



SIGHTS LIKE THIS will be more common this coming year with the elimination of laundry service. This photo was taken using a

self-timer from the inside of a dryer in Chappelle Hall.

Photo by Mark Thompson

## Washers, dryers being installed

By TOM PARKS

The installation of automatic washers and dryers in all dormitories will be completed by the start of the fall semester, vending manager Don Blume said last week.

The placement of washers and dryers in the dorms was begun as a supplement to the campus laundry, but will now replace the university laundry completely.

The washers will cost the students 25 cents per load, and the dryers 10 cents for a 20 minute drying cycle.

There will be 250 washers and dryers for the students. Each dorm should have at least six washers and six dryers, said Blume. "Ideally" there should be one washer and dryer for every 35 students, he said.

At the present, Chandler Hall has one washer and dryer for every 38 students, according to Blume. Eagle Hall will get four more washers and dryers before the fall term and thirteen washer-dryers will be placed in the new lake complex.

Vending services was budgeted to purchase 33 new washers-dryers this year, including replacements for old machines.

Vending services plans to replace all the old Westinghouse front-loaders within the next two years, according to Blume. The new washers will increase the load capacity from eight to twelve pounds and the new machines will be more secure and dependable, he said.

The revenue from the machines will go back into the vending services, Blume said. In addition, the Inter-Hall Council will collect \$16,000 from the income, to spend as they see fit. The \$16,000 will be given to the council in eight-\$2,000 payments, from September through April.

For any theft of equipment, 100 percent of the theft costs will be deducted, Blume added. If there is any vandalism, 50 percent of the cost will be deducted from the \$2,000. A breakdown report of the thefts or vandalism cost would be provided to the Inter-Hall Council, Blume said.

Vandalism has been a problem in the past, according to Blume. People have used coat hangers and butter knives to try and jam the timing device in order to obtain a free wash and dry, he said. The biggest worry with this is the chance of electrocution rather than the lost revenue, Blume said.

## Vacation College explores Valley history

By GARY REED

The beaches, the mountains, the crowds, the quiet; all part of the summer vacations many plan all year for. How about throwing pottery, collecting fossils and traveling to archeological field sites correlated with an in-depth study of the Shenandoah Valley?

James Madison University offers a one week summer vacation of exploring the history and beauty of the Shenandoah Valley, a tennis camp with "high quality" instruction, and a variety of activities for the whole family.

This year's third annual vacation college, held June 18-24, attracted approximately 60 alumni and their families.

Many of the children took the opportunity to enroll in the swimming school, the basketball or baseball camps that were scheduled in the same week.

The vacationers stayed in Chandler Hall, ate in the d-hall, attended the dinner theatre and took in the planetarium shows. Classes were scheduled for the mornings with the afternoons left free. Evening entertainment included a trip to the Wayside Theatre, picnics, cookouts and cocktails.

Ben Hancock, Alumni Services director and vacation college coordinator, said the classes on the historical background of the Shenandoah Valley were an "interdisciplinary study"

with a different topic and a field trip each of the five days.

Topics covered the religion, history, arts and crafts and geologic wonders of the Valley in addition to tracing early cultures in Western Virginia.

The vacation college began with a section on the Civil War in the Valley, with visits to the battlefields at New Market, Port Republic, and Cross Keys. Dr. Carlton Smith of the history department discussed the local involvement in the War Between the States.

John Stewart presented a section on the three oldest religious sects in the Valley—the Mennonites, Lutherans and Brethren. A field trip took the group to old churches and

## Laundry service discontinued

By TOM PARKS

Laundry services for James Madison University students will be discontinued beginning with the fall semester and will be replaced by automatic washers and dryers in all dormitories, the business affairs office announced last week.

Rising costs were the main reason behind the decision to discontinue the services, according to William Merck, assistant to the vice president.

In addition to higher wages, equipment repair was hard to obtain, and expensive, Merck said. The bulk of the money the laundry took in was used for personnel, but it all went back into the laundry in some form, he said. "We strained to break even," noted Merck.

Laundry service for students has been cut twice previously. Two years ago service was cut back to 18 pieces per person. Last year the laundry accepted only linen and towels. The cost per student was \$27 per year. Only about 30 percent of the students used the laundry last year, according to Merck.

There will be advantages to students with the change to automatic machines, according to Merck. He noted that otherwise the \$27 fee would have gone up to about \$33 or \$34 this fall, with a several dollar increase each subsequent year. No other U.S. college provides full laundry service, he said.

The laundry will continue to handle institutional laundry, with individual departments being charged for their service.

The elimination of laundry service for students will necessitate certain employment cuts within laundry services, he said.

# The Breeze

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BILLY HENDERSON (in white shirt), Sargeant at Arms for the JMU chapter of the Black Student Alliance, talks to prospective

BSA members at a freshman orientation session in the Warren Campus Center.

Photo by Mark Thompson

libraries to trace the religions.

During the arts and crafts course, led by local craft expert Manny Flecker, the vacationers visited a furniture maker, saw how quilts were made and were given a chance at the potter's wheel to throw their own pottery.

