

# COUNTERPOINT

Commentary to the State News



**'Handsome Al'**  
**Mandelstamm says**  
**goodbye to MSU.**  
**page 2**



2 By JOHN LINDSTROM  
State News Staff Writer

Look at those lines, look at those moves. Handsome Al Mandelstamm dances and slides across the television screen, doing tango dips that Marlon Brando never dreamed of — a tango as silky and loving as a bull walrus' mating dance.

How did he first learn to tango?

"Well," he squealed, "I was an expert at going to Arthur Murray's four free lessons. His studios would call up people and offer them four free dance lessons; of course, the fourth lesson would really be a hard sell to get you to sign up for the full course of 50 or 100 lessons. But I never did take

the whole course.

"Three times Arthur Murray's places called me offering me those lessons — when I was at Ann Arbor and at Northwestern and again at Vanderbilt, and I would take them. Of course, I can do more than just tango," he said, clicking imaginary castanets. "I can also rumba, do the cha-cha — all those modern dances."

Is it true that he mows his lawn at night using a flashlight?

"I do something at night with a flashlight," he replies, "but I don't know if it's mowing the lawn."

It is hard to imagine a jollier jester in the realm of dismal science than Allan Mandelstamm. TV personality, bon vivant, gourmand, sex symbol, raconteur and a deadly serious teacher, Mandelstamm has become an institution at MSU. But he is a temporary one.

He will leave in September to teach at Virginia Polytechnic Institute in Blacksburg, Va. He announced he was leaving last year.

But really just what in the hell is a Mandelstamm?

"A Mandelstamm," he said, "well, a mandle is an almond, and the stamm is its stem. So you can see I come from a family of nuts."

For months people have been saying that something ought to be written about the handsome one, asking him all the questions that students who have chuckled at his lectures and struggled through

his exams have wanted to ask. So one bright sunny day we went to Mandelstamm's office for an audience.

The office looked not unlike the beach at Anzio following the invasion — there were boxes filled with papers, and exams were tossed every which way. Mandelstamm's desk was hidden under six inches of papers, books, letters, journals, a few back copies of the yellow pages and pop bottles. As he spoke light glistened off his bald head, while his fingers and hands would flop and fly about, punctuating what he was saying.

"How did I get into economics? Well, my father always told me in college, Allan, do whatever you want, take whatever courses you want, but come out of college with an occupation."

"So my junior year I was sitting in a Curtis restaurant having a malted thinking to myself, here I am going to graduate in a year and what am I majoring in — Spanish. What kind of a job am I going to get with that? So I thought about going into chemistry. I liked chemistry and my father was a pharmacist, but I would have had to take all this math, which I didn't want to take."

"But," he grinned, "I had taken a basic class in economics and I was interested in economics so I thought I would go into economics, then become involved in international business and become a mogul, making billions of dollars a year. Of

course, I didn't know then that economics has nothing to do with business but with the outlook of government in economic conditions. So I got into economics on a complete misunderstanding.

The handsome one paused to mug for the camera before fielding the next question about his teaching style.

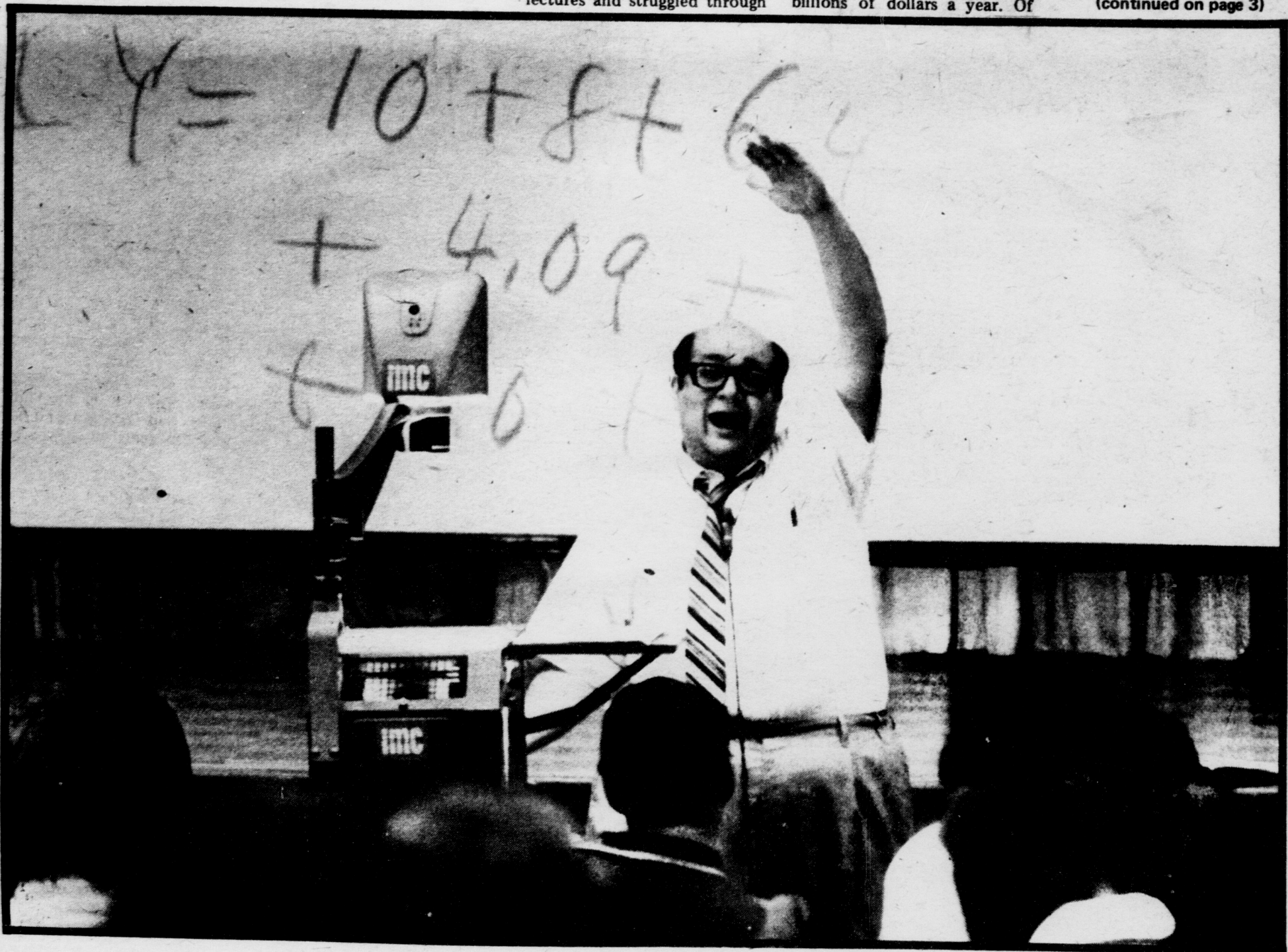
"My teaching style came about partly because I am a ham and like to make a fool of myself and partly because I recognized that most bad professors are bad professors because they are uncomfortable before people. I'm not uncomfortable before people and I think that part of what I do with telling stories and dancing and all that is a way of keeping people awake and interested in the material."

