Faculty Feature Dean, Laurie Degge, Ta-



JIM MIESEN

...he takes a "psychological, analytical approach to teaching."

By Cathy Mason

Jim Miesen, one of six children of a farmer, grew up doing chores on the family farm in the small town of Fremont, Michigan.

He was able to begin his educational advancement at Albion College via a football scholarship, but an injury ended his career early. Consequently, he worked to finance his educational goal.

During the summer, he worked at the Gerber Baby Food packing plant; during the winter, he was the only unmarried night watchman at the girl's dorm at Albion College.

Miesen acquired his BA from Albion College, his MA from Central Michigan University, and has continued his studies at the Indiana University at Pennsylvania.

Miesen, an instructor of advanced composition, and American literature, says of himself that he is a "disciplined, structured teacher" and that he takes a "psychological, analytical approach to teaching"

As chairperson of the ACC English department, Miesen strives for variety and unity. He feels that the teachers in the department make it "one of the finest" in the area.

As well as being an instructor and department head, Miesen is also an actor. He has performed in over forty plays. Locally he has recieved best actor and best supporting actor awards from the Alpena Civic Thea-

The most endearing character he played was King Pellinore in Camelot. He identifies closest personally, with Macduff in "Macbeth".

Travelling, along with acting, are his most avid interests.

The Miesen family - wife Barbara, a teacher at Oxbow School, and daughter Beth, a junior at AHS spend the summers exploring the North American continent in sections.

Miesen is a self-proclaimed advocate of change, especially in education. Yet personally, he is happy with himself and his life.

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myra Detloff, Susan Dreyer, Deborah Jakiel, Tom Kane, Elizabeth Littler, Bob Magyar, Cheryl Kimberly Schaudt, Pauquette, Noel Skiba, Clark Dierking and Chris Craighead, under the watchful eye of Dick Miles, physical education director and veteran outdoorsman.

The visible stars meant the sky was clear. The group, outfitted in caps, mittens, parkas and long johns (not visible) meant the temperature was low.

Gear was loaded and the caravan headed toward Atlanta. We parked a yellow Gremlin on the beach in Hillman, our welcoming beacon two days hence.

Would we make it?

We launched our canoes into the mist that rose from the water. The river was high, but the paddles still bit the bottom with every stroke. The sun shone and our muscles began to loosen up.

We were soon separated from one another, but, because the river twists and turns on itself, we heard the voices of our fellow canoers thru the trees. Usually there was a shout followed by a bang as canoe hit rock, a scream, a stream of yelled dialogue on a background of aluminum scrapping over gravel, then silence. And so it went until lunchtime.

Our first meal out gave us an inkling of what feasts lay ahead. This was not Henry Thoreau's spuds, it was grilled hot dogs with the works, potato chips and cool-aid in four flavors, around a cheery

As the afternoon wore on, we experienced occasional cloudiness, a little rain, and even hail, but, we managed to stay dry. However, some people are fond of the water, so, our tally for that day was, one body wet from the waist down and one total immersion. This led to a campfire lecture on the evils of hypothermia (subnormal temperature of the body core) and some unforgettable anecdotes.

Our campsite overlooked the rivver from a level bluff. Early arrivals scrounged for firewood and, when all were assembled, we set up tents and started the fire. Jobs became evident and soon

every camper found something to

The food committee featured barbequed chicken and baked potatoes for supper. It was an incredible sight to see eight chickens, slathered with sauce, laid wing to leg over two grills, roasting brown and crispy. It was enough to make a dormy cry.

The sun set and the sky darkened. The bright, warm fire drew us together. The lively ones shared stories and laughter; the weary ones nodded. All were glad to be

Sunday dawned cold and overcast. People wandered out of their tents in various states of disarray, blaming "the other guy" for all the wild-animal snoring.

Following a "humungeous" breakfast cooked in a 21-inch frypan, we packed up and were on the water by ten.

On the previous day, the swift current and riffles challenged our skills and provided an exciting ride. We navigated the conduit of a low bridge by lying on our backs. This maneuver is not for people with claustrophobia.

The river widened and deepened on the following day, but, was still fast. Ducks and a solitary great blue heron kept one riverbend ahead of us - drawing us on. The only other wildlife was a canoe full of amateurs from another college. The trees were in full fall color, doubly beautiful as they reflected in the water below.

The river slowed and meandered around grassy islands and drowned trees. Gradually the woods gave way to lawns and in the distance we spotted the Hillman water-

We lunched together in the park, but, by now people were dispersing. The trip was over.

Printmakers Exhibits Art

By Cathy Mason

Picture, in a dusky setting, two carnations with red, yellow and green haloes in a vase buried halfway in the sand. Intrigued? You will be by the "Donald Hopkins: Graphics" exhibit at the Jesse Besser Museum now until November 30.

Striking, thought-provoking drawings and prints cover the walls for this exhibit. The works are a "collage of events, objects, time and space..."

The drawings and prints are grouped into four series: the Boundry Series, the Pilgrimage Series, the Combat Series, and the Hitodama Series.

Hopkins, a native of Alpena who is now living in Seattle, Washington, is an active print-maker whose works have been exhibited nationally, including the 20th National Print Show at the Brooklyn Art Museum in Brooklyn, New York.

EARTH TO **AWARD CASH PRIZES**

By Gudren Hagen

earth magazine has it's feet planted firmly in the ground nowand is beginning to sprout this year's Spring issue. The theme and main topic of interest for the issue is "GROWTH"

Activity is brewing in the magazine. With March 26 as the starting date for sales, the deadlines for all material are creeping up fast. (Monday, January 15 has been set for writing, and Thursday, February 15 for artwork.)

A short story/essay contest is being held again this year. Prizes of \$30 first place and \$15 second place are being awarded to the short story and essay best depicting any variation of the theme. Contest entries should be typed and submitted by December 15 to a staff member or to Faculty Advisor Terry Hall (office in VLH).

The magazine is still in need of interested people to get involvedespecially in the area of artwork and writing. Anyone can participate in staff meetings Mondays at 3:00 and Thursdays at 4:00 in VLH 102.

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4 street tires, 2 mud FOR SALE: and snow tires, all mounted on Buick rims. Used just 1 yr. Dayton Deluxe 78, H78-15, 4 ply nylon. Contact: Harold H. Hoover 354-2851.

WANTED: Volunteers to help retarded adults feel good about themselves. Salary: feeling good about yourself. Contact Bonnie Urlaub, 356-4203 after 3 p.m.

MESC Job Service is now working out of Van Lare Hall — Room 105 on Tues. and Weds, each week from 8-4:30. See Jacki Paul. Job opening will be listed in the Splinter regularly.