The Vacation College also included a trip to Bath County to inspect an archeological field site. Dr. Clarence Geier of the anthropology department, who heads the dig there, lectured on nearly 2600 years of Valley history, from 800 B.C. to the present.

The geology of the Valley was covered by visits to Grand Caverns and Natural Chimneys. Howard Campbell of the geology department led

the field trip which took the group to a volcanic plug and on a fossil hunt.

The tennis buffs participating in the camp received video tape analysis, strategies and drills by Dr. John Rader and Dr. John Hayes of the physical education department. The morning and afternoon sessions included singles and doubles play and individual instruction for every level player.

Some people leave school in the spring in fear of returning for the fall. They would be amazed by the Vacation College, where people go back to school in the summer for a vacation of learning, exploring and entertainment.

# Fort Harrison decaying but retains history

## Local historical group purchases Dayton landmark, plans to restore it

By PAM HOWLETT

One wall is bowed out precariously with stucco peeling off the stone. The front windows, with frames the size of doors, are missing and many of the rest are broken. Even the grass has a rather decayed appearance. But this house has another look about it—a look of history.

Known as Fort Harrison, the Dayton house is both a Virginia and National Historic Landmark.

Built in the 1740's by Daniel Harrison, whose brother founded Harrisonburg, it is one of the oldest houses in the area. It even was used as a fort against the Indians.

Last year plans were made to destroy it. Two weeks ago a non-profit organization, purchased Fort Harrison and plans to restore it.

It won't be an easy task, but then neither was buying it. It took several years of negotiations before Daniel Koogler agreed to sell the house and one-third acre to Fort Harrison Inc.

Several local historians, including Dr. Martha Caldwell, an art history professor at James Madison University, have compiled a history about some of the house's past occupants.

Daniel Harrison came to the Shenandoah Valley from Delaware around 1738 with his brother Thomas and other family members. Both Harrisons became large landholders, Daniel and his sons accumulating 4,294 acres and Thomas eventually founding Harrisonburg.

Daniel's "plantation" was north-east of Cook's Creek in present-day Dayton and it was here that Fort Harrison was built, along with a grist mill, a distillery, a general store and an ordinary. A chapel was added later.

Bands of Indians threatened area residents during the French and Indian War in the 1750's. It was at this time that Harrison, a captain in the county militia, added a stockade to the house, along with an underground tunnel to the creek. The additions made the already sturdy house a natural fort. (The tunnel was supposedly rediscovered during the Civil War by men working on the smokehouse but no one has seen it recently).

After Harrison's death in 1770, his youngest son, Benjamin, inherited the house. Through the years seven families have owned the house and several others have rented it. The Kooglers bought the house in 1916 and lived there from 1918 to the 1930's, when they built a new house and rented out Fort Harrison. It was last lived in six years ago. It may never be lived in again.

While Fort Harrison's exact future is unclear, one idea involves the Harrisonburg-Rockingham Historical Society, which backs Fort Harrison, Inc. and helped in the negotiations, converting it to a museum.

First, though, the house must be restored.

"Once we get the deed to the property," said Jody Meyerhoeffer, a member of the Historical Society and vice president of Fort Harrison, Inc., "our first plans at least for this year, are to put a new split-shingle roof on it, rebuild the north-west stone wall, and repair the chimney in the back. We'll also repair the exterior woodwork and the cornice work under the roof.

"It's going to be a long-term project. Our main idea now is to preserve the house. It's going to cost a considerable amount of money."

The purchase price was \$25,000. Koogler estimated the cost of repairs and "stabilization" at \$150,000.

The Dayton Town Council was the first contributor,

followed by the Historical Society. The National Park Service will provide matching funds. Fort Harrison, Inc. plans its own fund-raising drive in the near future.

Until then, Fort Harrison sits quietly deteriorating, its dignity somewhat lessened by broken windows, loose boards and falling plaster.



FORT HARRISON, CITED AS BOTH A Virginia and National Historic Landmark, was purchased recently by a local group which plans to restore it. The Dayton house was built in the 1740's. Photo by Lawrence Emerson

## 'Owner bemused by all the fuss'

By PAM HOWLETT

Before he sold Fort Harrison to a non-profit group seeking to restore it, Daniel Koogler showed my roommate and me through the house.

He seemed bemused by all the fuss being made over what he considers a run-down liability. He smiled gently at our effusions and was depreciatory about the house's condition.

Going through the attack my roommate, an art history major, admiringly noticed a blue glass insulator, 1918 vintage. "You can have it," said Koogler. "I'm sorry it's broken."

The house is full of square, spacious rooms with lots of fireplaces, long since boarded up. A smaller room on the second floor was apparently a nursery. Its fireplace is half-sized but it too is boarded up. Wallpaper is peeling off in three or four layers. Bare rock is visible in places where plaster has crumbled to the floor and there are deep gouges in the wall. I didn't dare put my hand into the depths. I have no overwhelming love for spiders.

The bannister, though, looks as if it were built yesterday, save for the quality workmanship. My roommate was an appreciative audience for Fort Harrison. She noted that it is well preserved for a house so old and pointed out the wide floor boards, "a sure sign of an older house."