"I don't think my teaching method has changed much since I first started teaching in 1957," he said. Then, wistfully: "I would like to know more of my students personally, in a nonpomographic way. But with 2,000 students a term that's hard to do. Many people, however, send me letters from all over the world telling me how they are and what they're doing, and the letters are very nice."

And at Virginia, what will he do? Pretty much the same as at MSU, but he will be in color, he'll be recorded onto cassettes so that students can check out

(continued on page 3)

# 'Handsome Al' bids semi-fond farewell to econ at MSU



Professor Allan Mandelstamm lectures in Anthony Hall, aided by the ever-present overhead projector.

Bob Kaye



(continued from page 2)  
 any lecture any time, his lectures will go over the cable network and there is a possibility that he will be broadcast over the educational network.

"But I'm a little concerned about that because some of the things I do might not go over well with the FCC (the Federal Communications Commission). Of course, I outweigh the FCC combined so maybe I shouldn't be too worried about them.

"Television for education has several advantages over live teaching," he continued. "One is its repeatability — you can see the lecture over again. Also you can get a better teacher than you might on the average. In other words, you could tape some of the renowned economists like Milton Friedman and Paul Samuelson and have them lecture instead of waiting for them to pass through town to give a seminar."

Now about those exams of his:

"My exams are eminently fair. They are hard, granted, but they are fair and I think my students recognize they are fair. Several years ago, of course, there was sort of a movement against giving hard exams. It was thought that you shouldn't punish students.

"There was also a time when it was argued that if you gave hard exams you could be literally killing a student because he would flunk out, be drafted, go to Vietnam and be killed. And I had to think long and hard about that to decide if I was doing the right thing in giving the exams as hard as they were. I decided I was right."

Why is he leaving MSU? More money? Yes, he was offered more money. MSU matched Virginia's offer but then Virginia raised it. Mandelstamm said Virginia demonstrated that it wanted him very badly. But if things had not worked out just so — if, for example, his wife Marie was unable to get a job (as it turns out she will head the health service at Radford College and head an emergency room at a local hospital) he would not have left.

But there is another reason, more important than the others.

"Another reason is that their department of economics is a rising one, where MSU's is not rising as fast and might even be declining.

"Here at MSU this department has become so politicized. By that I mean things are done in a political manner — people call up others

at night to round up votes on certain matters. There is a certain amount of pettiness among the people here, and I think this is the major cause of the department's problems. Why, in the last seven years some 13 senior people — associate and full professors — have left, and not all of them retired. I think a major reason they left is the political nature of the department."

Economics Dept. Chairman Carl Liedholm does not agree that the department has become more politicized. "If anything it has become less so.

"There's politics in this department, but no more than any other department on campus. There's also something about the nature of economics that would make a department more political. By the nature of economics I mean that one can take a certain ideological bent that differs with others in the department," Liedholm said.

But political or not, Handsome Al is leaving in September. Presently he and Marie are duplicating their Okemos home in Virginia, and when he is there he will not only teach but serve on the fine arts committee, just as he served on the Lecture - Concert Series committee here.

Daniel Suits, a professor



who is currently teaching at the University of California at Santa Cruz and who taught for many years at the University of Michigan (Mandelstamm's alma mater), will become MSU's new teacher of basic economics.

"Suits is a world renowned economist, as he was the one who started economic forecasting, but in more recent years he has started teaching basic economics and is very good and very excited about teaching it," Liedholm said.

But can Suits ever be as handsome as the handsome one

who said his looks are a combination of genes and his sunny personality?

And stories: Will Suits ever be able to tell stories — "every one of them is true" — like Al? Will people ever again thrill to the Mandelstamm story about the Turkish bath in Bangkok, where girl No. 30 was treating him "real good" and boy No. 8 was just starting over toward him? Al, will you ever tell that story again?

"Well, I don't know. Some of those stories are the things I'm worried that the FCC will be interested in."



Linda Stoick prepares to shoot.

Craig Porter

## Women's lacrosse: Gentle 'massacre' Grows at MSU

By PAM WARD

State News Sports Writer

Almost 500 years ago the Cherokee Indians created a sport which they called the "little brother of war." There were close to 1,000 members on one team and the object of the game was to disable as many people as they could. One game usually lasted three days and when it was finished the men returned home to a feast the women had been preparing during the "massacre."

Today, the game lasts around 1½ hours, there are nine members on a team and it is called lacrosse. And the women, incidentally are out of the kitchen and on the field.

Every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon, the MSU Women's Lacrosse Club infiltrates Old College Field for the purpose of learning and competing in North America's oldest organized sport.

Very little remains of the ancient "brother of war" sport, however, and it is doubtful that its creators would recognize their game. Women's lacrosse has not only come a long way from the ancient version but is also quite different from men's lacrosse. No contact is allowed in women's lacrosse, there are no

timeouts and no substitutions.

"The men go after the other guy instead of the ball," Linda Stoick, club member, said. "Our whole thing is scoring not banging up the other guy."

"The women's game of lacrosse is a game of skill," Mikki Baile, coach of the club, said. "There is no body contact so the emphasis is put on footwork and stickwork. I think the women's game is much more esthetic. It's a skill of catching and carrying the ball."

The Women's Lacrosse Club, which falls under the Intramural Dept., was formed two years ago. Lacrosse, which has its greatest popularity along the eastern seaboard, was first introduced to MSU women by Mikki Baile. Baile, a health, physical education and recreation professor, and women's athletic coach, started a lacrosse class two years ago. Several women in her classes enjoyed the sport and came to her for help in forming a lacrosse club. The club enrollment has doubled in the last year.

"Most of us (club members) had never even heard of the game before Baile showed us in class," Jan Parker, club member, said. "That's how I got interested in it and several

of us went to her to help us form a lacrosse club sport."

"The game is really beautiful," Stoick said. "There's a lot of cutting and running and just getting free. It's the whole thing of scoring and it's beautiful."

"I really enjoy the game, that's why I'm in the club," Parker said. "There are no rules and the game is so free and open."

