Service group sponsors ugly contest

Humane Society needs help; 7 dogs to be euthanized today

Michelle Kaleszter
Staff

Mirrors, mirror on the wall...who’s the ugliest of them all? Today is the last day that bringing ugly actually pays off. Service fraternity Alpha Phi Omega is sponsoring the ugliest man on campus contest to raise money for the Humane Society. The contest began Tuesday and continues through today.

“We wanted to do a fund-raiser for the Humane Society because they are in serious need of money,” said Sherry Olsen, APO executive vice president.

People can visit the group’s booth and vote for their favorite contestants by placing money in the can next to the respective candidates. The person who accumulates the most money for the Humane Society is declared the winner.

Olsen said APO members chose the volunteers for this year, since most people are unfamiliar with the contest.

The contestants are University of Idaho President Bob Hoover, Vice President of Student Affairs Hal Godwine, Student Union Director David Mecel, Dean of Students Bruce Fiman and ASUI President Jim Dalton.

“You can vote as often as you like, and cheesing is encouraged, ” APO President Carl Slafsky said. Their booth will be in front of the library from 8:30 a.m. to noon, and in front of the Wallace Cafeteria from 4:30 to 7 p.m.

“It’s nice for college students to try to help with their cause, since college students seem to contribute to the abandoned pet problem,” Olsen said.

In a letter sent to the press, the Humane Society expressed the possibility of being forced to close their doors. Shelter manager Bill Clark said, “Last year the animals alone cost $100,000.”

The shelter received $27,740 from the city, and close to $3,000 from the county. The rest of the funds needed to operate must be collected through donations.

Clark is being forced to euthanize seven dogs today. He said, “I can’t be soft anymore.” Last year the shelter should have euthanized 150 dogs, but the staff could only... See UGLY PAGE 2

Sports clubs become student friendly

Andrea Lucero
Asst. News Editor

National access, heightened financial support and greater travel opportunities. All for athletes, all run by students, all for students.

After an unsure beginning, the popularity of the University of Idaho’s Sport Club Federation is on the rise. The federation was implemented in August with the intent of bringing student sport organizations up to a national level.

"Many other universities have Sport Club Federations. This allows their students to participate in sports on a much more competitive level. Students didn’t know what to think at first, but participation has been increasing," said Gordon Greisch, director of the Sport Club program.

A sport club is a group of students, faculty and staff voluntarily organized for the purpose of sharing their common interest in a sport through participation and competition.

The Sport Club program is designed to serve individual interests in different sports. Through the program, various sport clubs represent the university in intercollegiate competition and conduct intra-club activities such as practice, instruction, social and tournament play.

"Students are all really excited about the organization. It gives the clubs more money, better organization and it provides a support system to help our team resolve problems," said Heidi Gudmundson, Sport Club Federation Council chair.

The Sport Club Federation is the total of all recognized sport clubs. The organization is recognized by ASUI and is directed by the department of campus recreation.

Funding for SCF comes from a portion of the Student Activity Fees collected as part of the... See CLUBS PAGE 2

Sorority women approve alcohol policy

Eris Schultz
Staff

In accordance with the decision of the Interfraternity Council, the women of Panhellenic voted Tuesday night to approve the new alcohol policy, bringing a temporary resolution to an ongoing alcohol debate.

"Everyone was glad to see a resolution. We were ready to vote and begin working on other issues," said Katie Jolley, Panhellenic president.

The new policy will change ways which alcohol is handled in the Greek System.

One of the more visible changes is stated in policy No.7, which reads, "Alcoholic beverages may be consumed by persons and or guests of legal age in private areas leased or occupied by them. In men's fraternities this means alcoholic beverages are permitted in private rooms, but not in areas open to and most commonly used by the general public such as lounges, hallways, dining facilities and other common areas of the building."

The old policy read that alcoholic beverages could be consumed by persons of legal age within any structural limit of the house.

Panhellenic delegate Erik Julian explained the significance of the women passing a policy which the men unanimously approved two weeks earlier. Julian said that the women will be responsible for following the same alcohol policies when in men's fraternities.

"This means that as we women are not going to drink on the first floor (off fraternities)," Julian said.

Another new provision of the policy states that each chapter shall sponsor at least one alcohol awareness program/presentation each year. This is more specific than the old policy of sponsoring one campus living awareness program each year.

...See ALCOHOL PAGE 2

Veterans and headliners wrap up yet another successful Jazz Fest —See page 13

Vandal seniors Ari Skorpik and Michelle Greenwood lead the Vandals to the Big West Tournament —See page 9

What's inside...

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Weather

Today—more clouds, with light winds and highs around 40. Chance of snow tonight.

Tomorrow—snow or rain showers, highs 35 to 45.
Announcements

SCF receives $3 from every full-time student due to a ballot measure passed by students. SCF receives a lump sum according to the enrollment of full-time students each year. No funding comes from previous agreements.

"If we’re thinking about the money out of student fees is a good idea, even if we don’t participate in the sports. If others do they will be more productive, contributing members of our student body. Physical activity allows us to create balance in our lives," said Leah Tucker, UI senior. Funding for SCF is given to each individual sport club. Each of the clubs turn in a budget describing what they need. After determining how much money SCF has, the money is divided between each of the clubs for items they feel are important.

"It’s a really organized way of doing things. The clubs that need more get more and those who don’t need a lot get extra help," Gudmundson said. Clubs have used their money for travel, lodging, competition fees and team equipment.

SCF also has a Sport Club Federation Council. The SCFC is the student governing body of SCF. The council serves as an action committee representing all sport clubs and keeps other club members, students, faculty and staff informed of club programs and their needs.

SCFC is composed of one elected officer from each sport club. SCFC also consists of a chair and vice-chair who are elected by the council.

The most important aspect of the SCF is that it is run by students for students. All members have a vote in all SCF matters. Now students have more responsibility and control," Gudmundson said. In order to become a member of SCF, individual clubs must represent a particular sport. To achieve active status, each club must complete several forms which can be obtained from the Campus Recreation Office.

The student sports clubs currently recognized by SCF include: baseball, bowling, dance, fencing, ice hockey, men and women’s rugby, skiing, soccer, and men’s volleyball. The rodeo club is in the application process.

Previously, sports clubs were only recognized through ASUI. There was no other relationship to the university and there were no forms of guidance or support. To become a sport club recognized by SCF or to become an individual member of a specific sport club, contact Gordon Gresch at 885-4447.

For more information on SARB, call the Alumni office at 885-6154.
Speaker refutes evolutionary claims on origin of life

Michelle Kalbelters

Last night ended the three-day lecture series given by Gordon Wilson on the controversial topic Evolution versus Intelligent Design.

Each evening Wilson addressed deficiencies in the evolutionary theory of the origin of life. His topics covered the limitations of science, the primordial soup, the fossil record, irreducible complexities and the limits to biological change.

The intelligent design theory is "the scientific model that believes the naturalistic processes are insufficient to account for the diversity and complexity of the universe," Wilson said.

He added, "Therefore, the idea of an intelligent designer is a necessary causal agent for the complexity we see in nature."

Tuesday evening, Wilson addressed the ingredients of the primordial soup—specifically, the reasons why non-living matter could not give rise to living matter, as the evolutionary theory suggests. Wilson began the lecture with a basic biology lesson on amino acids, which contribute to the function and structure of proteins. The information was given as a precursor to the discussion of abiogenesis, the chemical origin of life.

"Hopefully, I can show you enough data that you'll find you have to exercise a whole lot of irrational faith to believe it (abiogenesis) could happen by chance," Wilson said.