I was in awe of its age and desolation. I wanted to find hidden doors and sliding panels, but the house is remarkably straightforward—or else they are well-concealed.

I had been told that a tunnel had been built from the house to the creek and looked avidly for possible places, although I was also told that it no longer exists. Koogler told me he's never seen it in a tone that clearly indicated he believed it never existed. I looked anyway.

Storage insets in the walls have leather hinges. Ancient bolts on the doors look like those in my grandmother's house—and still work.

A number of changes have been made in Fort Harrison over the years. A brick extension was added to the back, probably in the early 1800's. In the early 1900's Koogler covered the house with stucco and built a milkhouse in the back.

Most of the other buildings around Fort Harrison no longer exist. The smokehouse was leveled down to the cellar a few years ago and the windows and door are boarded up and wired shut against trespassers.

Until now, the changes have been in an attempt to modernize Fort Harrison. The next changes to be made will be a step back.

## Attorney General issues rulings

Virginia Attorney General Marshall Coleman has ruled that salary levels, job classifications and expense requirements of teachers and officials at state universities are matters of public record and that the Policeman's Bill of Rights does not apply to campus police.

In an opinion issued Friday, Coleman said that an amendment to the Virginia Freedom of Information Act, effective July 1, removed an exemption previously granted to teachers and officials at state universities colleges and universities.

Then-attorney general Andrew Miller had ruled in 1975 that salary levels and certain other information regarding university teachers and officials fell under the classification of "personnel records" and could thus be withheld.

The amendment to the Freedom of Information Act applies to officials making over \$10,000 per year.

The opinion was requested by University of Virginia President Frank Hereford. After Coleman's ruling, U.Va. announced that it was setting up procedures for disclosing

such information. Those wishing information must fill out an application with the university, which then has 14 days to fulfill the request.

In the ruling affecting campus police, Coleman said that only employees of the Department of State Police and political subdivisions were protected under the Policeman's Bill of Rights. Campus police belong to neither category.

The law, which became effective July 1, gives procedural guarantees to policeman under investigation or facing disciplinary actions.

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# The Breeze

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"To the press alone, chequered as it is with abuses, the world is indebted for all the triumphs which have been gained by reason and humanity over error and oppression."—James Madison

## Rockingham needs recreation program

By DEBBIE LASH

"College Students Not Allowed in the Gym after 3 p.m." was the first sign I spotted when I began going to Westover Recreation Center in Harrisonburg approximately a year ago. I thought I was "safe" because although I was a college student, I had grown up in this area. I had it all planned. If someone asked me if I was a college student, I would proceed to say that I was a county resident. But no one did.

First, I started by using the exercise room a couple of nights a week. I'd either go by myself or take a friend. I would do a few sit-ups, leg and arm lifts; whatever equipment that they had I would try out. But my specialty was getting on the bicycle and slowly, but surely, pump out three miles on the odometer.

Next, I got a little braver and started playing racketball several afternoons during the week. All I had to do was sign up and I had the court for a hour. It cost \$.50 per person and they provided the racket. It was great. I could go whenever I had some spare time, no matter what season. The parking was close—no longer did I have to park in X-parking lot and trudge to Godwin Hall.

Then, all of a sudden, everything changed. One day in the spring I walked up and started in. Some kid at the door stopped me and asked me for my I.D.

"What I.D.?"

"You must have a Harrisonburg resident I.D. card to come in here," he said.

"I don't have one, but I do have a Harrisonburg address."

"Do you live in the city?" he asked.

"Not exactly. I live in Squire Hill Apartments," (which is in Rockingham County).

"Sorry."

"Is there anything I can do to get in here?"

"No."

"So that was that. No more exercise and no more racketball. It would be the city's fault if I gained a few more pounds for the week."

But I found out it wasn't Harrisonburg's fault. The center was getting overcrowded by trying to accommodate anybody who wanted to use it. It was imperative that only city residents be able to utilize Westover to insure that quality recreational facilities were provided.

Westover Recreation Center opened as a complex of outdoor swimming pools. A large building was added that included a gym, squash and racketball courts, exercise room, dance room, crafts and photography rooms, ping-pong and pool rooms, all to be used by everyone for free, or for a minimal fee.

Now that it has been deduced that it isn't the city of Harrisonburg's fault, there is only one choice left. That's right—Rockingham County. Of course county residents used Westover freely—it was built in a centrally located area and, best of all, they were enjoying the generosity of the city's taxpayers.

I, too, am guilty, along with everyone else. But now the real issue comes forth: Should Rockingham County provide the funds for a recreational center of their own? The answer is obvious—

(Continued on Page 5)

### Cat Commentary

## Jugaroom, splash, meow

By Dwayne Yancey

McGAHEYSVILLE—Just where the yard ends, where the fescue clumps up tight and high, the land starts to slope down and away to our pond, tucked neatly between two small ridges. It's not a great pond, most of the time a greenish film sticks to the surface, but it's still a pond.

Beyond the field, over the fence and through the trees to the west, lies Burke's Pond. Laying out in the open, it shimmers like glass in the sun.

