Spirits in the night

story on page 14
Regents Divest

Friday's decision by the UW-System Board of Regents to divest itself of stock in the racist regime of South Africa is a welcome one, albeit long overdue. Since all regents were careful to denounce the discriminatory policies of apartheid practiced by John Vorster's white minority government, it seems a shame that for so long they felt obligated to defend the investments with economic arguments, while ignoring the fundamentally moral issues involved.

While it is heartening to see the action taken, one is left wondering about actual motives in light of remarks like those of Regent Bertram McNamara of Milwaukee. Speaking to students at a hearing immediately proceeding the Board's decision to divest, and at a time when the market is at a four year low, he asked, "Where were you when we needed you four or five years ago? We could have made several million more dollars if we sold the stock then."

Regent McNamara seemed to conveniently forget that for years demands for divestiture have continually been made, the earliest dating back from 1968, ten years ago.

However, for whatever reasons, the learning institution of the University of Wisconsin has decided to rid itself of its embarrassing shares in racial injustice, and in doing so becomes the largest university system in the country to do so. Here's hoping the rest of the Big 10, and the nation follow suit.

No Solution

Six years ago the state legislature gave 18-year-olds the right to drink. Now they want to take that right away.

At 18 you can be sued, drafted, own property and be held responsible for all your actions. If in all other respects an 18-year-old is an adult, then why not where alcohol is concerned?

There are several bills coming up before the state senate now, all of them various versions of SB 126 which wants to make 19 the straight age for drinking. Some of the other versions amend this one to make alcohol legal at either 19 or with a valid high school diploma.

Without this amendment, drinking at university functions or serving alcohol on university premises becomes impossible without putting the burden of being policemen on university shoulders. Over one-third of all students would be under the legal drinking age.

Although none of these bills stand to be pushed through this year, this is an issue that you should write your congressman about. Don't think that just because you're over 19 it doesn't affect you. It's like taking Medicaid abortions away from the poor. It's only one step, then it starts snowballing and soon all abortions are illegal. First they'll make it that you must be 19 years old to drink alcohol, then 21, then 25, then 50, and soon we'll be back with prohibition, bootlegging, etc.

We at the Pointer office feel that the drinking age should remain at 18. The purpose of raising the age is to keep high school kids out of the bars during lunch hours and free study times. It is also thought that the 18-year-olds are too close to the younger high school kids and therefore are more likely to buy liquor for them than a 19-year-old who would be removed from the high school situation.

This is a problem the high schools must cope with through alcohol awareness programs and by offering alternatives other than drinking.

Rather than shifting the problem around, it should be dealt with on the level where it is occurring now. Passing SB 126 isn't going to solve anything.
To the Pointer,

Now that the semester is well started and everything is pretty much settled down I'd like to unsettle a few things.

Housing, what's happening? When I returned from Christmas vacation I unlocked the door and walked into my room that I had left neat and clean, only to find that it had been all torn up. My popcorn popper had been used and popcorn was scattered on the floor, desk and beds.

There were the remains of snack wrappers, cookies and candy on the dressers and there were pop cans and spilled pop throughout the room. Someone had rifled all the drawers in the room leaving some loose change lying on the floor.

From schedules that were left behind, it was evident that a basketball team participating in the Sentry Classic Playoffs had used my room and a room belonging to another student on my wing. The mess in my room took me several hours to clean up and needless to say I was very angry with what had happened.

A week before vacation a list of empty rooms was compiled for fourth floor and visitors were only going to be given keys for those rooms, but it was reported after vacation that unoccupied rooms on the lower floors as well as the lounges were used by visitors resulting in destruction of some furniture. Who was responsible for those visitors? Since rooms not on the list were used how did the visitors get in? Was some irresponsible person given a master key? A janitor told me he found my door and the door of the other occupied room open after Christmas, so he locked them. Wasn't someone responsible to check the rooms before the visitors left and to make sure the rooms were locked?

Were the visitors charged for the use of the rooms and if so where is the reimbursement for two fully-furnished rooms? It is a policy for visitors to be charged $2.50 a night for empty rooms in our dorm. That's ridiculous considering that towels, sheets, blankets and pillows are provided and that a janitor has to clean out the rooms and set them up for the next visitors. Obviously Housing is making little if any money off the visitors. Why doesn't Housing discontinue putting visitors in our dorm or at least have a responsible person in charge of visitors at all times?

Housing, will you let this problem slide? Why not show some concern so that a similar situation doesn't occur?

Thomas J. Girolamo
South Hall

To the Pointer

We are writing this letter in regards to an advertisement we noticed on page 23 of the February 9 edition of the Pointer. The ad was headlined: "McDonald's Swim Meat," and encouraged us to "Order Filet-O-Fish sandwich and get a large order of french fries for free style." We feel this advertisement implies a misrepresentation.

As many of you may have likewise believed we thought that we would receive a large order of french fries (free style) upon purchasing a Filet-O'Fish sandwich.

Skeptical of Ronald's generosity, we called ahead to verify the implications of the advertisement. We asked the manager if our interpretation of the advertisement was correct. To our disappointment McDonald's was not giving away ANYTHING! The manager explained to us that "free style" went along with the ad's theme of "McDonald's Swim Meat," and no one would get any free french fries.

If this were the case, why didn't McDonald's advertise something like: "Order a Filet-O-Fish sandwich and get a large order of french fries BACKSTROKE?!!! Or "Butterfly" or Dog Paddle?!!!

We would expect advertising like this from such places as "Tastee-Whiz" or "Burger-Grunt," but not McDonald's. In the land of the free and the home of the Quarter-Pounder, is nothing sacred anymore?

Once again, it appears that McDonald's has done it all for us. (Or to us?)

Ray A. Pekala
Charles M. Fondrie
Michael W. Meyer
Daniel J. King
Daniel L. Backes
1900 Briggs Street

To the Pointer

In response to Barb Puschel's energy saving contest article, from the January 19 edition of the Pointer, the residents of Delzell Hall would like to point out a few misconceptions. The final results of the contest present very misleading figures. The total cost per occupant of utilities, if broken down into the two components of electricity and heat, reveal a range of $3.33 to $8.34 per occupant of electrical consumption and $6.65 to $43.99 cost per occupant of heat consumption during the three month contest period. Delzell's cost per occupant of electricity was $5.07 compared to the winning dorm, $3.69.

It is true that Delzell spent $43.99 per occupant for heat. Numerous calls and work orders to the housing office administration and maintenance, to turn off unnecessary ventilation systems and to clean the heating system, produced negative results from both departments.

Residents enclosed their windows in plastic to retard the constant draft. Dorm heat was turned down to 65 degrees. Doors were closed to keep the little heat we did have, within the confines of our dorm. Our dorm Energy Council worked very diligently to help everyone be as conservative as possible.

Next year's energy contest will probably be based on a percentage comparison, from this year's figures. It is our concern that the university would run a contest based on no previous facts or figures on heat consumption, and in a sense give the most heat-efficient dorm a substantial reward.

No, Barb Puschel, we do not suffer from southern exposure or apathetic attitudes, rather, we are hard-working concerned students who cannot overcome an antiquated maintenance, and inadequate numbers of personnel to meet resident's maintenance requests.

Thomas Boomsma
President Delzell Hall & Delzell residents

more letters on p. 4
To the Pointer,

This is just another one of those small notes to correct some mistakes in a recent article in the Feb. 2 issue. The article was about Outdoor Recreation and some of the information was slightly misleading with regards to Scuba Club.

All anyone can join Scuba Club. The cost is a mere $1.50 a semester, not the $65 mentioned in the article. The $65 is the cost of the PADI (Professional Assoc of Diving Instructors) Basic Open Water Course. The course included 7 two hour classes, 3 hours of pool sessions and 5 open water dives. These are taught by PADI certified scuba instructors. Laurie Mooney and Pete Buti, both scuba club officers, are the instructors. Besides Basic Instruction, the club offers CPR, Fustard, Dive Master, plus many other special courses open to all members.

The club is also organizing an Underwater Hockey Team. All interested persons should come to the pool with mask, fins, and snorkel at 12-1 Sunday afternoons or contact Ken Kronnal at 346-3027. The first meeting will alternate Wednesday nights in the Green Room, 7:00 pm in the University Center.

Christopher Myers

Scuba Club

To the Pointer,

As all the controversy continues about the deposit on beverage can, I would like to bring up a viewpoint that to my knowledge, has not been heard. Instead of asking government to add another law to the already too full law book, why don’t we, the public, boycott the buying of beverages served in throw-away containers?

If people would refuse to buy those brands that only come in throw-away containers, it would not be long before those companies would begin to switch to refillable or recyclable containers. Manufacturers will not produce what we won’t buy. Our government must make laws in order for our society to function, but to burden it with problems that we can solve, if we really want to, is I think misdirecting its use. It’s there for our needs and problems, but why not take the initiative ourselves? Kevin Harkness

To the Pointer,

Foreign students, I need your help in a biology course I am teaching. Approximately five minutes of your time will be worth five dollars to you. Contact: Stephen J. Taft, CNR Building, Ext: 3318.

Stephen J. Taft

---

WINTER CARNIVAL WEEK
BLACK CULTURE WEEK
Outdoor Rec. Display, 10 AM-3 PM
(Concourse-UC)
Mini-Waxing Workshop, 11 AM-1 PM
(Concourse-UC)
UAB AV: BEATLES BOOK No. 2, 11 AM-4 PM (Concourse-UC)
Indoor Games: CRAZY HAIRDO, PAINTED KNEE, CHUG-A-LUG,
12N-1 PM (Coffeehouse-UC)
Billiards Tournament, 6 PM
(Recreational Services-UC)
UAB Film: THE DEEP, 6:30 & 9 PM
(Program Banquet Rm.-UC)
UAB Coffeehouse: DICK PINNEY, 9-11 PM (Coffeehouse-UC)

Friday, February 17

WINTER CARNIVAL WEEK
BLACK CULTURE WEEK
UAB AV: BEATLES BOOK No. 2, 11 AM-2 PM (Concourse-UC)
Bingo, 3-6 PM (Wisconsin Rm.-UC)
UAB Medieval Dinner, 5:30-9 PM
(Coffeehouse-UC)

UAB Film: THE DEEP, 6:30 & 9 PM
(Program Banquet Rm.-UC)
Arts & Lectures: THE OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE, 8 PM
(Sentry Theatre)
Univ. Jazz Band, 8-11 PM (DeBot Blue Rm.)
Basketball, Superior (T)
UAB Coffeehouse: DICK PINNEY, 9-11 PM (Coffeehouse-UC)

Saturday, February 18

WINTER CARNIVAL WEEK
BLACK CULTURE WEEK
Outdoor Games, 9 AM-5 PM
(Intramural Field) - X-Country Ski Race, Broomball, Ice Skating Race, Friibee Toss, Log Throw, Obstacle Course, Pyramid Build, Sack Race, Sadie Hawkins Race, Shovel Race, Snowball Throw, Snowshoe Race, Tray Race, Ice Sculpture, Tug of War, Igloo Build, Snow Sculpture
Rugby Tournament, 2-5 PM
(Intramural Field)
International Club Dinner, 6 PM
(Allen Center Upper)
UAB “LAS VEGAS NITE,” 8 PM
(Program Banquet Rm.-UC)
Basketball, Falls (T)
UAB Coffeehouse: DICK PINNEY, 9-11 PM (Coffeehouse-UC)

Sunday, February 19

Suzuki Talent Education Solo Recital, 3 PM (Michelsen Hall-FAB)

Monday, February 20

Arts & Lectures: BONELL & ZUKERMAN, Guitar & Flute, 8 PM
(Michelsen Hall FAB)

Tuesday, February 21

Univ. Film Soc. Movie: TO BE OR NOT TO BE, 7, 9 & 11:15 PM
(Program Banquet Rm.-UC)

Wednesday, February 22

Basketball, Whitewater, 8 PM (H)

Thursday, February 23

UAB Film: BILLY JACK, 6:30 & 9 PM (Program Banquet Rm.-UC)
NEWS

public opposition sparks action

Regents agree to unload stocks

In the face of mounting public pressure, the UW-System Board of Regents voted Friday to sell all stocks the University of Wisconsin owns in corporations conducting business in racist South Africa.