Around the 1950s, Stanley Miller conducted an electrical discharge experiment to observe if non-living materials could indeed produce living matter. Ammonia, methane, water and hydrogen were the initial ingredients he ran through the experimental apparatus.

"Sure enough, this apparatus generated some interesting products," Wilson said, including some amino acids used to construct proteins. "Of course the media distorted it and made it look like they had made life."

"Amino acids are about as close to life as a nail is to a house. It's probably even a bigger gap," Wilson said. "It's just no more near a living, functioning cell."

He continued to explain that evolutionists hypothesize the upper atmosphere once contained the reactants needed to start life on earth. The chemicals then came down from the upper atmosphere and through a series of electrical storms, life-generating compounds were produced.

Wilson refuted this claim with "the problem is many of the energy sources that were useful in making the amino acids actually destroyed them. The sword cut both ways."

Furthermore, he argued if the man-synthesized amino acids did form proteins, they were functionless because of their random sequences. Functioning proteins are sequence-specific.

"It would be cheating for those experiments to go in and start messing with the system and try to get the amino acids to react with one another, because then you are allowing the intelligent design argument.

"In order to get proteins, you have to manipulate the system. But if you let this organic residue just sit there in the tube, it's not going to do it," Wilson said. "A protein is useless unless it's in the context of a cell. To me this is the ox at the root of the evolutionary tree."

Afterwards, audience member Hilary Smith said, "I thought his argument was really good." Another audience member, Chris West, agreed it was a "very interesting discussion."

Wilson graduated from the University of Idaho with a Biology/Education degree, and pursued his master's in entomology. He currently teaches biology at Liberty University.
Consular officers warn traveling students

Many countries have severe penalties for drug use
Robert Hall

Twenty-five hundred Americans were arrested in foreign countries in 1994. Of these, 800 ended up in prison.

"Many young Americans on arrest in foreign countries because of overindulgence in alcoholic beverages, drugs and the behavior associated with these activities," said Katherine Munchmeyer, press officer for the Bureau of Consular Affairs.

"The Bureau of Consular Affairs is responsible for the protection and welfare of U.S. citizens abroad. We can visit Americans held in jail, but cannot get them released," she said.

Munchmeyer is trying to warn people of the importance of obeying all foreign laws when traveling abroad. In particular, she wants to make the students aware of the dangers of using or transporting drugs.

"If you are caught buying, selling, carrying or using any type of drug - from hashish to heroin - it can mean solitary confinement for up to one year before the trial in sometimes very primitive conditions, lengthy trials in foreign courts, two years to life in prison, or even the death penalty in a growing number of countries. Americans have been arrested for as little as a third of an ounce," she said.

Many young Americans are arrested in foreign countries because of overindulgence in alcoholic beverages, drugs and the behavior associated with these activities.

"Students should not assume that since they are Americans, they are covered by the Constitution wherever they go." It is not uncommon for Americans to spend months, even years, in pretrial detention, and serve prison time without the possibility of parole in a foreign jail, Munchmeyer said.

Neata Bedig, one of the consular officers at the Department of State, said that, "You should be particularly aware of people who ask you to carry a package or drive a car, especially across a border. That car or anything in that car is in your possession. You are responsible for it. You are accountable for it no matter who put it there."

Bedig also suggested that, "Even if for medical reasons you have to carry medication or other protections containing narcotics, be sure you carry a doctor's certificate attesting to the fact that you have been prescribed those items. Keep all medications in their original labeled containers."

Those with questions about the laws of any foreign countries may call the Bureau of Consular Affairs, Office of Public Affairs at (202) 647-1488 or the Overseas Citizens Services of the Bureau of Consular Affairs at (202) 647-5225 or (202) 647-4006.
Trees could save farmland, boost economy

Margaret Donaldson

The Palouse prairie loses a significant amount of soil each year from erosion, but saving the farmland could be as simple as planting some black locust trees.

Black locust is a hardwood tree native to the Appalachian Mountains region of the United States and parts of Arkansas and Oklahoma. The tree was introduced to Europe over 230 years ago and has been a major focus of research there ever since.

The black locusts of America have yet to gain the popularity of their European cousins, but there may be hope for them on the Palouse horizon.

John Ehrenreich, professor of international forestry and range resources, is researching the use of black locust trees to stabilize abused farmlands in the Palouse. Ehrenreich said the trees are used extensively for lumber and furniture in Hungary, and after years of research, the Europeans have developed improved strains.

"We never resourced the trees here like they did in Europe," Ehrenreich said. "What we're trying to do is play catch-up." The research Ehrenreich is trying to catch up with could rescue local farmland which has lost its productive capability.

Erosion on some Palouse hilltops is so excessive that even with large amounts of fertilizer they can't produce economically feasible crop yields. Deep slopes are also a challenge for farmers using large modern farm equipment which can't maneuver the way old-fashioned home teams could.

Ehrenreich said areas like these, which are not good for crop production, can be rejuvenated with black locust trees. "Most importantly, we are utilizing the tree to stabilize the soil," he said.

Black locust trees have unique characteristics which make them useful. The trees are nitrogen fixers, which means they can produce their own nitrogen. Nitrogen is a main ingredient in fertilizers and important for growing crops. Planting the trees around crops will rejuvenate depleted nitrogen in the soil.

The trees also have a root system which reaches deep into the soil and gathers up nutrients which have settled below the surface soil. These nutrients are stored in their leaves until they drop off the tree in the fall, returning the nutrients to the soil.

Black locust is a hardwood, comparable to hard maple and black walnut. The Hungarians have produced furniture with the trees for years, and Ehrenreich thinks we can do the same on the Palouse.

"I think we can get enough growing in the Palouse farming area to reintroduce a furniture factory," Ehrenreich said. He said planting trees which can be used for furniture will not only help the soil, but the farmers' wallets as well.

"Farmers aren't using the land. It's eroding. But this way, they can produce very valuable trees," he said.

Ehrenreich is planning a trip to Hungary this summer and hopes to take advantage of their experience with the trees. "I'd like to go over and bring that 250 years of research back into our country," he said.

Ehrenreich and his co-researchers, wildlife resources professor James Peck and soil science professor Bob Maker, have just begun research into the trees, but they are excited about educating farmers on the potential uses.

Ehrenreich said, "It has potential economic use, it can stabilize the land and protect streams and circulate nutrients back into the soil." He also said it can provide excellent wildlife habitat for coyotes, deer and other species.

These pods are characteristics of the black locust tree.

Peter McKinney

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And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea...

In the wake of efforts to eliminate corruption in the Mexican government's anti-narcotics efforts, some United States officials are reconsidering granting the country status as a nation that cooperates in the war on drugs.

While it appears that President Clinton will still grant Mexico status as a cooperative measure and as narcotics officials protest giving the title.

Perhaps the real question in this is what right does the United States have to be granting any sort of titles to anyone?

True, this sort of praise within the scope of America's war on drugs probably has happy, good feelings, but what would the consequences be of labeling a country as the bad guys? And what right do we have to be labeling countries at all?

I think we have seen the consequences of the us against them mentality in a little thing we called the Cold War, a time when nations lived in fear of being completely annihilated at any given mo... a plethora of films showed us lurid detail the results of nuclear war and the evils of the Russian Empire.

We called them Reds, Commies, Ruskies, the Bad Guys. They were our enemy and we had to stop them from spreading their sick political views to other parts of the world.

