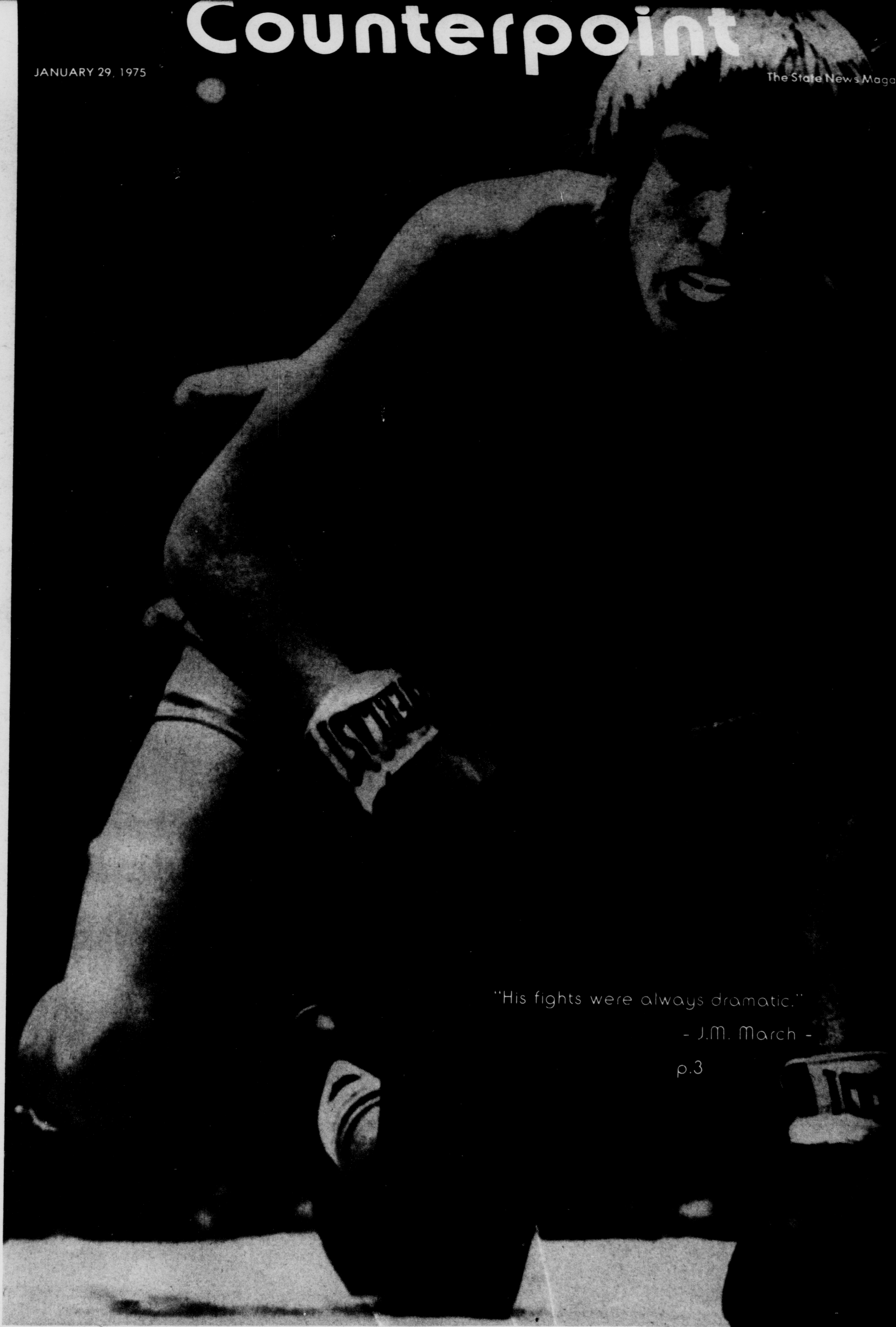


Counterpoint

JANUARY 29, 1975

The State News Magazine



"His fights were always dramatic."

- J.M. March -

p.3

Yowser, yowser it's only a dime

By Pat Farnan
State News Staff Writer
A dime.

That celebrated, shiny slug with embossed bust of FDR, just doesn't stretch like it used to.

Chocolate drumsticks, Marvel comic books, a bag of mixed nuts, ah yes, for just one thin dime. But no longer. The days are gone when a dime was worth its weight in goods.

Perhaps the dime has been desecrated to the extent that its chief value is one of practicality. A fuse substitute, something to draw circles around, one ante in a blackjack game.

Sure, dollar devaluation has a rippling effect on countries all over the world. But for impecunious collegians, hobos and kids, "dime devaluation" has the greater impact of the two.

When Mickey Mantle was a kid, a dime allowance was fine. But Jerry Ford's daughter Susan finds her \$20 allotment only adequate.

Despite abuse, gradual debasing, and ridicule, the dime, topic of poem and song, has maintained a personality all

its own. And take heart, folks, it's still worth ten of its Lincoln counterparts.

A dime can give one the pleasure of a telephone call. Hear me again. One thin dime can put you on a line to Jackman, Maine; Rifle, Colorado, or Rosebush, Michigan.

On the weekend, a dime will get you a bus ticket to Meridian Mall, Dunkin' Donuts or Berkey Hall. Just a dime, one thin dime.