Between these two ponds in nothing but field-sagging fences, ominous thistle giants and all kinds of grasses and small moving things.

In the close summer evenings, when the sun begins to slip beyond the hazy western hills, the chief bullfrogs of each pond sit on the bank and call to the other. "Jugaroom," goes the throaty croak, echoing off the darkening hills.

Nearly a minute passes, dragging in the humidity.

"Jugaroom," comes the reply. Then silence. All is well in the ponds tonight.

This passing of messages is ignored by the creatures of the field. The rustling of the grass or a murmur from the woods excites them more.

"East is east and west is west and never the twain shall meet," wrote Rudyard Kipling. Such it is with field and pond. Naturalists may object but political analysts of the farm would certainly agree.

Deep in the ponds there is a teeming society of frogs, turtles, water spiders, and assorted bugs and algae. They pay no heed to the affairs of the land. Only an occasional duck or the cattle, wading in to drink or cool off, disturb this aquarium.

The fields have their own political structure—groundhogs, rabbits, foxes, possums, cats, dogs, cattle, sheep, birds, and squirrels all living together in violent harmony. Except for water, they ignore the ponds.

Nova, the tough but otherwise good-natured matriarch of the Locustcrest Farm cat population long ago gained a reputation as a

relentless and determined hunter. The Scourge of the Fields. The Terror.

When Nova is spotted slinking into a thicket, it resounds with the scraping noises of squirrels scurrying up and around the trees, lest they go the way of the chipmunks. Rabbits flee in fear, if they can. The birds no longer sing from the fences or trees like they used to. Those that remain form a chorus on the electric lines, far out of reach.

For good measure, Nova once caught and killed a snake and fed it to her kittens. When another appeared several days later, hissing and coiling and generally demanding justice, she killed it too.

Such bloody excursions have been confined to the fields, however. The frogs and turtles have long stared up out of the water as this motley animal skirts the pond and disappears into the grass. They felt no fear. Cats, after all, do not like slimey water creatures and, even if they did, cats don't like water. It's just not natural.

That just goes to prove that one should not place their faith in nature.

Last week Nova went on one of her daily forages. Usually she returns with a bounty of rabbit or bird. This time she returned drenched. Nearby was her catch—a brilliant green softball-sized bullfrog. This time there were no jugarooms. It breathed quickly and tried to hop away, but was plainly terrified, confused and exhausted. The frog watched fearfully as the kittens inspected it. Nova licked herself dry. Then she ate it.

For a cat to dive into a pond and catch a bullfrog is a rarity of the highest order. But Nova didn't stop at just one. She was so pleased with this delicacy that a few days later she caught two more. One she gave to Ugly, who showed an appreciation to match that of a French chef, and the other she ate herself, after the kittens found its only use to be one of comic relief.

Now, beneath the still water, the pond life quakes in fear. There is no refuge, save the air, when Nova is out on her hunts.

Poor bullfrogs. Down in the

ponds, they had no idea that Nova would strike.

At night the frogs and turtles and other pond inhabitants usually crawl out of the water and discuss philosophy. The bullfrogs have long ago accepted the Stoic principle that nature is rational.

For a cat to attack a frog, in water no less, is neither natural nor rational. It violates all precepts of natural law and justice.

Birds can escape to the air when danger approaches. Squirrels can climb to the tops of trees where others fear to go. Rabbits can dart off and hope to outrun their pursuers.

Frogs, however, have no such natural defenses against cats, or at least against Nova. Until now, they have not needed any.

These days the ponds are in a moral and spiritual crises. Their philosophy no longer comforts them. They debate heatedly long into the night, hoping to find a natural explanation for unnatural events.

Why did nature forsake them and not prepare them? What became of the order and peace of nature? What is wrong with the world?

A thorough and objective examination of the world can render only one conclusion. Life is unfair.

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Letters to the editor on topics dealing with the James Madison University campus and community are encouraged. All letters must be typed, signed and include the author's phone and box number. Letters longer than 500 words may be used as guestspots at the discretion of the editor. Letters and other material will be edited at the discretion of the editor.

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# Sideshow.....Arts, people

## The Sidewinder Band: 'Let the Jelly Roll'

*'They're a good-time band with a streak of craziness'*

By JEFF BYRNE

Traditionally, music originating in the Shenandoah Valley has consisted of two types: country and religious. Both of these forms are still doing incredibly well (just read the back page of the Daily News-Record on a Friday) despite the rock invasion of the 1960's.

Sidewinder is a band with roots in the Valley. The members are all from the Harrisonburg area, and several of them have played in bands around the Valley since the mod era of the '60's. They play regularly around the Valley's larger cities, but their home base is Harrisonburg's Elbow Room,

where I caught them in action. Primarily a rock band, musicians whose gospel-country orientation has been blended with rock, r & b, and blues to create a totally unique repertoire and sound. Sidewinder also draws upon its country roots for tunes, so that a typical set begins with Junior Parker's "Mystery Train," continues with "T For

Texas," "Flip-Flop Fly," "Middle Aged Crazy," and may end with "Sea Cruise." The five-piece band consists of: P.L. Kyger (of Kyger's Log Homes) bass, vocals; Larry Dean of Timberville, guitar, vocals; Paul "Jelly Roll" Ipock (of Blue Mountain Records), harp; the Rev. Billy Wirths of Harrisonburg, piano; and Doyle Schaeffer of New Market, drums.