Although we lived in fear, at least we lived in a United Fear, we had a common enemy and he wasn't us.

What now? We have no common enemy, so we create one. Our enemy is drugs. We declare war. We seem to be losing.

Many people see Mexico, Central and South America as nothing but a hotbed of druglords with nothing better to do than corrupt our nation's children.

We choose to overlook the fact that awareness starts at home, not abroad. If children are misled right, without fear of or curiosity for drugs, they will not use them. That means not promoting the drug, but not condemning it either. It means teaching what drugs are, where they come from, what they look like, what they do to your body, what they do to your brain, their value to properties, their addiction and the consequences of use and abuse.

It doesn't mean stating that drugs will kill you period and that if you start using marijuana or marijuana you will certainly become a crack addict before you graduate high school.

And it certainly doesn't mean blaming all of our drug problems on Mexico.

Now in all likelihood Mexico is not going to be the Russia of the '90s, although it already has been established that Webster's head-boosters who can't speak the damn language take jobs away from honest American folk, and they're lazy anyways, but the food is OK although it gives you heartburn. (Oh, yes, children, there really are many people who still believe this in their hearts and souls).

Today's attitudes are reminiscent of a nuclear year that bred generations of fear and hatred which are only now dissipating.

But U.S. officials still insist that Mexico cannot be trusted (which reminds me of a certain attitude that led to a "police action" in a country run over with Commies that we had to stop at any cost despite the fact that our help was not wanted).

We are the policemen of the world, we must be the conscience of countries which are obviously so well-developed enough to font their own. We know what's right for everyone, and the right way is our way.

All because someone finds it necessary to label, categorize, impose belief systems and takes a holier-than-thou attitude.

How much longer will the United States remain a super power? Indefinitely perhaps. For only a few more decades perhaps.

But whether we are the leaders of the free as well as oppressed world or one of the multitude of nations, shouldn't we develop a reputation as something other than the ugly, imperialist American?

That is why we are seen as capitalists pigs. That is why we are losing the war on drugs. That is why we fear the place of education.

And that is why war remains a billion dollar industry.

—Corinna Flowers

Booze: the lubricant of party shenanigans

It's rather amazing how many different personalities come alive — with the help of a little alcohol — at parties. My favorites are those who get a couple in them and put on this Academy Award-winning performance. You know, all of a sudden a certain somebody walks into the room and Shazam! it all hits. The sobbing starts, the tears start to roll and all eyes turn to focus on the idiot on the floor.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have a winner. Congratulations, once again. You were able to simply let yourself go, regardless of the ass you made of yourself."

It doesn't take long to spot the fakers in the crowd.

There's always somebody designated to get their drinks for them. Little do they know they're drinking near beer or flavored seltzer water instead of wine coolers.Funny how they can still get as drunk as everybody else.

Then of course, there are the ones who get depressed by simply looking at a bottle of booze. They say they're drinking away their sorrows. I am afraid to see them with their sorrows in full swing. No matter who tries to talk to them, they put up this shield and just want to be alone.

You're thinking: "What the hell did you come to a party for, then?" Next thing you know, they've locked themselves in a room, and have nappy rock balls blazing from the stereo — Cinderella's "Don't Know What You Got," and Ozzy and Lita's "Close My Eyes Forever." All you can do is hope they don't drown in their pathetic tears.

As soon as the music starts up, there also seems to be a handful of terrible dancers who think alcohol all of a sudden breathes rhythm into them. Since nobody has the guts to tell them they suck, we all just watch their off-beat steps and get that "embarrassed for them" feeling and hope the song doesn't last much longer.

Every party has got the must-have drinking games going on. Several people sitting around a table with dice rolling for the Three Man, or shot glasses circling the larger glasses for Chandelles. I love the reasoning here: "Hey, let all get slightly drunk on rusty cheap whiskey or beer with in the first hour of the party so we can all be puking or passed out for the rest of the night."

In one of the corners is the philosophical group in a circle, getting into some deep conversation that makes no sense to anybody — including them.

"Figure life can be summed up in two phrases," one says. "To be a rock and not to roll. Zepplin knew what was going on."

"Dude," says another, "Stairway is the best. It's beautiful and all, but have you ever just sat down and stared at a sunset for hours on end? I think that's where the answers to everything are."

What's up with tobacco at parties? Everybody and their mother has a cigar or a cigarette hanging from their lips or a wad of chew in their gums. All the cans and bottles become ashtrays or spit cups. The next thing you know, somebody gets their spit can mixed up with their beer can and takes a big ol' swig. After feeling their way to the bathroom through the 7 feet of smoke that fills the room, the Porcelain God becomes their companion for the rest of the night.

The middle of the party rolls around and everybody gets hungry as hell. Moonshine. You'll see somebody spooking cold Spain straight out of the can. Aunt Hazel's fruit cake comes out of the wrapper for the first time in 20 years. Desperation forces another to scrape the mold off the top of old macaroni and cheese before eating what the mold left behind.

A good few hours into the night, then those who insist they drive much better when they're drunk, so they're taking off 'cause they have to work in the morning. When you laugh in their face and tell them you're not giving them their keys but that you'll drive them home, they get steamed. All of a sudden, all the fighters in the crowd

— Effie MacDonald

Argonaut Letters & Guest Columns Policy

The Argonaut welcomes reader letters and guest columns. Letters may be typed, spaced, signed and include the writer's phone number and address of each writer. Letters may also be submitted by e-mail to argonaut@uidaho.edu or by fax to (208) 885-2222. The Argonaut reserves the right to refuse or edit letters. Guest columns must go through the same editing and approval process as our staff columns. Ideas expressed in the Opinion section are those of the writers. They do not necessarily reflect views of the Argonaut or the Associated Students of the University of Idaho.
The Argonaut: Journalism at its worst

You've finally done it. As many times as I have been embarrased or disgusted by the Argonaut, I have never taken the time to respond. I usually told myself that there must be another side to the stories, that most journalists must really be a bunch of noisy chubs, that there are reasons things are as they are, probably, maybe — when an Argonaut reporter didn't ask a tough, but obvious question of an interviewee. Time and time again, I made excuses for your university newspaper.

There was the editorial slaming Computer Services because they didn't offer a Java-capable browser — but no one thought to ask them why. There was the movie reviewer that didn't know that the Micro Movie House existed — even though they advertise in every issue.

Not too long ago we read Brian Davidson's story in The New Yorker that seems to say hello on the Hello Walk — I saw him the day the piece ran, but he would say, "Hello" — he never even says hello. (Of course, this is the same man, that, even into his senior year, couldn't figure out when his finals were — at least he was no newspaper-cow about that one.)

There was the lively debate about Northern Ireland, coincidently happening at the same time as the anniversary of the Bloody Sunday Massacre — the Argonaut noted the occasion by telling everyone to shut up already — apparently Davidson has heard enough about the Irish, although they did print a response from Lee Mollins and a second letter from Elaine Winstead and Emma Saunders, who, ironically, closed their letter praising the "debate and hope to see more of this. Sorry, Elaine and Emma, and anyone else who cares about the war in Ireland — Davidson thinks there is nothing left to say.

In recent weeks we've read about declining enrollment and rising tuition — but the reason, as everyone can see, is that those students that aren't there. Also in this tradition of abusive mathematics was the article about UI not meeting attendance requirements for Division I athletics. The solution? Put more seats in.

And no one at the Argonaut thought to ask anyone exactly why the classroom space to serve fewer students, or how we will fill 30,000 seats in the Kibbie Dome, when we don't even fill 17,000.

