lampstands. And in the middle of the seven lampstands I saw one like the Son of Man, clothed in a garment reaching to the feet and tied at the breasts with a golden band."

"Rubbish!" John turned as his heart leaped from him, he saw a man like no other he had ever seen, cloaked in unusual garments, and sparkling from the eyes.

"Do not be startled John, you have been sitting here waiting for me to come, have you not?"

"Yes, I think. I have been waiting."

"Yes like so many others. Times are not as they were, people are not as willing to love or hate with one another. Their loves and their hates are not guided; every man in his freedom has given his love and hate in desperation, in chaos. They do not search as hard as you, they are not so easily brought together."

I had to speak with you now, before you have suffered greatly; before you have forgotten my name and the sound of my voice; before you saw the road with its stones falling away, before you saw that the road was undone and the town abandoned. I am the paradise, I have come to gladden your heart and in that I must keep you from joy. You will have lived when I have gone, you's (life) will be as the mountain taking back from the sea. And from atop you will see that what I have said is true, but only what I have said to you for man has tongues which become knotted and mute, eyes which no longer see, and hands which only rearrange the earth.

I have seen your hands are not a mason's hands, but you will try to build, as they have done, the image which is there before you have cut the stone. Your work will be finished before you have begun. This you must learn and having learned this you and I may talk again."

Johnathan had always been a boy of imagination, he had daydreamed gypsies and angels, he had found places to hide his childhood, and he had sung praise to the God who had given him dreams.

"Read on," the stranger said.

"Abandon. Abandon the angel. Abandon the angel of the bottomless pit."

The stranger laughed and his laughter was heard for the first time; and John was the only one to see and hear. "I could never do that before, John," the stranger laughed. "I never quite understood, but it is here in this revelation - the locusts and suffering, all the visions which are necessary build the roads. Yes, it is all there, but I would have none of it if it were left to me. I stood too close, John, my eyes were blinded by the August sun, by the wind and sand. My ears were filled with the ringing out of the love in my heart, I could not hear them whispering my mission. When I heard them I told them it was not I, but they would not listen."

Now, I would come down from the cross when they begged at my feet, they would wish such a miracle. They would demand me to destroy them like the waters beneath Noah. They would demand to be cleansed. I have not the strength to return again. I would come down, I would listen to my tears and set aside the histories. I would take us all to hell in my ignorance if what is written is precise, and in hell we would pray together, we would pray and know from where we must return. For we would forget our duties there and forget also what we have come there to do, we must try to remember that we are to suffer for our weakness as it is written.

I had given myself to man, to his designs, to matters I was not to understand. I could not speak, from my birth they intended me to die, those who understood and I could not keep it from them. My tears were in their eyes because we loved one another. But now, I would come down and stand with those who did not understand, those who went out of ignorance, those who would demand such a miracle."

Johnathan gazed into the eyes of the stranger who spoke with the softness that John had always expected of him.

"John, they took me away at just the moment I had abandoned my mission, just as I was to come down and kiss the lips of Mary Magdalene. She had always been beautiful even after her sin; I would have saved her even earlier if it had been left to me, but the miracle I had desired was not to be included in what was to be set down."

It is written that I shall return, but I will not, they know my weakness, they know my love and I am left to visit children in fields, children who will not be heard. I am sorry I cannot stay with you, but it is no longer possible, it is too late."

The stranger was silent, then smiled, "You are free, now you must struggle."

Having said the last words and laughed the last laugh the stranger departed leaving no easy way for John to follow, and John was lost.

Johnathan from that day was never sure of his posture. He had so many questions, but could only listen. He did not know where he was going, but only knew his life could not be selling insurance and eating at Moxies'. He had seen and spoken to something in that desert, to something he had not the courage to touch. He had to search again for the stranger. He knew that he had a special preoccupation beyond life. He made only one demand on life, to never be deceived, to never be misguided. He would trust the message he did not understand, he would never make excuses for the world. He thought he had found the real man which lay behind his poorly excused potentialities. He thought he had found a Priest, he thought that he could help to bring the stranger back.