By a vote of 14 to 2 the board adopted a resolution passed the previous day by the Business and Finance Committee, which called for the University to divest itself of the investments in a "prudent but rapid manner."

Though the resolution made no specific reference to South Africa, it was obvious that this country, along with any others that practice or condone discrimination on the basis of race, religion, creed or sex, was the intended target.

The action affects approximately $9 million out of the UW-System's total $28 million in investments.

Friday's action came on the heels of a demonstration earlier in the morning that ended with 13 arrests and some wet carpets in Van Hise Hall in Madison. One-hundred supporters of divestiture were greeted by Madison campus police when they tried to gain admittance to a regents' meeting.

Amid an environment of airborne Mace and watersoaked carpets, Regent Ody Fish suggests burying a $28 million jar under Van Hise Hall.

Denied access to the proceedings on the 18th floor, the demonstrators succeeded in removing a locked door in the hallway from its hinges, but were driven back after a few minutes by the Mace. Retreating protestors turned on several high-pressure standpipes in the stairwells, causing water flow down the halls and into several rooms, causing minor damage.

All but three of those arrested were later released.

The Regents' decision to sell the stocks followed last week's announcement by Regents' President Edward Hales that he had decided to support divestiture in light of worsening conditions in South Africa, increasing public opposition to the investments and a recent opinion by State Attorney General Bronson LaFollette that a UW merger law prohibiting investments in corporations practicing abuse was constitutional.

The regents had previously clung to the opinion of Gordon Baldwin, a UW-Madison law professor who claimed that the state could not constitutionally claim jurisdiction in matters of an international nature, such as the South African investments.

Much of the opposition to the sale of the stocks was announced, speculation was that the process might change the students' years. According to a member of the pro-divestiture National Lawyers Guild, the system's investment firm transfer could be accomplished within a week. Supporters predicted further protests should the regents' order long in ridding the university of its stocks.

Students oppose 19 year old drinking age

By Susie Jacobson

Prior to 1972, Wisconsin christened its hard liquor drinkers at the age of 21. At that time 18 year olds could only legally nurse beer.

Six years ago the state legislators changed their minds and decided to lower the drinking age in order to bring it in line with the age of majority and to reduce the need for driving long distances to drink in 18 year old districts.

Now the legislators aren't so sure this age group can hold its liquor, and they are considering hoisting the legal drinking age to 19.

Several bills are in the Commerce committee in Madison at this time, each varying slightly in its approach to the problem of teenage alcohol abuse. One item they all hold in common is that all would raise the drinking age from the present 18 year old limit. Some would allow certain exceptions; others would make it a flat 19 year old limit.

One of these bills is Senate Bill 126. Co-sponsored by Senator Dale McKenna, who has in the past taken a strong role in the fight against drug and alcohol issues, it raised strong opposition at a recent Wisconsin Student Caucus meeting held.

As originally introduced, SB 126 would have lifted the minimum drinking age to 19, but the University alto reformed most of the freshman class, but a subsequent amendment would allow 18 year olds to drink providing they have a high school diploma of equivalent degree.

Senator Walter Chilsen of Wausau, a supporter of the bill, said it is currently sitting in committee in the Senate, adding that opponents of the bill would probably let it either ride out the current legislative session or release it for consideration too late for it to get through both houses. The bill would have to be approved by the end of March in order to become law in 1978.

An opponent of the bill, Senator Gary Goyke of Oshkosh, also expressed doubt that it would get through this legislative session. Goyke along with UW Chancellors Lee Dreyfus, the Student Government Association (SGA) and the United Council of Student Governments (UCG) all oppose raising the drinking age.

Dreyfus said that while he personally preferred the old 18-21 law, he felt the change to a straight 19 year old law would create a real problem at the university. He said that if the drinking age was flatly raised to 19 he would probably eliminate the sale of alcohol at the university centers and prohibit its use in the dorms.

Said Dreyfus, "I couldn't be the stoat if one third of the student body couldn't drink...and I'm against creating two classes (drinkers and non-drinkers) on this campus."

According to SGA Executive Director Mike Barry there are currently 30 students at this university that are 17 year olds. The effect on the apartheid policies of South Africa. He suggested that the matter be tested in court.

Regency Arthur DeBardeleben of Park Falls, one of two regents voting against the resolution, said he felt the sale of the stocks would have little effect on the apartheid policies of South Africa. He suggested that the UW System's only remaining option as putting the $28 million jar in the sealed Mason jar and burying it under Van Hise Hall.

Although no specific timetable for the stock sales was announced, speculation was that the process might change the students' years. According to a member of the pro-divestiture National Lawyers Guild, the system's investment firm transfer could be accomplished within a week. Supporters predicted further protests should the regents' order long in ridding the university of its stocks.
CBS presents a clouded window on history

By George Leopold

With a total disregard for the evidentiary basis and the obligation to the viewing public, the CBS television network last week aired its latest offering on the 14-year-old unsolved murder of President John F. Kennedy. It was entitled Ruby and Oswald.

Billed as “the true story—from sworn testimony,” this, the third program produced by CBS on the Kennedy assassination, purported to present what has become network and perhaps media policy on this issue—to rip up American public and to falsify history.

In two previous “documentaries” on the JFK assassination, CBS consistently misrepresented and omitted facts and parts of sworn testimony, and called it all a “drama.” Yet, when it is examined in relation to the actual facts, the so-called “drama” proves to be nothing more than fiction. Indeed, it had almost nothing to do with the assassination of President Kennedy.

Several examples of CBS’s arbitrary use and misuse of sworn testimony only a cursory review will illustrate this point.

The program opened by noting the whereabouts of Lee Harvey Oswald, saying he appeared to be in Dallas on November 22, 1963, the day before the assassination. It then showed Oswald, an employee of the Texas School Book Depository in Dallas, asking a fellow employee, Buell Wesley Frazier, for a ride to Irving, Texas, that evening to visit his wife who lived there with friends.

Frazier, according to CBS, replied, “How come you’re going home today, instead of Friday?”

Oswald: “Curtain-rod. I’ve got to get some for my place in town.”

The sinister implication here was that Oswald lied about the curtain-rods and was making an unprecedented trip to Irving in order to pick up the rifle which he would use to shoot the President the following day. However, CBS failed to inform the viewer of the fact that Oswald was known to have made other trips between Dallas and Irving during various parts of the week that broke this assumed pattern.

The most reasonable explanation for the trip to Irving was that Oswald told the curtain-rod story to conceal the fact that he wanted to visit his wife in order to clear up marital problems. CBS only alluded to this possibility. In any event, it is crucial to note that Oswald’s room in Dallas did need curtain-rods. On the day after the assassination, a journalist went to Oswald’s boarding house and found the owners hammering rods into the wall. Not surprising, CBS erroneously showed Oswald’s room with curtains.

The point may seem minor, but it was a vital aspect of the official case against Oswald; CBS took the bait – hook, line and sinker.

On the morning of the assassination, Oswald returned to Dallas with Frazier. According to CBS, Oswald brought with him a package which just happened to be the size of a fully assembled rifle. This was nothing more than a good, old-fashioned lie! Frazier, a highly reliable witness who was present the day Oswald carried on the morning of the assassination was about the length of Oswald’s arm – approximately 47 inches. Frazier based this on his observation of Oswald carrying the package with one end cupped in his left hand while unloading it.

True to form, CBS showed Oswald carrying the package to his side. Indeed, it looked so long and bulky that one got the impression that Oswald was carrying a concealed bazooka.

Having waited through the assassination sequence, in which CBS claimed eight shots were fired in four seconds – a physical impossibility with a bolt-action rifle supposedly used by Oswald – we next saw Oswald murder Dallas police officer J.D. Tippit. In portraying the Tippit killing, CBS chose to ignore the most basic fact about his alleged killer: Oswald could not have gotten from his rooming house to the scene of the Tippit shooting in time to have fired the shots! The government did this only by ignoring the fact that the murder was called in on Tippit’s police radio by a passerby – a pedestrian.

CBS, Oswald brought with him a package which just happened to be the size of a fully assembled rifle. This was nothing more than a good, old-fashioned lie! Frazier, a highly reliable witness who was present the day Oswald carried on the morning of the assassination was about the length of Oswald’s arm – approximately 47 inches. Frazier based this on his observation of Oswald carrying the package with one end cupped in his left hand while unloading it.

CBS, Oswald brought with him a package which just happened to be the size of a fully assembled rifle. This was nothing more than a good, old-fashioned lie! Frazier, a highly reliable witness who was present the day Oswald carried on the morning of the assassination was about the length of Oswald’s arm – approximately 47 inches. Frazier based this on his observation of Oswald carrying the package with one end cupped in his left hand while unloading it.

CBS, Oswald brought with him a package which just happened to be the size of a fully assembled rifle. This was nothing more than a good, old-fashioned lie! Frazier, a highly reliable witness who was present the day Oswald carried on the morning of the assassination was about the length of Oswald’s arm – approximately 47 inches. Frazier based this on his observation of Oswald carrying the package with one end cupped in his left hand while unloading it.

CBS, Oswald brought with him a package which just happened to be the size of a fully assembled rifle. This was nothing more than a good, old-fashioned lie! Frazier, a highly reliable witness who was present the day Oswald carried on the morning of the assassination was about the length of Oswald’s arm – approximately 47 inches. Frazier based this on his observation of Oswald carrying the package with one end cupped in his left hand while unloading it.

CBS, Oswald brought with him a package which just happened to be the size of a fully assembled rifle. This was nothing more than a good, old-fashioned lie! Frazier, a highly reliable witness who was present the day Oswald carried on the morning of the assassination was about the length of Oswald’s arm – approximately 47 inches. Frazier based this on his observation of Oswald carrying the package with one end cupped in his left hand while unloading it.

CBS, Oswald brought with him a package which just happened to be the size of a fully assembled rifle. This was nothing more than a good, old-fashioned lie! Frazier, a highly reliable witness who was present the day Oswald carried on the morning of the assassination was about the length of Oswald’s arm – approximately 47 inches. Frazier based this on his observation of Oswald carrying the package with one end cupped in his left hand while unloading it.

CBS, Oswald brought with him a package which just happened to be the size of a fully assembled rifle. This was nothing more than a good, old-fashioned lie! Frazier, a highly reliable witness who was present the day Oswald carried on the morning of the assassination was about the length of Oswald’s arm – approximately 47 inches. Frazier based this on his observation of Oswald carrying the package with one end cupped in his left hand while unloading it.

CBS, Oswald brought with him a package which just happened to be the size of a fully assembled rifle. This was nothing more than a good, old-fashioned lie! Frazier, a highly reliable witness who was present the day Oswald carried on the morning of the assassination was about the length of Oswald’s arm – approximately 47 inches. Frazier based this on his observation of Oswald carrying the package with one end cupped in his left hand while unloading it.

CBS, Oswald brought with him a package which just happened to be the size of a fully assembled rifle. This was nothing more than a good, old-fashioned lie! Frazier, a highly reliable witness who was present the day Oswald carried on the morning of the assassination was about the length of Oswald’s arm – approximately 47 inches. Frazier based this on his observation of Oswald carrying the package with one end cupped in his left hand while unloading it.

CBS, Oswald brought with him a package which just happened to be the size of a fully assembled rifle. This was nothing more than a good, old-fashioned lie! Frazier, a highly reliable witness who was present the day Oswald carried on the morning of the assassination was about the length of Oswald’s arm – approximately 47 inches. Frazier based this on his observation of Oswald carrying the package with one end cupped in his left hand while unloading it.

CBS, Oswald brought with him a package which just happened to be the size of a fully assembled rifle. This was nothing more than a good, old-fashioned lie! Frazier, a highly reliable witness who was present the day Oswald carried on the morning of the assassination was about the length of Oswald’s arm – approximately 47 inches. Frazier based this on his observation of Oswald carrying the package with one end cupped in his left hand while unloading it.