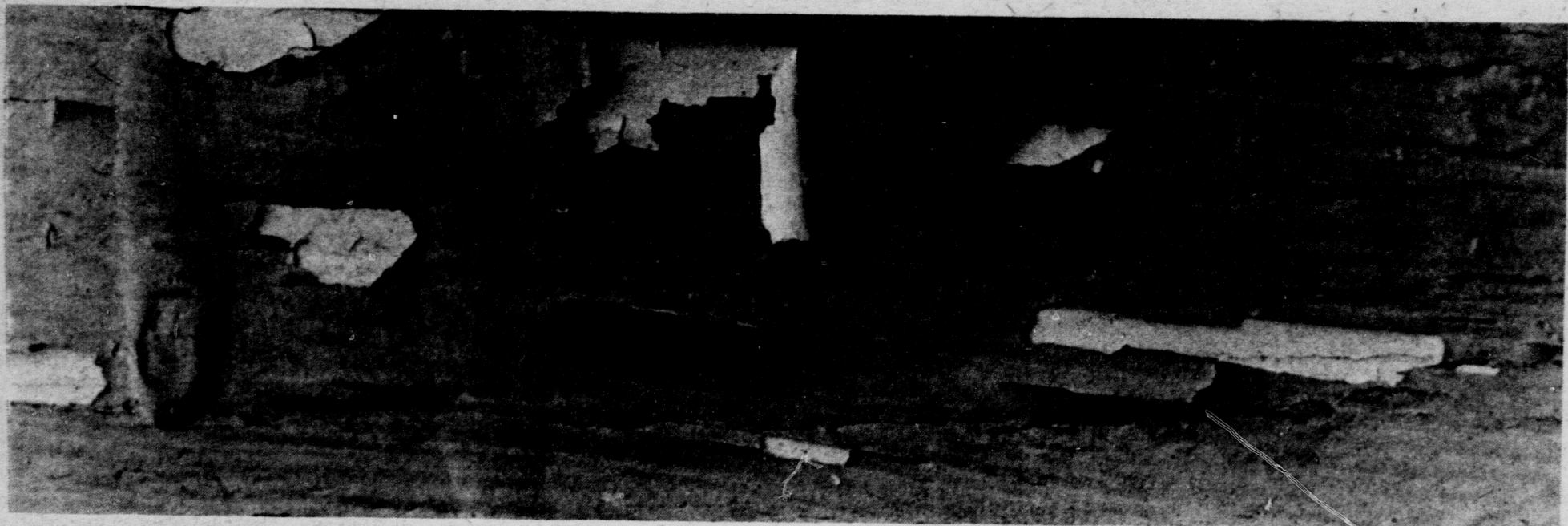
"In the men's game their goal is to see how many guys they can knock down but our aim is to see how many goals we can score. The idea is to find spaces, to use our individual skills and to move on that level. I came out to learn the game and I'm really enjoying it."

Learning is the key to the club which now has 22 members, and the teaching is done by Baile. Baile, who comes from Philadelphia, a strong lacrosse region, played the game four years in college and has qualified for the 1974 national lacrosse tournament. She has mainly been involved in lacrosse as a coach, however. She teaches three lacrosse camps around the country and the lacrosse class and club at MSU.

"My role with the club is as  
 (continued on page 6)



# Lead poison kills silently



Craig Porter

By GEORGE WHITE

Sam and Joanne Strickland of southeast Detroit are well aware of lead poisoning. It killed their first son and has threatened the mental health of their second child.

"Our first child became ill two years ago, and we didn't know what was wrong with him," Joanne said of her deceased three-year-old, Michael. "When we found out, it was too late. It was the first time we had heard of lead paint poisoning."

The Stricklands' child was just one of 200 children who die from lead paint poisoning each year, environmentalist James Rathlesburger said. But plagued with Watergate and loaded with other pending legislation, the U.S. government has yet to appropriate the \$126 million it has already budgeted for the problem.

The Stricklands are a Black family who have experienced tragedy before. Sam Strickland, 26, is an auto worker who is not working often enough.

He has been laid off twice in his five years of factory work and he has been unable to get his family out of an old housing ghetto in Detroit.

Joanne Strickland, 24, is a housewife and former part-time cook at an east-side hospital.

With financial problems, the Stricklands have had a rough time. They were originally married in high school, were separated for two years and were re-united.

The Stricklands' miseries reached their height when they lost their first child.

The Strickland home was built in 1934. In 1934, it was probably a pleasant looking white frame house with a full front porch, an awning and a green front and back door.

Almost four decades later, the white paint appears more grey than white and the frames sit at uneven angles in many places.

The full porch is now a half-porch. The Stricklands have

had half of the crumbling wooden porch reinforced, the half that leads from the steps to the front door. The other half is blocked off by a clothesline that is tied to an awning bar across the porch to a window.

There is no awning and the awning bar is visibly rusted.

The green paint on the front door is dark and crackly. The back door is bolted over with wooden planks to prevent break-ins.

The house is less sturdy on the inside. The basement is blocked off to keep out rats. The ceiling is a patchwork of dulled white paint and areas of vanilla plaster where the paint has cracked and fallen.

The process of cracking continues and there always seem to be paint chips on the floor.

"At first I tried to sweep every paint chip that fell," Joanne Strickland said. "But they are always falling, so I decided to just sweep once a day and leave it at that. I didn't know the paint had lead

motionless except for the movement of her half-closed eyes which dart about the living room anxiously.

The small living area is made smaller by an abundance of old furniture. There are two couches, a worn leather recliner and two straight-back armchairs and footrests at every seat.

"Michael would be seven years old if her were alive," Joanne said, her eyes cast downward. "He would be a growing boy. He died three years ago, you know. No family should have to go through what we've been through."

"It's a damn shame," Sam Strickland said. "The government is playing politics while families suffer."

Sam is partly correct. The government has supposedly appropriated money for lead base detection since 1971 but it wasn't until 1973 that money was actually spent.

Many environmentalists including Rathlesburger believe the problem is not taken serious

as 50 per cent lead.

Children from ages one to three are most frequently poisoned. Infants often exhibit "pica," a compelling urge to eat nonfood substances. This urge is reinforced and strengthened when the practice is not discouraged at an early age.

Pica, and/or hunger pangs (in the case of the poor), in addition to the normal infant urge to mouth objects, are responsible for lead ingestion.

The symptoms of lead poisoning include stomach and abdominal pains, nausea, vomiting, frequent headaches and convulsions.