After long familiarity things were no longer what they are, but what we would have them be. Words are forgotten, night go by dreamless and we mistake this for sound sleep. Johnathan would enter the seminary at the end of August.

III

Your thoughts have no sympathy for your soul, John, said Eberhardt, "listen, you can't just leave the seminary, this is your last year, John."

"My friend, I cannot accept the fate of anyone, not even myself," John said with a smirk and gleaming green eyes. He

continued packing while Eberhardt paced their room. They were two strange and apart friends. They had prayed in the morning in the Chapel, they had laughed the jokes of the seminary, they had fears of secret desires, and they grew apart.

"How can you change so, after these many years, I can't really believe that you have changed so drastically, John."

"You wonder how I can change from my former self, maybe it is simply this: it may be easier to die believing nothing; accepting nothing. To die without understanding. Death is death, there is nothing to be decided. People unable to accept their own inadequacies make religions. Unable to accept the blame for their own failures, they create a God to accept it for them and call it divine guidance. All to save them from death. There is only one thing guaranteed at birth, Eber, my friend, and that is death; people fight that all their lives..."

"And I suppose you would say that Christ was one such man, running from his inadequacies, that Christ was trying to escape his failure."

"Eber, Christ is trying right now to escape his failure."

"I can't buy that, John, Christ certainly did not die believing nothing, death is not merely the end of existence, and even if it is God has a plan and Christ will return to heal the world of its sin. I believe in God the Father and in his Son; I can't understand you, John, I just can't. We have prayed to them John, I've heard you offer your soul to God, I have heard you weep at the altar as if gripped by God and the Devil at once."

"I was in the hands of such Beings, but not in the way you imagine. I have seen where God lives and I will have no more of it. I will not be a part of it. We have talked of this before Eber, you know what I think, how I feel; you know how I turn in my sleep and how I eat, but you do not know what I know. Eb, one must be willing to depart, Christ could not stay nor will he come back."

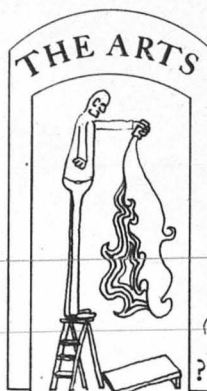
Eberhardt was silent and praying for his friend. He had learned long ago that John listened to a silent voice, and a religious speech would do little any longer. "Too much knowledge makes one susceptible to and too many dreams makes one neglect reason, and the suicides of the world become portent. I will find you at the bottom of some river."

"Yes at the bottom of some river, but not just any river, and not a river of your choosing. It is your own real desires that we are cloaked in dreams, Eber, I am not like you, I won't hide myself away into the life of an ascetic, I will not beg forgiveness for I will not participate in your crime," John was more amused than offended.

"No you were not born to lead the life of an ascetic, but God speaks forcibly and being a fool you collapse into a dream. That is what you are doing John, escaping God's reality; running to a dream."

"Maybe you are as you are because you are afraid of your own dreams, your own revelations; afraid of your own prophetic insides which haunt you when you are alone. I am not. 'Father Eberhardt... prepared for martyrdom...cross held high to shield the sun.' Eb, I have learned to sleep with ease in that sun."

Listen Eberhardt, the problem is that the prophets are the master masons, carefully finding the heaviest stones



imaginable, then building so high that it falls of its own accord. That truth, my friend, is what everyone knows, but can't believe."

"John, let's just drop it."

"What is one to do, Eber? I mean, if you can't face yourself. If you can't face the truth. Do you just die, standing there with all the others watching the prophet walk alone across the river? Will you not try to call his name? Is it not better to die trying to cross the river than to simply die of time, of history, of regret for what you might have done when it was in your power. What God was speaking we were listening to men, and now that men are silent what can be expected?" John looked at Eberhardt with a deep fustering pain in his chest, the touch of anguish which comes when a true separation has been made.

"Let me leave you with one thing Eb, one does what he dreams he must do."

"John, let me leave you with this, when one man ceases to believe, in the Cathedral hangs a dead man."