Kyger and Dean handle most of the vocals. Kyger on the country side usually (he does a great job on Jerry Lee Lewis' "Middle Aged Crazy"), Dean on blues numbers like "Further On Up The Road."

Larry Dean is too good a bluesman to have come from Timberville. You'd expect a cat that plays like he does to be from Chicago's South Side. His playing isn't fancy, but it's tight and obviously well-planned. When he takes a solo it's immediately clear that he knows where it's going. His voice is somewhat like Eric Clapton's—growling but well-phrased.

Kyger's bass is rock-bottom steady, counterpointing Dean's guitar on the blues numbers. His voice is fairly low and even, and he's got his country delivery down pat.

Wirth's piano is usually mixed in too low to stand out except on solos: his left hand is constantly supplying extra bass riffs while his right hand plays around with high-note

sweeps.

Ipock's harp solos have become a favorite of Sidewinder fans. With a shout of "Let the jelly roll!" from Wirths, Ipock steps to the front of the stage on a number

like "Fannie Mae" and lets fly. His shoulder-length hair obscures his face so that all one can see is his hair and the mike bobbing around in front of his face, while his barrel-chested torso makes the moniker "Jelly Roll" obvious.

Although the piano and harp only make their presence really felt on solos, they are mixed in so as to give a solid bottom to the music. The band cranks along like a freight train gathering momentum for the final set, during which all the stops come out.

Sidewinder is a good-time band, with a streak of craziness, exemplified by a plastic pink flamingo on the piano and the sexy tackiness of their dancers, the Rollettes.

The Rollettes often show up at the Elbow Room for the final set and strut their stuff through "Memphis" and "Who Do You Love," proudly displaying the logo "Let The Jelly Roll" on their tail ends. As a finale one night, the band rocked out with "Boom Boom, Out Go The Lights." Wirths ripped off his shirt and stood on the piano bench, while people danced on table tops, and the jelly continued to roll.



PAUL "JELLY ROLL" IPOCK, (harp) and Larry Dean (guitar) of the Sidewinder band are joined onstage at the Elbow Room by one of the Rollettes and an unidentified sax player.

Photo by Dave Garland

## Books mark the commercial twilight zone

"Saturday Night Live." Avon Books, 300+ pages. \$6.95.

"Calendar Girl." A & W Visual Library, 144 pages. \$7.95.

By JIM DAWSON

In any given bookstore, there are several titles which fall into a sort of commercial twilight zone: the people who buy such books are more likely to buy them as gifts than keep them, yet would probably appreciate owning them nonetheless.

A perfect example of this curious phenomenon is Avon's "Saturday Night Live." The oversize paperback is the sort of book one would flip through in a bookstore and probably enjoy, but one which would be more often regarded as a gift item than an addition to one's own library.

Some 300-odd pages long (disregard the numbering system used in the book—over half of the pages are not numbered), "Saturday Night Live" gives a bad first impression. The book looks sloppy and hastily slapped-

together. Yet the book's disorderly, frantically pasted-up appearance reflects the same professional insouciance found on the television show. Like the show, the book comes across as a bunch of funny stuff thrown at the viewer-reader in bursts of almost sophomoric enthusiasm. Sometimes the bits are funny and sometimes not, but the impression is always that the performers and writers have been creating the material right up until the show is on the air, then using whatever will fit into the allotted ninety minutes.

"Saturday Night Live" contains several of the better scripts used on the show, from the Idi "VD" Amin public service message to "The Last Voyage of the Starship Enterprise." Surprisingly, not as much of the show's appeal is lost in the transfer to the printed page as one might assume. The material retains its humor, and is especially nice to have in a more permanent form than the fleeting images on the small screen.

Also included are scripts which fell under the censor's axe and never made it into America's living rooms, such as a commercial for "Placenta Helper," and a B-movie parody titled "Planet of the Enormous Hooter," which was to have starred Raquel Welch.

Oh well... On the opposite border of this literary twilight zone is a book titled "Calendar Girl," another oversized paperback which has doubtless caught a few window-shopping eyes

(although primarily male in this case.) Billed as "a lavishly illustrated, colorful history of the best in glamour calendar art, spanning six decades," "Calendar Girl" looks like the kind of thing which would make a respectable gift for any red-blooded American male.

