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Slouching towards Bethlehem

You can't avoid it, don't even try. We are in an age of great crisis. It is a time of decision. Who among you has been able to not notice. The Crusades are back—the Crusaders are everywhere.

It is impossible that He has not been seen by even the most studious, the most hermetic. Fat Boy, the 15 year old divine reincarnation—Shri Guru Maharaj Ji—has come.

It matters little that the only perfect thing about Him is his shit-eating grin. The boy whose face was made to punch is everywhere. And so far he has carried what many consider poison, unchallenged by all except the backpeddling sellers of Jesus who were apparently responsible for planting this tactless imprint on His Divine Bliss's photograph. "Porky saves souls."

But all this by way of introduction. Last week Cardinal reporter Kevin McGann, with heretical help from Henry Schipper and James Korger, managed to pierce the inner sanctum. The proudly subjective report which follows, is theirs.

Who are these, you may ask, who blow their horns so boldly—yes—even rudely at others who simply seek Truth. Is it such a crime, after all, if truth for them is a matter of losing consciousness, of falling asleep. Unlike these nervous writers, they are happy. To this we can only respond that sleep is a disease which spreads. The philosophy of sleep is the kernel of mysticism. We must fight the Guru's message, if only to keep each other awake.

By KEVIN McGANN

3650 Humanities is where Harvey Goldberg teaches that ignorance of history leads us to repeat it, and that a short memory is a politician's and/or propagandist's greatest ally. America's historical memory, he said recently is down to about 20 minutes. I have



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GURU MAHARAJ JI

news for you Harvey: there were people in 3650 Humanities last Friday night who had to visibly wince for 30 second recall.

They were the devotees of the Guru Maharaj Ji.

THIS WAS not your usual esoteric bunch. These were "regular guys and gals," acne, not often skinny, sometimes practice—a very pure strain of the American middle class. Lots of pacific marine-blue eyes, dressed like regulars at the Bachelors Three, hair clean with just a suggestion of length, and fingernails (I speculate) neat. There, where Harvey stood just five hours ago, was the altar—floral displays geometrically arranged, discreet ushers, a funeral silence, and at the center of all this, an empty chair. (This, I thought, is a Symbol.) Hold it. Not empty. A wooden framed photograph of a fat 15 year old boy with a toothy grin is enthroned on the chair. Eagle Scout recruiter? Secretary of the Jaycees?

No. He is the Guru Maharaj Ji. The Lord of Love, the Lord of the World, the Perfect Master, the reincarnation of the Knowledge, the Final Form of that Inner Light which stunned Jesus, Krishna, and Buddha. He, and his divine family, are alive and well (very well) today, to bring you out of the fog and confusion and anxiety of this blind life, to show you the way to Peace, Love, Perfect Music, and Harmony. "And this time he has come in five forms," a devotee brightly informed me. (This time?)

On Friday a Disciple of the Guru came from India to speak to the small Madison group on the Third Eye. "The Third Eye," a local moderator told us—gesturing with fingertip to eye in forehead—is the Inner Knowledge and Wisdom and Light (guy in front of me here rolls his two eyes) which allows you to see beyond this world, its' troubles and hardships. The devotees commonly call this ability "The Thing." At the ashram Saturday it was explained to me, via parable, that since all problems are mental, you need only change your mind (through Inner Light) and they will go away. That externals might cause internal disharmony is preposterous. If the bombed and burned Vietnamese concentrate on their Third Eye, it wouldn't hurt anymore.

Cardinal: So to protest is stupid, right?
Devotee: Yes, it's stupid. (Devotee laughter.)

If you have no food, try not to be hungry. The disciple insisted that this mental exercise was "non-ideological" meaning "not concerned with politics." The idea is to live under law (or with your stomach) and not be affected by it. To think hunger away as you transmute your stomach.

BOTH DISCIPLE and Devotee are extremely fond of metaphors and parables, but when I inquired about this, I was

Cardinal Photos
by James Korger

abruptly corrected: "They're not metaphors, they're real." But these metaphors are based on faith, not logic, and roped together they sound like the directions on home-made Chinese noodles. Like Chinese noodles, which are ready when you think they're ready, you know this Thing is true when you become convinced of it.

If you feel it, you've had it.

Like the acid dealer of yesteryear, the devotees enthusiastically testify in a smooth voice to their "ultimate high," but insist that the only way to "realize" it is to try it. With this same logic I have since exhorted several ex-friends to step in front of the downhill ten-speeders near Helen C. White, but to no avail. Similarly, your first "ultimate high," which is both free and instantaneous, is by all accounts also your last. It is your last because your ego has been vacuumed up by the Thing. Because she was as a drop in the Ocean, one devotee refused to have her picture taken.

Photographer: Well, can I take a picture of (gesturing to crowd)...the ocean?"

Droplet: Sure.

An image troubles my brain: a sleek man with black slacks crouches on the floor, beckoning me with hooked finger. "Come with us, brother, we love you here...enter the Ocean...drown, drown." Asked what they were all doing here, the Ocean chorused, "You know, brother, you know."

anything." Besides, "He is more than a king. He is Lord of the Universe, controlling the whole world."

ANOTHER UNIQUE aspect of the Third Eye is what it does not see, since the Disciple had "missed" noticing the people starving on the streets in India. "Anyway, if people starve," he said, "we feed them." While the Guru gives "Festivals" where everything is free, they are not held every day, three times a day. "Can you feed all the people in the world?" "If I have no food, how can I give?" he replied, with that See, I answered your question, didn't I? look.

Fools that we were, we continued our questioning, but for some reason we made their brains churn so much that they seemed in danger of short-circuiting; their little fuses were flowing cherry-red, and the walls were smoking. Sensing this the Disciple snapped his fingers with a magician's expertise and "kooled us out" with a song. "Have song now," he said, and so, singing they did, three Droplets trying for Perfect Harmony, a song called "Guru Maharaj Ji, I Really Love You" to the tune of "I Wanna Be Bobby's Girl."

The conversation had started with some questions about what we used to call evil, and we were told that people are not "bad" (just their thoughts), nor are material goods "bad" (if they are properly used). Fair

"This Knowledge is within you, God is within you. And I can show you God, if you want to see Him."

— GURU MAHARAJ JI
15 year-old Spiritual Master

WELL, I wasn't that sure. All I knew was what Amy, a girl I had met in the dorms and was not surprised to see at the lecture, told me. "You know," she said, "I go down to the ashram to kind of get kooled-out."