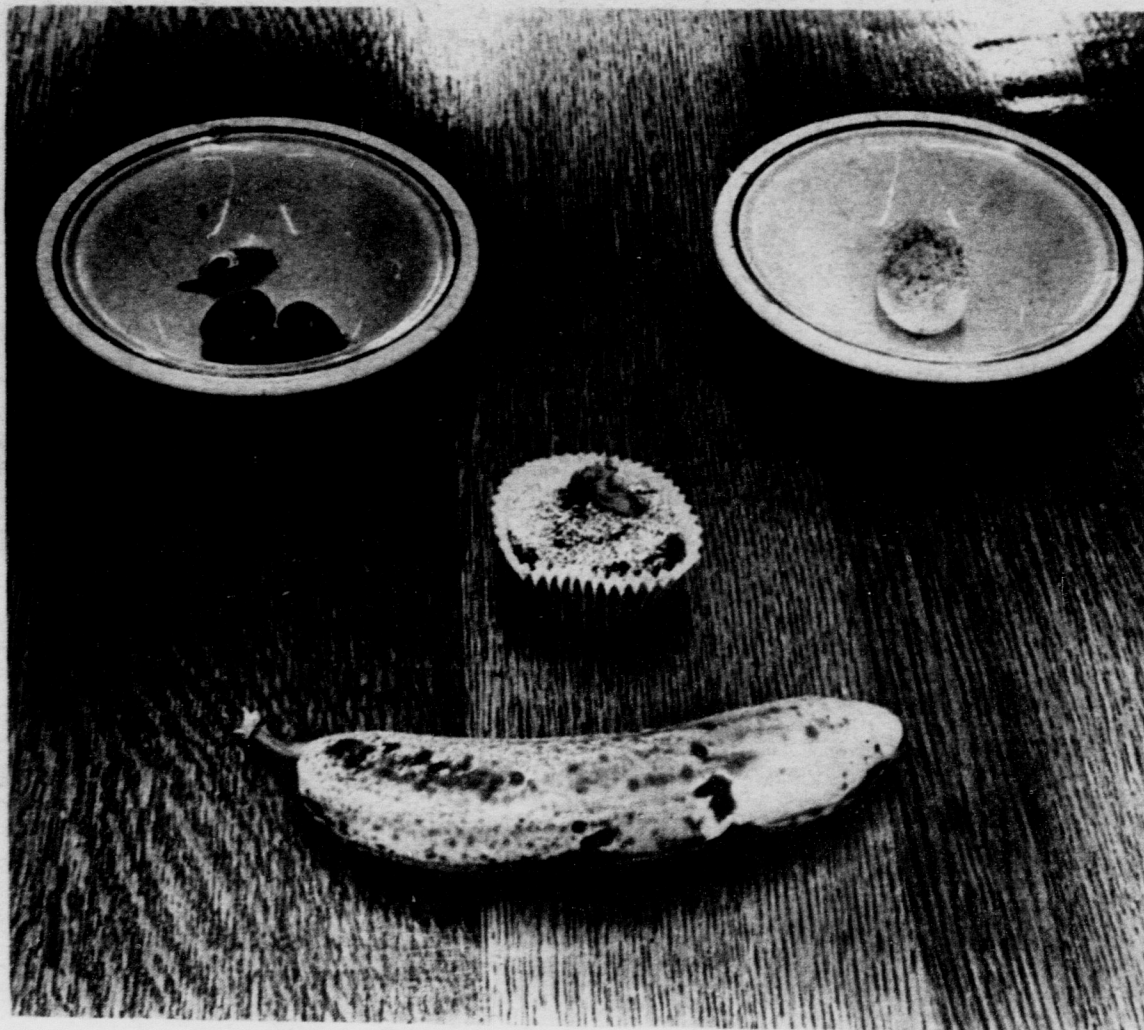
And a dime can fill your hollow stomach.

For 10 cents, a pencil to gnaw (spit out the lead), Bazooka Joe bubblegum to chew or a packet of Kung-Fu "action cards" to trade for another dime.