They stared long at each other, and said their first good-byes. There could be nothing more said. They were two children who had grown up on the same dream and had not found a growing concern for the real. Never again could a knowing glance ease a restless moment. I would be difficult to think of the future unemotionally, to see it without the other. It is so easy to let life slip by unchallenged; John could no longer. He did not know whether he was strong or weak, or afraid of permanence, but he was now ready. Ready to seek elsewhere for his dreams.

"Adieu, John."

"Bonanote, Eb, take care." Eberhardt thought of John often those many following years. There was in everything he did a hollow remembrance of John. A gnawing feeling of work undone, of Epimetheus, not quite through the man. And always the phrase which hung in the shadows and eventually became his own: 'one does what one dreams he must do.' Heavy years had past to the now.

IV

IN APRIL

"You must try to understand, and it will be difficult, the divine saving grace of God. It is hard! for a non-Catholic to have insight into the inspired teachings of the Church and our Holy Father," was spoken by the old Priest, Monsignor Eberhardt. He continued staring at his lap. "We believe the Pope is a direct descendent, through appointment, of Saint Paul. You see, we believe that he alone is the earthly leader of the Church. He alone spiritually guides the Church."

"Now the Pope has said that all means of artificial birth control are not in keeping with

the divine teachings of the Church, and are therefore, not the will of God."

Tim and Maureen sat in the small uncluttered office and tried to pay attention. Occasionally being caught looking at each other, trying not to smile.

The Monsignor continued, "It is not a new teaching, but one which has stood for centuries. The First Ecumenical Council simply stated it more strongly, and put it on the record. Long before any one thought of the issue at all," he glanced around the room, then through the window at the dark grey rain, "you see, it all goes back to the Mother Mary, the immaculate conception and all."

Tim spoke up quickly, "But Sir, I don't understand the difference in the birth control techniques; I mean after all, it is the conscious decision to prevent the child from birth that prevents his conception, it is only a matter of deciding which techniques will be used, be it rhythm, pills, diaphragms, or whatever. So, what difference does it make? It is up here where the birth control takes place," after pointing to his temple he relaxed into his chair.

Eberhardt did not fear acemidians, but only disliked them. "Oh yes, conscience - one must be ware of mistaking conscience for vane dignity. Free, airless conscience is something supported outside the Church, we have never given it full reign.

It seems it would take a good deal more self-control to use the rhythm method. Love is very important, it is the bond in a marriage, believe me I know, I see people every day who are married without love. We must not let our devilish animism take hold of our senses, the love will grow even stronger if you use discretion, if you have patience. We are not animals you know, but higher intelligent beings, we are capable of reason, and of dreaming. I would seem to me that it takes a good deal more love to use rhythm."

Monsignor got up from the desk and walked to the window, gazed into the tiny raindrops as they gathered and slid down quickly, "God speaks forcibly and in many ways. I cannot change the Chancery's decision my child. If you plan to use other means, I cannot marry you."

Maureen made faces out of the patterns in the old green rug while Tim spoke, "But Sir, we did not understand the question fully when you asked. We never knew it was in the marriage contract or we would not have made the decision that we did. We did not understand the Church's position."

"The Church's stand is unchanging, you should have consulted a Priest."

"Sir, even they are not sure of their stand."

"They don't know their theology, that's all. Their stand, indeed; they have no stand, their position is what is written, what God has chosen to make manifest. These young Priests are emmeshed in the streets, baring the wrong cross. The Church's position does not include going into the streets, we are not..." He went again to the window and the rain. H rubbed his old wrinkled hands over his face and across his wisping hair.

"How do you expect the parishners to know theology better than the Priests?" Tim uttered in desperation.

Monsignor paused, realizing the silence, "My parish knows." Monsignor smiled, "Why don't you wait awhile, think it over and come back in six months or so?"

"We have put it off too many times already, we can't put it off any longer." Maureen's eyes were slipping tears, though maintaining the respectfulness that she had learned so well in the Church school.