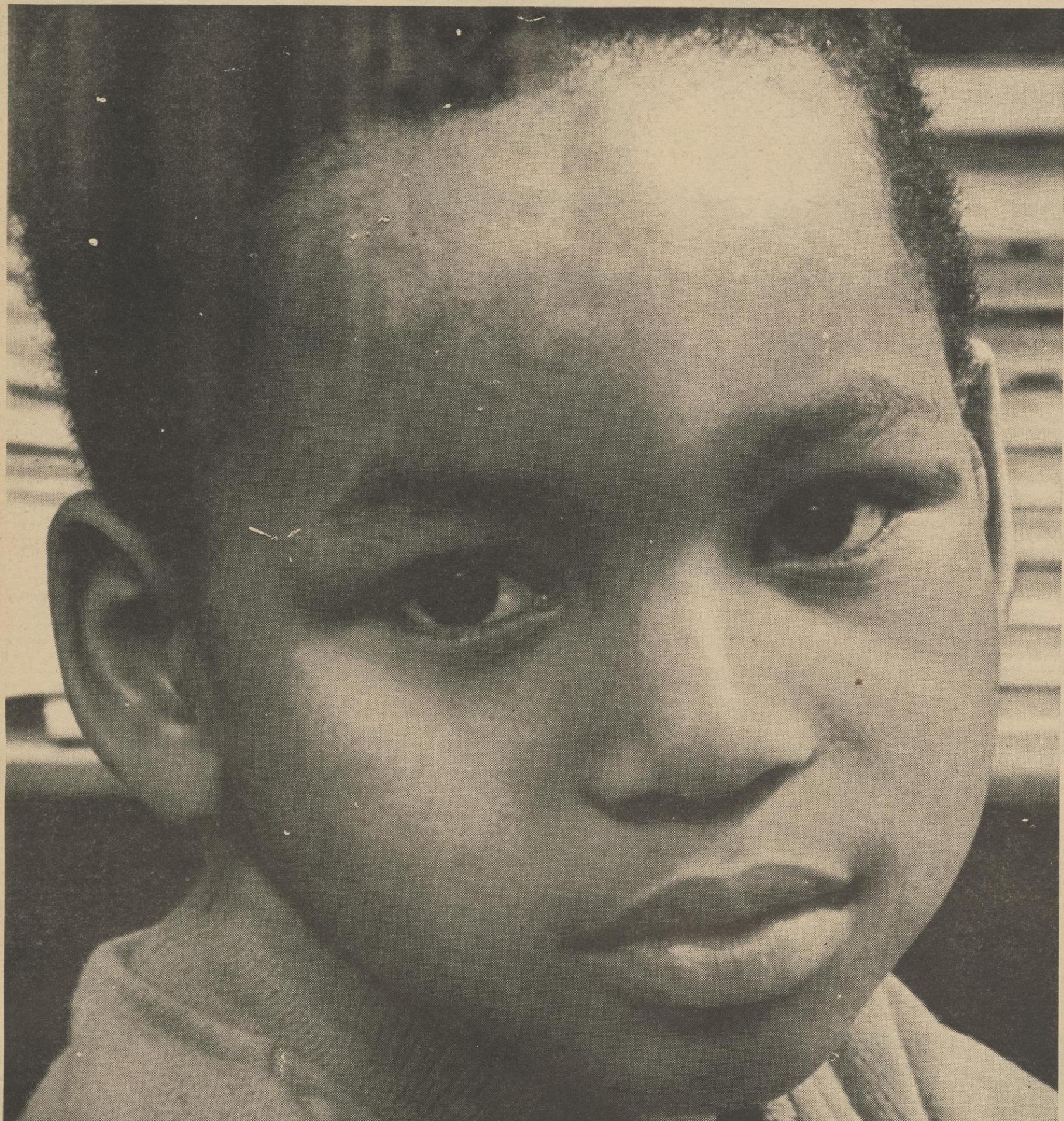
There were a log of people getting kooled-out at the ashram Saturday, judging by the great tide of shoes swept up on the front porch. It looked like the last stop on the No-Hassle Express.

The incense inside made me dizzy. On the floor, which was covered with a blue shag rug, were several copies of a glossy magazine, many smelly feet, and the whole becalmed Ocean. We were admonished not to put our smelly feet on the glossy magazines. All glossy eyes were directed at the Disciple, center front, or occasionally at the glossy pictures of Guru on the wall, which captured one's innocent attention by virtue of the blinking Christmas tree lights around them. One hundred human seed pods stared straight ahead through one hundred sets of marble eyes. Indications of consciousness were hard to come by. Glaze was everywhere.

SOME INTERESTING THINGS came out. The Third Eye, I discovered, is the one on your dollar bill. Queried about the fact that the Perfect Master had a \$50,000 Rolls Royce, several airplanes, and was being investigated by the Indian Government (Ocean laughs), the Disciple calmly explained that "because he is Perfect, he can live in that atmosphere. . .He can do

(continued on page 3)

cardinal
MONDAY
magazine



Pictures talk. Some little boys don't.

Some inner-city ghettos have special schools. For little boys who don't talk.

Not mute little boys. But children so withdrawn, so afraid of failure, they cannot make the slightest attempt to do anything at which they might fail.

Some don't talk. Some don't listen. Most don't behave. And all of them don't learn.

One day someone asked us to help.

Through Kodak, cameras and film were distributed to teachers. The teachers gave the cameras to the kids and told them to take pictures.

And then the miracle. Little boys who had never said anything, looked at the pictures and began to talk. They said "This is my house." "This is my dog." "This is where I like

to hide." They began to explain, to describe, to communicate. And once the channels of communication had been opened, they began to learn.

We're helping the children of the inner-city. And we're also helping the adults. We're involved in inner-city job programs. To train unskilled people in useful jobs.

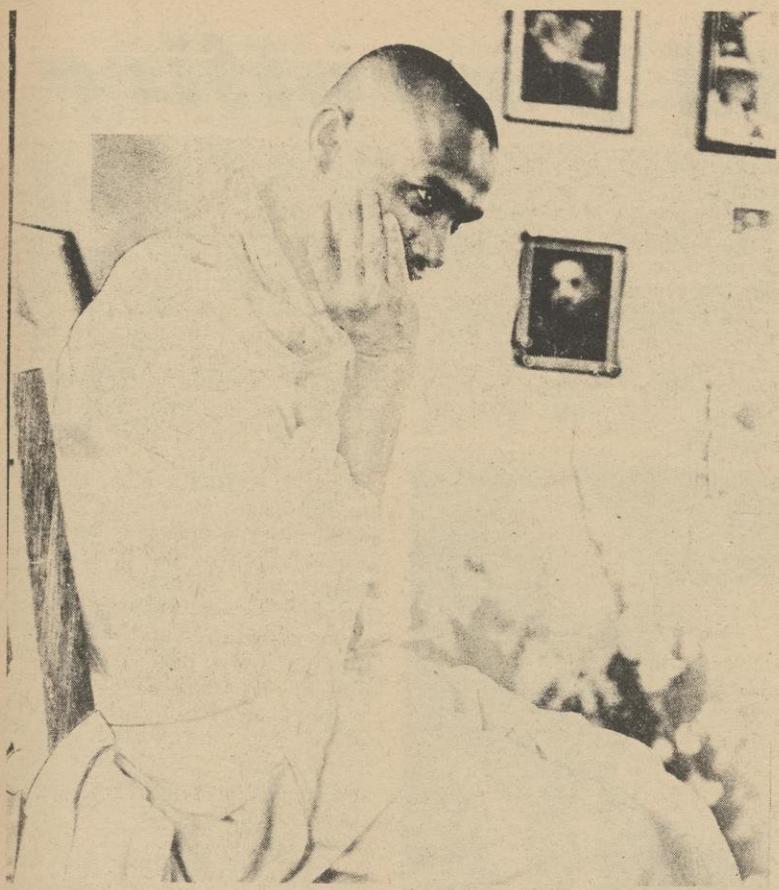
What does Kodak stand to gain from this? Well, we're showing how our products can help a teacher—and maybe creating a whole new market. And we're also cultivating young customers who will someday buy their own cameras and film. But more than that, we're cultivating alert, educated citizens. Who will someday be responsible for our society.

After all, our business depends on our society. So we care what happens to it.



Kodak
More than a business.

The ultimate trip



Cardinal photo by James Korgor

(continued from page 1)

Cardinal: How could someone mistakenly decide to hurt other people, as in Vietnam?

Disciple: I am not telling anything about the Vietnam War. I am simply concerned with myself... (snapping his fingers) ... Have song now.

That's the love they speak of, love of self through the Guru, or vice versa.

AFTER THE SONG, we quizzed the devotees. We found that continence is not required—"Guru Maharaj Ji does not tell you to do anything?"—but we asked if they had sex.

On love: "When I was a little girl I used to suck my thumb and I really dug it, but then I found something that was better. If you find something better than making love, why settle for less? Two bodies is such a limited thing! Our lord is very provocative—he's so attractive we can't keep away from him.

On work: "There's no such thing as work anymore." On the Problem: "You (people) are out to know everything, to do

could not explain it until the Disciple indicated that at a certain stage of a country's development it accepts the Knowledge." Perhaps that stage is when a work/scarcity ethic collides with a new leisure/consumption circumstance. Without values geared for abundance, one might relieve the anxiety of choice by turning to the Source, the Guru. He is the archetypal Good 'n Plenty of the Universe, while his mother is Goddess of Nature. Mr. Marx, meet Mr. Jung. Like a good parent, the Guru is merciful, all-providing, and permissive. The final and necessary twist is that if you turn to him away from the things you hunger for, you will be completely satisfied. The Droplet who used to suck her thumb has not changed very much, still getting her narcissistic gratification and libidinal thrill.