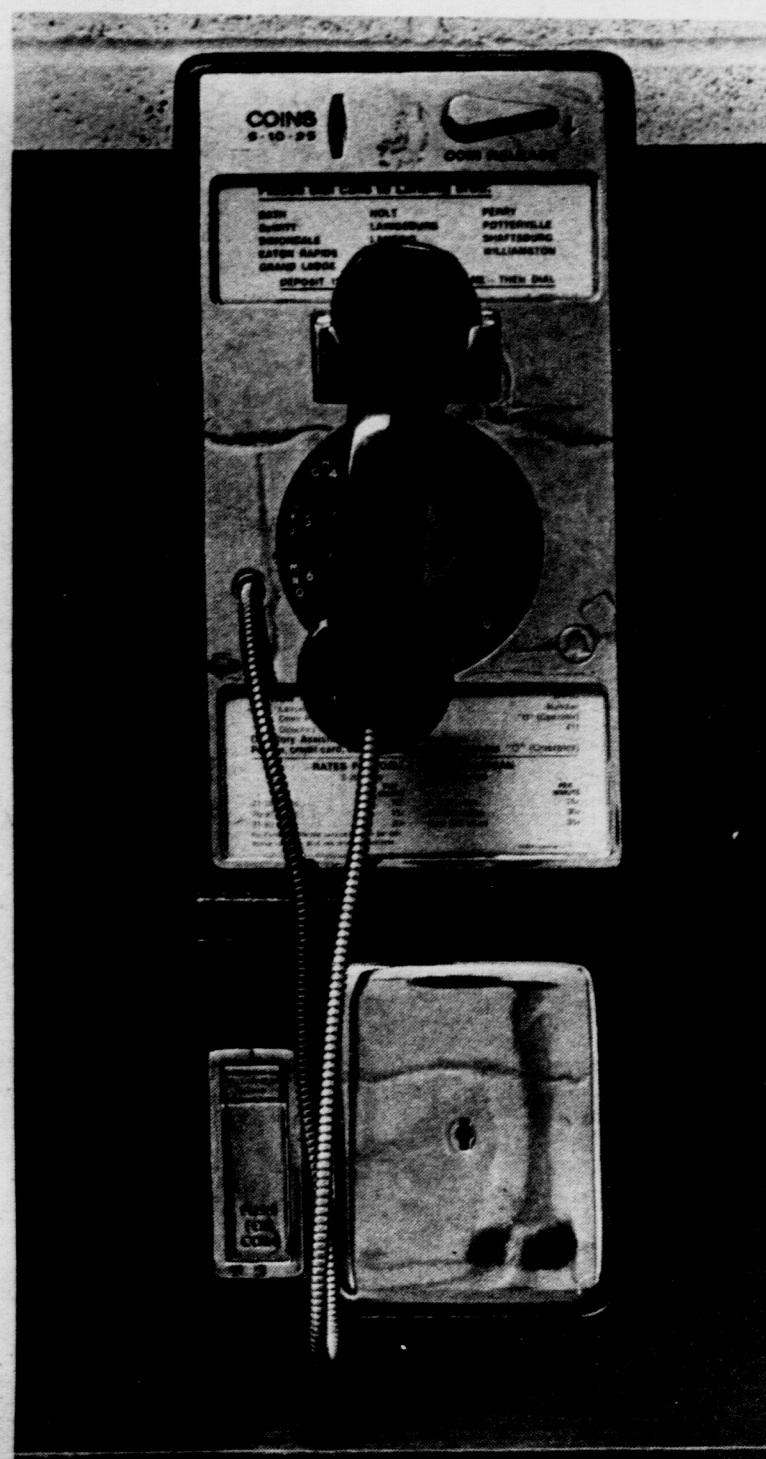
At the Bagel-Fragel Factory, 521 E. Grand River Ave., a dime will get you a cup of coffee and two packets of sugar (free) with a nickel to spare.

At Small Planet Natural Grocery, 225 Ann St., a dime is good for a cupcake, three olives, a banana and a day-old deviled egg (fresh ones cost 15 cents).

And if your pet tarantula is
continued on page eight



Three olives, a three-day-old egg, a cupcake and a banana (above) are a few of the items still available for a dime. Talk is cheap, too, as the price of a call (bottom left) proves.



With this issue

Wednesday. The middle of the week. Not altogether a bad day for pondering the future or a magazine.

This issue of Counterpoint, a supplement to the daily State News, marks the beginning of what will hopefully be a productive term.

The magazine has been in existence since the fall of 1972 and has undergone a series of facelifts since then. Once a one-subject oriented magazine, Counterpoint will now be a feature magazine exercising the unbridled use of some of the most talented writers, photo-

graphers and artists on campus.

This issue was put out through the efforts of State News staff members but here-with let it be said that the magazine is not limited to those who work here.

Two advertisements ran in the State News recently with the express idea of bringing non-staffers into the process of sharing ideas.

One, seeking the talents of an illustrator, got an overwhelming response and many of the people who came in will have work in upcoming issues.

The second ad, for written work, has yet to be answered.

Maybe it needs restating. The idea behind this magazine is to give everyone on campus who has any ideas about campus life, East Lansing area life, politics, hobbies or people a chance to make their ideas heard. Counterpoint exists as an open forum for anyone who wants to use it, within reason. Reasons can be discussed with the magazine staff.

So, here it is, issue one of 1975. Call, write, bitch—it's your magazine, too.

... Credits ...

Credit is due the following people, without which this first issue would not have made it to press:

Photographers Craig Porter, Dale Atkins and Dave Olds. Porter, an advisor to the Magazine, shot the photos for the Bee Story. Olds, back from Arizona, conceptu-

alized and shot the art for the dime story.

Atkins, photo editor of the State News, spent an evening watching Lansing's Golden Gloves in action and contributed the cover story.