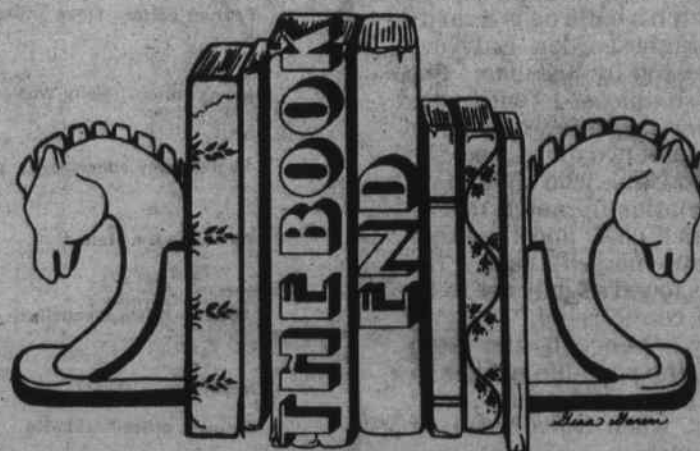
The book's contents, however, are not nearly as titillating as its cover, and the book as a whole lacks the quality of similar projects (such as "A History of the Pin-Up.") Author Michael Colmer

has assembled what appears to be a lot of paintings and pictures which were easily available to him, but which are valuable neither for "historical" purposes nor for any particular artistic or photographic quality.

The bulk of the photographs are randomly selected from unimpressive automobile-parts manufacturer's calendars of the 1960's and 70's, which is all right in itself. However, the photographs selected run the gamut from badly photographed to boring to vulgar.

The concept of "Calendar Girl" might have made for an intriguing bit of fluff, if it had been handled better. To put it simply, this book appears to have been sealed in plastic not for any puritanical reasons, but because the publisher knew what a look at the interior would do to sales.

If you're in the market for a little healthy eroticism, save the \$7.95 and get a subscription to "Playboy." At least "Playboy" has class.



# The Elbow Room

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## SKIP CASTRO BAND

# White Trash recycled

By DWAYNE YANCEY

Johnny and Edgar Winter came out of Texas many years ago with intense, individual styles. Johnny was the stunning blues-rock guitarist while Edgar used his sax and keyboards to create a horn-laden "shucking and jiving" gospel-soul style.

Curiously, their separate careers have paralleled each other.

Each abandoned his early style for a broader rock audience and after achieving recognition (Johnny with Johnny Winter And, Edgar with the Edgar Winter Group), each experienced varying degrees of the commercialism disease and faltered, taking a sabbatical from the music world only to return with an album based on a commercialized modification of early styles which first brought them prominence.

Johnny's return was "Nothin' But the Blues," an album which certainly lived up to its title, but lacked the power and raw edges of the old classics, tending instead toward easy and glossy

imitations of standard works. Edgar's reappearance after a long hiatus comes in the form of a partial regrouping of Edgar Winter's



They try valiantly to recreate the sound they made famous on "Roadwork" to these many years ago.

The first Edgar Winter's White Trash was a dynamic group which made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in flexibility. Their first album was viewed an experiment on which judgment could not be readily passed, and their second, "Roadwork," succeeded partially, perhaps wholly, because it was live.

Even then it had to rely on the two rock sides with Rick Derringer and Johnny Winter and the classic 17-minute

Most of the old White Trashers are present—Winter, version of "Tobacco Road" to salvage the double LP.

When "recycled," the band loses its freshness and immediacy. The result is a pallid attempt at what is a questionable venture at the outset.

The horn band concept works fine in a club but loses its intensity on vinyl. Even the first White Trash encountered problems making their albums exciting but never resolved the issue as Winter soon abandoned that format and moved on to the Edgar Winter Group and its rock underpinnings.

The generally lifeless material on "Recycled"—combined with the lack of a guitarist of Rick Derringer's prowess—dooms the album from the beginning.

Winter has proven himself to be a multi-talented musician and writer yet insists on restricting himself to a simple horn band that lacks the ability to be innovative.

Not once does Winter venture into "Free Ride" rock and roll or the synthesized electronic world he explored with "Frankenstein."

Instead he limits himself to the horn format and, worse yet, does little to distinguish one song from another.

Only "Parallel Love," a slower piece with a mellow piano and squealing sax, and "The In and Out of the Blues," the only track where guitarist

(Continued on Page 7)

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# Rockingham needs recreation program

(Continued from Page 3)

yes. But try asking county residents for more money. It seems impossible. Anything that will cost more money is out—no matter how beneficial it may be. Does it matter that Rockingham County, with approximately 57,500 people, only offers softball and tennis for their "summer recreation program" for adults? Or that Harrisonburg with only 19,300 people provides a complex recreational facility for their residents? Or that the county may not have a public swimming pool for their children to use in the summer?

Rockingham County residents must do everything they can to provide an adequate recreational program. Their tax money will be spent on their own behalf, something tangible that each person can benefit from.

Start talking about it, send around petitions—do anything, but do something.