Lead, which is underestimated in its deadliness, is consumed by infants when they:

- eat or mouth painted furniture
- mouth old painted toys;
- make play things of old lead storage batteries, toothpaste tubes and shaving cream cans or tubes, or
- eat food into which chipped paint has fallen.

atmospheric lead levels as the cause of poisoning in children who otherwise would have recovered from eating lead paint.

Dr. Paul Craig, a physicist with the Atomic Energy Commission, estimates "at least one-third of the total lead absorbed by the average American urban dweller arises directly from atmospheric lead."

Once a youth has eaten or breathed heavy lead quantities, the lead is taken into the bloodstream and the youth becomes ill.

As more lead is eaten, lead builds up and begins to destroy brain and nerve cells, causing brain damage — and sometimes death.

Most parents, however, are unaware of the lead poisoning and its symptoms. Poisoning often occurs in an inner-city household where both parents work. In this kind of home an illness in a child will go unnoticed until the child is seriously sick.

In the case of the Stricklands, it was just plain ignorance of the problem.

"Folks thought our kid was spoiled," Joanne said, her tired half-closed eyes becoming moist. "He was three-years-old and he cried more than he spoke. He was sick, and we didn't know it."

Detroit health officials point out that many parents are aware of their child's illness, but because they are poor, they avoid hospitals, try to treat the illness themselves or just hope it goes away.

But even professional medical people are unable to cope with lead poisoning.

"Lead poisoning does not go away," said Marta Dodd, an ex-staffer of a now defunct Detroit lead detection program. "We can't cure lead poisoning yet. And if it goes untreated, it can cause problems."

Rathlesburger's statistics

(continued on page 5)

## It's a damn shame.

Sam Strickland

in it."

Michael Strickland did not know of the lead danger either. It is poverty and ignorance that has made the Stricklands' life hard.

The hardness of it is manifested in appearance of Sam and Joanne Strickland. The lines of stress on Sam Strickland's long face are unnatural for a man his age. Sam sits uncomfortably on a couch next to his wife.

Joanne Strickland is slumped next to her husband with her arms folded. She sits

enough.

"It's a deadly serious problem," Rathlesburger said from his Washington, D.C., home. "We estimate that 2.5 million children are in danger of being poisoned in the nation's inner cities. We estimate the children with excessive lead levels at 600,000."

One source of lead poisoning in ghetto youth is old paint chipping off housing walls. Today's house paint contains little lead, but before 1945, paint often contained as much

Recently, there has been mounting evidence that lead from the air also contributes to the problem. Lead content is a bigger problem in factory towns like Detroit.

The National Institute of Mental Health issued a report in February, 1972, stating that airborne lead, not lead paint, may be the major source of lead poisoning among inner city children.

Dr. Ronald E. Engle, a scientist with the Environmental Protection Agency, has suggested



point out the gravity of the problem. He claims that 6,000 children are physically handicapped by the illness in an average year. According to his studies, 800 are blinded, 150 severely retarded and 6,000 neurologically handicapped.

The lead may kill in other ways. Lead ingestion may also greatly reduce a child's ability to throw off bacterial infection. Some scientists believe this weak resistance to be the cause of "sudden infant mortality," which kills 10,000 to 15,000 infants each year.

The death rate of severely poisoned infants is high because there is no serum that cures lead poisoning.

Dr. Jane Lin Fu of the Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare, a national expert, has called lead poisoning "extremely hard to treat at any stage."

However, there is hope for poisoned youths if they receive early treatment. A blood test is required to determine whether a child is poisoned and to what extent.

The Strictlands' first child did not receive early treatment and died, but Sam and Joanne no longer worry about the harmless-looking paint chips that litter their crumbling southeast side Detroit home.

The Strictlands plan to leave for North Carolina soon. When they leave they will escape the deadly lead-poisoned environment that flaked about them. But the Strictlands cannot leave the sorrow they feel after the death of their four-year-old son, Michael, who nibbled on the heavily-lead-painted until it killed him.

"This can't be our home," Joanne Strictland said, looking at her living room ceiling and then out the window. "Not after what happened to Michael."

Oscar was soon screened (given a blood test). The test proved positive. Oscar had been ingesting lead as well.

"It was a double shock," Joanne Strictland said. "We almost got hurt twice. If it wasn't for those detection folks..."

Those detection units, manned by college students, surveyed much of Detroit in a quest to identify dangerous leaded homes and warn other parents. But because of manpower shortages due to lack of funding, this program has ended.

However, in the last four years, Congress has passed bills that would adequately fund lead detection programs in Detroit and other cities.

There are problems in solving the problem, however.

The Dept. of Health Education and Welfare estimates that 2.6 million children are threatened by lead poisoning. Local concern over the problem spurred the Michigan Dept. of Health to fund a lead paint detection program.

The detection was carried out by college students, many of them from MSU, and Detroit was one of the target areas.

The Michigan Students Environmental Confederation (MSEC), which centers its operations in Lansing, has taken a leading role in lead paint detection.

During the summer of 1971, the confederation devised and implemented the first lead detection program in Michigan.

In its summer study the confederation surveyed 1,958 homes in the ghetto areas of Detroit. The students divided these surveys into two census tracts.

In the first tract, 90 per cent of the homes had chipping leaded paint. In the second tract, 98 per cent of the homes fell into the chipping paint category.

homes have damaged plumbing systems," Sagedy said. "Old rusting water pipes are flaking lead into people's drinking water and they are slowly being poisoned."

Larry Chadzynski, director of the Detroit Health Dept's lead-directed activities disagrees.

"Lead detection was once important and needed," he said. "But we now have comprehensive information on where the leaded homes are and we have set up procedures to prevent further poisoning."

It would seem that Detroit is moving on dangerous homes. The Detroit Health Dept. now covers chipping ghetto walls with a protective spray and fines homeowners who do not report their hazardous conditions.

Homeowners, including the Strictlands, seem to be satisfied with the detection.

"If the nurses had not come after the detection units, Oscar might have died too," Sam Strictland pointed out.

However, Alex Sagedy is not fazed by such talk. He claims that children continue to die and blames the problem on flaking water pipes.

"Only the visible lead has been detected," he said. "Our organization was instrumental in citing chipped lead, but what about the invisible lead, the lead in the water?!"

"This is a serious problem but we're being frustrated by the state government, which has cut our budget," he said.

The ecology movement as a whole has lost some of its impact - this loss is reflected in decreasing student memberships in MSEC and organizations like it.

"The issues and the problems are there," Sagedy said. "But nothing is being done about it."

Larry Chadzynski agrees that there are problems but he cites different ones.