Also, the State News copy desk put in some additional time proofing

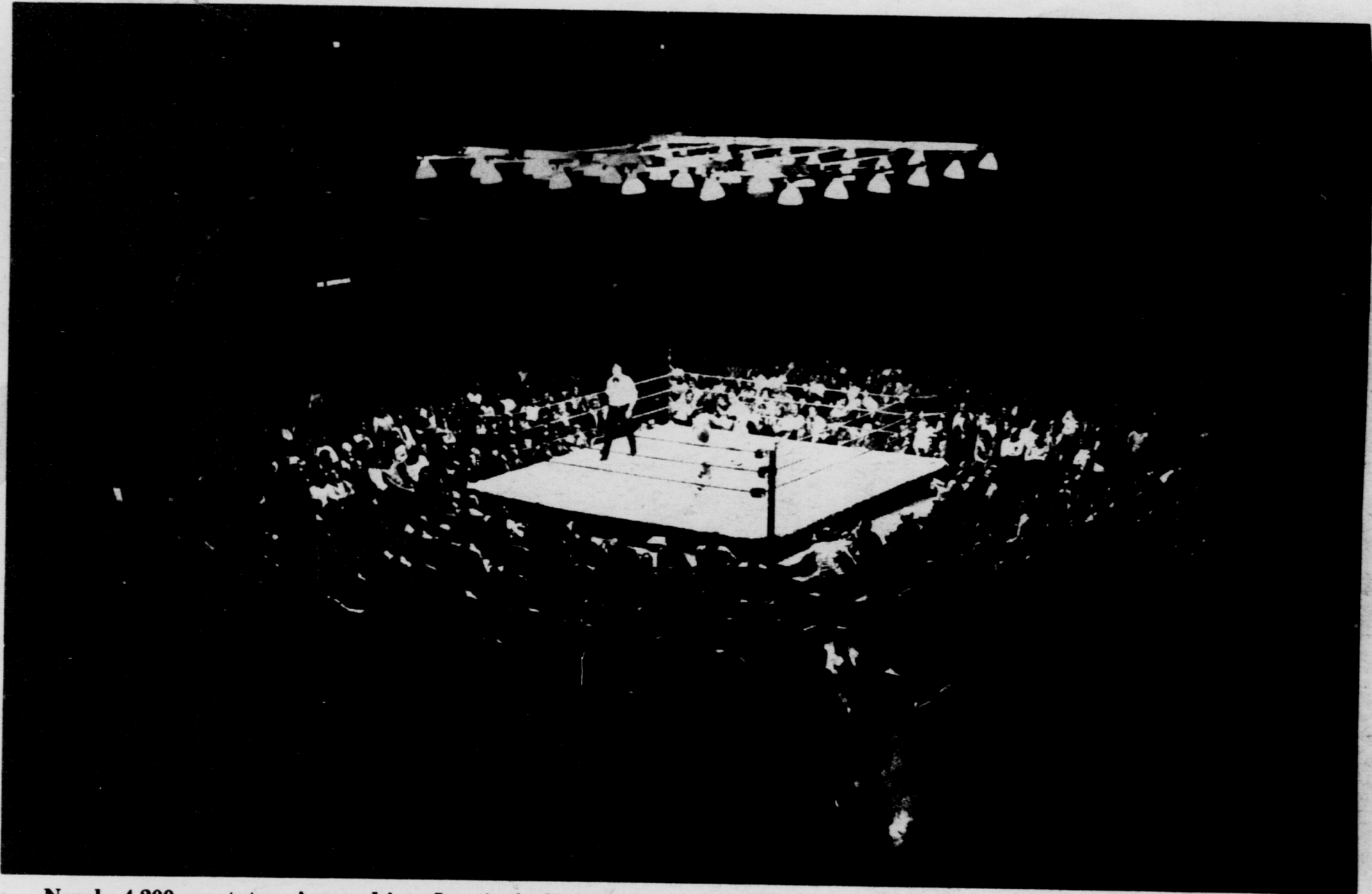
the copy for the magazine, and the photo department stayed late to process the photos.

Our number is 355-3323. Call and tell us what you like about the magazine, or what you don't like.

G.F. Korreck
editor

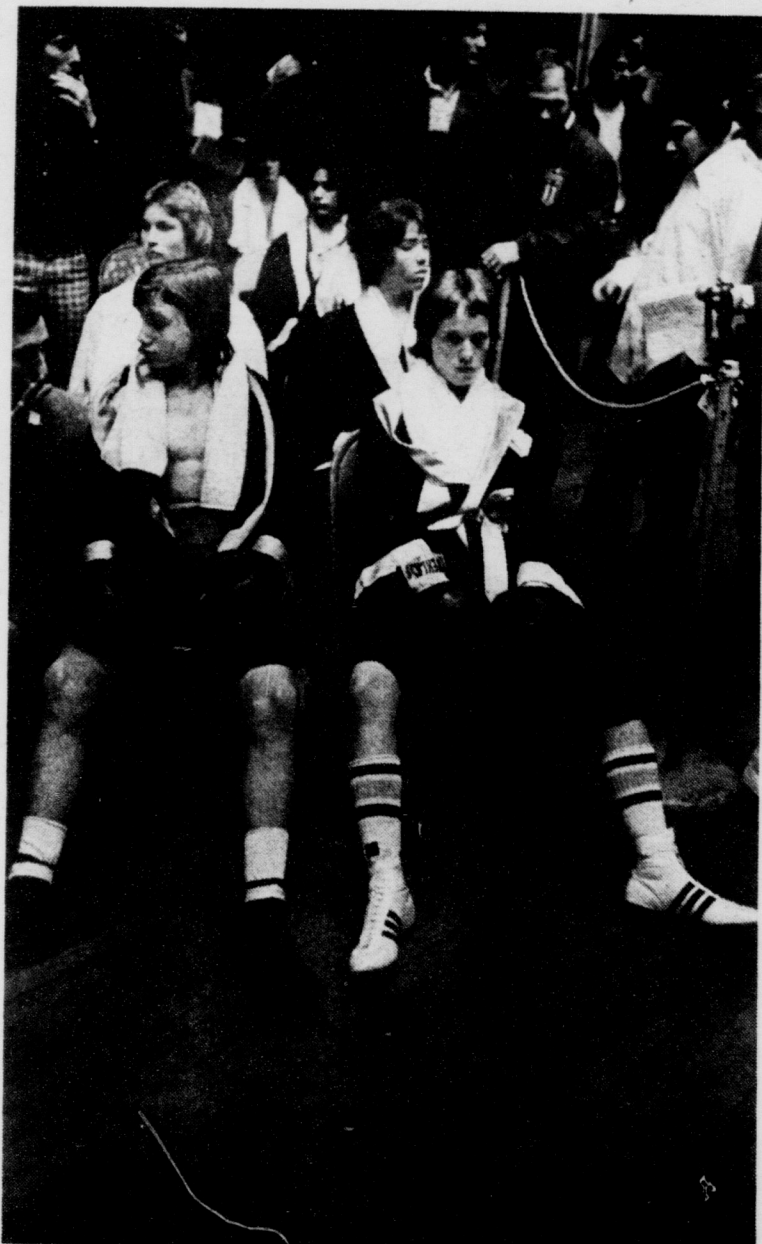
In this corner...