Hard hitting journalism has gone the way of the T-Bird, at least here at UI. Actually, there was one reason given for putting the Classroom Center/Commons project: "The Argonaut had one quote from a professor who doesn't like that we cover all the way over the SUB when he's hungry. He thinks the Commons will be great."

The comment does fit in with the university's desire to bring the campus closer together — claims if you live in the dorms. If you're a Greek, or live off campus, well, you can just walk a little further if you can't be closer together.

Or you can move into Wallace! Server was crying on that very day of international gathering. I am talking about the fire that has burned down many civilizations of history so far. The fire has always been the cataclysmic force that has created centuries, and sometimes centuries, of tragedy. It is the fire of disharmony.

It is the fire that will send all the pulses in man toward humanity and brotherhood of all mankind. It is in this fire that takes its nuclear form first in the same identity for any cohesive unit of people, let it be nation, religion, or group of people. While it is an option to share the heritage of any fire, the fire suddenly ignites one strong passion of man: to have, more often, what it be wealth, prestige, or power. The screen becomes full of waves of fire that destroy in peaceful, joyful, — whenever you see a fire burning in the face of the world, you can believe that this fire has gone to feed upon.

On that day of international celebration, however, this fire was heaped upon by the ignorance of all difference and the harmony of different ethnic and cultural groups. All groups were trying to show what identifies them, while not missing the chance to appreciate the identity of others. Each did all that was proud of their own heritage as well as it could, and many all together searched for a solution, each representing the cultures of the world, was exchanging the greeting as if they were greeting none simultaneously.

The fire was crying. Yes it was, with full

Letters to the Editor

International event inspires students, damps "tears of fire"

I do not know what the composer Shalin really meant when he called one of his songs "Tears of Fire," in his album One Thousand and One Nights, but I would like to borrow his phrase for a recent event: the International Day of Culture, Customs and Cuisine. Seeing fire crying on that very day of international gathering. I am talking about

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On Campus Interviews

Tues, March 4th
Informational meeting Mon., March 3rd 7-8pm.

Questions? please call Angie Manca (206)227-7602
Letters to the Editor

Do legislators feel state employees' pain?

In their Feb. 12 issue, the Idaho Statesman in Boise reported that the average salary for Idaho's state workers is $14.32 an hour, or $29,700 annually.

The average salary of the classified staff at the University of Idaho is $31.33 hourly, or $62,566 annually.

This is $3—or $6,100 per year—less than the average reported for the state. This figure does not take into account the impact of the pay lag.

For 1996-97, 4 percent of all salaries at the University of Idaho have been captures by the state due to the governor's mandated holdback and the pay lag. This holdback makes this year's classified staff salaries at the UI $10.88 hourly, $22,900 annually and $7,100 less than the state average.

Was the average state worker misrepresented by the figures published by the Statesman? Were the figures corrupted by including the salaries of administrators with salaries up to $100,000?

Contrary to their own legislation, is the Idaho Legislature funding more than one salary class?

Did the UI financial administration publish the classified salary monies away from this?

Whatever the answer, the financial impact on the staff at the University of Idaho has been devastating and disheartening.

Last week the Idaho Legislature rejected the governor's proposal and voted not to fund a pay increase this year for Idaho state workers.

Contact the governor's office and the Idaho Legislature for clarification of the above: 1-800-626-0471; info@info.ato.state.id.us; FAX 334-5397.

—Wilen Anderson Registrar's office

Excess in column destroys credibility

I would like to respond to Corrine Flowers' column of Jan. 17 "Universities forgive students' forged checks.

I feel that it was nothing more than an exercise in gross exaggeration.

Your excessiveness destroyed any credibility that your column could have had. Yes, there are things about this university that could be improved upon; but in my opinion, most of those have more to do with policy and bureaucracy than with the people who work here.

Two of your statements can be used to sum up your column: "The willingness to help, the positive attitude, even common courtesy have vanished completely" and "The personnel relationship, the one on one communication and understanding has been gone from this institution."

I can safely say that neither statement is true. I know too many students who feel that at least 50 percent of their professors have been not only knowledgeable but also helpful and approachable.

As for me, 85 percent of the professors that I've had as instructors fell somewhere between good and exceptional.

As for the staff and other faculty members, our department head knows the names of all of his students and is always eager to help. Similarly, my advisor is very supportive and easy to talk to.

The majority of the staff and other employees that I've dealt with, both within our department and throughout the university, have been friendly and helpful. That right there negates your claim of total and absolute apathy on the part of the professors and staff at this university.

Lastly, how many of your professors have you made an effort to, at the very least, introduce yourself to? You want your professors to care about you and your college career, but how can they if they don't even know you exist.

Especially in large classes...how do you expect a professor to be able to distinguish your face from a sea of one hundred faces if you've never met with him/her?

The student-professor relationship is a two way street, just like any other relationship. It requires a little effort on your part, too.

—Anne Lilly Dustin

BOOZE

• FROM PAGE 6

come alive, and a big brawl kicks up.

In the three minutes the fight lasts before everyone passes out, your mother's fifth-generation grandfather clock gets a fist through the glass and nobody seems to care. After confronting the guy who did it, his response is, "Oh, dude, don't worry about it. I'll pay for it." Why is it people think they can get away with making trouble?

The next morning the guy is minus the $30 he had to his name after spending the rest on beer and insides the cuts on his hand are from the cat. Everybody else is pissing themselves off the floor and unlocking their lips that have been sealed together by dehydration and rotten mouth. The air has a musty stench of dragon breath from all the people, old cigar smoke and stale beer. Sucks to be the person who has to clean it all up.

POTT SHOTS

Spuds, Vandal, snakes: What is this state coming to?

The Idaho House passed a bill this week which would have made the western ranchman the state reptile, while a bill favoring the appointment of the potato as the state vegetable got cold reception and is now buried, much to the glee of Idaho's tuber-minded counties.

Speaking of state vegetables, coincidentally, leaves the imagination open to any number of wild jokes which would only be the beginning of a severe oil suit which I don't wish them with a 10-cent cattle prod... while savaging the multiplicity of could-have-beens.

Another bill approving University of Idaho-related license plates (with Go Vandals' joining the standard Famous Potatoes slogan) seems likely to pass as well.

What's neat? Elementary school plates.

While one wonders at such legislative goings-on, Idahoans can consider themselves lucky they're not residents of Maryland, where legislators are debating right now whether or not to declare milk as the official state drink.

Personally, I'd like to see a live spout become the official state skin blanket. Now only if it can drum up some support... Ah yes, modern American democracy is a marvelous thing.

"What's the matter with Spokane? She's all right!"

Here's a quip for your buffs of Midwestern-American literature: Sinclair Lewis' book Babbitt satirizes overzealous civic high-mindedness and the hypocrisy of total conformity in the fictitious Midwestern metropolis of Zenith, "The Zip Cloze." Read the book and ask yourself if it doesn't remind you of Spokane or Boise.

That of gray road, she ain't what she used to be

Kudos to the Idaho House for considering a bill to renumber Highway 95—an effort which may actually work this time.

The bill, sponsored by Post Falls Republican Hilde Kellogg, would raise $394 million through bonds and—in an unusual twist not used in the state since 1967—sales.

The toll would only be charged on a alternate truck route yet to be built through West Idaho.

Truckers ought to be happy to pay the toll, as the route would cut 120 hours off travel time between Payette and New Meadows.

The bonds would be paid off by a 4 cent per gallon increase in the state gas tax (with diesel fuel exempt) and an increase by $18 of vehicle registration fees.