Add to this cultural collision the anonymity of modern society, shattered primary relationships, and philosophical doubt, and you have enough "future shock" to run all the lemmings into the dim Ocean.

ONE DROPLET shuffled up, and after prostrating herself before the empty chair, explained with passionate intensity how she

A WAVELET SPEAKS

I used to do dope for a few years and I used to deal it too, you know. I'd go out with a group of people in the woods and get high every day...you see, you see, you could only get so high. And you could only smoke so much and then you'd just freak out or come down.

...and then I found a girlfriend you know, and it was very very beautiful. But then you know, after a week or so, you know, it was really far out, but then there'd be a conflict between us—there'd be like my mind and her mind and different ways of doing things... it wasn't perfect.

We are always seeking happiness in a thing, in a person, a novel, or a government. But all those things have a beginning and an end. When people stop marching about Vietnam then they start marching about Ireland. Once that's done with, then they find something else to march about. But it's always something that has a beginning and an end. I wanted to find something which was completely satisfying, something infinite, beyond time you know, beyond time. And then I met the devotees of the Guru Maharaj Ji...

everything, to experience everything. But you'll never be able to do it. Because there are too many things."

More than gullibility, I was struck that afternoon by the insidious gluttony I sensed, but I

had found her Self by completely losing control over herself, how the tongue in her mouth was not really hers at all (and the rest of you, I wondered?), how she turned the light on in her closet, and finally, in parable, how you can

get anything you want by not wanting anything but Guru. (I thought, "am I being propositioned? Is this Alice's Restaurant?")

Cardinal: What was it like to meet the Guru?

Droplet: It was extinction.

A poster comes to mind; half an eye, a touch of forehead pierce through a cloud of spiritual mist. The sun explodes from behind. Maharaj Ji—head half blown away, disintegrates into its power. Mother Nature swallows you as you approach the Divine.

Harvey, you were right. So ignorant are they of history and political romanticism that they think Hitler, for instance, "appealed to people's minds. We don't do that."

IGNORANCE of history is an ignorance of politics, which nowadays is an ignorance of words. Politics and the English language go together. We know that fascism appeals to emotions, works by suggestion, requires Kamikaze ego-annihilation, and thrives on symbol.

My incorporated temptor told me that with his inner music he could go off singing to the concentration camp. I swore at him, but he said I was objecting to

words, which are "just trips."

I do not mean to beat the political drum too hard, but as they talked my third ear heard a different Harmony. A Droplet, with a T-group tone of voice, explained a ritual called sat-sang with... "tricks you. While we talk, and your mind is filled with words, sat-sang slips in underneath, and fills your heart." Goebbels a la Carl Rogers?

At last a shape moved its slow thighs and loped forward, settled down, and gave us a first-class spiritual autobiography. He had first tried smoking dope in the woods, then "had a woman" whom he found "not Perfect" after a week, and, finally shattered by the stunning news that "everything had a beginning and an end," found "this Thing."

I STEPPED outside and lit a cigarette. A bird circled somewhere overhead, and the branches of a bush swayed in the wind. My spectre incorporated (this time for real) behind me, and with a gaze blank and pitiless as the sun, said, "This is not an ego-trip, man. What we're really into is smashing egos."

I looked at the bush, and it did not burst into flame.

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Happiness is...stamp of a good post office

By DEBRA WEINER
of the Cardinal Staff

Sealed with a kiss? Not exactly. Post Office Supervisor Harold Foss prefers to call it the "Happiness Policy".

The University Ave. United States Post Office has its own stamp of friendliness. A smile, good-day wish, an emergency kit of paper, envelopes and string—even Dum Dum suckers for the screaming children who disturb mother or father and the postal chores—these are just a few of the featured attractions of the University Post Office, as conducted by post office clerks Harold Foss, Roy Temple and Larry Tonstad.

"OUR BASIC POLICY is to be friendly, or at least friendly 99.9 per cent of the time," explains Supervisor Foss recently. "It's

GRITTY BURGERS

Gritty Burgers are in the most exclusive club in the world...it has a membership of one

CAMPUS ASSISTANCE CENTER

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420 North Lake Street

simple. We just think of how we would like to be treated if we were on the other side of the counter."

Foss continued: "This to me is the place to work. You greet them, they smile."

Foss' enthusiasm is contagious. "It rubs off on us," says CLERK Roy Temple, six year veteran at the post office. "We like the kind of people we deal with—they're all interesting."

A black and white photograph of Harold Foss, a man with a receding hairline, wearing a suit and tie, smiling at the camera.

Cardinal photos by Bill Rogers

Even Larry Tonstad, the jester of the trio, who laughingly labels himself "the bad apple", agrees with the friendly policy—"mine or theirs?" "I try to be nice to everyone," he says. "After all, they haven't done anything to me yet."

This friendly policy reaps its rewards, explains Foss.

"Everyone is real friendly—'good morning, have a good day.' Even with our long lines, the customers are real patient."

THE HIGHEST ACCOLADE is the many Christmas greeting cards sent to the Post Office clerks from their satisfied patrons. "We even had foreign students back overseas drop us a note," adds Foss.

These men never complain, despite a forty-hour week, con-

These men never complain, despite a 40-hour week, constant activity, 4000 to 7000 customers a week. "There are lots of people and the day goes fast," says Foss. "Besides, nothing irritates us. If they come in with something wrong, it doesn't bug us. We'll just explain to them what should be done."

After all, comments Temple, "WE'RE HERE TO INSTRUCT PEOPLE IN THE BEST AND CHEAPEST WAYS TO DELIVER MAIL: HELP PEOPLE PREPARE FOR MAILING ALL OVER THE WORLD."

World. At the mere mention of that word a glow springs to their eyes, as they wholeheartedly agree that foreign mail is their favorite business. "When you see mail enroute to Africa and Asia," explains Foss, "it rolls in your mind—maybe I'd like to be going there." Besides providing material for daydreams, foreign mail is accompanied by foreign students, the "most interesting" customers, according to the three.

"I LIKE SEEING people from all over the world," says Temple. "You know, it doesn't matter where you come from, everyone is very similar."

Many people try to forget their work when home and at their leisure. But not everyone. For Foss and Tonstad, their work becomes their pleasure. They collect stamps. "Since I was twelve years old I've been collecting stamps," explains Foss. "A friend started me off. I used to collect foreign stamps, but now it's mostly U.S. stamps."

"Stamp collecting is educationally beneficial," comments Foss. "United States stamps help me history-wise, and foreign stamps help me geography-wise."

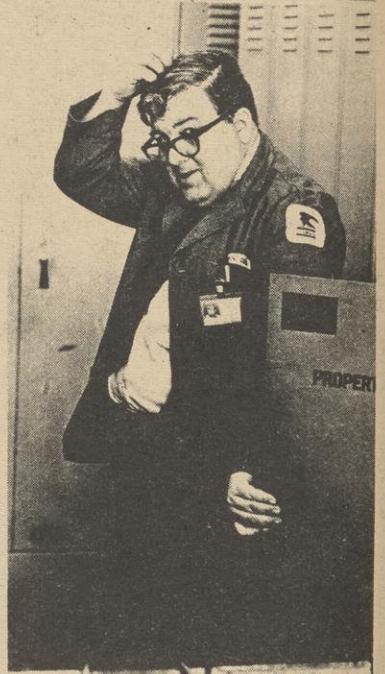
Employment with the post of-

fice has its benefits for the avid stamp collector. In addition to being the first to see the 18-20 new commemorative stamps issued every year, post office employees are on familiar territory at the stamp collector's trading post. "I trade stamps with many of my customers," says Foss. "A Filipino woman exchanges stamps sent her from friends at home for my United States stamps. It's terrific."

WHILE OTHERS may choose favorite colors, post office clerks choose favorite stamps. The Tom Sawyer stamp is the favorite of Temple and Tonstad. "Tom Sawyer is so well known all over the world that even all the foreign students know him" explains Temple. "It amazes me."