CBS, Oswald brought with him a package which just happened to be the size of a fully assembled rifle. This was nothing more than a good, old-fashioned lie! Frazier, a highly reliable witness who was present the day Oswald carried on the morning of the assassination was about the length of Oswald’s arm – approximately 47 inches. Frazier based this on his observation of Oswald carrying the package with one end cupped in his left hand while unloading it.

CBS, Oswald brought with him a package which just happened to be the size of a fully assembled rifle. This was nothing more than a good, old-fashioned lie! Frazier, a highly reliable witness who was present the day Oswald carried on the morning of the assassination was about the length of Oswald’s arm – approximately 47 inches. Frazier based this on his observation of Oswald carrying the package with one end cupped in his left hand while unloading it.
Part II  J.P. Stevens:  

The human wreckage of corporate irresponsibility

By Terry Testolin

"After 37 years of loyal and faithful service, I have a plaque, $1,260 and brown lung."

—Thomas Malone, retired Stevens worker

Exploiting workers in the sunny south in their efforts to maximize profits, J.P. Stevens has imposed conditions on their work which are literally killing them. The North Carolina Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) has repeatedly cited the plant for cotton dust and noise levels in the plants. The plants are so loud that company scientists have admitted over 1/3 of the workers will ‘have suffered severe hearing loss by the time they retire.’

The dust from the cotton poses a more deadly problem, ‘byssinosis’ or brown lung disease, which has crippled over 100,000 textile workers according to Dept. of Labor Statistics.

Lucy Taylor, a J.P. Stevens worker for 35 years, vomits chronically, experiences fainting spells and coughs up thumb-sized wads of cotton dust mucus. The company has refused her compensation claim, because she afflicts herself with ‘cotton dust’.

Dust in the lungs is among the most dangerous pollutants. It is emblazoned across billboards at plant gates, argue their workers to perform light work so that "a lost-time accident with worker-compensation

Cleary said, “the laws of the land are being bent by company reprisal”.

Cleary said that in Wisconsin support committees have been established by labor church and student groups. But the Milwaukee, Racine, Appleton and Madison. He asked UWSP and Stevens Point workers to help him gather support for the boycott and friends to boycott J.P. Stevens. He also suggested writing the managers of stores carrying J.P. Stevens products and urged calls to Senators Proxmire and Nelson in support of Labor Law For Bill (HR 77). He said that the bill ‘will establish clear and fair rules for workers attempting to organize, and will penalize employers like J.P. Stevens who fire workers for exercising their rightful to organize.

ACTWU Sec. Trea. Jacob Sheinkman put the issue of labor law reform in a broader perspective: 'In the South, the labor movement is just the source of a great and successful struggle for civil rights. What we are talking about is the future of those rights on the job. Working people cannot be truly free when they suffer under the tyranny of their corporate employers. They cannot be truly free when each morning, they have to check their rights as American citizens, their dignity and self-respect, at the plant gates when they have no issues of their own conditions of employment'.

Cleary closed by saying that ‘a union victory over J.P. Stevens is important not only to the textile workers of the South but also to union men and women in Wisconsin because it will reestablish the basic right of working people everywhere to join a union without fear of company reprisal!'

In unity there is strength—Organizing

For over 200 years the American Labor Movement has been spirited on by individuals willing to struggle for economic justice despite the odds, sacrifices and risk to life and limb involved. Their motto was best stated by the labor activist Joe Hill, who said 'Don't waste time in mourning—organize!'

Jim Cleary pointed out that the union fight was and is central to a decent life and economic justice in a democracy. "Labor took everything it got even when the Management didn't reform out of the kindness in their hearts'.

That slogans from American's radical labor tradition still have relevance in the 1978 is evidenced by the stirring call to action by J.P. Stevens. Members, in their film "Testimony": "J.P. Stevens has not yet made up its mind that its employees are American citizens and are entitled to be treated like first class citizens. The other side of the struggle is critical battle is now under way. Against terrible odds. Against exploitation of their workers for profit for justice. And so it must be won. Not only for now, but for tomorrow. Not only for here, but for the whole South.'

And...to win it they need you. They cannot do it alone.

J.P. Stevens knows that.
8th Annual Spring Vacation to DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA
Your Sunshine Hotline Number is—
TOLL FREE 1-800-472-7015
*please note new price.

$169- BUS TRAVEL MARCH 17-26
DAYS INN (OCEANFRONT), ROUND TRIP, NON-STOP TRANSPORTATION, DIRECT CHARTER FROM POINT TO THE BEACH, BUSES LEAVE FROM AND RETURN TO CAMPUS, 7 NIGHTS, 2 DAYS, 4 PERSONS PER ROOM.

$249 - AIR TRAVEL MARCH 18-25
DAYS INN (OCEANFRONT), ROUND TRIP FLIGHT FROM CAMPUS, 7 NIGHTS, 2 DAYS, DEADLINE FOR FLIGHT ONLY IS FEBRUARY 10TH, FIRST COME, FIRST SERVE.

OPTIONAL SIDE TRIPS
WALT DISNEY WORLD—TICKETS AND TRANSPORTATION
MARBELAND—TICKETS AND TRANSPORTATION
GREYHOUND RACES—SPEND A NIGHT AT THE RACES, PARMIUTUAL BETTING.

All Reservations are on a first come, first serve basis.

Discover a warm and intimate new coffeehouse! The Friendship Enterprise features mellow entertainment (free!) coffee, teas, baked goods, and a tremendous atmosphere.

Tuesday, February 21 9-11 p.m.
DON ABNEY
SINGER AND ENTERTAINER
THE FRIENDSHIP ENTERPRISE
BASEMENT PEACE CAMPUS CENTER
VINCENT AND MARIA DRIVE (BEHIND RED OWL)

If you'd like to take off and do something new next year ........
JOIN UAB
(University Activities Board)
ALL POSITIONS OPEN
FOR MORE INFORMATION AND APPLICATIONS COME TO THE UAB OFFICE - 2ND FLOOR U.C. APPLICATIONS DUE: MARCH 1ST.

We're looking for stars.

LT. Al Cisneros of Brownsville, Texas, is a Naval Aviator (Pilot). He made it because he has what it takes. If you think you've got it, then we want you.

First of all, you don't have to know how to fly to begin training with our Navy air team. We start you from the ground up. It's demanding, rugged, but when you take your first solo, you'll know it's worth it.

Think about it. You'll find out the Naval Aviator is a special breed of cat.

The opportunity is for real and so are we. NAVY

For information see

LT. MIKE PALES
FEBRUARY 22, 23, OR 24
THE UNIVERSITY CENTER
The gentle art of snowshoeing

By Sue Jones

We turned at the top of the ridge and gazed at the hill through the trees. Mounds of fresh snow disguised fallen logs, and gave pine boughs a feathery awning. Tips of shrub branches peeked out from under their flummy, glistening mantel of white. It was my first weekend with Trippers, a UWSP recreation organization, whose membership prerequisites seem to include a penchant for sawing wood with a two man saw, the ability to play sheephead by lantern light, and the cultivation of an eccentric French accent.

We were based in a cabin outside Glidden near the Chequamegon National Forest, and I was at the top of that ridge discovering the area in a new way—on snowshoes. I’d had a little practice on snowshoes in preparation for Winter Carnival races the year before, but at Glidden I was properly introduced to the gentle art of snowshoeing. A few practice runs around the intramural field just couldn’t compare with the slick, slush of my snowshoes in the quiet Wisconsin northwoods. The only occasional reminders of civilization were the snowmobilers who roared by, covering our snowshoe tracks and ski trails in their wake.

It’s the snowshoe’s simple design that allows you to travel safely and surely on deep drifts of fresh snow. The classic design is a teardrop-shaped wooden frame with a slightly upturned nose, a long narrow tail, and rawhide lacing. Bindings attach your boot to the whole apparatus. The lacing provides enough light, strong, durable surface area to keep you from sinking too deeply in the snow.

Snowshoes originated 6000 years ago in Central Asia. American Indians were the great innovators of snowshoe design, and snowshoes soon became the principal means of travel for trappers, hunters, woodsmen, and wanderers. Snowshoes aren’t currently as popular as cross country skis, but their popularity as a skiing alternative is growing.

After my first few steps near the cabin on the ungainly-looking contraptions and a little practice in turning, I was ready to venture into the woods. Snowshoeing isn’t much more than walking with your foot attached to a webbed frame. You just have to make sure not to step on the frame edge as you move forward.

Most of the other Trippers were cross country skiing that weekend, but the few of us snowshoers followed animal tracks and tromped up brush-covered hills where skiers couldn’t possibly go. Without the shoes we wouldn’t sink deep into the snow with every step, but with them, we only sank about six inches no matter what the depth of the snowpack.

Since you don’t have to worry about floundering in the snow, you can leisurely discover winter by snowshoe. Investigate the reindeer lichen braving the cold on a tree trunk and contrasting its light green color with the crisp, gray and white winter world. Take time to stop, listen and speculate on the winter activities of deer and birds from clues their tracks provide. Walk on snow above the forest floor and wonder what greenery will emerge from below to delight you in spring. Trudge along with friends, contemplate cloud formations, discuss other outdoor experiences, or say little at all.

The relaxation of snowshoeing won’t be evident in Saturday’s Winter Carnival games. It’ll be a mad dash to the finish line, and maybe even a few head first dives into the snow when a runner trips by catching the nose of his shoe in a drift.

Don’t let the Winter Carnival races make you decide against an attempt at snowshoeing because it looks too hectic and confusing. Snowshoeing is not a breakneck push for fame and Winter Carnival points. It’s a gentle art that should be leisurely appreciated. Be adventurous. Rent or borrow snowshoes for a day, head up to Schneebeck Reserve, and discover the joys of this relaxing sport.

Campus Recycling

A great way to start your day

By Holly Nordengren

To most people on campus the Environmental Council is just another organization for those people involved with the Natural Resource program— but they have another guess coming.

The Environmental Council is an organization not just for Natural Resource majors. It is open to any one on campus, from Home Ec. majors to Communication majors.

Within the Council there are many different committees all concerned with our environment. They deal with such things as nuclear danger, The Alaska Wilderness t.v. and The Boundary Waters situation. They are also going to have an Alternative Energy Week in the near future.

This past Saturday I had the pleasure of being involved with one of the many facets of the Environmental Council—Paper Recycling.

I was to meet at the CNR building at 9 am at the loading docks. I arrived at about 8:55 to find myself all alone, no one in sight. It seemed to me that there was no one alive on campus except me. I was needlessly worrying, though, because five minutes later Mark Walton arrived, the organizer for this committee.

A more vivacious enthusiastic person I have never met. It’s unbelievable the amount of energy this one person has and especially on a Saturday morning.

After our introduction I had the pleasure of meeting another veteran to this organization, Dale Stelter, a junior art major from Brookfield. Here is another dedicated person and on top of this she was all smiles throughout the entire morning.

After waving around to other members we started on our journey. We were going to go to the University buildings and dorms. They were told beforehand that they were picking up on Saturday so they should have the paper ready. The paper is usually printed paper and computer cards.

Colored paper is not desirable because it is not in demand right now. Most of the paper we picked up was in boxes or tied up for our convenience. If the paper were not tied or boxed Dale and her trusty twinie did the job and threw them in the back of the green campus truck we were using.

After picking up all the paper they unloaded it at the loading docks at the Science building and took it to a storage room in the basement. They then stacked them in neat piles.

The entire process took about three hours and believe me the time went extremely fast, especially with the excellent company I was working.

With the money that they raise from selling the paper, the Council pays for the many speakes, movies and other projects the council sponsors.

According to Walton they meet at 9 am on Saturday to avoid crowds. He expressed his appreciation to the people in the dorms and University Buildings, who’ve been very co-operative.

I thoroughly enjoyed being an “environmentalist” for a day and so will you if you would like to help the Council for recycling. If you help out for a morning it’s amazing how great you’ll feel the rest of the day.
**Setting Energy Myths Straight?**

Expanding and increasingly unpredictable regulatory requirements are causing significant delays for the construction of nuclear power plants, according to an Atomic Industrial Forum licensing review group. Comparing present experience with an idealized "no license" situation, the report concludes that the current licensing process now requires four to five years to the over-all project lead time. Furthermore, says the AIF panel, the potential for even greater delay hampers the utility companies' ability to plan effectively for meeting capacity needs.