John Martell

## Congress is at fault.

Larry Chadzynski

Michael Strictland was one of an estimated 200 children who die from lead paint poisoning each year. Children are most often poisoned when they nibble at flaking paint chips or when they mouth objects with a lead base coating.

After Michael Strictland died, almost three years ago, a local lead detection unit, composed of students, arrived to check the lead content of the home.

They found the lead quantity high and the paint cracking in all the rooms.

The unit reported the conditions to the Detroit health authorities and the

Based on this study, Detroit health officials estimate that there are approximately 375,000 dangerous (leaded) homes in the Detroit area.

But lead paint detection ended in 1972, due to money shortages; and MSEC is crying foul.

"I think the government is underestimating student sincerity and our capability to solve environmental problems," Alex Sagedy, president of the MSEC, claimed. "I think the government is also underestimating the gravity of the lead problem."

Sagedy is concerned about unpublicized lead dangers.

"Screening (blood tests) are priority now," he said. "There are kids who have lead in their blood and we have to find out who they are."

The Detroit public health officials are now screening children in each district of the city but there are inevitable problems.

"There is a great deal of apathy toward our attempts to screen," Chadzynski said. "Of course, the children don't like the blood tests and it's up to the parents to get them out for screenings."

The screening program is hampered by a shortage of workers and facilities. The lead program has not been funded

this year. The \$5 million allocated by Congress has not been spent.

"Congress is at fault," Chadzynski said. "They are holding the money up."

The \$5 million has passed both the House and the Senate as part of a \$126 million Health Education and Welfare (HEW) package but revisions made by both houses has sent the bill to the Joint Conference Committee where the Congress will compromise the revised portions. The money must be spent by June 30, which is the cut-off date.

"I'm sure this business will be cleared before June 30," a Senate Appropriations staffer predicted.

Government sources say that Congress is preoccupied with President Nixon's 1975 budget. The budget problem has apparently slowed spending on the '74 budget.

Though Congress has been slow to spend money in 1974, it has been Nixon who has prevented spending on the problem in previous years.

In 1970, Congress passed the Lead-Based Paint Poisoning Prevention Act. Sponsored by Rep. William F. Ryan, D-N.Y., and Sen. Edward Kennedy, D-Mass., the law authorized \$30 million over fiscal years 1971 and 1972.

HEW was given \$25 million to detect and treat poisoned children, and the Dept. of Housing and Urban Development has received \$5

million to determine the extent of lead in housing and find the best methods for removing it. However, by mid-1972 nothing had been done.

The President requested no funds for appropriation in 1971, nor did he spend any. In 1972, the President's budget requested \$2 million. Congress gave \$7.5 million but again the Nixon Administration spent none of it.

Finally, last year \$6.5 million was spent on the lead problems. Though the budget has dropped \$1.5 million this year, Nixon has proposed that the budget be increased back to \$6.5 million in 1975.

It is clear that lead poisoning is one of the country's greatest examples of glaring human neglect.

No American citizen, child or adult, should live or be forced into living in a deadly impoverished environment.

Where does the fault lie? Congress blames the President. This year, the President blames Congress. But when a child dies, it is inevitable that parents blame themselves.

"This was no place for Michael," Joanne Strictland said. "And this is no place for Oscar. We've been saving our money for the last three years, ever since Michael died."

"We're young, we're young enough to make this move and we got the money. But what about the people that can't move? What about their children?"



# RICK NELSON

Well it's all right now...  
If you can't please  
everyone, you've got  
to please yourself.

Garden Party



David Schmier

By DAVE Di MARTINO

Rick Nelson's appearance at the Brewery last week marked the middle of an undeclared nostalgia week for East Lansing. Within seven days the area saw such musical greats as ex-Byrd Roger McGuinn, the Beach Boys, Peter Yarrow (formerly of Peter, Paul and Mary) and Dion (sans Belmonts). And though all these musicians have direct ties to the past, it is Rick Nelson who probably feels these bonds the strongest.

Very few people can claim that they have grown up in the living rooms of millions of Americans. Nelson can — remember "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet?" And, very few recording artists ever sell 35 million records, let alone receive a gold record, before they reach 21 years of age. Nelson did both.

Ricky Nelson has covered a lot of ground in the transition to Rick, now 34. With the slight name change, the singer has made due effort to rid himself of his teenage idol image of the late '50s and early '60s. He also married his

"television wife," Kris Harmon, and has three children — a 10-year old girl, and six-year-old twin boys.

Music remains Nelson's passion, however. Since the formation of the Stone Canyon Band in 1969, Nelson has successfully risen from his faded pop-star image to newer, more artistic heights.

"I'd say the turning point in my career was the 'Live at the Troubador' album a few years back," Nelson noted. That album, released in 1970, contained the single, "It's Easy to Be Free," Nelson's first pop chart showing in several years.

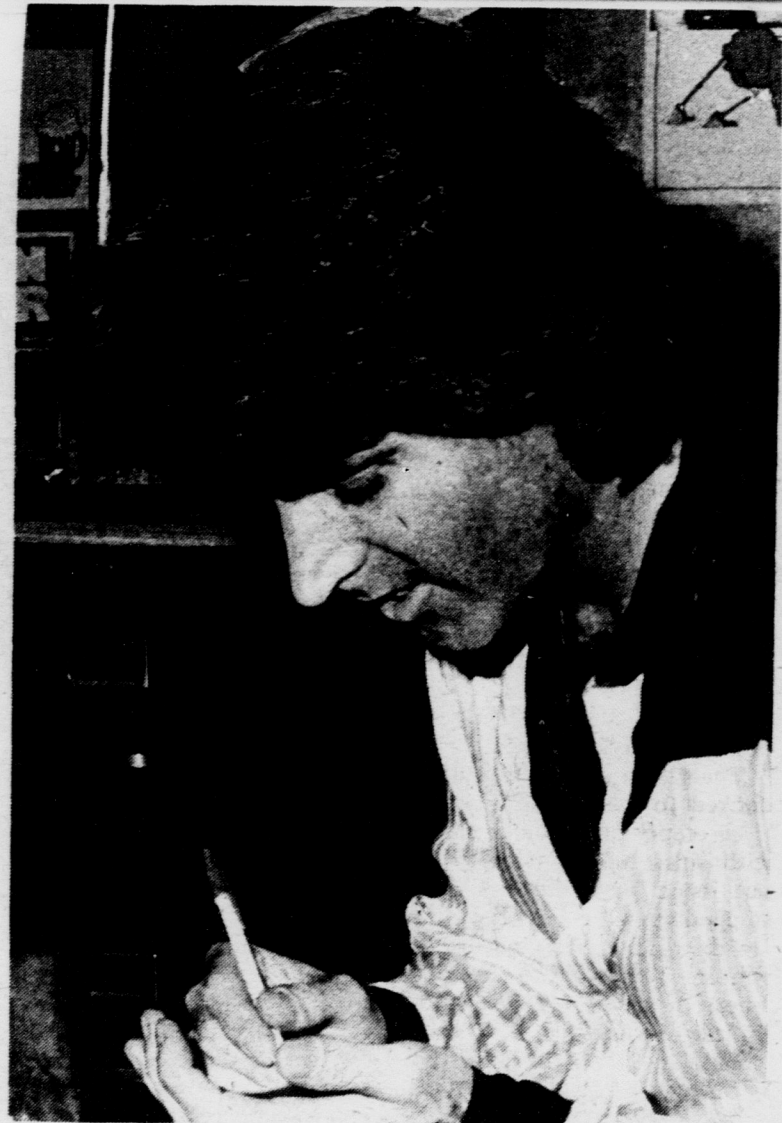
"I didn't start writing anything until then," Nelson said. "I guess it was because I didn't really need to." Apparently Nelson's first shots at composing turned out quite well. In addition to the success of "It's Easy," 1972's controversial "Garden Party" has sold six million copies — ample evidence that any so-called comeback attempt of Nelson's was completely successful.