Supervisor Foss has a different pet, the Conservation stamp series. "Each year four new animal stamps are issued," elaborates Foss. "Last year they were the Fur Seal, the Brown Pelican, the Cardinal and the Bighorn Sheep. I think those were terrific."

But behind the portraits of jolly postmen lie other interests, as Foss whisperingly divulges his own love—trains. "I've always liked trains," he smiles. "I like to ride them, photograph them, and I even have my own model



railroad—four feet by eight feet, eight engines, seventy-five different cars. The superintendent of mail at the main post office and I take various little trips around the country.

"Planes bore me," notes Foss, "but trains take you through the backwoods, the country, the real country."

"I recommend postal work," says Harold Foss, with a nodded approval from Temple and Tonstad. "This to me is the place to work. Some people may crab, but I don't. The post office and I have had good relations."

News Briefs

RHYTHM AND BLUES CLUB

Beginning Tuesday, Feb. 13, and continuing throughout the semester, the Rhythm and Blues Club (formerly the Free University History of Rock 'N' Roll) will hold a weekly course on "post-WWII Rhythm and Blues styles." Through discussion and taped music the course will trace the evolution of Jump Band Blues, Bar Blues, Gospel, etc. into the Rhythm and Blues and Rock 'N' Roll styles of the 50's and 60's. Particular attention will be given to those styles and performers who are most responsible for the sound of Rock and Soul today. Meetings will be Tuesday evenings at 8 in the Paul Bunyan Room of the Union.

MIWU: from Shish Kebab to Sheraton

By DAVE KIMBALL

It is typical that the only time I have seen Jacki Young without a picket sign was for this interview. The first time I spoke with her, in August, she was spending eight hours every day on the Wisconsin Supply Corporation picket line helping to keep the Teamsters together. Ever since then, wherever there is a strike, there is Jacki.

As the secretary-treasurer of the Madison Independent Workers Union (MIWU), she may well be in the process of showing the big labor "leaders" that leading a union may require more than just pocketing rank and file worker's dues. The MIWU has certainly had its share of success considering its tender age of ten months; in that time the union has weathered four major strikes, and won three of them. From Steak and Shishabob (now the Athens restaurant) through Lum's, Spudnuts, Luigi's, and now the beginnings of Local #5 at the Sheraton Hotel, the MIWU has been exemplary in rank and file control, militance and in the contracts the union has won.

"When George Meany is subject to immediate recall", she grins, "then we'll have a powerful worker's movement". In spite of the enormous obstacles placed in the way of the union, Jacki seems confident that the day will come, and that her union will contribute to speeding it.

Cardinal: Jacki, how did you join the Madison Independent Worker's Union?

Jacki: I wasn't in the town when Local #1 started at Steak and Shish-kabob (now the Athens restaurant), but right after that, workers at Lum's started getting together. I was working there for seven months and it was really oppressive. Management was always around, they were only paying \$1.25 an hour, they would

call us in for waitress meetings and not pay us, they could call us on the spur of the moment and make us work, and so on.

We demanded recognition on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, which is Lum's biggest day. We had to strike for recognition, but we were recognized after seven hours. We went back to work and started negotiating. After the manager's lawyer had refused to meet with us, they had threatened us, refused to let the new workers that had been hired talk to the union—that is, after they had broken nearly every law possible in trying to smash us, we filed unfair labor practice charges against the owner of Lum's and went out on strike. Finally, he shut down and lost his franchise. We negotiated a settlement through the Wisconsin Employment Relations Commission (WERC), giving us severance pay, and giving workers a letter stating that he had shut down voluntarily, not because of the strike, so that we would be able to collect unemployment compensation.

Could you explain the "human rights" clauses you have in some of your contracts?

They say essentially, that we can take any economic or legal recourse that we deem necessary if management insists in treating us as less than human. If management keeps harassing our people—that is grounds for striking. What a human rights clause does is it turns the law around by giving us the benefit of the doubt first, instead of management.

Would you explain how MIWU Local #3 at Spudnuts came to the decision to boycott lettuce that is not from the United Farmworkers?

The union made a political decision to support the lettuce boycott. At Spudnuts, what we have in our contract is a "hot

cargo agreement." It says that our people do not have to handle struck products.

When Spudnuts started getting Teamster lettuce, our people didn't touch it. We called up management and told them the lettuce would rot in their icebox because we weren't going to serve it. So management did everything

are a top-heavy union in which rank and file do not participate.

In a small business we thought that it was much better to have our own independent union at this point in order to have control over our contracts, and to have negotiations open to everybody, to let the workers decide what they want in their contract. We wanted

whereas the workers are willing to go out on strike.

Do you see that keeping the small, say within Madison, will solve the problem of it getting "top-heavy" and not meeting the workers' needs?

We don't necessarily have a strategy of keeping it small, nor are we necessarily just a restaurant worker's union. We want to cross industries, if possible. At this point we're small, but we're organizing the Sheraton Hotel. If we win that we'll be a much stronger union.

If MIWU were as large as the RWU, would there still be some political difference that would make MIWU still more responsive to the rank and file?

I hope so. You're essentially saying that size equals bureaucracy and that's pretty depressing if that's a fact. But I don't necessarily think that's going to follow. We hope to set up a steward's council, as the stewards know how to negotiate all the contracts, I don't want to have to do it for them. There are certain laws that I know and most stewards don't know, but even though there has to be some organization, the stewards can learn to negotiate contracts, file charges, handle grievance procedures, etc. Most of the union work can be done from the worker's own locals.

Do you have any other political differences with the Restaurant Workers Union?

Personally, I don't completely agree with industrial unions. I think that people should stop organizing along industrial lines and start organizing the whole working class. For example, the Teamsters have jurisdiction over cannery workers and truckers, that's why they're not organizing restaurants. That sort of thing really splits up the working class, when people are fighting only for

(continued on page 10)



JACKIE YOUNG

in their power to get UFW lettuce and we have that now. The wholesaler, Sweet's, fucked up and delivered Teamster lettuce once—it rotted.

Why did the Madison Independent Workers Union form independently of the Restaurant Workers Union of the AFL-CIO?

I would say the reason that MIWU was founded was as an alternative to the Restaurant Workers Union. First of all, they don't do much organizing; they

to take direct action to strike, but the restaurant workers would probably want to have an election. In these kinds of businesses, it is much harder to have an election. You have to file for it, they can keep you caught up in court for a couple of months, and by that time half the people who are pro-union will be gone, the workforce is so transient. Management can put a lot of pressure on pro-union people to quit, so it would be impossible to stick it out until the election.

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LOOK, GERTSCH, GEZE, ROSEMOUNT

SCOTT & K2 POLES

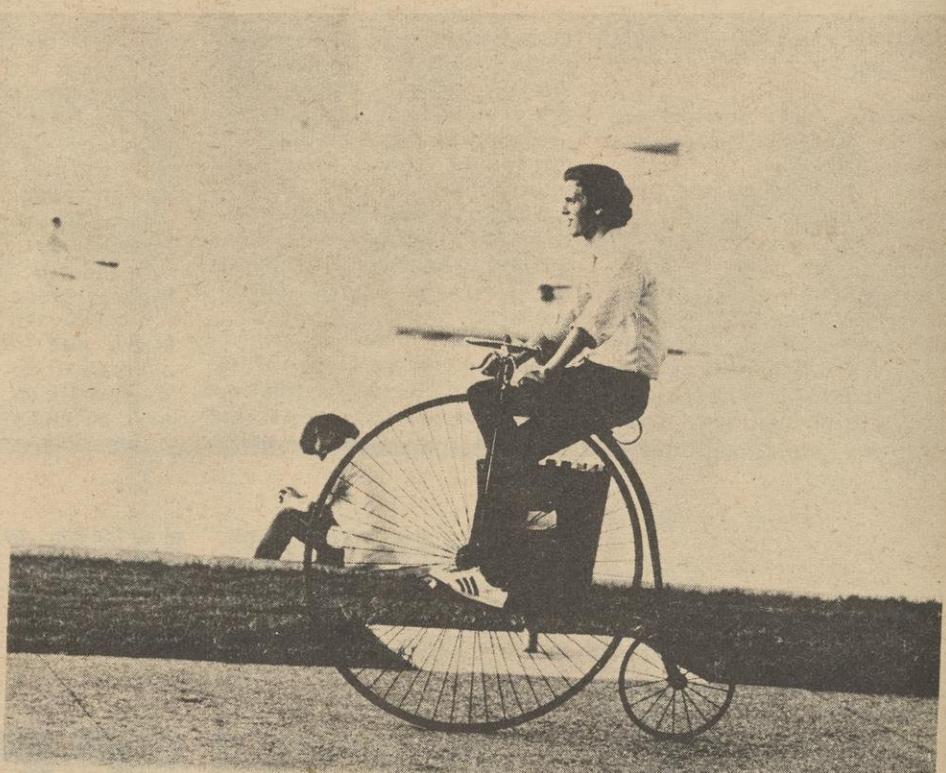


ski/cycle

328 west gorham (just off state)