But yes, if the bill passes the House, the matter will be placed on the next Idaho ballot, where voters will have their say. Rep. Kellogg certainly knows how to turn out one majority of a bill.

I thought I saw a Milk of Magnesia tanker truck on campus

UofI's computer labs suddenly seem to have overcome their case of terminal constipation which began Feb. 11 with the necessity of logging on through the University of Idaho's Post Falls data center.

Having been whined at in an earlier post, UI's computer nuncios deserve praise now for finally getting up and moving on quickly. Way to go, guys. Are you folks... or humans? Or whatever is PC nowadays for a collective group? Now only if we could convince the Arg to switch over to IHMs.

This year we will give away a $300.00 shopping spree.

The winner will be given three, $100.00 certificates.

Each certificate will be made out to the Home & Garden participant of their choice.

Second Prize: Delux one day white water raft trip for two on the Salmon River at Riggins, Idaho.

Salmon River Experience

Mall Hours: Saturday 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.

Sunday Noon - 5 p.m.
Senior duo lead Idaho women to post-season

Since coming to Moscow as a junior, senior Michelle Greenwood has done nothing but impress the Idaho faithful.

Guard Ari Skorpik sparks the Vandals with her quick play and athleticism, while maintaining a leadership role on the court.

Byron Jarnagin

A n athlete's senior season often brings out the best in individual talent and accomplishment. Usually it's inspired by the humbling fact of a last hurrah, one last shot or the last dance of their career.

This season, the Big West Conference Tournament stage has been set for the climax of Michelle Greenwood's basketball career as a Vandal.

As a junior transfer from North Idaho College, Greenwood began her journey with the Idaho Vandals women's basketball program.

As a sophomore member of the team, Greenwood expected an initial challenge in competition level and individual player abilities. For her, the first leap as a Vandal was more of a 10-step period of transition, as opposed to one or two, before she found her niche.

Coming into the program, she had personal goals to improve her physical play and develop a positive mental game. Being a junior transfer made the transition even tougher for Greenwood.

"Coming in as a junior is worse than coming in as a freshman, I think, because when you come in as a junior you're not expected to be a freshman, yet you know no one here," Greenwood said. "That was a difficult transition factor, plus a perfectionist, I have always put a lot of pressure on myself to succeed."

"One comforting thing was the way this team was accepting," Greenwood added.

SEE GREENWOOD PAGE 10

Senter leaves Idaho and football coaching staff

Jim Senter, assistant head football coach and defensive line coach at the University of Idaho, has resigned his position as the coach of the Vandals.

Senter, 35, is moving to Arizona where he can be closer to his sons, Matthew and Derick.

"He's been a tremendously valuable member of the staff for 11 years, coach Carl Todd said. "He's going to be missed by the coaches, the players, the alumni."

"He's had a tremendous impact on this program," Todd continued.

Senter joined the Idaho staff in 1985 and served as defensive line coach for three years before coaching the line backs the next three seasons. He took a break from coaching the 1992-93 seasons when he moved to Boise to serve as the Southern Idaho Regional Development Director for the University of Idaho.

He returned to coaching in May 1994 and spent one season coaching the secondary before returning to the defensive line in 1995-96. Under Todd, he also served as assistant head coach and recruiting coordinator.

"Because of the people I was associated with in the athletic department, the University staff and faculty, and the administration, working at the University of Idaho was a life-changing experience," Senter said.

As with most Vandals, Senter's fondest memories as a coach are from games played against Boise State.

"Beating Boise State in 1986 was my indelible moment into the Idaho-Boise State rivalry," Senter said. "Then beating Boise State in 1991 when we had to hold them on fourth-and-goal to finish 6-5 and keep the winning streak alive."

Senter is a 1985 graduate of the University of Texas and earned his master's degree at the University of Idaho in 1990.

--- Courtesy of UI Sports Information

Idaho upsets Gauchos

Idaho used stingy defense to upset Long Beach State in the last home game

Damon Barkdoll & Nate Peterson

In the Big West Conference, a score in the 50s is indicative of the conference's reputation as being an all-obsess, no-defense football league.

Last night, Idaho's basketball team did just the opposite, using a strong defense and slowed down all-Big West player James Cotton on their way to an upset win over Long Beach State in the Kibbie Dome.

Miller dictated the game tempo with a slow down, half-court offense and a tremendous defensive effort on the other end of the floor.

"We knew that's what we had to do to survive," senior Jason Jackman said, who played his last game at home as an Idaho Vandal. "It was a big win for us, this is our post-season."

Jackman and Kevin Byrne led Idaho scorers with 15 points. Jackman also had seven
The Vandals have a successful season so far. After winning against Montana State and Idaho State, they are now facing the University of Idaho. With a record of 6-2, the Vandals are looking forward to their upcoming games.

On Saturday, March 11th, the Vandals will play against the University of Montana. The game is scheduled to start at 2:00 PM at the University of Idaho. The weather is expected to be sunny, with a high of 70 degrees.

The Vandals are currently ranked 12th in the nation and are looking to continue their winning streak.

Vandal senior Eddie Turner (25) played his last game at home and made the most of it, chipping in 11 points and the Vandals opined win.

The game is expected to be competitive, with both teams looking to secure a victory. The Vandals will need to maintain their high level of play and continue their winning streak.

The game will be broadcast live on ESPN and is also available for streaming online. Fans are encouraged to attend the game to support their team.

The Vandals are looking forward to a successful season and are confident in their abilities to secure a victory.

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**Open ASUI Position**

**Senate - 1 position**

**Open University Committee Positions**

Affirmative Action Committee - 2 positions
Borah Foundation - 1 position
Juntura - 1 minority position
Grievance Committee for Student Employees - 3 positions

These positions are excellent opportunities to make a difference and gain experience in leadership. Applications can be picked up in the ASUI Office, Student Union Building and are due by Friday, March 14, 1997, 5:00 p.m. in the ASUI Office.
Vandal women travel to New Mexico State to tomorrow

Kindra Meyer  Assistant Sports Editor

The University of Idaho women's basketball team takes to the road this weekend to fol-
low up a perfect season punch against New Mexico State with a total knock-out.

Center stage is Idaho, a team whose record may show some defen-
s but are pumped up and in top form following a win over Boise State University.
The Vandals hold their fate in their own hands. If they win this game they will undoubtedly capture the Big West's Eastern Division title.

Idaho women top North Texas

DENTON, Texas — All-Niemen from highs of 19 points and 12 rebounds led Idaho past North Texas 69-57 at the Super Pit before 667 fans.

Idaho (8-5, 1-11), which is trying to sweep first-place New Mexico in the Big West's Eastern Division, play New Mexico State on Saturday as a PIR.

"They were playing hard and had nothing to lose," Idaho coach Kate Rue said, filling in for Julie Holt who is recovering from giving birth to a child Sunday. "They're real acroby.

The cell-dwelling Eagles drop to 1-12 in conference play and 4-21 overall. The Vandals were a force on the boards, outrebounding the Eagles 44-33. Idaho's front line of Niemen, Kathryn Gueulet and Michelle Greenwood grabbed twice as many rebounds (24) com-
pared to UNT's front line.

Rue was impressed by point guard Ari Skorpik. "They had a lot of pressure on her, but she kept her composure.

Skorpik, a senior, had an all-around performance of nine points, six rebounds, four steals and three assists.

"All we came up with the stats, but it wasn't her best perfor-
mance," Rue said.

Rue also said Idaho didn't have its best performance either.