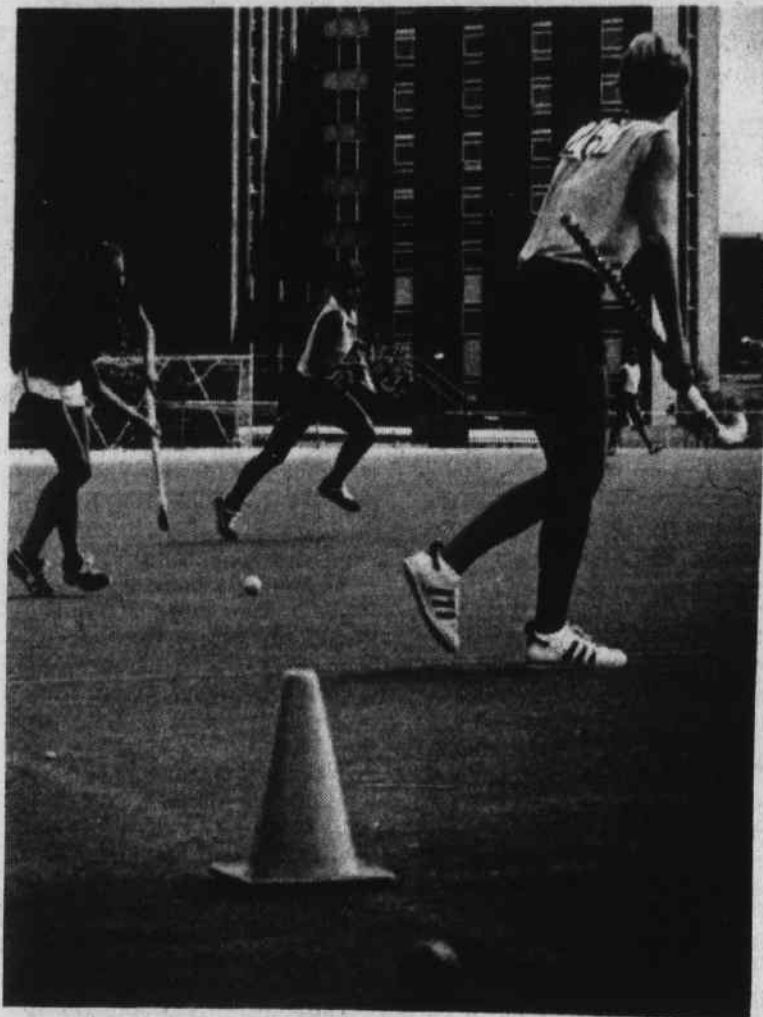
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# FULL TILT HAIRCUTTERS



PRACTICE DRILLS for passing and cutting were routine maneuvers for participants at the first level of the U.S. field hockey team tryouts. The camp, held at JMU, was one of five across the country.

Photo by Gary Reed

## Ex-wrestler to coach

Former University of Virginia wrestling standout Bob Harwick has been named to the position of graduate assistant in the James Madison University wrestling program.

Harwick was a three-time Atlantic Coast Conference and three-time Virginia Intercollegiate wrestling champion while at Virginia. Harwick, who wrestled at 150 lbs., twice won championships at the Millersville State Bells Open Wrestling Tournament and he also won titles during his intercollegiate career at the University of North Carolina Invitational, the

Bloomsburg Invitational and the First Colonial Open Wrestling Tournament.

A Dean's list student at Virginia, Harwick was captain of the Cavaliers' wrestling team his junior and senior years. He had a four-year record of 94-12 at Virginia.

Harwick, who graduated from Virginia this spring, is a native of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., and was a state high school wrestling champion at Mt. Lebanon High School. He will do his graduate work in business administration at JMU.

## Field hockey tryouts test players' bodies and minds

By HOLLY WOOLARD

Many American athletes dream of participating on United States sports teams and although each individual's motivation to achieve may be extremely high, only a few reach their goals.

Beginning June 28, over 60 women field hockey players infiltrated the James Madison University campus. Each contender had prepared herself physically and psychologically for the first step of tryouts for the U.S. team.

The camp site at JMU was one of five in the nation, as field hockey players came from all over the country to chance being selected to the U.S. squad.

When the players arrived, we all met at the track for pre-camp fitness tests. The 12-minute run was quite a warm-up and by the time we had finished sit-ups, push-ups and sprints, we all knew that tryouts would be more intense than we had anticipated.

Some participants had practiced four to six hours a day and those individuals stood out. Others, like myself, worked-out two hours a day and were noticed primarily by our limps and moans from pain.

Practice began by eight each morning as the coaches directed us through sprinting drills.

"Put it into third gear," yelled a coach after we had been practicing for an hour and a half. "I've been in fourth the whole time," I thought, but inside I knew I had to keep pushing or I would never have a chance to make the team.

Afternoon practices only lasted one to two hours, due to the heat, but with three hour night sessions we still managed to put in seven hours a day. A few night practices were highlighted by games and viewing video tapes, which relieved those of us in pain.

Pain naturally comes with the game of field hockey and trainer Boo Varnedell was as busy as the players. She often rose before 5 a.m. to prepare for injured athletes that checked into the training room before practice.

Besides treating hundreds of blisters, which plagued most contenders including myself, there were pulled muscles, bruises and heat exhaustion victims to care for.

The Olympic coach mailed all participants a training program prior to camp and one phrase which appeared was, "without pain there is no gain." My muscles ached and my left ankle was swollen from bruises, yet I knew I had to give my all to make the team.

Many participants attended the camp for a learning experience and had no idea that they

would be selected to the next level. These individuals, who strove mainly to improve their skills, were the least disappointed group when cuts were made.