256-4383

Large Inventory of Bikes Available at Last Year's Prices



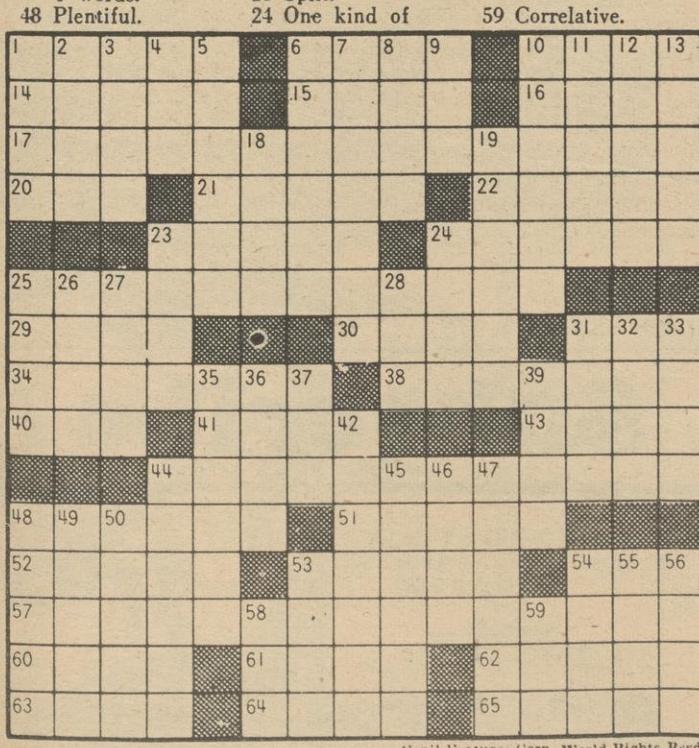
photos by Leo Theinert



THE CARDINAL'S "NO COMMENT" AWARD of the week goes to this poster in the Rennebohm's on Park and University. Hallmark (when you care enough to send the very best) is selling (we suppose) patches which include a burning match, and "Try it, you'll like it," along with the peace symbol—always a quick mover.

ACROSS

1	Accomplish	51	Dugout.										
2	much: 2 words.	52	Equally.										
3	Washington	53	Variety acts.										
4	operator.	54	Asbestos: Abbr.										
5	Church part.	55	Turns over										
6	"— for the	56	control: 4 words.										
7	gods.": 2 words.	57	Make equal.										
8	Swiss peak.	58	Industrial										
9	Part of R.S.V.P.	59	diamond.										
10	Act affectedly:	60	Reminders.										
11	3 words.	61	Lairs.										
12	Honor card.	62	See 45 Down.										
13	Compact.	63	Mature.										
14	Fencing move.	64	Empty-headed:										
15	Respond.	65	Slang.										
16	City on the Loire.	66	Of poetry.										
17	Falls for:	67	Tea time.										
18	3 words.	68	Ibsen girl.										
19	Straw in the	69	Aegean island.										
20	wind.	70	One kind of coat.										
21	Brace.	71	Faux pas.										
22	Fraternity letter.	72	Askew.										
23	Is prone: 2	73	Nothing.										
24	words.	74	Begone!										
25	Loser.	75	Cape.										
26	Common suffix.	76	Rise suddenly.										
27	Dwell on	77	Letters.										
28	tediously.	78	Uncluttered.										
29	Kind of egg.	79	Aptitudes.										
30	Become enamored:	80	Split.										
31	4 words.	81	One kind of										
32	Plentiful.	82	polish.										
33		83	Carry: Colloq.										
34		84	Prayer's end.										
35		85	Where Canterbury is.										
36		86	Turns over										
37		87	control: 4 words.										
38		88	Rural sound.										
39		89	Quarry.										
40		90	Poetic verb.										
41		91	Preposition.										
42		92	Wall Street										
43		93	valuables.										
44		94	Acquire.										
45		95	Cinnabar.										
46		96	As soon as.										
47		97	Football team.										
48		98	Substitutes for										
49		99	currency.										
50		100	— middling:										
51		101	2 words.										
52		102	bellum.										
53		103	Prying into.										
54		104	Measured.										
55		105	Sprightly.										
56		106	Animate.										
57		107	Chase away.										
58		108	Concerning:										
59		109	3 words.										
60		110	Agitation:										
61		111	Colloq.										
62		112	Superior seaman.										
63		113	Tablespoons:										
64		114	Abbr.										
65		115	59	115	59	115	59	115	59	115	59	115	59



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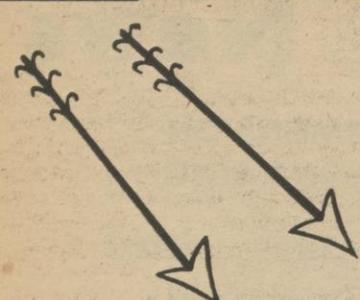
Solution on p. 11

SOGLIN AT SELLERY
Paul Soglin, candidate for Mayor will speak in the Sellery Hall music lounge Monday, Feb. 12 from 7:00 to 8:00 p.m. for additional information call Harry T. Judd, Central Madison Political Caucus, 251-4361.

JUNIOR WOMEN

Any Junior Woman with a 3.2 or better interested in applying for The Honor Society of Mortar Board should pick up a form at the Dean of Student Affairs in 121 Bascom and then return it by February 20th.

Monday, February 12, 1973</



TEAM ELECTRONICS

proudly announces its

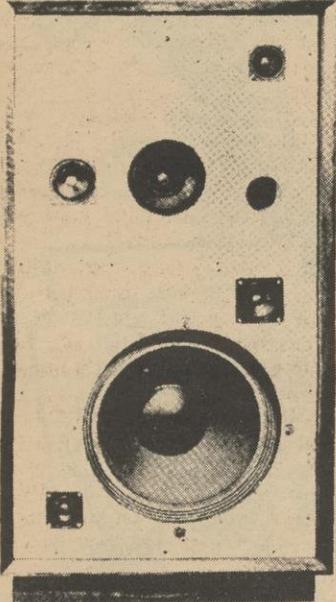


St. Valentine's Day MASSACRE

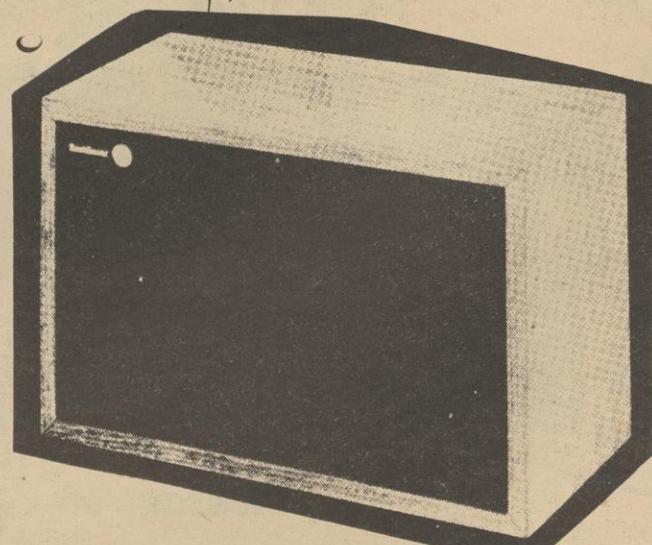
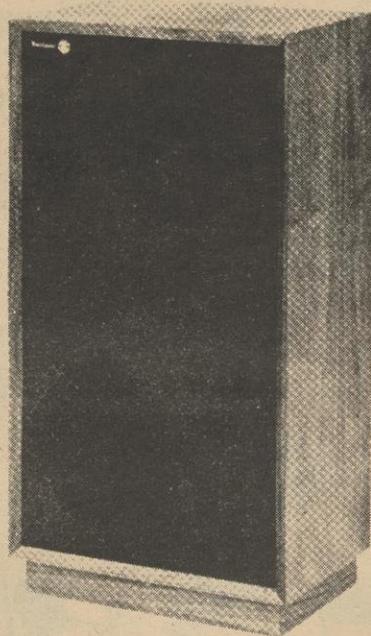
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WED. — FEB. 14 — 8:57 - 11:03 P.M.
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high noon