"We gave them all the opportunities to come back and stay close," Rue said. The Vandals committed 25 turnovers.

Kelli Johnson provided the long-range shooting for Idaho, as she hit 3 of 7 three-pointers, scoring 13 points. Greenwood, a senior center, added 11 points and six rebounds.

UNT was led by reserve freshman guard Tonya Thomas' 12 points. Az' Diomone Smith was the Eagles only other double-figure scorer with 10.

Idaho missed New Mexico State on Saturday to have a chance at first place in the Eastern Division.
The Utah House has passed a bill to implement 'smart' driver licenses.

The information that would be stored on the cards would be driver's license information, unless the cardholder authorized otherwise. With permission, the card could hold medical, credit card and other information, including a digital photograph of the holder. Adair dismissed concerns of some residents, expressed through their representatives, that the cards would be used by the government to spy on them. "The technology isn't available where you can fly over in a helicopter and access someone's wallet or purse," Adair said. "The information can be protected and will be protected."

The Idaho Transportation Department has released results from a study indicating motorists are creating more often under higher speed limits. The accident rate increased 29 percent in the May to October 1996 test period on 524 miles of rural interstate. The rate also rose on other types of highways.

However, Idaho Transportation Department officials are flashing a yellow caution light with their preliminary statistics. They say they will need a full year of data to draw conclusions. "But we are seeing very clearly at the fact that the accident rate has gone up," said traffic engineer Greg Larson.

The study rate dropped 43 percent on rural interstates as the limit rose. But analysts caution that statistics can fluctuate wildly with relatively small numbers of fatal accidents.

Speed limits were raised in many states after Congress repealed national maximum speed limits in 1995. Fatalities, which number about 40,000 per year nationwide, only increased by 200 in 1996, said Bob Morrow, spokesman for the National Motorists Association, which pushed for higher limits. "Insurance company and government safety experts said that would cause an additional 6,400 deaths," he said. "They were off by about 6,200." On the Idaho rural interstates on which limits were raised, the average speed driven from May to October 1995 was 66.4 mph, 1.4 mph above the legal limit. Last year in that period it hit 68.9 miles per hour, well below the new 75 mile per hour limit. Accident rates also increased on two other classes of Idaho roads for which speed limits were raised. The rate climbed 24 percent on 14 miles of urban interstates and was up 13 percent on 1,520 miles of U.S. and state highways.
Lionel Hampton and all that jazz

The Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival completed its four-day sweep of the University of Idaho Saturday with a concert that included some of the legends of jazz and culminated in one of the most spectacular performances that the Palouse has ever seen.

The Brian Bromberg Band opened the evening extravaganza with a four-piece ensemble excellently led by the group's title performer. Opening with wild chmauses uncommonly for jazz audiences, Bromberg whizzed through a trio of tracks in a too-short presentation.

In a manner so characteristic of great performers, Bromberg's fingers seemed to flit over his instrument so effortlessly and nonchalantly that he could have been reading a novel while he was playing and not miss a note. In fact, Bromberg's own canodance on the stage was matched only by the brilliance of his lavender Ensemble and black leather pants.

Perhaps the best piece by the young bassist was his opener, entitled "I Want to Sleep a Child and Woke Up a Man." Very easy, with a lilting, upbeat feel, the song was dedicated by Bromberg to his father, who was an influential jazz tuba player.

Peter McKinley

The New York Big Band's trumpet section was one of the most electric outfits in the orchestra. Highlighted by Tony Barrero and Kenneth Hampton, the quartet of trumpeters absolutely made the band into true giants of jazz.

"I love to get as high as the angels," Skinner said. "I've never seen anything like it. Over all the years of this Festival, this is the best band I've ever heard."

Other jazz legends which made the concert such a special event included guitarist Frank Vigil, bassist Christian Biebraun, pianist Kuni Mikami and Sam Pilafian on tuba. Wally "Gator" Watson also provided some esoteric drumwork.

"Wally is an incredible guy," Skinner said. "He's always helping kids. It's a real positive kind of thing.

Dick Reeves was also on the bill, lending his vocals to the show in a manner that few can successfully imitate. In a part jazz, part R & B and past calypso performance, Reeves showed that he is one of the premier and most unique acts in jazz today.

Reeves sang about a half-dozen songs, the best and most enveloping of which was his second song, the mellow melody, "Softly As It Fades Away." Reeves also sang a medley from his latest album, The Grand Encounte, a compilation of songs featuring artists like Chet Baker, Sonny Stitt, Chico McClave and Al Golden.

Saturday night also saw a collaborative show spotlighting the festival's high school student instrumental competition winners. They performed "Billy's Bounce," with each younger playing his or her instrument.

As popular as the festival was with the Northwest and the local community, it seems probable that it should continue as long as the university maintains an interest in serving up quality jazz.

In fact, Hampton addressed this Saturday's concert, "Let's always make sure this is the number one festival in the world," he said.

Joshua Redman

This Man returns

James Oliver

When I walked into the Kibbie Dome last Wednesday night, I fully expected a long, glorious night of improvisational big band jazz. This was, after all, the opening evening of the Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival, the so-called International Night.

Vioent of smoke-filled, downtown support groups dancing in my head. The headlining performers included Hampton, Herb Ellis, John Coltrane, Jones, pianos, Elvin Jones, drums; and Brian Bromberg, bass. The show began at 7 p.m., but I, as usual, arrived about an hour late.

I had just lain into my seat when the main performers (Ellis, Jones, Jones and Bromberg), who headlined all four shows, returned to the stage with Russian improvisationist Igor Butman. Following a short bout of improvised humor, starring Butman and Hank Jones, the music resumed. Butman's first song, "Waltz for Oaxaca," he wrote in honor of his wife, claiming that this convinced her to marry him. If Butman can waltz, then I tended to believe his version of the proposal. His next song, "Nostalgia," kept true to the waltz theme while also featuring Hank Jones on piano. Butman is a Jazz Festival veteran. He related to the audience that Nostalgia signaled his longings for Moscow (presumably Russia).

Butman's third piece was an all-out improvisational assault, spiced up by Herb Ellis' silky smooth solo.

Ellis also is the namesake of a $3,000 Gibson electric guitar, a fitting tribute to this renowned jazz artist. Brian Bromberg proved masterful on the bass, much to the crowd's approval. This set truly belonged to Butman who, throughout his performance, proved that he is a saxophone virtuoso without many rivals in the world of jazz. He almost made me forget that Michael Brecker, another contemporary jazz giant, would be appearing on Sunday. In my humble opinion, Butman easily rose to the head of this night's musical class.

Sasha Daltoun, performing a tribute to Dinah Washington, was introduced next. Washington, a.k.a. "The Queen of Jazz," was discovered by Hampton in one of the aforementioned Chicago blues clubs. Daltoun graciously covered several of Washington's jazz standards, including "What a Difference a Day Makes." Afterward, the show reached a 15-minute intermission.

When the house lights came up, folks dispersed to all areas simultaneously. Some to the Chuckwagon-stage souvenir stand on the Dosee Floor and many more to the concession stands. A handful of brave souls went into the Jazz Garden, apparently unaware that the cuisine came from somebody's favorite eatery, Wallace Cafe. Fortunately, my friend Captain Culinary forewarned me about the true colors of this fake food.

The house lights dimmed just after 9 p.m. Following as elementary school vocaloid, A Brazilian Twist, featuring Claudio Roditi on trumpet, took the stage. Roditi wasted no time, wowing the audience with a stellar five-minute solo.