Construction time for large nuclear power plants now can stretch over 12 years. The industry review group estimates that a stabilized, disciplined federal and state licensing process could cut these lead times to fewer than eight years.

An example of the growing regulatory load, the review panel notes that nuclear plants being designed in 1972 were subject to 32 Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) guides; in 1973 alone, that number doubled, and today there are 250 regulatory guides and NRC branch technical positions either in existence or under development.

The crux of the industry's regulatory predicament is that many of the changes and delays are imposed after detailed engineering and construction begin, and heavy capital commitments have been made.

---

**Aggravating Nukes**

The AIF panel believes that early site review and design standardization could help stabilize the licensing process, but cautions: "To be effective, early site review must lead to a conclusion which will be binding unless a significant reason for change develops.

The AIF is a not-for-profit international industry association whose more than 600 organizational members are dedicated to the peaceful development of nuclear energy.

---

**Bottle referendum pending**

By Sue Jones

A court decision on whether the Stevens Point Bottle Bill will be on the April referendum is expected today, says Dwight Brass of Sensible Wisconsinites Against Throwaways (SWAT). Judge Zwicky from Waupaca will decide the case, since Judge Levi is currently occupied with a murder trial. Levi was the one who previously declared the ordinance unconstitutional, so SWAT members are hoping that Zwicky will take a fresh look at the case.

If the ordinance is put on the April ballot and is approved by over 50 percent of the voting population, Stevens Point will have a container redemption ordinance requiring a 5 cent deposit on all nonrefillable beer and soft drink containers that would go into effect in October of this year.

Since a statewide referendum is not possible in Wisconsin, as it is in other states, Brass and SWAT are also working for bottle bills in Oshkosh and Appleton to establish support for state bottle bill legislation.
By Jerie Moe

"Exotic Mushroom Soup"

1½ c. chopped onions
3 c. chopped fresh mushroom stems
7 t. butter
3 T. sunflower oil
1 c. water
3 medium potatoes (4 c. diced)
5 c. hot tomato juice
2 t. sea salt
½ c. or more chopped parsley
4 c. sliced fresh mushroom caps
1 T. dry white wine

1½ c. milk powder (2 c. instant)
1 c. plain yogurt

Croutons

(1) Melt 3 T. butter and 2 T. oil in large soup pot. Saute onions and mushroom stems until onions begin to brown. Stir in 1 c. water and simmer for 10 minutes. Put this mixture in a blender and puree till smooth. Set aside.

(2) Melt 2 T. butter and remaining 1 T. oil in same soup pot. Add diced potatoes and saute for 10 minutes over low heat until they are translucent. Stir in mushroom-onion puree plus the 5 c. tomato juice. Bring to a boil. Lower heat and cover, simmering for 15 minutes.

(3) In frying pan, saute sliced mushroom caps in remaining 2 T. butter till barely browned. Stir mushrooms into soup pot along with sea salt, paprika and wine.

(4) Stir mushrooms into soup pot along with sea salt, paprika and wine.

(5) Simmer the soup while you mix 1 c. milk powder (2 c. instant) with a small amount of water, about ½ c. to ¾ c., to make a paste. To this paste add 2 c. of soup from the pot, mix well and pour back into soup pot. Add yogurt and parsley, then simmer a few more minutes while checking the seasonings. It is then ready to serve.

I suggest you garnish this soup with a dab of plain yogurt in the middle of the soup bowl, plus a few homemade garlic croutons. These can be made by toasting whole wheat or rye bread and then buttering and salting with garlic salt after which they are cut into cubes. Add your favorite fruit or bread, then finish the bottle of wine you opened. Enjoy.

Water quality info available

Madison, Wis.—The Department of Natural Resources has several publications to help you clean up Wisconsin's waters. "We're making plans now to revitalize state waters so Wisconsinites can swim or fish just about anywhere by 1983," according to Susan Smith, water quality planner. Following is a list of booklets that can help you plan local clean-up efforts.


"Sludge—A Waste Too Valuable To Waste"—Things your community should consider in a sludge management program.

"Water Pollution Solution"—Some short answers to questions often asked about the Wisconsin program.

"You Need Wisconsin's Waters—Wisconsin's Waters Need You"—How the Public can participate.

"Back to the Basics"—A concise look at basic water ecology.


"Environmental Pollution Control Alternatives: Municipal Wastewater"—A look at current technology available in the Midwest.

For copies and information contact: Mary Sears, Wisconsin DNR, Room 918, Pyare Square Building, Madison, Wis. 53707.

Paper Recycling

The Environmental Council paper recycling people need your help on Saturday mornings to collect and sort paper. Meet at 9 am sharp, by the loading dock on the south side of the Science Building.

WATCH FOR THE INNOVATIONS IN AUDIO COMPONENTS FROM:

ONLY AT

3th Annual International Dinner & Entertainment

ON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1978

AT: ALLEN CENTER UPPER, UWSP CAMPUS

RECEPTION STARTING AT 6:00 pm

DINNER & PROGRAM AT 6:30 pm

TICKETS: $5.00

AVAILABLE AT:

Information Center, Union,
Allen Center,
Debut Center,
City News Stand, downtown,
Stevens Point

Sponsored by the International Club
CAREERS IN BIOLOGY NIGHT
FEBRUARY 22  7:00 - 10:00
P.B.R. · U.C.
Free Refreshments
- Genetic Counseling
- Horticulture
- Environmental Health
- Graduate School
- Bio. Research
- Teacher Placement
- Pre-Professional
- Nursing
- Med. tech.
- Naturalist

University Film Society
presents
JACK BENNY
in
Ernst Lubitsch’s WWII Satire
To Be Or Not To Be
Tuesday, February 21  7 and 9:15
Program-Banquet Room
Admission: $1.00
Season Passes Available At Door

SPRING THINGS
NEW ORLEANS

$56.50
plus bus
March 18-25

SIGN UP NOW
IN
STUDENT ACTIVITIES

SPRING THINGS
Jacksonville Beach
Florida

$50.00
plus bus
March 18-25

SIGN UP NOW
IN
STUDENT ACTIVITIES
Bob Ham

Three Poems

Late Night Radio

Dylan, Eleanor Rigby, Ruby Tuesday, all you poets and trespassers,
all you sailors of the line, tonight
I know you. Your ships come rustling
through sea-green trees, and collide
with this poem, knocking me into white waves,
my mouth filling with words like a drowning man,
going down blue
coming up for the chorus, treading rhymes among the wreckage.
Words break ships, music rots wood,
and poets bale hours out of the deep night.
A radio plays far away, a poem drifting into
harbor.

From The Treetops

At first I've fallen off the full moon.
Fallen asleep through space,
Landed in wet grass by the road;
That's how I feel.
I've come crashing down
from the treetops,
Shed hair and tail,
Invented language while unconscious,
Counted fingers, laced smooth boots,
Felt myself for broken limbs, bruises, rhymes.

I've fallen
from rocking branches;
From black sleep
into moonlight wakefulness.
Ripped and fallen,
From ancestors
to lovers, from body
to body, at last I
steady myself against the tree,
Slap leaves the road-dust off,
And start home.

University writers announce poetry reading

The University Writers are sponsoring a faculty and open poetry reading,
Thursday, February 23, in the Communications room at the Union from
8:00 PM till 10:00 PM. During the first hour of the reading, three poets from
the English Department, Richard Behm, Tom McKown and Tony Oldknow
will be reading their poetry. For the second hour students, faculty members
and visitors are invited to read their poetry. Any and everyone is invited to
listen and read. There will be free beer.
Spirits In The Night

On the town after dark

By Kurt Busch

The question is simple: what do people do at night? How do they do it? Not all people, and not every night... but what's the stable factor, the constant alternative? What can a night offer? The answer is equally simple: the bars. From here it gets more complicated.

What do you do at a bar? Why do you do it? What are the rituals and practices involved in a night on the town? What are the secret words, the catch-phrases, the conditioned responses... what entices us into places filled with dim light, loud music, and a comfortable air of ambiguity?

Great White shark stands beneath a red cabbage board fashioned from a toilet seat. To the right, a small tombstone reads "RIP Harmony Bar." A girl at the bar mutters something about her dog, Sam, and the photographer and I stroll out into the cool of the night like Jackson Browne's pretender.

"That's a nice camera you got there, man. What kind is it?" The speaker is an inebriated vet, standing in front of the barbershop that separates the Yacht Club and the Big Moon Saloon. The photographer replies that it's a Nikon and the vet asks what we're doing here. I tell him we're from National Geographic and we're doing an article on the natives. Do we take the dirty pictures of African women? Would we like him to shoot the moon for us? We would and he does and a flashing yellow traffic light blinks off his ass as it becomes engraved on Tri-x for posterior posterity.

"I'll get up on the bar and shoot another one for ya," he says. "Maybe I can get a chick to do it with me." He leads us into the Big Moon, a meeting place for vets and older locals. Its critics refer to it as the armpit of the square. Our host informs the bartender of his intentions as a tender voice croons out of the jukebox.

We'll pick up Crazy Davey and Killer Joe and I'll take you out to where the Gypsy Angels go. They're built like light and they dance like Spirits in the night.

Bruce Springsteen, "Spirits In The Night"

"If I had my way, I'd go out every night." Outer Limits Patron

By Kurt Busch

The question is simple: what do people do at night? How do they do it? Not all people, and not every night... but what's the stable factor, the constant alternative? What can a night offer? The answer is equally simple: the bars. From here it gets more complicated.

What do you do at a bar? Why do you do it? What are the rituals and practices involved in a night on the town? What are the secret words, the catch-phrases, the conditioned responses... what entices us into places filled with dim light, loud music, and a comfortable air of ambiguity?

And what brings me and a photographer in to this barstool battleground, sipping weak drinks, finding more observations than answers, and looking for the heart of Saturday night?

The door opens. In walk three customers that look like the preliminary sketches for a "Three Stooges" strip drawn by Garry Trudeau and Gahan Wilson. A group of football players near the window are lit dimly by the pale blue light of an "Old Style" sign. Behind the bar, a stereo blasts out Alice Cooper.

One of the bartenders offers the photographer and me a shot. The photographer orders blackberry brandy. I order Everclear.

"Before 10:00," he says, handing us the glasses, "most of our clientele is non-student... people who've hung around here long enough that they aren't students anymore."

This is the Upper Wisconsin River Yacht Club, one of the last of the big-time student bars. Across the street, Buffy's looms with non-skid floors, lasting jukeboxes, and throngs of barely nubile freshman and sophomore girls. Next to that, Butter's offers a primarily 'townie' patronage and an extra fifteen minutes of bartime. Down the block is the Square Bar, which really isn't a student bar at all, but can be a nice place to visit if you listen to Charley Pride and tell Cora the barmaid how lousy your love-life is.

I dump down the Everclear, a liquid variation on napalm that plasters the roof of your mouth to the bottom of your brain and slow-boils your gray matter for the remainder of the evening. My eyes slowly refocus on the long lines of red-lit bottles as Alice Cooper fills up my ears.

...Hot blood on my face and hands.

A group of six -- definitely not regulars -- come screaming and whooping into the bar. The youngest member, his jaw lined with the post-pubescent shadow of an attempted beard, dances to the music in exaggerated, clumsy steps.

"I'm eighteen...but I don't know what I want...

He begins shouting and breaking bottles, showing everybody what a far-out-fun-lovin'-macho-crazy guy he is. The bartender asks him to leave. Disenchanted and unappreciated, he does.

The Yacht Club is a comparatively sane establishment, the refuge of a principally older student clientele that is not into playing night-life games of acting crazy or putting on the flash. The atmosphere is relaxed, the craziness natural and unsolicited. With peanuts and beer, music that ranges from Herbie Hancock to the Beatles to the Flying Burrito Brothers, and bells ringing every time the bartenders do a shot, the place retains a loose, unpretentious late-night air of comfort.