A look at Lansing's Golden Gloves



Nearly 4,200 spectators jammed into Lansing's Civic Center recently to witness the opening eliminations of this area's

Golden Gloves. Sponsored by the Lansing Capital Caravan, the Gloves will run for the next 3 weeks.



"In the ring he had the general habits/ of a blacksnake after a couple of rabbits," writes J.M. Match in "The Setup," a poem written on the last bout of a struggling boxer.

For those who match wits and blows in Golden Gloves, the mood is somewhat the same. There are only three rounds, or less, to impress the judges and move up in the competition. There are no punches pulled.





Since the bouts last only three rounds, Golden Gloves action can get pretty intense.

Golden Gloves OK with fans

For years it has been said that professional boxing has seen its glory days.

This may be true—even Howard Cosell suggests it—but the analogy cannot be said to apply to the amateur version of the sport. Witness the nearly 4,200 fans who turned out for the opening night of Lansing's Golden Gloves tournament.

Competition is held in three categories—subnovice (Lansing has five categories and is one of the few cities to have it), novice and open. There are 10 weight classifications in the novice and open divisions, ranging from 112 pounds for flyweights to 178 pounds and up for heavyweights.

Eliminations are held across the state with finals in the novice and open divisions slated for Feb. 21 and 22 in Grand Rapids. Lansing has Golden Gloves bouts scheduled each Wednesday night, beginning at 7:30, for the next three weeks. The bouts are sponsored by the Capital Caravan Club, whose directors say the number of participants has increased this year to 150.

Participants must be between the ages of 16 to 26 and be able to pass a physical examination before they can box. Matches are set up by a draw system.

The gloves must be 10 ounces in size and the matches are

broken up into three, three-minute rounds. The crowd is filled with former Golden Glovers who shake their heads wistfully at a boxer who seems overaggressive in the opening round. They remember, and will tell spectators nearby, that those 10-ounce gloves can get pretty heavy by the third round.

Two alternating referees and six judges monitor the bouts. Audiences like to imagine they can sway a judge's decision but such, say the judges, is not the

round and play keep away for the last two often find themselves on the short end of a decision.

Though the knockout is the euphoria for any boxer, there are proportionately less of them in Golden Gloves boxing than in the professional version of the sport.

One reason for this is an element of safety included in the rules. A doctor is kept at ringside for each bout and the referee has the authority to end a bout, calling it a technical

Smaller cities are well represented and cheering sections -- sparse in attendance, crowded in volume -- pop up when a local favorite enters the ring.

case. An element of Golden Gloves that draws a loud response from spectators is a rule that says there can be no draws. Recently, the crowd gave a pair of battered flyweights a standing ovation as they clamored for "no decision."

Most of the bouts are decided by decision, the criteria ranging from style of an individual boxer to his willingness to take the battle to his opponent. Boxers who believe they have scored well in the opening

knockout, or TKO, if he believes a boxer is unable to continue. Any cuts are carefully checked and even though a boxer may not appear to be injured, he sometimes is disqualified on the basis that his injury could become more severe if he continued.

The crowd, of course, is split in its loyalty between seeing the total decimation of a boxer and the necessity for mercy.

The crowd is also what makes Golden Gloves what it is.



A trainer can be as important to a boxer as his own two fists.

When Professor Michael J. Donovan published his training rules in 1893 he made explicit reference to "dear old Joe Winrow," his trainer, and the man who helped prepare him for some of his more important bouts as a middleweight champion.

Ringside instructions come quickly as jabs during Golden Gloves competition and the boxers are often seen glancing towards their corner for a bit of advice.

Many of those in the audience have sons or relatives on the card. Smaller cities, who come to Lansing with their prospects, are well represented and cheering sections—sparse in attendance, crowded in volume—pop up when a local favorite enters the ring.

Old boxers will tell you that the crowd plays a part in the action. It is not uncommon to see a boxer enter the ring, look up at the faces blurred in the lights and fight to keep his knees from knocking.

The bouts themselves provide enough studies in contrast to pacify Leroy Niemann in a

peak creative period.