"You two wish to live together, not to enter Holy Marriage," he said with a laugh, "You children move so quickly these days." There was an emptiness in the room, in time, space, language; like museum

artifacts the three sat immobile, silent.

Then the Monsignor eased back in his chair, "But I will call the Chancery for you and see if they will listen to your plea, but they are very hard to get a hold of; very busy. Now you two go home and don't worry. Get some sleep. Sleep is what you need, a chance to dream a solution," Eberhardt escorted them to the door.

"Nasty weather, isn't it? I'll call you tomorrow and let you know what from what, after I get a hole of the Archbishop."

Tim and Maureen said the necessary good-byes and went out the door and into the rain.

Monsignor Eberhardt did not watch after them, but turned, switched off the light shaking his head and raising his eyebrows. He put on his old black coat, with loose buttons and frayed collar, and his Russian winter hat stepping into the rain.

At twenty-third street he stepped onto a bus and walked exactly half way down the aisle. The large negro woman was the only passenger and Eberhardt sat down beside her, Monsignor smiled like a cat having caught the bird, delighted to have his prey off-guard, still breathing.

"How is your day, my dear?" he smiled.

"I'm okay Father, been shoppin' and now I goin' home," from the fat lady.

"So I see, so I see. Oh, if only we could shop for salvation as easily as for carrots; third aisle over, across from eternity." He rubbed his face and adjusted his hat. He looked at the woman, she smiled and pulled the cord above the window.

She got up, struggled with her large shopping bags and bounced off the bus, four blocks early, no longer smiling.

Monsignor watched her out the window with raised eyebrows, straining over his shoulder as the bus drove him away from her.

He got off the bus at Fourth and Wisconsin, the rain blurring the neon lights of downtown like

a Dix painting. No lines, only areas of deep red and pointillistic green. Innumerable buses surged past in all directions, people staring out the fogged windows glad to be out of the rain. He often thought of Christ when the air was misty and the night was deep into the city. He walked short thoughtful steps as the rain made the shoulders of his coat shine.

"Finally," he murmured, "Wong's Imports." He entered.

"Is it ready?" Eberhardt smiled.

"Oh, most assuredly, most honorable Sir," said the Chinaman from Detroit. Those Chinese take so long to uncivilize. He bowed out and brought in a beautifully wove, small wicker basket. With the sign of retribution hand painted on the lid, in green.

"And its contents, I hope it has had a safe journey?"

"Most definitely, born in the green pastures of China, flying on butterfly wings into the velvet palm of my daughter, and now to you my friend."

"Good, good," Monsignor blinked with joy, "keep the change and God bless you my son."

Eberhardt turned to the door, then around again much too quickly and almost toppled, "Oh, yes, do you have a ribbon to wrap...you know kind of fancy," gesturing in the air with his free hand.

"Yes, yes, of course my friend," from the Chinaman with a smile that turned up his mouth, eyes, eyebrows, and raised his hat.

The basket was again handed to the Monsignor, wrapped in a purple ribbon with Lao Tse quotes printed in gold in the native tongue, with a bow like a Christanthemum.

Outside the sky had stopped, only the mist of rain blown of buildings filled the air. The neon lines were almost clear. Eberhardt called a taxi.

"611 Prentice St.," he said leaning back into the soft seat saying inaudible things to the basket at his side. The cab

being filled with the sound of rain splashing tired.

"This is it mister," pointed the driver, seeing the vestments, said, "I mean Father," crossing his Methodist heart.

"Wait for me son, wait for me," Eberhardt stepped out of the cab, avoiding puddles. Shuffled his way up the apartment steps, smiling, he leaned his head back and focused the names on the mailbox. Johnathan Andrew, Room 106.

He walked to the end of the hall, stopped in front of 106, paused for a moment seeing that it was as it should be, that is as he remembered. Fulfilling dreams is no quick venture. He placed the basket on the floor. Haing heard the television, to insure his treasure's discovery, he rang the door bell.

He turned quickly, clapping his hands once, joyously. Almost skipping his way down the hallway and into the moist night.