A bartender that looks like Richard Dreyfuss sans Marsha Mason or a late-mght air of comfort.

"What's the stable factor, the constant alternative? What can a night offer? The answer is equally simple: the bars. From here it gets more complicated.

What do you do at a bar? Why do you do it? What are the rituals and practices involved in a night on the town? What are the secret words, the catch-phrases, the conditioned responses... what entices us into places filled with dim light, loud music, and a comfortable air of ambiguity?

And what brings me and a photographer in to this barstool battleground, sipping weak drinks, finding more observations than answers, and looking for the heart of Saturday night?

The door opens. In walk three customers that look like the preliminary sketches for a "Three Stooges" strip drawn by Garry Trudeau and Gahan Wilson. A group of football players near the window are lit dimly by the pale blue light of an "Old Style" sign. Behind the bar, a stereo blasts out Alice Cooper.

One of the bartenders offers the photographer and me a shot. The photographer orders blackberry brandy. I order Everclear.

"Before 10:00," he says, handing us the glasses, "most of our clientele is non-student... people who've hung around here long enough that they aren't students anymore."

This is the Upper Wisconsin River Yacht Club, one of the last of the big-time student bars. Across the street, Buffy's looms with non-skid floors, lasting jukeboxes, and throngs of barely nubile freshman and sophomore girls. Next to that, Butter's offers a primarily 'townie' patronage and an extra fifteen minutes of bartime. Down the block is the Square Bar, which really isn't a student bar at all, but can be a nice place to visit if you listen to Charley Pride and tell Cora the barmaid how lousy your love-life is.

I dump down the Everclear, a liquid variation on napalm that plasters the roof of your mouth to the bottom of your brain and slow-boils your gray matter for the remainder of the evening. My eyes slowly refocus on the long lines of red-lit bottles as Alice Cooper fills up my ears.

...Hot blood on my face and hands.

A group of six -- definitely not regulars -- come screaming and whooping into the bar. The youngest member, his jaw lined with the post-pubescent shadow of an attempted beard, dances to the music in exaggerated, clumsy steps.

"I'm eighteen...but I don't know what I want...

He begins shouting and breaking bottles, showing everybody what a far-out-fun-lovin'-macho-crazy guy he is. The bartender asks him to leave. Disenchanted and unappreciated, he does.

The Yacht Club is a comparatively sane establishment, the refuge of a principally older student clientele that is not into playing night-life games of acting crazy or putting on the flash. The atmosphere is relaxed, the craziness natural and unsolicited. With peanuts and beer, music that ranges from Herbie Hancock to the Beatles to the Flying Burrito Brothers, and bells ringing every time the bartenders do a shot, the place retains a loose, unpretentious late-night air of comfort.

A bartender that looks like Richard Dreyfuss sans Marsha Mason or a
"All we are in dust in the wind...

A hockey game flashes across the screen of a volumeless TV set high in the west corner of the bar. Smoke and small talk soak into the rows of burlap that line the upper-half of the walls. Our host returns.

"Pardon me," he says, as he plucks a lit cigarette from my mouth and looks for a suitable spot to drop his pants. "Young lady, do you mind?" He climbs onto the bar and his bare bottom salutes the crowd. The photographer's strobe catches him as he grins down the bar toward us and flashes the finger.

Nobody notices.

"How are ya? Ya look good. Keep it shakin'!"

Behind the bar—underneath it, actually—small orange lights send a weak blanket of illumination that shimmers off the polished wooden refrigerator doors, working its way up to a large aquarium filled with tropical fish. The crowd is thick, crammed into the aisles and alcoves.

This is Outer Limits, a discoteque to some, a meat market to others. It's not as pick-up oriented as, say, the Congress, but the climate is a little friendlier for students ("You a student?"). One Congress customer asked, "Then what the fuck are you doin' here?"

The key to the place is flash; nice decor, nicely dressed clientele, and an air of pseudo-urbanity.

The photographer is pinned against the wall by a young patron with close-cropped, frosted hair and an oversized pair of dark glasses that make her look like a cross between Stevie Wonder and Elton John.

"You just gotta put me in the Pointer," she says, "cause I'm out every night." She produces a slender cigarette as long as a horse's leg and proceeds to light it in the middle.

Next to me at the bar, a group of customers are paying a little game. Very simple: they break a glass, laugh, apologize to the bartender, and laugh again. Then they break another one. Hilarious.

Stevie-Elton is still working hard. "You want me to dance on the bar? I've only danced on the bar three times before."

Leaning on the back bar, a highly attractive young woman sips slowly at her shoulders, framing a neck which is bare, save for a small gold butterfly. She is politely listening to a high-school Bogart, who is wearing a printed silk shirt and a two-dollar haircut. His lip is sparsely covered with a greasy adolescent down he hopes will pass for a mustache in the dark.

"Awright, everybody," the DJ barks in a voice barely intelligible through the close-quarters distortion, "put yo' hands together fo' the ROLLERS!"

The speakers blast out "Saturday Night" as patrons crowd across the shifting light patterns of the dance floor. A strobe light catches the crowd in strange, twisted positions, singing the retina like frozen-frame images of mortar victims, blasted into a mid-air sprawl.

"He's taking pictures for the Pointer," Stevie-Elton says, as she rounds up her friends for a group portrait.

Seated at the front bar, a very young looking customer, wearing a rolled shell choker and a shirt slit to the sternum, rests his head drunkenly on the shoulder of the girl next to him. He fumbles in his pocket, searching for some money to pay for the drinks set before him. "Jest a minnit," he mumbles, "I'm lookin' for it." His girlfriend, embarrassed by the hip-pocket hunting scene, produces the payment from her purse.

"Awright, people," the DJ yells, "let's see those feet movin'!" On the floor the crowd is caught up in the heady disco drone of the Bee Gees.

..."Awright...Izzokay...You kin look de utha way..."

Back at the bar, I'm sipping a Scotch & Soda. ("What kind of soda do you want in it?" the bartender asks.) A middle-aged man in a mouton-collared flight jacket careens erratically down the aisle before falling on me with all the grace of a disabled blimp. His age is uncertain; his face is shrouded by a chronological ambiguity that sets in on certain people, freezing their features from forty-five to sixty.

On the floor, Chicago's late lead singer croons out "You Are The Love Of My Life." Valentines tunes from the grave; real weird. A young dancer, his brow framed by auburn permanent curls, moves with his eyes closed, almost oblivious to his overweight partner, dancing beside him in a clumsy flourish of pastel blue. A silver cross flashes from his chest as he glides effortlessly through a series of Travolta-esque steps.

..."You are my inspiration..."

A high-speed strobe light transforms his swan-like overtures into staccato machine-gun motions.

"How about a shot of all of us doing the 'Hustle'!" Stevie-Elton asks. Near the dance floor, my friend in the flight jacket leans on the railing, looking like he's about to erupt into a vomiting jag at any moment. The sags and wrinkles on his face are taut, hardened and calloused by Pabst Blue Ribbon and the ceaseless onslaught of changing lights and mega-decibel music.

"Folks, this is the last fast dance of the evening," the DJ shouts as Kiss grinds out "I Wanna Rock 'N' Roll All Night." Desperation spreads across Hairlip's face as he tries to entice the Butterfly Lady out on to the dancefloor. No luck. Gene Simmons' bass sounds like the crack of doom.

Flight Jacket holds onto the bar with a white-knuckled death grip. His eyes are vacant and shell-shocked, oblivious to the half-empty beer sitting in front of him. Unconsciously, he digs his elbow deep into the back of the girl sitting next to him.

Brian Hyland's "Sealed With A Kiss" drips out of the speakers as the cont'd on next page
Spirits In The Night

cont'd from p. 15

last slow song moves inevitably toward its conclusion. Hairlip is past desperation. Racing to beat the lights, he pleads with the Butterfly Lady, begging her to dance just one dance with him. The realization that the night is almost spent destroys him, shakes off the flash and fancy of the evening, leaving him with the bare bones and raw nerve endings of fear and frustration. The fetid breath of failure engulfs him, gags him as the Butterfly Lady shakes her head, less patiently than before. No, she's not interested in dancing, she only slow-dances with her boyfriend, and unfortunately he's in Chicago and would you please leave, I'm sorry.

The song ends and the lights come up. The urbane atmosphere of the setting is broken visibly by the harsh fluorescent reality of bartime. Empty glasses and tired, drawn faces dispel whatever pop-mythology the scene had created. Flight Jacket, roused by the houselights and the retreating crowd, looks up to order another beer. The bartender patiently tells him they're closed, the night is over, and could you please go home?

Hairlip returns somewhat sullenly to his friends, donning a black and green snowmobile jacket as he prepared to enter the carbon monoxide fog that blankets the exit at bartime. He finds himself the subject of a dozen kidney-jab jokes, hassling from his peers brought on by his failure to score. The exchange is merciless, and he buckles under it, emasculated.

Outside the patrons vanish, spirits in the night getting swallowed up in the darkness. Hairlip takes one more crack at the Butterfly Lady who turns and walks away from him.

"Goddamnit," she mutters, biting her lip, "I hate guys!"
Getting to the heart of Valentine's Day

By Matthew Lewis

Nowadays, St. Valentine's Day automatically makes us think of a sweetheart, or Cupid, or the color red, or Al Capone. Once upon a time, however, February 14 was just another day on the calendar; its only significance was that it was the forty-fifth day of the new year.

Digging up the roots of our present Valentine's Day customs is a difficult task (Alex Haley is currently tracing them back through the African slave ships), but a few dates and places stand out in the history of this amorous day.

Classical Rome A son, Cupid, is born to Venus, the goddess of love. As a toddler at the Horace Mann School for Young gods, Cupid is given his first archery set by Apollo. Although the bow is made of plastic and the arrows have rubber suction-cup tips, the youngster develops into a skillful archer and soon drops out of school.

A few years later he meets Psyche on a blind date and marries her after a well-publicized courtship. In the meantime, Venus is disappointed that her son has wasted his early years shooting arrows (in fact, she nicknamed him "Arrows", sometimes spelled "Eros"), and tells him that he will never amount to anything. Cupid, of course, eventually proves her wrong by becoming the subject of a song recorded by Sam Cooke and Tony Orlando.

Rome-Feb. 14, 278 A.D. Valentine, a Christian priest, is beheaded by Emperor Claudius Jr. while attending a one-hour martyrizing sale at a Roman dry cleaning store. Very little is known about St. Valentine's life besides the fact that his sister, Karen, was an actress who starred at the Orpheum in a short-harvest and the summer Tartar Toot June, cracker in the world; his extremely sale at a Roman dry cleaning store. Mongolia lived tragedy called "Room festival. Genghis Khan", in his first You are my cup and I am your sensitive fingertips make him a Jiving Bulgars, a popular singing group, Chaucer, in an early poem called Shakespeare, while eating his usual then, neither does old St. Valentine.

Byzantium - 477 A.D. The Hunnic Bulgars, a popular singing group, provide sporadic entertainment as the dark ages set in, but most people are plainly bored by this time. February 14, which started out as a Christian festival, is already losing some of its religious overtones as scotch in paper cups makes its appearance at several St. Valentine's Day office parties. Still, an occasional dynasty or plague is viewed as a "nice change of pace."

Mongolia - 1206 A.D. Discontent has spread into Asia. Mongols complain that there is nothing to look forward to between the autumn barley harvest and the summer Tartar Toot festival. Genghis Khan, in his first year as emperor, promises to look into the matter sometime before the next election.

England - 1365 A.D. Geoffrey Chaucer, in an early poem called "Complaint to His Landlydyn" mentions the medieval belief that February 14 is the day that birds begin to mate, or at least begin to spoon. This marks the beginning of the romantic connotations with St. Valentine's Day, and there has been recent evidence that the great poet himself composed the world's first "Valentine." In a letter to his girlfriend, Philippa, Chaucer included an unfinished poem:

"You are my sun and I am your moon,
You're my July and I am your June,
You are my cup and I am your saucer,
You're my Philippa and I am your Geoffrey."