Although all individuals were friendly, the intensity of tryouts was very emotional. For example, I had been practicing everyday since March. I had never become as dedicated to one cause as I had to preparing for tryouts.

Many athletes couldn't sleep at night due to dreams of missed balls or incorrect passes and cuts. One player that couldn't sleep began to think of God. Immediately a bright light came to mind and seconds later even the light turned into a hockey ball.

Practicing seven hours a day was enough hockey for me, yet we couldn't rid our minds of the sport we all loved. When over 60 people have something like this in common, bonds of friendship naturally develop.

One night I was depressed after a scrimmage because I knew I hadn't played my best. "I've been to camp for three years and I've learned that some days you play your best and other days you don't," said Laura Haig, of Ursinus College, the second-ranked team in the nation. "Maybe tomorrow is your day."

Players were constantly sharing past experiences and encouraging one another. The pressure felt was not instigated by the competitors. It was each individual's goal to achieve, which kept tryouts intense.

First cuts were scheduled for Saturday, but 15 players left earlier because of injuries and personal reasons, so no one was asked to leave. The second cut was July 4th (what a celebration) and only 22 players were selected to continue.

The second cut was very emotional, as individuals that were determined to continue, no longer had the chance. When my name was not called out to stay on, I tried to convince myself that there was always next year, but deep down I knew that I could not reach my goal this season.

For 11 of the 22 players which were selected to attend the next level, making the U.S. field hockey team may become a reality.

For those of us who were cut, we have the satisfaction of knowing we endured the seven-hour a day practices and went for something with every ounce of guts possible.

No matter which category the participants fell into, we were able to share ourselves with one another. The prize of friendship and sisterhood was won by each contender.

## Dukes recruit local shortstop

### Bocock becomes 5th player to sign scholarship

Tommy Bocock, a shortstop from Dayton, has signed a James Madison University baseball scholarship.

The 6'1" 160 lb. Bocock played basketball for National Business College in Roanoke last year. He received a basketball scholarship from National Business College after graduating from Turner Ashby in 1977 and he was the team's starting point guard last season.

Bocock was a three-year letterman in baseball at Turner Ashby. He was the team's co-captain as a senior and batted .363 with 10 doubles, one triple, two home runs and 26 runs batted in. He was named the team's Most Valuable Player, earned All-District honors and was selected to the Virginia High School Coaches Association State All-Star baseball team his senior year.

He also lettered two years in basketball and one year in football at Turner Ashby.

Bocock, a guard, was the basketball team's leading scorer, Most Valuable Player and tri-captain as a senior. He was also an All-District selection that year.

He was a starting safety in football.

Bocock was honored as Turner Ashby's Most Outstanding Athlete as a senior and was also named the recipient of the Vincent Riley Sportsmanship Award his senior year.

Bocock is currently playing baseball for the Bridgewater Reds in the Rockingham County Baseball League.

J.W. Mitchell, the starting shortstop at James Madison University the last three years, recently signed a professional baseball contract

with the Chicago Cubs and JMU head baseball coach Brad Babcock is looking for Bocock to step into that position.

"I'm counting on Tommy to be able to come in and play for us right away," Babcock said. "I think he's the type of player who's going to develop into a real leader for us."

"I'm impressed with his desire to stay near home and play in front of his family and friends," Babcock said. "He had other scholarship offers, but he decided to turn them down in order to stay at home and play."

Bocock is the second player from the Harrisonburg area to sign a baseball scholarship at JMU this year. Earlier, Babcock signed infielder Russ Dickerson of Harrisonburg. Bocock and Dickerson will join Mike Estes of Dayton in the JMU program.



INSTRUCTION BY COACHES provided brief rest periods for exhausted hockey players.

Photo by Gary Reed

## Winter's 'Recycled' is a pallid effort

(Continued from Page 5). Floyd Radford is given much of a chance to make himself known, does Winter attempt anything different.

One of the most disturbing parts of the album is that the lyrics are, at best, juvenile. Yet Winter insists on not only printing them but also mixing

them so that every word is clearly understood. He seems to have forgotten the maxim that when a singer comes to a bad line, he should mumble it.

On "Shake It Off," this becomes embarrassing. If more than a minute was spent writing this song, then Winter has indeed lost his creative touch.

If Edgar Winter wishes to go back playing clubs, then regrouping White Trash is the correct move, but records of this genre can never hope to capture the live feeling of a horn band.

Otherwise, Winter should direct his activities towards reviving the Edgar Winter Group and expanding its style.

## Grayson serves on panel

Phillip Grayson, technical director for James Madison University Theatre and an instructor in the department of communication arts, served on a panel at the United States Institute for Theatre Technology convention held recently in Phoenix, Arizona.

The theme of the convention was "Design for the '80's" and the panel on which Grayson served discussed the topic "Recycling Found Spaces as Theatres." The panel discussed the use of barns, churches, warehouses, and offices as theatres.

## Economics textbook published

A textbook by Dr. Douglas Needham, head of the economics department, has been published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston Ltd.

The book is titled "The Economics of Industrial Structure, Conduct and Performance."

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By Garry Trudeau



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