"St. John's please, Twenty-fourth and Hadley." The cab groaned away from the curb and went to Church.

The following morning Monsignor Eberhardt phoned Tim and Maureen and told them to come in. He had called the Chancery and they would review their case. The television covered the story of the death of John Andrew, an elderly man, apparently having died from the poisonous venom of Asian coral snake, rare to American, and of unknown origin.

One must rely on memory when the hours are coming to an end, for there is no time for the reading of what might have been.

THE
END

One Bitter Morning

By Bruce Steinmetz

The clock on the dashboard of his faithful old Dodge said 2:20, and it was correct, as it had been at 2:20 in the afternoon, just twelve hours earlier. This gave him over three and a half hours, plenty of time to drive to the city and pick up his brother, who would ride with him downtown to the U. S. Armed Forces Induction Center and then ride off with the use of his car for the next two years, if it lasted that long.

But it wasn't the stagnant clock that the young man was watching as he churned southward down the dark highway but his temperature gauge. It didn't seem right that his engine should be overheating with the temperature outside well below zero, but the fact remained that it was. In addition, he had noticed, the current of warm air that had been emerging from his heater and threatening to lull him to sleep as he drove had changed into a chilly draft. For the next mile or so his eyes alternated tensely between the road ahead and the dashboard. He retained some hope that the problem would somehow correct itself while scanning the blackness in front of him for a good place to stop in case it didn't. As the needle on the gauge moved upward to the

hottest possible reading the young man spotted a lone farmhouse just off the highway. He pulled over to the shoulder and stopped the car, reaching into the glove compartment to take out — of all things — a pair of gloves, which he slipped over his hands for protection against the cold. He released a sigh of disgust, pushed the door open against the icy wind and hurried to the front of the car.

Steam greeted him as he opened the hood. A heater hose had split open, spewing expensive anti-leak anti-freeze over the entire engine. The leak had occurred, to his consternation, right in the middle of the hose where it couldn't be cut out. With a mild but audible curse he slammed the hood, then opened the door and switched off the ignition. Already his face stung from the biting gusts that whipped across it. He resisted a temptation to duck back into the car out of the wind, closed the door and trotted briskly across the highway to the farmhouse.

Hesitating momentarily on the porch, he briefly considered how he should word the cause of this nocturnal intrusion. Then he pounded on the door and waited. His breath froze instantaneously in front of his face and was just as quickly whisked away by the wind. He pounded

again. No response. Perhaps no one was home. But there was a car parked in the yard. He struck the door as hard as he could. A glow came from the snow alongside the building as a light went on in a room toward the rear of the house. He paced about the porch impatiently, swinging his arms crossways in front of his chest to keep warm. The light went out. He waited a minute. Another minute. He considered giving up but there was nowhere else to go. Once again his gloved fist hammered on the door.

The light appeared again. This time a second light went on and showed through the keyhole. The door unlocked and cracked open.

"What is this?" queried a low voice.

"Sorry to wake you up but a heater hose blew on my car and I'm stuck out here with no water."

"There's a gas station open all night down the road."

"About how far is that?"

"I don't know. Two or three miles. By the interstate highway."

"I was wondering if I could use your phone."

No answer.

"I'd kind of like to see if they've got what I need."

Pause.

"All right. Wait till I put something on."

The young man stood in the cold another minute until the door re-opened, just wide enough to allow him inside. His

host was wearing a heavy blue robe and a pale, annoyed expression. There were old ketchup stains on his face. There was also a .22 caliber pistol in his hand.

"The phone's over there." He waved towards it with the gun.

"Do you have a phone book or something?"

"Right there." The man gestured with the gun again. The directory was laying underneath the telephone.

The visitor found the number he wanted and dialed. The man in the bathrobe watched him closely with bloodshot eyes.

"Make it short. I get up early," he said to break the silence.

The phone rang on the other end of the line. Someone answered.

"Crossroads Service."

"Say, my heater hose broke a couple miles north of the interstate on 13 and I have to get to town before six o'clock."

"Good luck."