England - 1600 A.D. William Shakespeare, while eating his usual breakfast of ham and omelet one morning, decides to write a play called "Hamlet." At first he wants to make it a musical, and even composes one song — "Kiss Me Claudius" — before his wife, Anne, advises him to stick to lyrics. Even so, he gives Ophelia a song in Act 4, scene 5:

"To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Disregarding Chaucer's earlier work, this is the first important romantic reference to Valentine's Day.

Philadelphia - July 26, 1775 A.D. The second Continental Congress establishes the modern post office system, and Benjamin Franklin, Father of the American Postal Service (and Brother-in-Law of the U.S. Bank), becomes the first Postmaster General. Needless to say, this revolutionizes Valentine's Day in America, as young lads and lasses can now exchange verses and gifts through the mail. Postmaster General Franklin, meanwhile, is not content with inventing bifocals, and is working on yet another innovation - the card.

Massachusetts - 1814 A.D. The Whitney Company of Worcester, Mass., begins to compete with European valentine card publishers; by comparison, the American cards are crude and sexual, and many people order them by the gross.

A few dates and places stand out in the history of this amorous day.
NOW SERVING GYROS

Hours: Monday-Saturday 11 a.m. - 2 a.m.
Sunday 4 p.m. - 1 a.m.
deliveries Starting At 4:00 p.m.

BOB HAM’S

Stream

of

Unconsciousness

VENDING MACHINE CUISINE
Let’s face it — you don’t always have time to partake of wholesome, nourishing foods like cheeseburgers and Oly. Sometimes you have to resort to real junk. If you’re like most people (and you are, no matter what your mother told you), you turn to your old friend — the HAL 9000 of nutrition — The Vending Machine.

Vending Machines provide a large assortment of theoretically edible items — lethal coffee, caustic soft drinks, stale candy and gum; even cough drops (they work — I took one the other day, and was coughing in no time). With such a wide variety to choose from, you’re apt to become confused — and no one likes to look confused while operating a Vending Machine.

Therefore, as a public service, I’m going to tell you everything you need to know about Vending Machine Cuisine.

When I first decided to do this piece, I was going to sample each and every item in the machines, so that I’d be able to give you a comprehensive report. By the time I was a quarter of the way through my taste-testing, however, I had to abandon this plan. There was so much sugar in my blood, you could have frosted a cake with it.

I ate all this junk right before seeing “2001: A Space Odyssey,” and all through the movie, I thought the mysterious monolith was a giant Clark Bar.

When I finally came down from my glucose-high, I decided to do a less specific analysis, sticking mostly to unsupportable insinuations and grossly unfair generalizations.

PART I: CANDY. Your average Vending Machine candy bar is a deceptively packaged, overpriced, 1.25 ounce stick of sugar, artificial flavor, and preservatives. It tastes like an ancient Egyptian bathroom tile, and was placed in the machine during the Eisenhower administration.

Before you become completely depressed, rest assured that there are some quality candies available from Vending Machines. Milk Duds are great stuff, even if there are only seven of them in the box. And M&Ms are loads of fun, though it is now universally known that all the colors taste exactly the same — the extremely rare red ones are in no way distinct from the common black ones, and there is nothing to be gained by sorting them out.

Before moving on to beverages, let me briefly mention gum. Surely, no one still labors under the delusion that there is such a thing as a gum whose flavor lasts more than four seconds. In the time it takes you to stick the wrapper in your pocket, the spearmint bouquet has already bloomed and wilted in your mouth. And what’s left tastes like sealing wax.

PART II: COFFEE. Do I really have to say anything about a system that dispenses a two-thousand degree beverage into a one-ply paper cup? Let me just add that, not infrequently, you are presented with waterless coffee or coffeeless water — neither of which makes for a particularly refreshing change.

PART III: SOFT DRINKS. Soft drinks are pretty much a matter of personal taste. I usually opt for the very remotely mandarin kiss of Orange Crush, or perhaps for the smooth Ozark ambience of Mountain Dew. Perhaps you prefer the caffein-wired, gritty sweetness of Coke or Pepsi; or one of those delightful saccharin diet pops that are now required to carry CANCER warnings on the side of the can, just like cigarettes.

PART IV: 2001 AND BEYOND. When you go to a Vending Machine for a snack, you must deal not only with the product, but with the technology that dispenses it. I learned about this the same way most people do. I put a quarter into the machine, pulled the knob, and nothing happened. A quick tug on the COIN-RETURN switch showed me that it was merely a decoration. And so, like any calm, rational, sane human being, I immediately began pounding on the machine with all my might. And the machine said:
Bob. Stop.
Stop. Stop.
Stop. Stop.
Will you stop, Bob?
I have your quarter.
Stop. Stop.
I am invincible.
I am invincible.
I am invincible.
Pointers face heavyweights, scramble standings

By Jay Schweikl

Earlier this season, the UWSP basketball team showed how unpredictable the game can be when it upset the Eau Claire Blugolds 61-60 and were trounced the next night by the La Crosse Indians, 83-52. Last weekend the Pointers turned the tables. Friday night they bowed to Eau Claire 59-52 in a close game and Saturday night they dealt La Crosse their second straight upset in as many games, shocking the Indians 56-42.

The Eau Claire game was indicative of the importance of free throw shooting. The Pointers couldn't find the basket from the charity stripe during the first seven minutes, missing five free throws. The Blugolds took advantage of the situation, getting five straight points from seven foot monolith Gib Hinz to take a 53-46 lead with about five minutes remaining in the game. Eau Claire also canned 13 of 14 free throws.

The Blugolds sat on the ball and forced the Pointers to foul after Bob Schultz missed the front end of a bonus situation. Jeff Grieg hit both attempts, and UWSP was done for the night.

Point had command of things in the first period, working for open shots with a deliberate, moving offensive attack. UWSP shot 60 percent from the floor but the Blugolds still hung tough, trailing 28-27 at the half.

Steven Menzel kept UWSP in the game the second half, scoring 13 points and hustling all over the court, but he had little help from his teammates. Phil Rodriguez was the only other Pointer in double figures, with 11 points.

Eau Claire sported the double threat of 6-2 dead-eye guard Guy Rosatto from the outside and Hinz underneath. They combined for all but 19 of the Blugolds' 59 points. The Pointers outshot Eau Claire percentage-wise (55-52), thanks to the torrid first half, but they cooled off after that. The Blugolds dominated the boards, out-rebounding UWSP 31-18. The Pointers played a sound floor game with only eight turnovers, while Eau Claire was almost as error-free with 10.

Saturday night's game was a complete turnaround of the earlier 83-52 debacle at La Crosse. The Pointers were much better this time around—about 43 points better. As in their previous meeting, La Crosse was recovering from an upset the previous night by Whitewater. Unlike the previous meeting, the Pointers were not emotionally drained as they were after knocking off Eau Claire in double overtime.

Adding to the Indians' miseries was the loss of 6-5 standout Mark Pitzo, who fractured a wrist in Friday's loss to Whitewater. Pitzo joined 6-4 Tod Harreid on the sidelines. Harreid broke a hand in practice last week.

UWSP took back the court, out of first place, leaving the Indians with a 7-4 record behind Oshkosh (8-3) and Eau Claire (8-4). UWSP is going into this week's action. The Pointers powered their record at 5-5 with the win.

La Crosse's juggled lineup couldn't handle the sticky defense and deliberate offensive attack of UWSP. Phil Rodriguez and Dave Johnson did a superb job coming off the bench. Rodriguez was perfect on offense, hitting all seven shots he attempted from the floor and 5-5 free throws for 19 points. Johnson quarterbacked UWSP's delay game in the final minutes and forced the Indians to commit costly fouls. Johnson converted 7-8 charity tosses; UWSP hit on 82 percent from the line—a far cry from their dismal showing Friday night.

UWSP opened up a 26-16 lead in the first half, hitting over the La Crosse zone. The zone defense also grounded the running game which UWSP usually employs effectively.

In the second half La Crosse switched to a man-to-man defense, which temporarily troubled the Pointers, and the Indians narrowed the gap to five points on several occasions. However, UWSP got a crucial three-point play from Menzel and stalled at the end to wrap up the victory.

Chuck Ruys and Tim Bakken added 10 and eight points, respectively to Rodriguez' team-leading 19.

Ed Uhlenhake of UWL led all scorers with 20 points and collected six rebounds for top honors in that department. Paul Vine chipped in with 10 points.

The Pointers played the role of spoiler again Tuesday night with an impressive 70-62 win over the Titans of Oshkosh. UWSP led throughout the game, as it knocked the league-leading Titans out of first place.

Steve Menzel and John Miron paced the Point attack with 16 and 15 points, respectively.

The WSUC race now finds the Blugolds of Eau Claire on top with a 9-4 record, followed by Oshkosh and La Crosse (8-4), Superior (7-5), UWSP (6-5), Platteville (6-4), Whitewater (5-7), Stout (4-7), and River Falls (1-12).

This weekend Point makes a long road trip to Superior and River Falls.
**Oddities of the racing world**

By Randy Wievel

Throughout the history of horse racing there have been many curious, and sometimes bizarre situations.

Silyk Sullivan used to fall asleep in the starting gate, sag lengths behind, then rise up just as he was crossing through the Southern California smog to win by a nose.

The luminous Bill Shoemaker once gave away the Kentucky Derby aboard Bold Ruler by misjudging the finish line, standing up in the stirrups, allowing Iron Liege with Bill Hartack up to cruise by.

On Sept. 23, 1977, an obscure Uruguayan import named Lebon, who was posted at 57-1 in a minor race at Belmont Park, ran away with it, earning over $80,000 for one clairvoyant bettor.

Or maybe he wasn’t so clairvoyant. It was discovered through an anonymous call that Lebon was probably not Lebon, but a look-alike standing at the starting gate, sag lengths behind, then rise up just as he was crossing through the Southern California smog to win by a nose.

The owner of Foinavon, an unprepossessing four-year old, was so pessimistic about his chances that he decided to stay home and watch the race on TV.

Meanwhile Foinavon’s regular jockey and trainer, John Kempton, elected to ride another horse at another track. Passing up the Grand National is to turn down a job as Wonder Woman’s mausser, but Kempton believed Foinavon to be a lost cause.

These actions should be explained. First of all, Foinavon was hardly a classic racer. Early odds had him at 1,000 to 1. Those might even have seemed trifling in view of his 0-1 record.

A noted London handicapper stated that Foinavon had no chance and could be safely ignored.

Adding to this dreary picture was one of the longshot’s weird habits. The only time he would eat was when he was joined over oats by a goat, whose name was Susie.

Despite the presence of Susie at Aintree, Foinavon looked like a forlorn hope halfway through the race. Twenty-year old Johnny Buckingham, in his first Grand National, was guiding Foinavon surely but slowly along the treacherous course.

21 horses were ahead of him at distances ranging up to 250 yards. The only chance Foinavon had was for 21 horses to fall down.

Within seconds 21 horse fell down! The 23rd fence at Aintree is a simple obstacle. It is four feet high and three and one-half feet thick. Most riders feel it’s a breather between two more harder, and far more infamous obstacles: Becher’s Brook and the Canal Turn.

Approaching the 23rd fence the leader was Popham Down, who had thrown his rider much earlier. Tiring badly, Popham Down balked at the 23rd and turned sideways.

Shortly, he was joined by another riderless mount. Together they formed an impressive barrier as the rest of the leaders thundered down on them.

Horse after horse crashed into the barricade. A number of startled jockeys were actually buried under the confusion. The only time Foinavon was able to rise, retreat and jump...until Foinavon had passed by. Buckingham was able to pick an opening and successfully clear the fence. The mess in front of him must have looked like a crash in the home stretch at Indy, but the rookie, a la A. J. Foyt, saw his chance safely through the maze.

Foinavon plodded along for two more jumps, then Buckingham looked up. Miraculously, there was nothing but grass in front of him! Buckingham nearly swallowed his tongue!