By KEITH DAVIS

The conflict between Paul Soglin and Gene Parks lingers in the air. In its own way it is a testament to the problem which has plagued the left—whatever that means in urban politics—in Madison since Paul was first elected in 1968. The problem is that you can't have radical politics of individualism, radicalism implies in itself a movement, the Movement. But radical politics has been around Madison so long (1959 was the starting date of Studies on the Left, mother/father of us all ultimately) that for a long time all there was, was individuals. There were radical individuals long before there was a movement. Only the organizing tide of SDS and the anti-war organizations in the mid-sixties helped overcome this.

But while opposition to the war, and the magnetic cohesion of SDS and other groups, was widespread, the involvement of Madison radicals in city politics is something shared even now by few other communities and no national organizations. Moreover, involvement in city politics began for radicals in much the same way that involvement with the movement itself began nearly eight years before: as an enterprise by small numbers of pioneering individuals who saw such work as necessary. It was no mass movement that sprung up overnight—or has sprung up since.

WHILE MANY more people are involved in city politics than at any time before, and most of them through specific organizations with concrete programs such as the Wisconsin Alliance and the Central Madison Political Caucus, it has also never been more apparent that the individual style still governs the political options in the downtown area.

All of this doesn't explain why Soglin and Parks are having spats in public, but it explains the atmosphere which makes it possible to continue, and drags everyone else along with it.

The way it was all explained to me (originally), Gene felt Paul was losing ground by schlepping around in back rooms trying to fix up the perfect candidacy before he came out front (this was getting into late December already). Gene was right, someone from central Madison had to be out front; especially from central Madison it is necessary to start early. The meaningful support a candidate attracts—what puts him over the top—comes after he's gone out and pounded on a few doors and generally come out front with his candidacy. Look at McGovern.

So Gene decided he would get out front. This was logical mistake number one, i.e. logical, but a mistake. As it was explained to me, Gene was going to sort of half-announce as a means of getting someone from downtown Madison garnering support. But of course, you don't announce and say, "Well, I'm a stand-in for Ald. Soglin, see, because he's sort of shy . . ." Gene's idea was that Paul and he would sit down, Dec. 27 and decide which one of them had gotten the most support ad interim. If the first mistake was Paul's the second was predictable fate. There was no way, repeat, no way, that you can just sit down and do that, especially if the two people dealing with each other aren't responsible to much more than their own view of things (the much glorified independent style of American mythology), and especially if they are political pioneers who still act like pioneers about surrendering their "independence."

AND THEN, somewhere along the way, Paul said something about how he "expected" Parks to drop out in his favor. Well, for various reasons, the Dec. 27 meeting didn't happen; a later meeting, arranged through the good offices of a couple of other alderpersons, didn't work out too well either. Not unnaturally, Parks had gotten committed to his own race for mayor.

Technically, the split represents something of an absurdity. Unfortunately, when the absurd becomes the real, it is time to step back and ask some questions. We are now told there is no rift. If there is no rift, and if Gene was talking up Paul's candidacy for two months after the November elections, and if his own announcement was conceived simply to goose Paul along, the Parks' endorsement of Stewart is meaningless, despite the rhetoric surrounding it.

Well, we can analyze forever the splits, and their inevitability based on structural considerations. I could just as easily have written this column when I found out what Gene was going to do. Of course, it might have turned out all right, and that's what we all held our breath and hoped for.

But here we are. What is crucial is that Paul is running now, and he is running on a platform that is much more involved with the problems of central Madison than anyone else's—although he is by no means limited to that. It is on his campaign that the future of a real alternative politics in Madison rests, no one else's.

Cardinal regurgitations

March 17, 1923

STUDENTS REINSTATED ON
OPIUM GUM THEFT CHARGES

Investigation into the disappearance of a quantity of opium gum used in Marquette dental school laboratories ended early this week when Dr. H. L. Banzhaf, dean of the school and business manager of the university, issued a statement reinstating the 80 students suspended since Monday.

Feb. 10, 1948

BADGER BEAUTIES WIN

FREE COURSE IN CHARM

Wisconsin's Badger Beauties—selected on the basis of charm and poise as well as beauty—are due to become even more charming and poised, it seems.

As a result of their honor all six beauties have been awarded free courses by the Patricia Stephens Modeling School of Chicago and Milwaukee. Along with Queen Eugenia Tuhtar, the Beauties have also been given a free dancing course at the Madison studios of Arthur Murray.

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263-2400

Going down slowly

By DAVID ZURAWIK

It was wet; a windy, cold, and leaf-sopped pavement wet. At five-thirty it was already dark—dark the way only an evening in dead November, right after the switch from daylight savings time, can be dark. "Daylight savings time?" It's as if the human spirit, aching to the bones with the chill rains of late fall, gives up trying to control nature, turns the clocks back, and cowers into hibernation for the winter.

It was that kind of night. The kind of night that only a true duck hunter would find promising. Sliding a pair of slippers feet up onto a hassock, trying to snap a soggy newspaper open with some authority, he might stop for a moment and mumble to his long-haired, teen-age son (basking in the splotchy warmth of a 69" color TV set), "You ought to go with us tomorrow, Timmy. If this weather holds, they'll be flyin' low and there'll be a lot of shooting."

Timmy might or might not hear him; but there's not much chance he'll be going, either way. Why should he? The vicarious is good enough for him; besides, it's safe, and warm, and... If he does hear, he might wonder (at least during the less interesting commercials) about his old man's brains for freezing under some canvas, in the rain, waiting for a bird to stumble into his shotgun. The father will probably wonder, too, wonder about the kind of son he's raising, who doesn't enjoy challenges, competition, the victory, the kill. Maybe that's the kind of night it was: a night for wondering.

I was wondering.

Sitting in that damp, crumbly, "room number two" of The Collier Hotel (Rochelle, Illinois), I was wondering, "What he hell this two-time (1963, 1971) 'King of the Hoboes,' sitting across the bed from me, was holed up in this dump for?" He was supposed to be in California, Florida, or the southwest, soaking up the sun, laughing at all of us "robots, going from home to the office, and back, fighting the cold weather, and..."

And here he was: Richard Wilson, "The Pennsylvania Kid," 66 years old and on the road since the eighth grade, sitting on the edge of a debilitated, army-blanketed brass-posted double bed, shivering in the harsh glare of a naked lightbulb hanging off-center from the ceiling and telling his story of 50 years of hoboeing for fifty years to someone crazy enough to be there with him on this cheerless Friday night.

He appeared weak, and his blueish, tubercular-looking hand trembled a little when he stopped massaging the gray stubble about his throat and pulled from under the pillow an August 29th, 1965 copy of "The Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Gazette." He opened it carefully and spread it out on the bed between us. It was a Sunday feature piece about himself, complete with a five by six picture of "The Hobo King."

I realized how weak he really was when I glanced from the picture back into those flat, rheumy eyes drowning in that sunken face across the bed.

In the picture, those eyes sparkled

mysteriously skyward the way the eyes of all travelers seem to, and the leathery, tanned face rose up from a lush, spectacular growth of a beard radiating all the strength of adventure. His portrait was crowned by a large brimmed Western hat, battered to the point of dignity, festooned with trinkets, buttons, beads, and feathers. "I'm one of the good guys," one button insisted. Others read like a travelogue—Dan Patch Days in Savage, Minn.; the Firemen's Rodeo, San Jose, Calif. Thick clumps of curly brown hair poked out from under the hat.