"Do you have hoses like that there?"

"Yea, we got hoses. But I can't leave the station. There's no one else here."

"Yea, I see. Well, I'll try and get down there."

"You bet."

He hung up and looked at the man, who was still holding the gun and eyeing him suspiciously. Should he offer him money for a ride to the service station? No, he'd rather

not; he'd probably be refused anyway. Nevertheless he waited a moment hoping the man would volunteer.

"That it?"

"Could I have a couple gallons of water so I can drive to the gas station?"

"You got something to put it in?"

"No, sorry, I don't."

"Well, I don't have anything around here you could use. You can probably make it that far on what you got."

"Yea, well, thanks," he said as he walked to the door. "Sorry I woke you up."

He heard the click of the lock behind him as he stepped out into the bleak air. He didn't really want to drive that far with no water, but it probably could be done. Anyway, he reasoned, the old machine only had to last him a few more hours before he parted with it, probably for good. The car seat was cold when he clambered in behind the wheel. He turned the key in the ignition. The starter whined plaintively and the engine shook and sputtered. But the car didn't start. Another try produced only more fruitless grinding. He stared straight ahead and unleashed one loud monosyllable. Then he turned the key again. The grinding continued, but with noticeably less energy. The battery, he knew, was weak. He decided to walk to the filling station, **CONT. ON NEXT PAGE**

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Bitter Morning, cont.

hoping the car would prove more cooperative when he returned.

Resignedly he pushed the door open again and got out. It was cold. He set off jogging down the highway. The raw air chilled his lungs and nasal passages. When he began to tire he thrust his hands into his pockets and slowed down. He should have put on a hat and some warmer clothes from his suitcase, he told himself. He wasn't dressed for a several mile jaunt through sub-zero weather. His feet were extremely cold and each of his ears felt as if it were being pinched with an icy pair of pliers.

He had gone perhaps a mile and a half when he heard a sound behind him and looked back. A frigid blast of wind cut into his face, causing his eyes to water, but through the moisture he could make out two streaks of headlights approaching. It was a beautiful sight and he laughed to himself in relief. He planted himself in the middle of the road to flag down the car, certain it would stop for him on a night as cold as this. He was certain all the way up to the time the car blew its horn and swerved right to avoid him, a solitary figure standing on the center stripe, his arms waving futilely in the wind. He watched as the glowing red taillights and white cloud of vapor disappeared over the hill ahead, leaving him staring in the cold clear night at the stars on the indigo horizon.

He gathered his thoughts sufficiently to dredge up another phrase from the cruder portions of his vocabulary and resumed his hike. He was shivering now and his face was completely numb. He started out running again on feet that vaguely felt swollen beyond the size of his shoes. He slowed to a walk once more when the road began to grade upward. The cutting wind tore at him as he trudged up the hill. A car appeared over the top and sped past, going the opposite way. He began to doubt if he could make it to the gas station. He imagined himself being found the next day by some passing motorist, a mere corpse, he mused wryly, frozen by the side of the road.

When he reached the crest of the hill, however, he looked out and saw the interstate highway overpass, carrying its traffic less than a half mile away. Just beyond it were the glowing fluorescent lights of the service station, which, he realized, he had passed by in his travels many times before without really noticing. He broke into a run which he continued to the bottom of the hill. Then he walked and ran in spurts the rest of the way until he was underneath the familiar torch-emblem sign that was the oil company's trademark. Had the station been even a few hundred yards further, he felt, he would literally have frozen in his tracks before he reached it. When he burst through the door to the office the old man who had been snoozing behind the desk jumped.

"Brother! Where are you coming from?"

"I'm the guy that called about the heater hose," he forced out slowly through numb lips.

The attendant rose leisurely and moved to a shelf in the adjoining garage.

"A piece like this the right size?" he asked, displaying a length of rubber hose.

"Yea. That should be OK. You got some kind of container I can put water in?"

The old man looked around. "Well, there's those empty jugs over there."