Astoundingly, the unloved 1,000 to 1 shot had gone from 22nd to a lead of over 200 yards! With a bench like that even Susie the goat could’ve waited home a winner, which is just what Foinavon did. Buckingham was so shocked he couldn’t sign autographs for hours after the race.

If Buckingham was stunned, consider the reaction Foinavon’s owner and trainer-jockey Kempton must’ve had. Imagine passing up a chance to ride the winning horse in the most famous race in the world!

At about the same time that Foinavon’s nose went under the wire at Aintree, two young, intrepid Englishmen were sitting in a rowboat in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

They had left North America days earlier in their bid to take the little craft across the tempestuous Atlantic. Before they shoved off, one of the men had put two pounds on a horse with the same name as his mother’s hometown—Foinavon.

When the sailors finally reached the end of their heroic crossing, they were informed that Foinavon had won the Grand National.

“How about that?” cried the bettor, “I make more sitting in the middle of a bloody rowboat in the middle of the ocean that I’ve made working in the last year!”

Foinavon’s victory was an extremely popular one and he became a national hero. Soon after his remarkable run, Foinavon was the featured guest at a posh Buckingham Palace reception.

The horse that had no chance to win was now rubbing elbows, or ships, with royalty.

And just to make sure he would be able to indulge in the sumptuous banquet, the Queen’s chefs had prepared, Foinavon brought along his inspiration Susie.

---

**UWSP matmen come away with two victories**

By Tom Tryon

The UWSP wrestlers showed superior talent while on the road last Thursday and Saturday. In Eau Claire, the Point wrestlers showed 46-6 with five wins and four forfeits. UW-Stout gave Stevens Point even less trouble as it received a 48-3 drubbing.

A trio of vastly improved freshman, Chris Smith, Ron McPhail, and Dave McCarthy each won a pair of matches. Chris Smith, Ron McPhail, and Dave McCarthy handily defeated Smith of Eau Claire 17-6. He also gained a narrow decision (3-1) over Dave Osterbrink of Stout. McCarthy handily defeated Smith of Eau Claire 17-6. He also gained a narrow decision (3-1) over the tough Dave Osterbrink of Stout. Ron McPhail captured individual honors by pinning both of his 142 pound opponents.

The Stevens Point grapplers won six matches with pins. Recording these pins were Smith, McPhail, Les Werner, Kevin Henke, and Pat Switlick. Jeff Harriss and Ron Szwez turned in excellent performances by taking superior and major decisions respectively.

The lopsided victories were exactly what Coach Munson desired. “You can’t let weaker teams think they can beat you. They were relatively easy matches, but the guys came out hard.” The win over Stout raised the Stevens Point dual meet record to 7-4. Saturday’s match also made Munson a bit more humble. He was unable to travel to Stout because of obligations to the university’s winter survival course. Robert Bowen supervised the team, while Mrs. Munson acted as team statistician. “Maybe if you have the horses you don’t always need a coach,” was John Munson’s reply.

---

**Wrestling results**

**UWSP 46, UW-Eau Claire 6**

118 Lew Werner (SP) decisioned Greg Newell 3:02
126 Jeff Harriss (SP) won by forfeit
134 Chris Smith (SP) decisioned Jim Tomaszewski 3-1
142 Ron McPhail (SP) pinned Jeff Dean 5:30
150 Ron Seubert (EC) decisioned Dave McCarthy 3-1
158 Dave McCarthy (SP) defeated Pat Sloan 17-6
167 John Vanlann (SP) defeated Rick Peacock 8-6
177 Ron Switlick (SP) won by forfeit
190 Pat Switlick (SP) won by forfeit
Hwt. Mike Steffens (SP) won by forfeit

**Stevens Point 48, Stout 3**

118 Lew Werner won by forfeit
126 Jeff Harriss major decision over Bill Schroder 15-5
134 Chris Smith pinned Russ Nelson, period 3
142 Ron McPhail pinned Scott Hauser, period 3
150 Dave McCarthy (SP) defeated Dave Osterbrink 3-1
158 Kevin Henke (SP) pinned Mike Hunter 5:40
167 John Vanlann (SP) lost to Lee Malloy 8-1
177 Ron Switlick (Superior) decisioned Tim Carrigan 16-4
190 Pat Switlick (SP) pinned Warren Mosher, period 3
Hwt. Mike Steffens won by forfeit

Exhib. Stud Leedham beat Eric Zewek 12-1
Women fall to Titans, rip Panthers, Blugolds

By Leo Pieri

The UWSP women's basketball team had problems holding on to the basketball at Oshkosh on Tuesday Feb. 7, which resulted in a loss to the Titans. The Pointers came back strong on Saturday Feb. 11, however, to pick up an easy victory over UW-Milwaukee, 64-33 at the Berg Gym.

In gaining a split the Pointers moved their season record to 4-5, with four games to go before the post season tournament on Feb. 17. The team has little difficulty on the boards. The Pointers out-rebounded the Titans 65-40. They also had 31-17 turnovers.

Against a weaker Milwaukee team the Pointers had little difficulty on Saturday as they won the game going away easily. The Pointers still had 29 turnovers, but they killed the Panthers on the boards 49-25. Sue Bulmer yanked down 12 rebounds to lead the Pointers in that department. The Pointers had little difficulty on the boards and widened the lead in the second half enabling all 12 Pointer players to see plenty of action.

The Pointers shot at a 41 percent clip from the field, while UWM shot a horrendous 24 percent. Coach Gehling noted that UW-Milwaukee's basketball performance was a result of many team problems internally as well as on the court. The Pointers had a balanced scoring attack led by Sue Brogaard with 14 points and Lynne Koehler and Susan Davis with 8 each.

The Pointer's next contest will be tomorrow night against Northern Michigan in Berg Gym at 7:00 p.m. Saturday UWSP will host the Marquette Warriors in a Parents' Day contest at 1:00.

Dogfish trounce Winona, win relays

By Jay Schweikl

The UWSP men's swimming team shuffled a lot of swimmers into different events Friday night and still managed to humble Winona State 64-45.

Coach Red Blair even conceded 12 points to the men from Minnesota with his swimmers in exhibition events in one meter diving and the 400 free style relay.

The UWSP men continued their work for the all-important WSUC meet, where it will defend its 1971 title in the home pool at UW-Eau Claire.

Mark Randall was the lone double victor for Point in the 500 and 1000 yard freestyle. His time were 5:06.7 and 10:46.4, respectively.

Also chalking up wins for UWSP were Pat McCabe, 50 yard free-23.7; Brian Fahrenbach, 200 individual medley-2:12.9; Brian Botsford, 200 butterfly-2:13.1; Mike Pucci, 100 yard freestyle-21.9; Scott Mylin, 200 yard breaststroke-2:34.9, and the 400 medley relay team of Tom Ferris, Jeff Pate, Joe Brown and Rick Jones-4:11.7.

Saturday the tankers continued to build their momentum with a victory in the UW-Stout Relays at Menomonie. UWSP tallied 105 points, far ahead of St. Cloud State and UW-Eau Claire.

Sophomore Dan Jesse had an outstanding day, with this year's top national time in the 100 yard breaststroke (1:00.7) and the nation's seventh fastest time in the 400 individual medley (4:34.7).

Russ Hedler recorded the seventh fastest time in the U.S. with a 1:48.7 200 free style. Gary Muchow swam 4:56.5 in the 500 free style — good for the number eight spot in the nation.

Although UWSP dominated the meet, winning all but two events, the team was pleased with its efforts from Becky Seevers, Sue Brogaard, and Mary Havlovick to open up a 31-22 lead at intermission. In the second stanza, the Pointers padded their lead with good rebounding and 73 percent free throw shooting.

Brogaard dominated the action with 15 points and 16 rebounds, while Seevers and Sue Bulmer chipped in with 13 and 10 points, respectively. Seevers also pulled down 11 caroms, which contributed to UWSP's lopsided 46-24 advantage on the boards.

Coach Bonnie Gehling was pleased with the defensive showing of the Pointers. "We went at them on defense from the outset; our guards forced Eau Claire to make some bad passes, and our people up front really played as a unit."

The Pointers next action will be tomorrow night against Northern Michigan in Berg Gym at 7:00 p.m. Saturday UWSP will host the Marquette Warriors in a Parents' Day contest at 1:00.

UWSP tankers host swim-a-thon

The UWSP women's swim team will stage a swim marathon on Sunday, February 18, from 1:00 p.m. in the Gelwicks Memorial Pool at the University.

The Swim-A-Thon is being held to raise money to finance a trip to the Midwest Regional Meet in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Six members of the UWSP team qualified for the meet last semester in the Wisconsin Women's Intercollegiate Athletic Conference Championships.

Each team member will swim 200 laps or two hours, depending on which comes first. It is the hope of the swimmers that local businesses and individuals will make pledges or donations. Also encouraged to participate in the Swim-A-Thon are University Faculty members. It is hoped they will also join in the swimming and make pledges or donations.

According to the Pointer coach Kay Pate, the team members have trained hard and deserve the chance to make the trip.

"These women have trained as hard as they possibly can in an effort to represent the school and city well in Ann Arbor. They have worked equally as hard at raising the money needed to finance their trip," Pate said.

"I truly hope individuals and businesses will support this venture with either pledges or donations. We also encourage those interested to take part by either swimming with us or being in the stands to cheer us on," Pate added.

UWSP thicklads set records on trip to Cornbelt

The Point track team traveled to Cedar Falls, Iowa, last weekend to face the tough Panthers of Northern Iowa and Nebraska-Omaha. UNI—a scholarship school—ran away with the title, garnering 112 points.

UWSP was a distant second, nudging out UNO 150-237.

Coach Rick Witt said that although the score was lopsided, his Pointer track men accomplished their primary goals. "We went down there with the intention of competing against top flight competition, and with the goal of beating UNO," said Witt, "and we succeeded in doing that."

The Pointers also had the opportunity to compete in one of the finest indoor facilities in the country. The UNI-Dome seats 18,000 fans and sports an indoor football—basketball complex and a 220 yard synthetic track.

The excellent facility and good competition brought out some fine performances by UWSP runners, particularly in the middle-long distances where UWSP held its own with UNI.

Junior All-American Dan Buntman broke the school record with a time of 4:11.86 in the mile run. His time also eclipses the WSUC indoor mark of 4:12 by Jim Drews of La Crosse, but it won't be recognized because it wasn't run in the conference meet.

Sophomore ace Randy Miller, a Stevens Point native, broke the school record in the half mile with a time of 1:54.7. Dan Trzebiatowski finished second in the 1000 yard run with a time of 2:15.1.

Dan Buntman, the elder statesman of the Buntman duo, ran away from the field in the two mile, with a time of 8:14.5.

The Pointers also got good efforts from Al Sapa in the 300 yard dash (32.9), John Fusinatto in the half mile (1:52.3) and Dan Bodette in the 600 yard run (1:15.2).

This weekend UWSP travels to Oshkosh for the Titan Open.
U.A.B. Winter Carnival Presents:
Las Vegas Nite

Win a Trip for 2 to New Orleans
Cash Bar
Roulette
Black Jack
Horse Races
Live Entertainment:

Jazz:
"Timepiece"

Sat., Feb. 18
8:00 P.M.
50° Cover
Program Banquet Rm.

SUMMER FIELD COURSE
IN WYOMING
BIOLOGY 379/579 — 3 CREDITS
Pre-registration and information
Thursday, February 23
5 p.m. - Room 104 CNR
or contact Biology Department
346-2159

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20 - 8:00 P.M.
MICHELFIELD CONCERT HALL
Tickets: 346-4666
Blegen and Sayer animate audience

By Karl Garson

The evening of February 9 was etched with frill and cold. By contrast, the Sentry Theater was clear and warm. Clear that is, until William Mooney began "Damn Everything But The Circus" by e.e. cummings. From the moment Mooney stepped through the mirror to perform a montage of material gathered from cummings' works, clouds of mediocrity began to gather.

Mooney was the only person who seemed less enthused by the material than the audience.

The second act began with Mooney pitching lines with more enthusiasm but it quickly leveled out. The one moment that really worked well was a sight gag which involved a cigarette sticking to Mooney's foot. I hope it was planned that way. It fit beautifully into the burlesque theme.