Just how does Nelson stand on "Garden Party?" The song was written after Nelson

performed at a rock'n'roll revival concert at Madison Square Garden in 1971. When attempting to perform his most recent compositions, he received an unpleasantly rowdy audience response — a thorough round of booing. And what is his current attitude? "I really can't forget my past; I don't want to," Nelson explained. "I did all those songs back then, and if I want to perform them now, there's really no reason why I shouldn't"

When asked to cite a few major musical influences, Nelson gave the matter a little thought and replied: "A lot of the early material on Sun Records, I'd say, particularly Carl Perkins. In fact, Carl Perkins is definitely my biggest influence." Much of Perkin's style is indeed obvious in several of Nelson's earlier recordings, and surprisingly, with the Stone Canyon Band, it seems on the rise again.

Together, the four-piece band does an excellent job of supporting Nelson and maintaining its own identity. "Windfall," the group's current album, features several



Rick Nelson signs autographs.

David Schmier

compositions written by guitarist Dennis Larden, along with Nelson's work. The band is clearly a well-functioning unit.

What about the future? Any acting recently? "Well, last year I did a 'Streets of San Francisco' that was pretty nice," Nelson said. "I played a pimp..." Nelson is still working on a clean-cut image.

Of course, the inevitable question is: what does Rick Nelson think about "Ozzie and the Girls?"

"It's OK, I don't know ... I don't know if my father is

going to be doing it too much longer."

Nelson's career is going uphill, and it is already at a high level. His music is fine and he is perfectly satisfied with his band. And as far as looks go, he is still exceptionally handsome, looking no more than 25 years old.

Most revealing is this brief dialog overheard in the audience during Nelson's Brewery performance.

"Ya know, he still doesn't move his face at all when he sings."

"Maybe — but if you looked like that, would you?"

(continued from page 3)



Bob Kaye

a coach as I see it and as they (members) want it," Baile said. "Of course, I help with organization and serve as an identification with the University.

"The kids support themselves. We take our own cars to the meets, pay our expenses and make our own peanut butter and jelly sandwiches," Baile said. "We pull ourselves through and it's a nice atmosphere."

The club receives no financial help from the University except that equipment is provided by the Intramural Dept. This is perhaps the only remnant of the ancient version of lacrosse, since it looks as if it could have been used by the Indians 500 years ago.

Even though the expense is put on the members, most do not want the club to become a varsity sport. They enjoy the structure of the club as it is now.

"That's our whole ticket, we're not strictly business," Stoick said. "We're not a collegiate sport and so there aren't just physical education majors in the club. It's not all jock city."

"There are a lot of different people and a lot of new personalities because the club is open to anyone," she continued. "Some people are there to win, some are there to have a good time or to learn the game. The structure is very loose and I like it that way."

MSU is the only university in the state of Michigan that offers lacrosse as a club sport and this poses a problem to the Spartan lacrosse participants.

"It's hard to find competition and we've been forced to look to private girls schools and high schools when scheduling our meets.

"The Midwest region is very weak in lacrosse. The sport got started out in the East and has moved into Ohio but it's still young and growing in the rest of the region," Baile said.

It's not all jock city.

—Linda Stoick

MSU's lacrosse club scheduled six games this year and drew a crowd of 65 to its only home match against Bowling Green University (Ohio).

"I'm trying to spread the sport by offering high school clinics and education courses," Baile said. "I would like to see lacrosse being taught as an educational class but it's been hard to stir interest. Currently there is no avenue for intercollegiate competition in women's lacrosse. In the past there has been so much emphasis on competition that it's hard to get things accepted just for the sake of education," she said.

But lacrosse is beginning to get accepted at MSU and the continent's oldest sport is slowly catching on in Michigan's circle of women athletes.

Counterpoint is published biweekly as a supplement to the Michigan State News. It is produced by students of Michigan State University in 341 Student Services Bldg.

Craig Porter is Counterpoint editor. Persons wishing to contribute to future issues should contact the State News.



# On the road— close to home

All paths lead to town

—Gary Snyder

By BRUCE MAKIE

It was a cold night in late March and the moon rose somewhere over Kansas. The wind came with a howl and strength that forced me to seek shelter behind my pack; lacking a hood, I stuffed a t-shirt into a wool cap and peered through it like a mask.

I was bound for East Lansing and classes on a freight train out of Amarillo — almost broke, exhausted, happy.

The train stopped and I ducked to the front of the car — an empty automobile carrier with sides much like a guard rail rising three levels — and stepped into a quiet night; fields slumbered in dark winter, flat to the horizon where low stars and distant farm lights mixed.

With luck I would ride as far as Chicago.

After a two-year absence, I was eager to return and “finish” my education, but for reasons which eluded me that night. In the first place, reason has no hold on adventure — it hangs there comfortably out of reach, a thing only of necessity. And other than securing rides, there is little of expedience on the road where even the best intentions are undermined. The only limits are imagination and craft. Returning for a degree I would not use for quite some time if at all, my journey had more self-wrought drama than consequence. Searching for an answer that night was useless.

As a student I floundered from one program to another, studying what appealed to me and rejecting the difficult or bland.

That happiness and good times are fleeting and too easily set aside for the life support of work and the details of necessity I could not accept. And toting such a foolish burden, my troubles began. Then late in my junior year I finally decided to take something seriously, so I dropped out of school — and began the work of dreams.