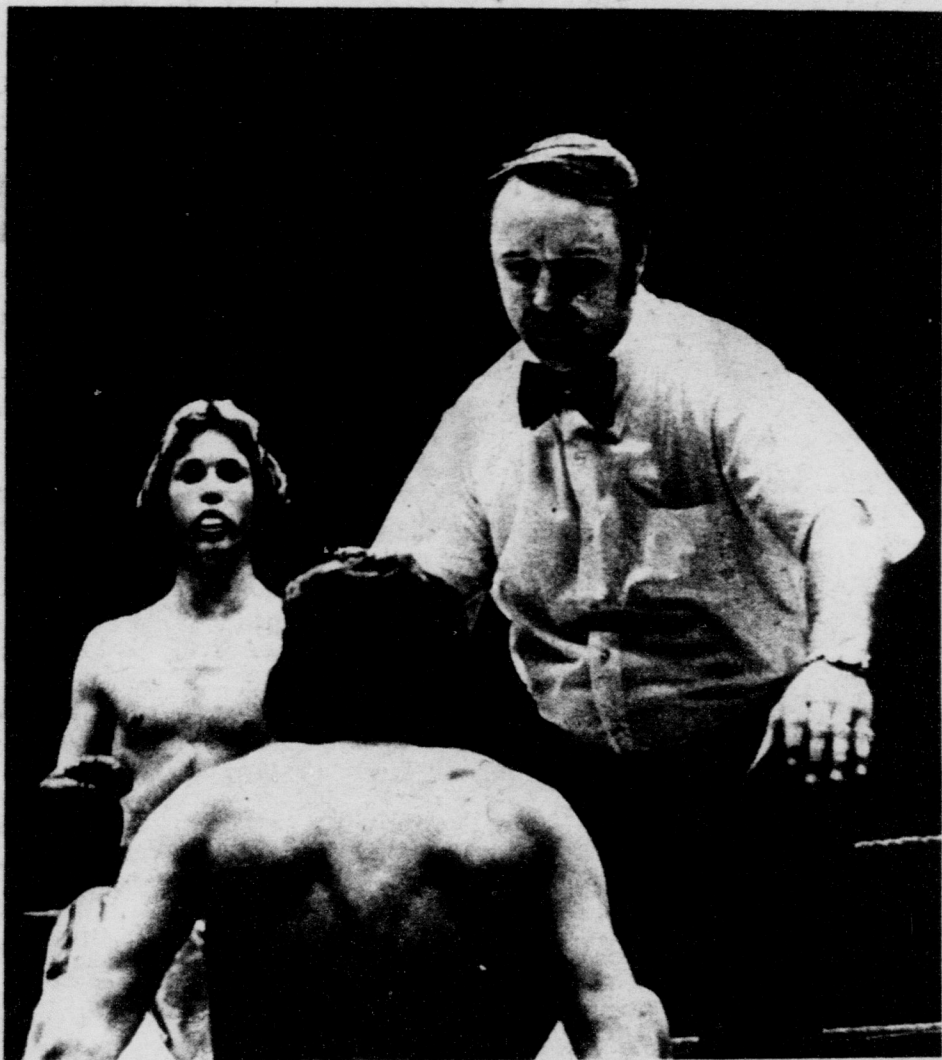
There are the street fighters, the guys whose buddies egged them on until they said "What the hell? I can lick anyone." They are distinguished by a noticeable lack of form that they compensate for with aggressiveness and frenzy. More than once, a polished boxer has spent the beginning of the second round crawling out of the ring, having had enough of a guy who's "crawling all over me, I can't even get in a jab."

There are also those for whom both style and aggressiveness are at a premium.

They shuffle around the ring, possibly half wondering how they got there and what they will do now that they are there. The crowd jeers these matches as the bewildered boxers half wrestle, half paw in frustration.

And then, every once in a lifetime, there is the guy who has it all. His opponent knows it and curses the luck of the draw. Fans know it and move to the edge of their seats in anticipation.