But, now the hat was missing and so was much of the hair. The face was still deeply lined and hinted of strength, perhaps; or

bushy tree is best."

If he can't find a suitable tree, Pennsylvania sleeps "in boxcars, under bridges, in empty houses, or inside a culvert. Culverts is best. You build a fire at one end and curl up at the other, and pretty soon you're as warm as a bug in the rug."

He finishes a tale about a skunk visiting one of his culvertbeds, and starts to really cheer up. At the mention of "the depression," he's up from the bed and pacing around the dusty, practically furnitureless room.

"That was the time for hoboein'. Why I can remember when the hobo jungles were full. I've seen 20 to 30 men in one jungle;

trying to find the secret of life. Me, I found it when I was thirty-two. That's when I started enjoying life. Found out I could talk pretty durn good, too. Wish I'd a known that before I started hoboing. I coulda really make something of myself. Might even been a doctor or lawyer—maybe even a preacher."

"But, the secret of life! What d'ya mean?"

"I read all them intellectuals—Lincoln, Socrates, Plato. I even read the autobiography (sic) of Benjamin Franklin. You read them fellers, sleep under trees, and you learn the secret of life."

I looked around the room. The only book was a Gideon Bible, lying on the paint-smeared bureau.

He saw my eyes, reached under the bed, and produced a beatout cardboard suitcase, held together by a canvas belt. He opened it, whipped out a dog-eared copy of Carnegie's How to Win Friends and Influence People, and smiled proudly despite a toothless void.

He must have read Carnegie's book, because no sooner had he produced it, than he had me talking excitedly about how I wanted to ride with some of the old hoboies, and maybe try to write a book, and...

"Listen," I assured him I was really serious. "I mean I'm not married or anything... Hey, that's something I wanted to ask you. Were you ever married?"

It must have been the wrong question. He said nothing. I was once again aware of the weather, the lumps of rain thumping against the grimy windowpane.

Finally, a quiet "no."

I knew I'd be leaving soon, so asked the question that'd been bothering from the start: "Listen Pennsylvania, what are you doing up here at this time of year, anyway? I mean shouldn't you be down south or somewhere?"

The rain got louder. Finally, he spoke. I don't know why the hell I should tell you this, but I might as well tell somebody.

He stood up, went to the window, and stared out at the one, pink, neon light that said "Collier—Vacancies."

"When you're young, you think you'll always be young. You think you can keep going, always—you'll always be able to follow that rainbow. Then age begins to creep into your bones, and it's not so much fun anymore."

"Ya, I had a woman wanted me ta marry her. A real good woman. Ran a boarding house in Council Bluffs. Used ta spend a lotta time there. Thought of settlin' down one of these days, too. Maybe run a hobby shop or raise some chickens on a small acreage. Ya know?"

"Always stopped there before heading south. I stopped there a couple weeks ago; found out she's dead. I just didn't have the strength. Friend of mine owns this place. Gives me credit. I'll be alright, but it just makes ya stop and wonder..."

It was the kind of night that made you wonder. It was the kind of night in which a poet once heard, "the white song of wild geese—prayers to an absent moon for a little warmth," and wondered, "why must an old goose have dreams of its first nest when the wings be too weak to make the trip?"



Cardinal photos by Leo Theinert

maybe, it was just weather-beaten from one too many walks down the tracks into the teeth of a hostile west wind.

He pushed up the sleeves of his worn union undershirt, and started back into his tale. "You can see from the picture that I'm the real thing. Hell, I'm the real king—been everywhere and seen everything there is to see in these United States."

"Ya know, I wouldn't trade anything for what I've learned on the road. You can understand human nature so much better by traveling' and sleeping' outside."

I thought about the wind-driven drizzle outside the window.

"Sleeping outside is the greatest thing. They say if you sleep under a tree you draw strength from it. I believe that, because I've done it and felt better the next day. A big,

as many as sixty men jammed into an open boxcar. That was in the thirties. Girls ridin', too, at that time."

But, most of his colleagues are gone now, he says, starting to sit down, again. The faster moving trains are tougher to catch, and the "girls" have long since stopped riding.

"In fact," he elaborates, "it started tailin' off from the forties on. A hobo rides pretty much alone; especially a guy like me. I'm not a drinking man, don't even smoke so I pick my company carefully."

Not that ther's much to pick from, today: "Hell, there 'ain't more than a hundred hoboies, no more."

"What is a hobo as far as you're concerned?"

"I'd say a hobo's someone rides trains

Cardinal staff meeting Sunday

7:30 Memorial Union.

THE LIVING GRATEFUL DEAD

In Concert
Thurs., Feb. 15
7:30 p.m.
All seats general admission
\$4.00 In Advance
\$5.00 At The Door
TICKET AVAILABLE AT TICKET CENTER AND W.S.A. STORE
No checks accepted on day of show

DANE COUNTY COLISEUM

The University Theatre

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Moliere's comedy

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES

Feb. 15-17; 22-24—8:00 P.M.

In the New Thrust Stage Theatre — Vilas Hall

All Seats Reserved — \$2.50

On Sale Now at the Vilas Hall Box Office

Hours: 11:30 — 3:30 Mondays through Fridays

Phone 262-1500 for reservations



The Daily Cardinal Action

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Convenient, reasonable & comfortable

MEN & WOMEN

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All new Bldg.
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—xxx

3 BDRM. APT. 500 blk. of W. Dayton 2 bdrm. apt. 1010 E. Gorham. 255-6595. —xxx

LOW-COST UNFURNISHED housing, northeast side. Near to shopping center, branch library, and two bus lines. Families only; sorry no singles. Application required. 1 bdrm: \$86-97; 2 bdrms: \$101-\$115. (no utilities incl.) 1 yr. lease, no pets. 1925 Northport Dr. #5B. 249-9281. —xxx

CAMPUS—SPACIOUS singles (men 21 & over) 238-2434, 274-0114, 251-4191 anytime. —xxx

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1970 LOTUS-EUROPA. \$3,000 or best offer. 271-4847 eves. 3x13

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THE COMMUNITY RAP CENTER INC. If you have a problem and want to talk about it you can call 257-3522 or come to 923 Spring St. 8 p.m. to infinite. —xxx

NEW YORK TIMES—Sunday delivery. 233-5645. Order paper by house. —10x14

RUSH PASSPORTS Photos. Taken by noon ready by 3 p.m. 2 @ \$4.00, 1517 Monroe St. Near Fieldhouse, free parking. 238-1381. —xxx

LSD? COCAINE? MDA? Questions on drugs or just want to rap? DRUG INFO CENTER. Librarian and drug specialists available, hours: 10:00 a.m. to 10:00 pm. weekdays. 420 N. Lake Street 263-1737. —J30

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1970 LOTUS-EUROPA. \$3,000 or best offer. 271-4847 eves. 3x13

'69 OPEL Standard. \$700. 221-1893. —10x22

HELPWANTED

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Jackie Young

(continued from page 3)

their own needs and not for the needs of the class as a whole. That's why you find unions like the Building and Construction Trades Council, that are extremely reactionary, down at Wisconsin Supply Corp. working while the Teamster are outside striking. It's the same problem with some Teamster drivers. Although they may not cross picket lines themselves, many locals will give their trucks to scabs to drive across a picket line.

The important thing to do is to get the existing leadership in unions out and political leadership in—leadership that understands the relations between the various classes in the United States.

One very important way that workers have tried to influence industrial unions is through "radical caucuses". For example, in Detroit auto plants, black workers formed radical groups such as DRUM (Dodge

Revolutionary Union Movement) to try to influence the UAW. Don't you think that political leadership can be brought into unions that way?