I asserted my own standards. I wandered, trespassed, dared — and like something out of a shell, I moved in awe of a new world...

The lunging, windswept car made riding squashed in the rear of a pickup or bouncing along in the cab of a big diesel seem first-class by comparison. Wherever I kneeled — even lying down — the wind penetrated to the bone.

Sleep came the next day during a long and captive layover outside a small town still south of Wichita (I followed the tracks on a road map). There I boiled water for my last meal — freeze-dried potatoes with beef — and might have walked to the

highway but for the fact that even a bad ride is superior to the chance of none at all. Dozing, I missed the first eastbound that rolled into the yard and waited until dark for the next.

I was not alone on this one. Two Mexicans, laughing and coatless, signaled and led me to the shelter and warmth of the “machine,” a locomotive in tow. Apparently hopping the train some days ago in El Paso, they survived the frigid nights and lack of food by keeping low in the deserted locomotive and drinking its supply of cartoned water.

Before long, someone stumbled on us. Racing back to an open car, we eventually settled in a dank and empty boxcar when the train momentarily stopped.

Toward dawn the train approached Kansas City. I was going home, or the closest thing some of us have to call home. For in that classic sense, the road defines, painfully, joyously, what home is and is not, and what leaving costs in terms of wrestling with a sense of uprootedness on return. Somewhere along the line you have convinced yourself that more is gained the hard way, and you bless the uneven life. I had left only to discover one foot still in the door.

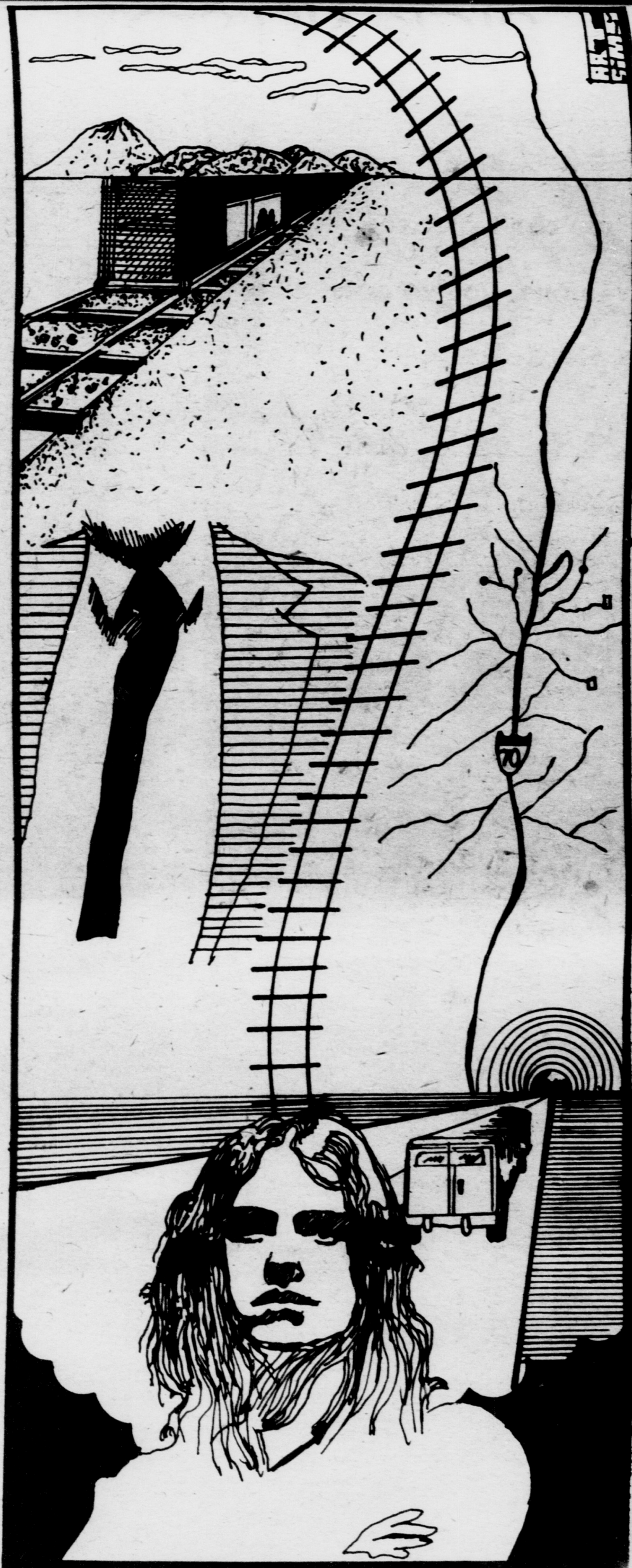
The attraction and return to something less intense and more certain than adventure stalled, of course, a thousand other plans. But I learned that such ideas were not the work of a few years. That old desire to be stamped, graded, and judged overwhelmed me.

Even with the iron-like door thrown almost shut the cold was unbearable. Wasted, wearing a two-piece rainsuit over down jacket, flannel-shirt and thermal top, a sleeping bag draped over our bodies, I thought of jumping from the train.

However, railroad security spared me that misfortune. Drifting in and out of sleep, I had not realized the train slowed down reaching Kansas City. I awoke, the target of a flashlight and some well-chosen words. Forced off the train, we were searched, handcuffed, and told to sit, guarded by one agent as two others probed the remaining cars.

The great yard shook with life in the early morning. Like a tangle of black snakes, a hundred tracks coupled and straightened and all around boxcars stood empty and square like buildings on a string. Their sharp cries splitting the blue-gray air, switchmen hollered and jumped to rearrange whole trains with a whisk of arm and lantern.

The cops, conspicuous among the workers in tight



Art Sims

blazers and narrow ties, drove us to a dark, modern brick building less than a mile away. Once inside their office, an agent went to search for the janitor who spoke Spanish. After routine procedure, another asked me if I carried any drugs in my pack, or, more wishfully, a Buck knife. The Mexicans were detained for

immigration authorities and I was released — with a warning not to ride the Santa Fe through Kansas again.

With only some change and a few candy bars in my pockets, it looked as though I had reached the end of the line. Lansing was yet another 500 miles away.

After one short ride out of

the city, three Canadians in a van going to Montreal pulled over and picked me up. Already late afternoon, they were willing to travel some distance out of their way in return for a place to stay for the night. They bought me a meal, and we reached East Lansing early the next morning.