He pointed to some discarded antifreeze containers half buried in a metal trash drum. The young man dug out two and filled them at the sink as the attendant went outside to take care of another customer. He had no intention of returning to the farmhouse if he could help it.

The old man came back to the office and opened the cash register.

"Let's see. You owe me three thirty four with the tax. Plus a dollar deposit on the jugs."

"You want a deposit on these?" the young man asked incredulously, holding up one of the plastic bottles.

"I'll tell you son, you can't be too careful. Some Indians once ran off with one of the boss's gas cans."

The obscurity of this explanation notwithstanding, he paid the money — too much, he thought — but he was in no mood or position to argue. He had intended to stay and warm up a bit before starting back, but an idea occurred to him and he went out to the car that had just been filled. He stood near the pumps until the old man came out and the driver rolled down the window to get his change.

"Say, are you going north on 13?"

"Yea, I am."

"Could you give me a ride a couple miles? My car is stuck up there and I have to get this heater hose on."

"Yea, I guess I could."

"Thanks."

He ran around to the other side of the car and got in. It was a late model Lincoln, a convertible with virtually every conceivable extra, including air conditioning. It was the heater however, that went on when the engine started, for which he was glad. "I really appreciate this," he said as they pulled out of the station. I'm supposed to go into the army at six this morning.

"You know," remarked the driver, a heavy set middle-aged man, "that's good to hear."

"It is?"

"I mean that you're willing to fight for your country. A lot of guys aren't."

"Well, with this kind of war..."

"Listen, you wanna know something? If you were one of those long-haired protester types you wouldn't even be in this car now."

It was quite warm in the car and the young man's ears and extremities began to burn as they thawed out.

"I have a son about your age," continued the driver. "And if he ever came home looking like one of those hippies you know what I'd say? I'd say, 'You might as well walk right back out that door, because we only got room for one dog in this house.'"

The young man laughed noncommittally. His ears and toes had become so painfully hot that he found it hard to concentrate on the conversation and really hear much more of what was said.

"You can let me off by that house there," he directed when they approached the spot where he had left his car. The automobile stopped and he got out.

"I hope you make it," called the driver.

"Yea. Thanks a lot for the ride," he answered and shut the door.

The driver started off, then stopped again, pointed to his right and blew the horn. The door wasn't completely shut.

The young man reopened it and closed it tight. He wondered for a moment if he had enough time as he watched the Lincoln drive away. Yes, he decided suddenly, there was plenty of time.

Replacing the heater hose proved to be easier than he had expected. He worked swiftly with numb fingers and cold tools until the new hose appeared to be secure. Then he removed the radiator cap and reached down for the water, almost fearing for an instant that it would be frozen solid in the bottles. It wasn't, however, and he renewed the supply of his cooling system. He closed the hood and threw the plastic bottles into the trunk along with his tools — hell, he'd paid more than enough deposit. Then he jumped into the car and prayed to every god he'd ever known that the engine would turn over. His wrist turned the key to Start. There was a series of sounds from underneath the hood and the motor began running. He was cold but he felt wonderful as he let the old Dodge idle for a few minutes, then threw it into gear. Yes, there was all the time in the world, he said to himself as he guided the car into the farmhouse driveway and backed out again in a Y-turn that faced him north.

He caught up with the Lincoln the following afternoon. He recognized it immediately by the sticker on the back bumper: America — Love it or Leave it. He waved and blew the horn as he passed. He had made his choice.

The End ~



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or more				
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Ulster Green Pepper

Democratic Monarchy



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and
Mary Steinbach
Alpha Phi**



**David Dees
and
Kathie Chop
Delta Zeta**



**Mike Gorman
and
Michael Ann Sorenson
Neale**



**Don Peters
and
Nicky Velek
Schmeckle**



**Peter Day
and
Anne Egenhoefer
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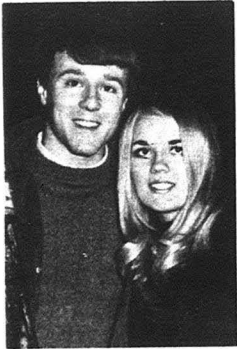
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