Bromberg was especially impressive on bass, earning hearty applause for his efforts. Roditi's performance was testament of how music can pick up from the stage microphone, rendering its husky beauty audible at times.

Peter McKinley

Lou Rawls and Lionel Hampton

Peter McKinley

Lou Rawls and Lionel Hampton were a study in contrasts. The first, an older, more experienced jazz singer with a rich, rich voice, the second, a new, upcoming star with a wild, soulful style. Extraordinary, Rawls was accompanied by an excellent jazz orchestra, while Hampton was backed by his usual band.

Both men were well received by the audience, which included patrons of all ages and races. An opening of "Softly in the Smile of Love," with Rawls's unique interpretation, set the tone for the rest of the show. His rendition was accompanied by a large band that included saxophones, trombones, trumpets, and other instruments.

Hampton, on the other hand, utilized a smaller ensemble, which included his trumpet section, piano, and bass. The two men had the audience on their feet, singing along and dancing to the music.

This was a true celebration of jazz, bringing together two great performers for a memorable evening.
Night Life
Escape the ills, get ready to jam

Imagine it’s Friday night, you have exactly $33 cash in your pocket, even less in your checking account, and are wondering how many ways you can entertain yourself with all that money. You’ll want to consider all the options before you reach a decision. Hmm... one way to get a full night of fun for that trio of crumpled singles is by attending the Campus Comedy Jam tonight at 8 p.m. in the Student Union Ballroom.

Campus Comedy Jam is a California-based touring show that features comedians Rodney Johnson, Joseph Brown, and Chris Rock. Johnson is a veteran of A&E Evening at the Improv, the VH-1 Stand-up Spotlight, Carolina Comedy Hour, and even Club Oprah on the Oprah Winfrey Show. Other television credits include The (ABC), Comic Justice (Comedy Central), Comic Strip Live (Fox), and the venerable Star Search 1992. Johnson has headlined at numerous comedy clubs across the nation, even at the center of the Northwest comedy universe, the Comedy Underground, in Seattle.

Johnson believes that comedy is the tonic that can help cure society of its belligerence, ignorance, and vanity. These are fairly righteous and lofty goals for a touring comedian. I tend to agree with his assessment. The world can be a very cold, dark and cruel place and it is quite easy to become overwhelmed by all the negative aspects of life. Laughter can heal many of the wounds that society inflicts upon the innocent masses. Johnson says, who hopes to help people escape the ills of life, even if only for an evening.

Like smooth asphalt in Moscow, good stand-up acts are hard to find. The improvisational brilliance of a few, such as Chris Rock or Robin Williams, is extremely rare. Rodney Johnson also makes use of improv, seeking to “expose the hilarity of human folly.” I think we can all agree that no truth is stranger than human folly.

The daily trials and tribulations of the human species provide ample cannon fodder for skilled comedians. Also appearing at the Campus Comedy Jam is Vernon “Bones” Hampton. Hampton delivers a sort of neo-Coxy, safe and sana, never-a-dirty-word style of humor. On a college campus, this takes guts. Most of the late night cable comedy shows are loaded with all manner of vulgarities and profanities, anytime, it’s almost expected. “Bones,” which is an abbreviated version of Hampton’s high school nickname, “Ham-bone,” will apparently be sticking to the straight and narrow.

Again, life affords many G-rated comedic moments that don’t get any funnier when spiked with obscenities. Hampton earned his wings just like all the rest of us, receiving a bachelor’s degree from the University of Texas. Here, he won the UNT Campus Comedy Competition, then proceeded to claim first place in The Jamie Foxx Wanda Competition in Dallas. He also appeared in the movie Necessary Roughness featuring comedian Sinbad. In addition to refining his own stand-up routine, Hampton produces comedy shows and manages comedy stages in both Texas and California.

The Campus Comedy Jam is sponsored by Recognizing African-American Concerns in Education and Student Advisory Services. It promises to be well worth the expense that you’ll pay at the door. The admission price also includes a chance to win a complete show package. Where else, in Moscow or any other town, can you have that much fun for a mere $3?
For whole glorious moments stretching into hours pregnant with expectation She was in love with a boy named Thomas. He tried in vain to show her through understanding to elevate himself in her eyes by setting his bottomless depth of character on show. And though her feet often ached not out upon hard cement fast she accommodated his amusing divers with appropriate appreciations and reassuring asset.

"Here I am," she distinctly heard him say before the mumbled inabilities about his Mother and Childhood, "Listen to me talk listen to me feel. Accept any invitation experience the great and glorious me pressing into your thighs and pushing your back deep into the grass.

So she did accept and bithely situated herself self-comfortingly beneath him in the warm grass while his lips dripped honeyed quaintness all over the sun-drenched green and her little-white dress. The latter two became quickly stained with soft spots of sticky yellow.

Her head was busily engaged with her neck where she heard the murrating.

"What?"

"I said eyes. You have eyes that go back acres."

"Acres," she thought as another crystal globe appeared and broke below her third shell button. Her eyelids shut tightly to prevent any unwanted hilarity from seeping out—for he was very meticulous about the state of his clothes.

"Did you know that when Virginia Woolf committed suicide she filled her never backets with stones and walked into a river?" Her little offerings of knowledge always shocked him. He pulle her uncertain body towards his smithedium and wiped two starchy arms about her.

"You know, yeah? Is that how you want to go? With rocks in your pockets? Looking down She examined her jumper's strangely impermeable system of ceckless and balance, smooth a wrinkling in the process.

"No," was poked out through cheerfully, reluctantly tools, "I can't have any pockets I'd have to use years. And, slipping some miscellaneous items into the grateful opening on his left hip She allowed her elbow to be held by his over-enamelled gaffaw. They were, of course, studying Virginia Woolf.

"For if thought is like...the alphabet ranged in twenty-six letters all in order then his spontenous lead to so much difficulty in tun- ning over those letters one by one, firmly and accurately until it had reached, say, the letter Q... she had reached E. Now that it mattered especially not to her but She had. In landing her mind's fingers down the various tablets of thought which occupied it, however. She vaguely wondered if this theoretical passage applied to her. I said "him" after all. Because often her gently swishing ideas seemed to be arranged in varying layers of rich subtleties and musically pulsating shapes or buzzy pat- tens against indiscriment backgrounds— not alphabetically at all. With this she indeter- minately discovered T.

Her thoughts went on thus until the omnipotent bullhorn of her whispery instror chased them out with an irrelevant demand.

"Will you please stay after class? I want to hear a few words with you."

She thought mildly that having anything with the steely-eyed man would be unplas- ast, but words She could handle without giving up any let- ters (or undulations as she hadn't quite decid- ed which they were yet).

"You should participate in class discussions more," he drawled Her head only nodded— commanding the air into acquisitely still- ness. Yet he was persistent.

"You know— an intelligent girl the class could benefit from your comments. As he moved closer She could smell him distinctly and examined the enlarged pores on his nose. Twenty-three. "You could help the others if you'd only—" and his breath grew pulsating as he fingered his way clumsily through the third shell button —"share your inn—" and his words became prolonged as the increased sharpness of his breath cut meanings or intentions to shreds and lacerat- ed with unrelenting cruelty the barely heav- ing thoughts tumbling one over the other—"...snuggle." She against skin now— her eyes pinched tight to block the penetration of his neary steady— his tongue roughly probe the outer rims of her right-left ear and moved down quickly to softly flash. "Ph'anti-cla- cite—" as he pulled her arm and moved over what She sought to hide with at least all resources had been exhausted. As he reached the climax of his poignant speech She heard fair echoes of faintly voices resonating in her burning ears.