The problem with radical caucuses is that they've not necessarily been radical. I'm not necessarily for an independent union. But at this point in history it seems necessary to form an independent union that can take strong political stands on various issues. Once we pose a threat to large unions then maybe they'll start thinking about what they're doing. When people at, say, the Sheraton Hotel are going to go for an independent union, then they'll change their ways. When labor leaders are subject to immediate recall, as long as there's criticism self-criticism going on within the union, then we won't need any independent unions—then we can stomp out any bureaucratic tendencies that might develop.

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Requiem for a Sheboygan lightweight

By PAT SLATTERY

It ended almost before it began. A few swift blows and it was so decisively over.

For a year Mike Druml had trained with spartan discipline to enter the Golden Gloves boxing tournament held last week in Milwaukee.

BUT ALMOST immediately after the sound of the bell the crowd could sense the outcome. The inexperienced lamb was heading into the den of a hungry lion.

After a few brief flurries Druml hit the canvas, his initial fall mostly due to some clumsy footwork. His adversary's second blow struck him in the adam's apple, leaving him gasping for breath. Another trip down and after 1:51 the referee mercifully stopped the slaughter. Victory had escaped the grasp of the frustrated Golden Glover once again.

Mike Druml is no stranger to defeat. For the last three years he has entered the Golden Gloves and met the same fate — technical knockouts. The high point of his career occurred last year when he lasted into the third round before the referee stopped the bout.

Physically there are few men who look more like boxers than Druml. His biceps bulge like giant

sweet potatoes, and his physique would do justice for a Charles Atlas body builder commercial.

HIS PHYSICAL attributes are due to a training schedule that even Sen. Bill Proxmire would have trouble matching. Three times per week Druml runs eight miles. He follows his jaunts with 200 pushups and an equal number of situps.

Those unbelievable workouts are his idea of a good time. "Kinda makes you feel good all over after you're finished," he says.

The reason that Druml has been beaten so soundly in the ring is coaching — or lack of it. The last opponent he faced had 20 sanctioned bouts under his belt, plus a knowledgeable coach and a regular sparring partner.

DRUML'S BOXING theories came from reading "The Autobiography of Muhammed Ali." His sparring partners are four former high school classmates who also act as his coaches.

Although he doesn't relish his lifetime record of 0-3, Druml takes a good deal of pride in his purely amateur status. At the Golden Gloves he was the only boxer who wasn't affiliated with a boxing club.

While other entrants wore fancy boxing boots with tassles and silk

robes, Druml made his grand entree into the ring in ragged tennis shoes and a terry cloth bathrobe that his wife Sue has sewed for him. He looked like he should have been stepping out of a shower rather than stepping into a ring.

TODAY BOXING has become a sport almost entirely dominate by big city blacks and Latins. How then did Druml, whose youth was spent in Sheboygan, ever become interested in boxing?

"I always thought that it looked like fun so one day I decided to give it a try," he explains. "I used to think that if you were in great physical shape you could win. But considering the results of my fights I have to change my mind."

"Training is enjoyable but there's nothing that can compare with the feeling you get just before entering the ring," he continues. "It's just you against the other boxer, one against one. There's so much fear in your heart, but the idea of going out in the ring and conquering that feeling intrigues me."

ALTHOUGH HIS ventures into the ring are admirable, there is another side to Mike Druml's life that is more significant. He is a fulltime employee of Central Colony in Madison. He is totally dedicated to his work with institutionalized children who are so

meetings, starting Feb. 14 at 8 p.m. at the Unitarian Church, 900 University Bay Drive. Instructors for these courses are Mrs. Irmgard Bittar, 301 Ozark Trail, who is also the director of the Madison Recorder Consort. Call 231-1623 for further information.

retarded that about the only thing they can do with assistance is breathe.

As of now Druml says his boxing days are over. "Three straight defeats is enough to discourage anybody," he says. Nonetheless he still is planning on running all those miles and doing those

hundreds and hundreds of pushups and situps.

And his athletic goals don't end there.

"HEY YOU GUYS," he said to a group of friends after coming out of the locker room after his defeat, "Who knows anything about that marathon race in Boston?"

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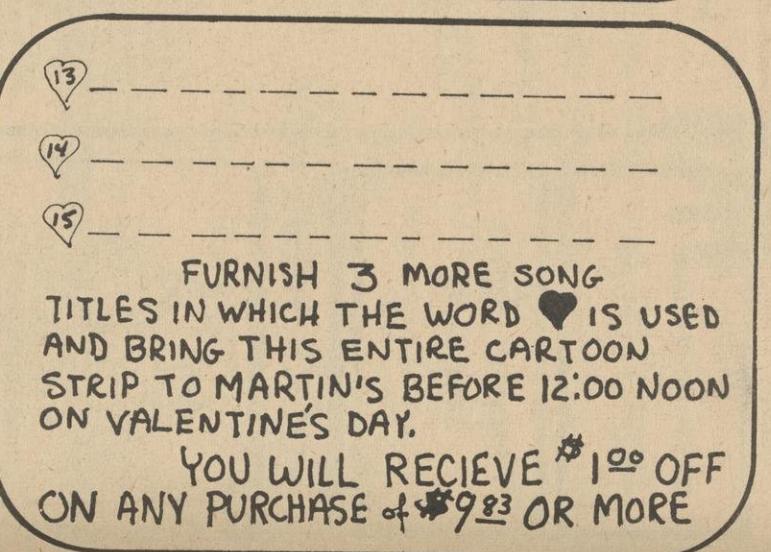
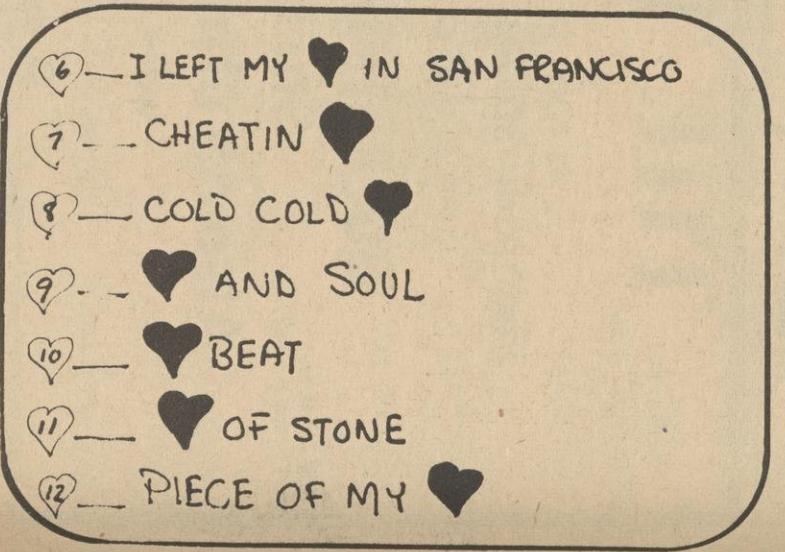
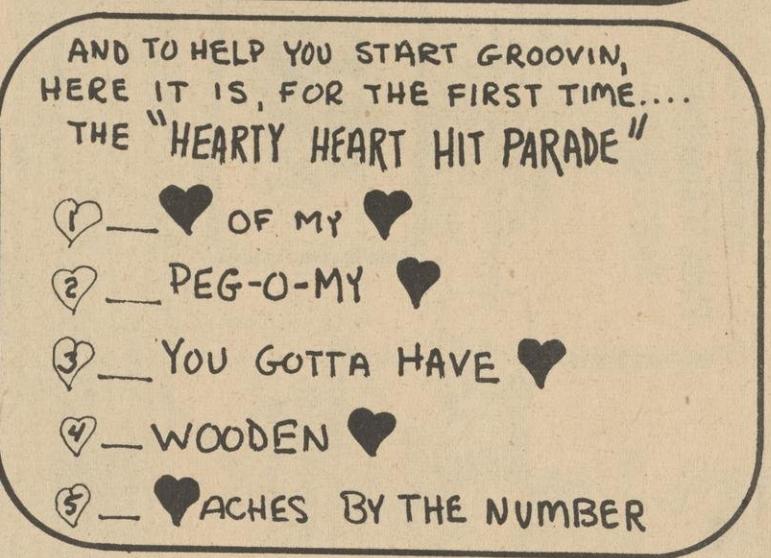
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