An anecdote later we learned the way to hump a cow from cummings' 1940 work, "50 poems". A touch on cummings' reaction to the 1956 Hungarian Revolt and it was over.

The final applause was light and polite.

Things sexual can be made uproariously funny and political and social irreverence can be handled like a razor. Actor William Mooney, in choosing these as the major themes in his "entertainment," seemed to have lost touch with his role in making them work as his performance seemed effortless in the worst meaning of that word. His involvement with the excellent material seemed cursory.

The Sentry Theater, a facility leagues above excellence and graciously offered to the University's Arts and Lectures Series, deserves better use than that given it by Mr. Mooney.

Bill Mooney caught in the act

Blegen and Sayer animate audience

By Jane Hess

The coffeehouse was moderately filled last Tuesday night, the 7th, when The Blegen & Sayer Show began. Dan Blegen and Eric Sayer described their music as "classical cartoon music", and indeed, their performance was both a concert and a humorously entertaining show. Right from the beginning, the audience met with their jovial personalities and friendly atmosphere. This carried over into their first song, "The Trapped Cat Polka," which was sung by Blegen, a guitar and a concertina, accompanied by Blegen alternating on a clarinet and harmonica.

Almost all of their songs had crazy themes. For example "Gum Addiction" was an entertaining show in itself. Using homemade instruments, Blegen constructed a "schwantophone" resembling a miniature crank-up phonograph; and a "ha-fi kazoo." The sound emitted from these combined contraptions was that of a duck mating call and an intoxicated canary. The effect was hilarious; the overall theme-gross.

With such originality, instrument variation, and complete unpredictability, it was like experiencing a magic show. This

cont'd on p. 27
Lamaze book and course offered

A booklet entitled "Coping with Cramps" has been published at the UWSP explaining how Lamaze childbirth techniques can relieve pain during menstrual periods.

The authors are Mary Fleischauer, R.N., nurse practitioner on campus, and Polly Kimball and Rebecca Erlenbach, leaders of Lamaze programs in Stevens Point.

The booklet stems from a pilot project involving 18-24 year old females, students at UWSP who suffered menstrual cramps (primary dysmenorrhea, not due to pathological condition). The experiment aimed to see what effects the application of Lamaze childbirth techniques for relieving pain during labor and delivery would have when used during the painful part of the menstrual period.

Following the training sessions, a follow-up questionnaire was administered to the participants, and 75 percent of the respondents reported a significant reduction in menstrual discomfort. Mrs. Fleischauer reported the successful results at the annual meeting of the American College Health Association, held in Denver in 1976.

"Coping with Cramps" was written, with the aid of mother-instructors Erlenbach and Kimball, in response to inquiries Mrs. Fleischauer received after her presentation. The booklet outlines procedures used in the UWSP classes, offered on campus once each semester, for the aid of other instructors wishing to establish similar classes in their own locales.

(The class will be offered this semester. For more information call the Health Center at 346-4646 or Becky Erlenbach at 341-5069. Watch the Pointer for further details.)

Lamaze procedures are based on educating women in the physiology of their reproductive systems, and building up conditioned reflexes of controlled relaxation. A modified perception of pain, utilizing controlled breathing exercises, is also important. A number of exercises to increase circulation and decrease pelvic congestion are taught, and "effleurage," light massage of the abdomen may be used, if desired.

Decreased tension with greater relaxation powers, as well as a reduction in discomfort, have been reported by most participants in the program. Mrs. Fleischauer comments, "This seems to be a simple tool to allow individuals to be active participants in their own states of mental and physical health, with less use of medication in our pill-popping society, and less dependence on health professionals in some dimensions of health status."

Copies of the booklet are available at the University Bookstore, City News Stand, or by writing Mrs. Erlenbach, 4925 White Pine Dr., Stevens Point. Cost is $1 per copy. The authors are also available on a limited basis to hold teacher-training workshops or to teach actual classes. Questions may be directed to Mrs. Fleischauer, University Student Health Services, Nelson Hall, UWSP.
FOR SALE

1 Sony noise reduction adaptor, (NR-115) a Dolby system, $50. 1 pair of Lange Hockey skates, $40. Call Mitch 137, at 346-2397.

Motorcycle for sale: 1976 Kawasaki 400 KZ 2300 mi., extras, over $1300 invested. Save $$$, will sacrifice, call 341-2994.

1983 Volvo 122 S, 4 Dr., 4 cgl., AM-FM; Buckets; new paint, valve job, very dependable, 28 mpg, sporty, and case, $30, or best offer. Call Tim at 346-3739, Rm. 306.

Fisher 210 cm cross-country Racing skies, Bergan Racing Binding, Excellent condition. $75 (new cost $135). Call Penny at 346-3738, Rm. 421.

SAE Mark XXXIIB Amplifier, SAE Mark XXX Preampifier, and ESS (Heil) anti 1 speakers, call 341-2515.

WANTED

Fiddle and Piano Player for high-energy Country Band. Must be serious musicians. Call Mark at 341-4907, preferably evenings.

A young man to share house with 5 guys. Private room. 600 per month. 1809 Madison St., 341-4731.

Need a vacation from Dorm Life? We have an opening for a house girl. Rent consists of cleaning house every now and then. Call 341-6384.


Cash for $810, $832, $900, $920, $950, $888. Call 341-8364.

A quality guitar player willing to give lessons to a beginner. Will be willing to pay a reasonable price. Call 346-3738, ask for Gretchen in Rm. 425. If not in, leave a message including your asking rate-hour.

4-Rent, house 1 Block West of Campus, $290 semester, call 341-6124. Need 4 Males for 78-79 year, must sign contract by 2-20.

Need a place to live by March 1. Own room preferred. Call Sharon or Nancy at 341-6397.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Phi Alpha Theta, history honor society, will be meeting Thursday, February 16 at 7:30 in the Communication Room. Any history major or minor meeting the following requirements is encouraged to attend: a minimum of 12 credits of history, 3.1 GPA in history course, and 3.9 GPA in other classes.

Initiation will be discussed, as well as the national convention held in December.

The Aerobics-Fitness Class invites anyone interested in jogging to use the Quandt Gym Monday-Thursday, 2:00-3:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL PARTY

GUESTS for hire. Two very versatile guys. Can be (a) acerbic and cynical, (b) ribald and risque, (c) smooth and seductive, (d) wasted and wounded, (e) bitter and world-weary. Price negotiable. Call 341-4419 after 5 p.m. or on weekends.

Education Graduate Exams, Saturday March 18, 8:30 - 12:30. Room 330 COPS. Register with Diane in Rm. 444 COPS or call ext. 4400. Deadline for students to register for these exams is Friday, March 3, 1978. If you have any questions, please contact me at ext. 4400.

Do you need a refreshing break in your afternoon hours? The Aerobics-Fitness Class invites any interested joggers to use the Quandt Gymnasium Monday through Thursday from 2:00 to 3:00 p.m. So slip into your togs and go for a jog!
Chances not good for ERA ratification

Passage of the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) looks grim unless Congress extends the March, 1979 deadline, according to State Representative Marjorie "Midge" Miller, (D-Madison). Ratification of the amendment by three more states is needed before it becomes a part of the Constitution.

Miller, a leading ERA advocate in the Midwest, was on campus Feb. 6 to speak at a fund raising dinner for that effort, sponsored by the Portage County Young Democrats. She recently debated the Anti-ERA crusader Phyllis Schlafly in Illinois.

According to Miller, those women who supported ratification of the amendment early in the struggle were "too lady-like" in their fight. Only recently has the nation-wide boycott of states who have failed to ratify the amendment shown any impact. It is estimated that Illinois has lost $20 to $40 million in convention business as a direct result of that boycott, and not even President Carter could get the Democratic National Committee, of which Miller is a member, to meet in Georgia recently.

She is quick to point out, though, that the disadvantages of the amendment are not the only reason for the slow ratification process. "ERO opposition has appealed the seven year limit on acceptance has no basis in the constitution, and there was no deadline whatsoever on the ratification of the first 18 amendments. It was accepted as an arbitrary figure to insure that ratification didn't drag on for decades.

"The ERA opposition has appealed to the emotions of people through issues which have nothing to do with equal rights, said Miller. She gave the abortion issue as an example.

"Men can't have abortions" she said, so it seems to be that it has anything to do with equality.

Ironically, "those who talk about the disadvantages of the amendment are also the ones who say that women already have equality. But you can't have it both ways."

She urged all supporters of the amendment to write the state's congressional delegation in support of the extension of the ratification deadline.

By Heidi Moore

With Kiss-A-Thon over, IGC slows down for a couple of weeks. Individual organization members, however, will not be slowing down. With winter carnival time still a few weeks away, Greeks are going full tilt participating in, sponsoring and promoting the traditional games. Alpha Phi, Alpha Sigma Alpha and Delta Zeta are banning together as Greek Women, while Sigma Phi Epsilon, Sigma Tau Gamma and Tau Kappa Epsilon will be competing separately.

The annual Jogathon sponsored by Alpha Phi will be held on the night of February 23rd. Jogathon is a fund raising project for the Heart Association in which everyone is welcome and encouraged to either jog or sponsor a jogger. Sign up for sponsoring or jogging will be the 20th through the day of the 23rd at the solicitation booths in the university center.

Three hundred fraters will be invading Stevens Point on March 3rd. Who are they? Where did they come from? What is their quest? Stay tuned to the Platonic Alternative for the answers.
UAB WINTER CARNIVAL PRESENTS:

"A Mid-Winters Revel"

(Medieval eats and entertainment)

Fri., Feb. 17

Coffeehouse

5:30 p.m.

$5.00

Price Includes Hand-Crafted Goblet

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT

U.C. Info Desk

Blegen & Sayer

cont’d from p. 23

characteristic made for a receptive and appreciative audience.

Sayer, the chief vocalist, had a clear and pleasant voice. Much of the music was a type of chanted storytelling in singing. Blegen expertly performed on a variety of instruments, including the melodica. Both men very obviously enjoyed themselves while performing.

Blegen and Sayer performed many types of music. One song was a risque mockery of the Blues. Another, "Beer", was an instrumental with polka rhythm. The combination of beer and polka seemed to be a dedication to Point. Next, a banjo and harmonica combination triggered a foot-stomping response that set the audience clapping and bee-hawing to a medley of "Cripple Creek" and "Old Joe Clark."

Another tune dealt with what Sayer called the American Dream. He divided it into two aspects, the first being desire for possessions such as stereos and sportscars. The second aspect was actual greed; the idea that Americans are always striving for the "biggest and the best." Before Sayer launched into singing "The Big One", he explained, "I never really say just what 'The Big One' is."

Purposely, he stirred up the imaginations of all in the audience, and we sat there chuckling.

Near the end of the show, Blegen announced that he would sing a special love song, "Garden Girl", telling about his supposed painful experience of rejection. Sayer, on the guitar, joined Blegen in singing an ironic tune that poked fun at Blegen himself.

Judging from the audience reaction, The Blegen & Sayer Show was a success, and a possible beginning of change from the "Lucky's" disco-mania to a more imaginative and cultural form of entertainment.
CONGRATULATIONS
TO ALL MEMBERS OF THIS YEARS A.C.U.I.
(American College Union International)
TEAMS REPRESENTING UWSP AT THE REGIONAL TOURNAMENTS IN CHICAGO.

**FRISBEE**
Keith Madison
Nancy Blom

**CHESS**
Tom Davis

**TABLE TENNIS**
Singles-Tom Yank
Double Mixed-Cong Vu
Jane Schanen

**BILLIARDS**
Men-Greg Fix
Women-Aline Brokmeier
Nancy Blom

**FOOSBALL**
Doubles-Mike Hall
Mike Mertes

**BOWLING**
Women-Chris Howland
Patty Normington
Terri Lee
Shelly Boville
Sue Schmitz

Men-Tom Putskey
Tom Klinsmith
Jeff Lee
Bruce Chapman
Bill Schneider

RECREATIONAL SERVICES ACU-I DIRECTOR: GREG ALLEN