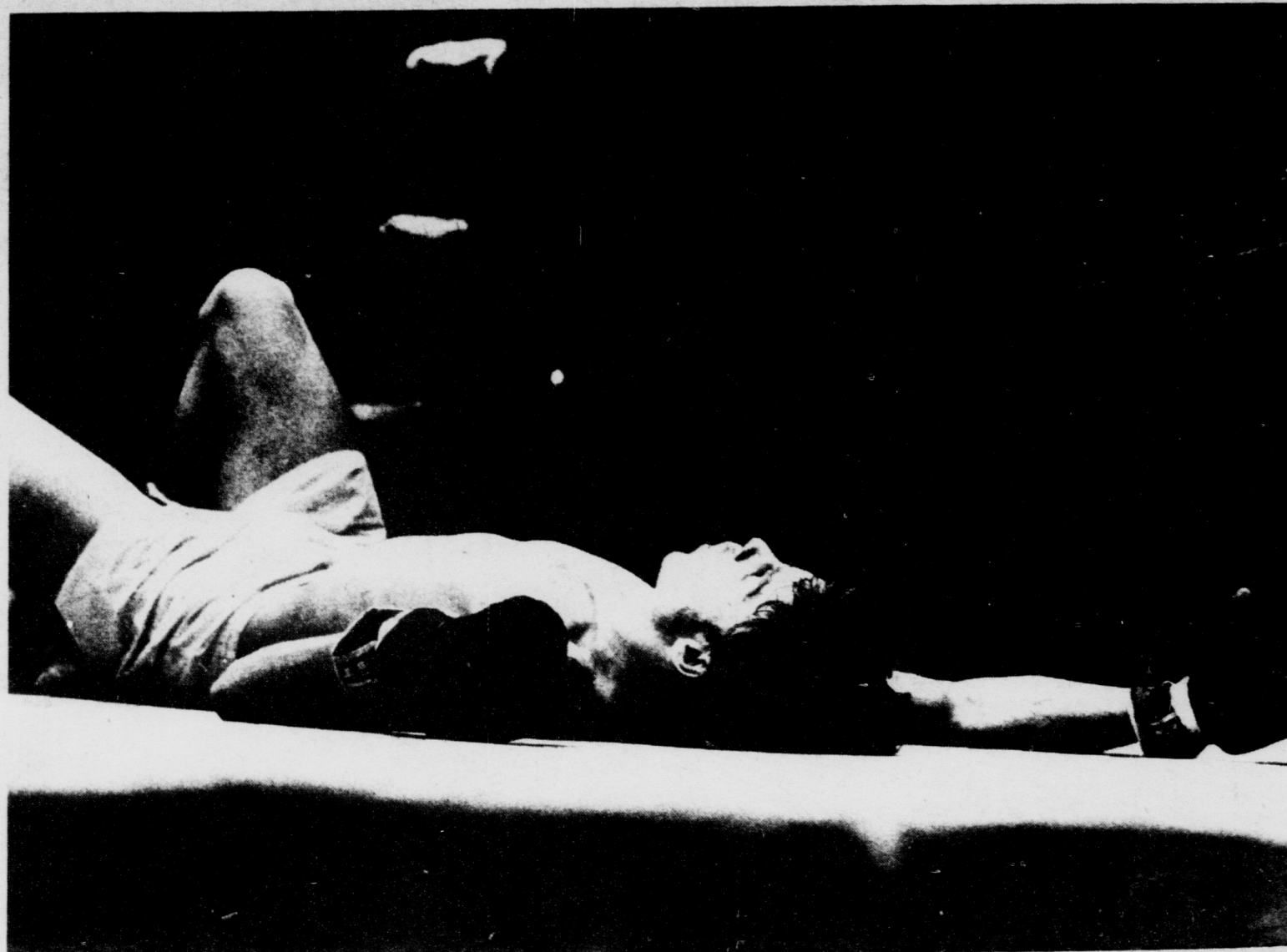
They are seeing a champion and that, when all the extraneous factors are removed, is what boxing is all about.



Clenching is one way a tired boxer gives himself a rest, or another way a dazed boxer has of holding on until he regains his senses. The practice is often booed by spectators but Jack Dempsey owes a clench to his keeping the crown away from Luis Angel Firpo in 1921.

"From '51 to '61
I cut my teeth and took to fun.
I learned what not to be afraid of
And what stuff women's lips are
made of;
I learned with what a rosy feeling
Good ale makes floors seem like
the ceiling,
And how the moon gives shiny
light
To lads as roll home singing by't.
My blood did leap, my flesh did
revel,
Saul Kane was tokened to the
devil."

—John Masfield
from
"The Everlasting Mercy"—





Dropping a couple of teaspoonfuls of honey in one's coffee may not be as good, or as easy, as popping in two lumps of sugar, but Kay Horstmyer, who runs Horstmyer's Sugar

House in Mason, says a lot of people are turning to honey as a sugar substitute.

Bees busier than ever

By G. F. Korreck
State News Staff Writer

The bee looks after its own. If a stranger invades the hive—and gets past the guards—he knows he must conform. Visiting queens are not so lucky. They get destroyed.

It could be argued interminably whether the bee is fascist or utilitarian, but such discussions are unnecessary in the face of this fact: the bee, whatever his political leanings, is a friend of man and his resources—honey and the ability to pollinate—make him as valuable, on a food production scale, as oil.

Beekeeping has been a past-time, business, hobby, industry for almost as long as history has been transcribed. It is, after the initial investment, inexpensive and the main elements of the operation, the bees themselves, last as long as they are cared for.

Kay Horstmyer, who operates Horstmyer's Sugar House in Mason, is one who believes in the profit angle of beekeeping and would no doubt support the axiom that "the only good bee is a producing bee."

A recent graduate of Holt High School, Kay has been keeping her own bees for more than a year. Her wards include close to 100 of her father's colonies.

"I guess part of the reason I do it is because I learned it from him, but I like the money aspect of it, too, and I want to learn all I can about it," she says.

Bees are classified—in the simplest definition of social

either killed or pushed outside to starve.

Worker bees, females without fully developed reproductive organs, keep the queen fed during her perpetual egg-laying period and are the ones responsible for honey.

The amount of honey an individual swarm can produce corresponds to the weather, Kay says, and Bert Martin, MSU Professor of Entomology, estimates that a beekeeper "can consider himself doing well if he gets 60 to 100 pounds of honey per swarm in a season."

The season begins in early summer, depending on how warm the spring is. A warm spring will get the bees, who cluster in a ball during the cold months, out searching for food. When they have built up enough of a food supply, the honey can be taken.

The hives that the bees are kept in are tiered boxes, known as supers. The bottom super is the brood chamber, where the queen lays her eggs and the worker bees congregate to feed her and keep her warm.

Above the brood chamber is the food supply and one, or two, depending on the size of the swarm, supers make up this part of the hive. It is this area that the honey is extracted from, a fairly easy process for stratification—in terms of swarms or colonies. Sizes of swarms vary, but there is only one queen per each. Once she is fertilized by the drone (male) of her choice that drone, and all other drones in the hive, are those who know how to do it,



"You don't even need to wear gloves if you use a smoker (a fogging device that forces all the bees into the brood chamber) and you don't get stung if you are careful," she says.