# water babies

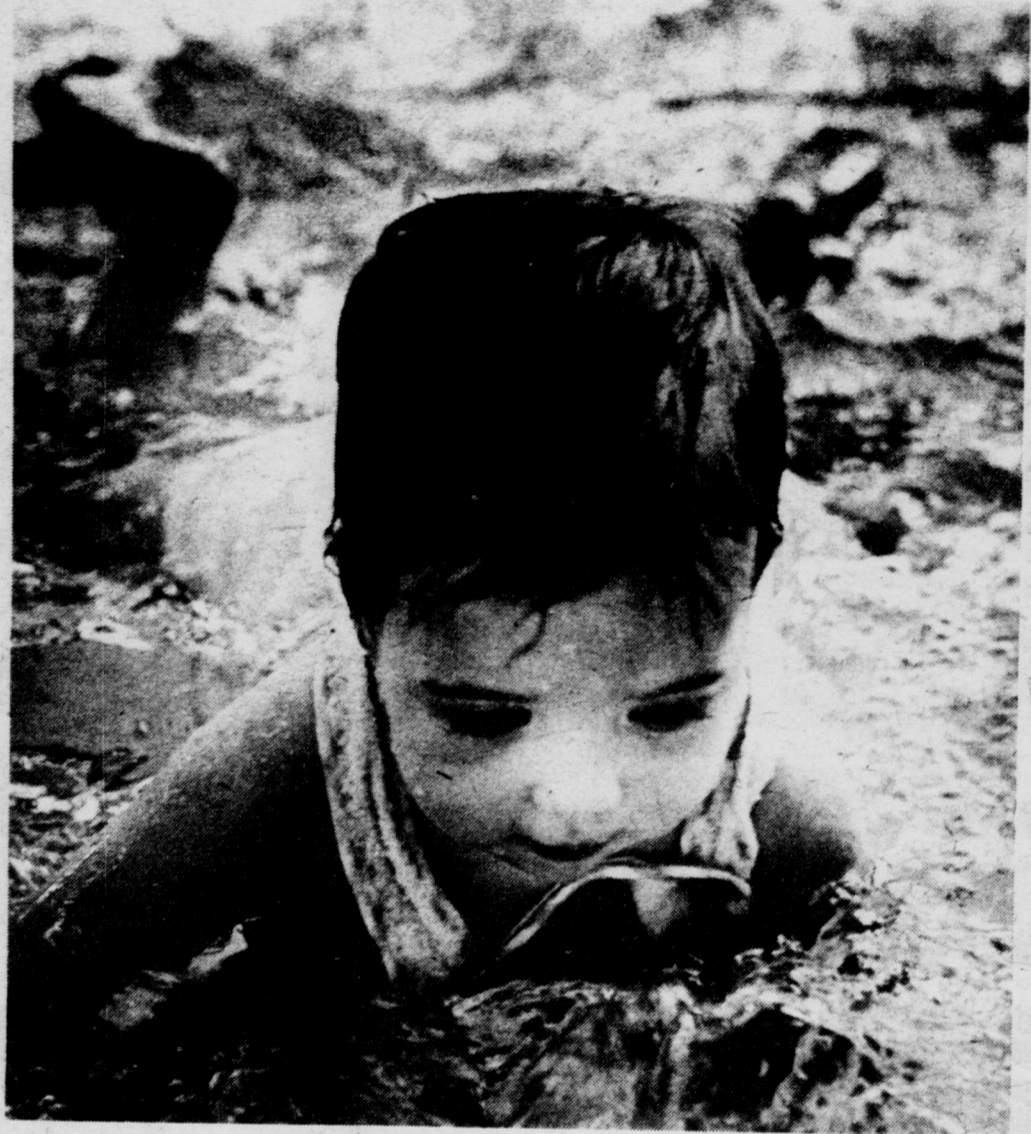


A water baby flies through the air.

MSU's Evening College is all wet — at least for the youngsters who meet each week to learn all about water in the Women's Intramural Building pool. The babies — the youngest is 8 months old — spend an hour with the parents each week for seven weeks being dunked,

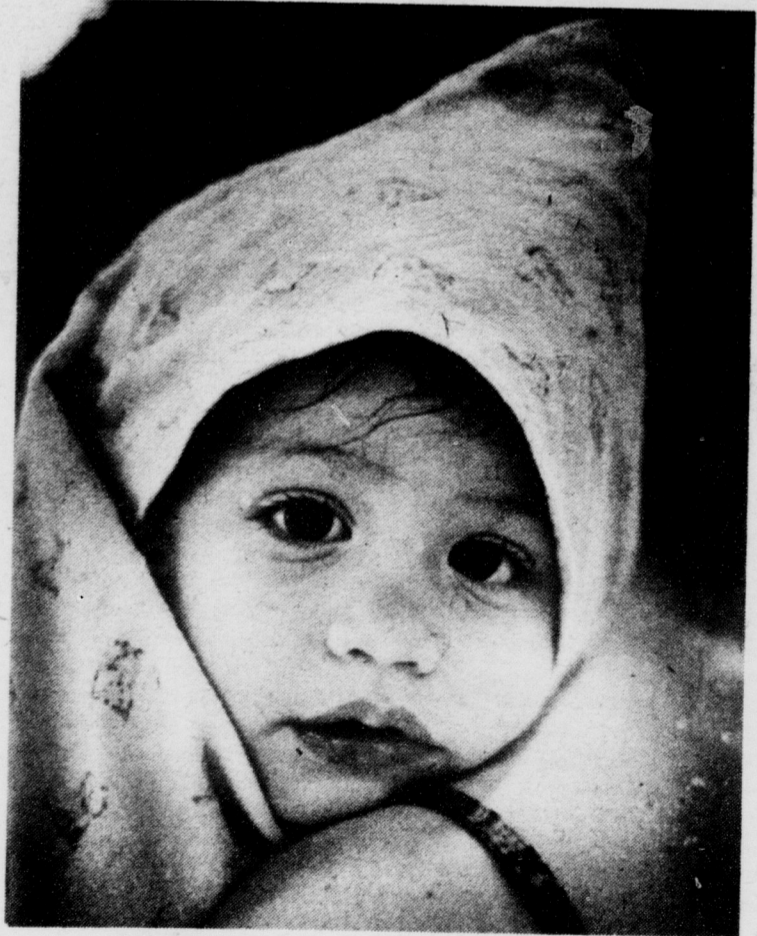
tossed and cuddled into a less fearful attitude toward water, sometimes enjoying it, sometimes resisting and occasionally crying over it.

The class, taught by Joan Barch, meets each Saturday from 2 to 3 p.m.



With father's help, this baby does the backstroke.

Craig Porter



A tired swimmer leans on mother's shoulder.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, possibly a page number or page reference, oriented vertically.