Kay gets honey from the hives by removing frames that are placed there for the bees to put their honey in. Supers come with frame holders, for either nine or ten frames.

After the frames containing the honey are removed, they are taken to an extractor (shown below), a device that spins the honey off from individual cells. From the extractor the honey is heated and stored for sale.

Honey costs around 84¢ a pound at the Sugar House and comes in a variety of weight sizes and containers. A seven-pound pail sells for \$4.80.

Kay says that a number of people have come in the past few months, telling her they intend to use honey as a sugar substitute.

But a number of Sugar House customers are more interested in keeping their own bees, and the increasing popularity of bee keeping is also noticed by Martin.

"There is a real revival of interest," he says. "One reason may be because the price of sugar is up, but the price of honey is up, too. I think one of the main reasons is the back to nature thing everyone has."

All one needs to keep bees is a permit from the Michigan Dept. of Agriculture, Plant Industry. A permit costs \$1 for ten swarms or less and \$1.50 for any group of over ten swarms.

Bees must also be inspected yearly, mostly for "foulbrooding," a disease that kills them. Foulbrooding can be



transmitted to other bee colonies and inspectors have the authority to burn all of a

keepers' bees and hives.

Kay says foulbrooding can be prevented by using Teramycin,

a chemical that she cleans the frames with each winter to neutralize the disease.

Martin says that DDT and pesticides are not transmitted by bees to honey products ("There has never been a single case") because the bees carry their nectar in a concentrated form. Consequently, they are the only victims.

Martin, who has studied bees at MSU for an increasing variety of projects, says the amount of nutrition in honey is not as high as one might guess, although he rates it high as an energy food.

"A lot of athletes use it because its main sugar, glucose, goes immediately into the blood stream and its other sugar, fructose (or levulose), provides a long period of refueling.

But Martin's interest in the bees is more closely related to pollination and how the bee can be used to improve crop yields.

"That's why governments and Universities have bee specialists," he insists, pointing to a mid '60s study that "put Michigan in 1st place in blueberry production."

The study took place at the request of blueberry farmers who had traditionally looked at the bumblebee as nature's best pollinator. An MSU research team used the honeybee and a marked increase in blueberry crop yields was shown. Since then, blueberry growers keep two colonies of honeybees per acre.

Martin answers a question as to whether there is, or was, a

One of the easiest ways to avoid the angry reactions of bees whose food supply is needed for sale, is to use a smoker.

Looking somewhat like a remnant from the Tin Man's wardrobe, a smoker is attached to a bellows and its cylinder is filled with easy-to-burn debris like pine needles and woodchips.

Once the fire is going, the bellows are pumped to provide puffs of smoke that are squeezed out near the top chamber of the hive. Since bees are naturally afraid of fire, they will retreat to the lower, or brood, chamber leaving the top of the hive unmolested.

shortage of bees with a good-natured poke at a "New York City reporter who misrepresented what was happening."

According to Martin, what the bee shortage amounts to is a lack of bees being made available to Northern beekeepers from Southern bee market.

Since close to 10 per cent of the bees kept in the North do not survive the winter, replacements are needed. What happened this year, Martin says, is that Southern bee marketers did not send as many Northward.

"Honey prices were up and honey production was high so they had less bees to sell," he explains.

Bees come in packages, usually two pounds each, that sold for \$18 to \$20 in 1974. The packages include a queen and worker bees. Kay says that a beekeeper would probably need two packages to start a good swarm.

One aspect of the bee business that concerns him is what he describes as a "collision course coming somewhere with the bees."

He describes the situation as one in which an increasing human population increases the need for more bee-pollinated products.

"At the same time, there is less land available for bees," he concludes.

For now, though, they remain busy. And profitable.



Only a dime

continued from page two

hungry, a dime will get him a pair of crickets from Noah's Ark Pet Store, 223 Ann St.

To quench your thirst, one pack of Kool-Aid (sugarless) can be procured for a dime. For the real thing, one dime will get you an eight-ounce bottle (returnable) of Coca-Cola at the Shepherd, Michigan Feed & Bean Grainery.

If these hold no appeal, the dime itself, though rather bland, can be digested. Is there no end?

The value of a laugh, a smile, certainly priceless. Try spending one in any party store on the North American continent. The proprietor will get a chuckle and maybe you, too. Syllogistically, then, the dime is priceless, right?

And the pause that refreshes, a dime will get you that, too. Stop at any service plaza along the expressway. A dime will get you the best seat in the house, solitude, and if you're lucky, last Tuesday's Orange Country Bulletin. Furthermore, if you're thrifty, sly and clever, the toilet paper will provide you with a handkerchief for the next 40 miles.



Not much for 10¢ can be had at the corner drug store (above) but a dime is good for plenty at a

bookstore (lower left) and can keep a tarantula in food (lower right).

A dime? Hell, what can't you do with it?

A dime is worth one stamp, which is worth much more. A stamp will put you in touch with a long-lost relative, friend

or debtor—hopefully the latter.

Of a practical nature, the list is without end. A thumbtack, maybe two, a paper clip and a rubber band to shoot it with.

No, the dime sure isn't what

it used to be. No more alphabet soup at the drug store counter, no more Snickers candy bars, all-day suckers are out, catseye marbles are a thing of the past. Is nothing sacred?

Of course, the dime is a collector's item, too. It will always be such for the practical mind that realizes it takes 10 to make a dollar. And for a dollar...