I to listen to me, listen to me feel, accept my invitation to experience the great and glo- rious me pressing into your mind and pushing your ideas deep into oblivion."

Later She stood shuddering in the rain allowing Thomas to fulfill his required romanticism by kissing her under a street-light. As his self-satisfying sighs filled the space between her She watched solemnly as the previously golden moments gave birth at last to horribly deformed realities and rows which seemed mockingly at her body hiding in his arms.

And as the rain increased its pace She threw her mouth wide open to let it collect inside her—swallowing the sides of her tanks in turbu- lent waves and thrashing itself against jagged rocks until it tumbled finally from the bearing and rocked slowly to a halt.

"We should have stopped Wed morning long enough to begin offering tensely cumulative conclusions about her work.

"So what would you say is Woolf's biggest problem?" His voice lipped slightly and he stepped carefully as though his tongue were cut. Her lips curled up into a watery cold smile as She pragmatically recognized them as waiting beneficiaries. A lone hand emerged from within the confines of her own brain and unashamedly volunteered the answer She knew to be correct: "stones."

**CINEMA**

**MURDER AND MAYHEM IN THE MEDITERRANEAN**

Justin Casson

As director of his own vast array of self-financing movies wasn't enough, filmmaker Martin Scorsese has recently lent his cinematic tal- ies to the re-release of other classics in video stores nationwide.

Last year, Scorsese restored the superior picture, Belle de Jour, and in between before that, he super- vised the re-circulation of the epic, El Cid. The latest in this growing line of Scorsese's pre-conceived "cli- matis" in Purple Noon (entitled Plein Soleil in its original French format), a film produced in France in 1960 and now just re-released on video.

The movie was a major hit in its premier over 35 years ago, with good reason. This was a breakthrough effort for French director Rene Clement, who at that point had yet to create what would be perhaps his greatest work, Is Paris Burning? (or Paris brule-t-il?)

Purple Noon is a story of murder, over-ups, romance and stolen identities. Set mainly on and around the coast of Sicily and southern Italy, the movie tells the story of Tom Ripley (played wond- derfully by the crafty Alain Delon) and Philippe Greenleaf (Maurice Ronet).

Tom is sent to Europe by Philippe's father to track down the latter's wayward son and send him home to San Francisco. Instead of dragging the young man home, however, Tom becomes enchanted with Philippe's effortlessly boating lifestyle and hangs onto him like the older brother he proba- bly never really was.

Eventually, Philippe takes advan- tage of Tom's plan to hang himself un- doing. After being embraced one too many times in front of Philippe's girlfriend, Tom murders Philippe at sea, throws him over- board and begins to assume Philippe's identity.

The second half of Purple Noon is where the film really takes off. There are parts so stylized in the manner of Hitchcock that it seems unbelievable the two weren't work- ing together on the picture. The murder scene is very reminiscent of **SEE PURPLE NOON PAGE 16**

**Photographers, read this**

**ARGONAUT**

The Students' Voice

**Can you shoot stuff for us?**

Twice-weekly student publication seeks talented photographers to capture the joys, sorrows, dreams (shattered or realized) of university events. Applicants must be hard working, responsible, camera-literate, and not afraid to stay up late. Interested parties should stop by the 3rd floor of the Student Union to fill out an application. The sooner you can start, the better
Cuisine—

Wine appreciation, not snobbery

Eric Gray

Every other weekend or so I see couples spending hours in the wine aisle of the local food mart. They look perplexed. They look confused. Most of all, they seem to need some help.

I think it is not only ironic but sad that the illustrious University of Idaho lacks a course in food (or at least wine) appreciation. It seems to me that since wine will play a bigger role than beer at say, corporate dinner parties, or weekend get-togethers with the fiance or mistress or whatever, we should have some idea of what wine is and how it can be enjoyed.

Wine is probably most memorable as that sip of dark red stuff we were offered when we were just kids. Since it was probably pretty warm and pretty dry, we probably winced and threw the stuff up as though it was poison. And, since that time, we have avoided it as though it was never meant for us.

What I’m getting at is that you don’t have to be a snob to enjoy wine. You don’t have to know a noble lie about the stuff to enjoy it. I always give out a few simple tips when people ask me what to get: reds with red meat, white wines with white meats and fish, but whites when you’re not sure. There are exceptions, of course, but this is my all-purpose guide to wine. I’ve met a lot of people who have spent countless of dollars on books that don’t really teach anything about the hows of wine—only what specific wine to buy to complement a certain food or meal.

Another key tip, and this will be the last one, in choosing wine is refrigeration. Whites get refrigerated and reds don’t. Again, there are exceptions, but they are few and far between. If you are new to all of this but wouldn’t mind spending a few bucks to find out more, go out and buy a Chardonnay; any Chardonnay. Around here, unfortunately, you get what you pay for. I’m not going to endorse any one winery or store because I think that it’s a lot like seeing a movie: one man’s meat is another man’s poison.

In any case, cool the wine down (preferably in the fridge), and pour it whenever you want. It doesn’t have to be a big deal. It doesn’t have to be a lot of reds—more about that later—and when you are done you can re-pack it and put it in the fridge. It should last a week or a week and a half. Whatever you do, before you go out for a trip to the local wine seller will be more than worth the effort as there will probably be someone there who can help you choose a wine that is right for you.

The reason I am skipping over reds is because they tend to be more “bitter” or “dry.” If you really don’t know what to look for, you can really get into a daze, especially with the heartier reds like Bordeaux and Burgundy. But if you have to, I would go with a Merlot (pron. Mel-uh). This will go well with most red (i.e., beef, venison, etc.) and isn’t really heavy or tannic. In any case, wine is nothing that anyone should shy away from. It can end the hell that your week has become and put pretty much anything into perspective.

PURPLE NOON • FROM PAGE 15

Hitchcock’s 1954 effort, Dial M for Murder. Other references, such as a few to Psycho (which had been released earlier that year), are also prevalent.

These familiar with modern-day cinema will also recognize the film’s influences on today’s films. The spanning overhead shots in 1989’s Dead Calm (with Nick Nolte and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio) appear to have been taken directly off the Purple Noon reel.

One of the real highlights in Purple Noon is the ocean shots, in which the bright, beautiful Italian coastline contrasts the dark, murderous theme pervading the entirety of the film. Also, Clement was subtle symbolic in the investigative, post-mortem scenes. It’s easy to make the connection between the Babylon “Dial M” and Seneca and Tom’s own fuming at the hands of the Italian police.

The film is based on the Patricia Highsmith novel, The Talented Mr. Ripley. Coincidentally, Hitchcock himself based his 1951 picture, Strangers on a Train, on a different Highsmith novel.

In defense of quality editing, the English subtitles do not always match up to what the actors and actresses are saying, but this is only annoying if you speak some French and don’t need the subtitles.

Beyond that, Purple Noon is an elegant piece of filmmaking and deserves the recognition that Someone has given it.

Thus far, Someone has picked some real winners in his re-distribution sponsorship. Let’s just hope that someday we don’t see the re-release of movies that were better left alone. I can’t imagine ever wanting to watch the 25-year anniversary edition of Cabin Boy.

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You can’t beat reading someone else’s diary

MTV: profiting on the lives of others

Amy-Marie Smith

Assistant Entertainment Editor

Season after season of MTV’s The Real World guarantees an endless opportunity of marketing plays for the entertainment purposes of Generation X. For those who cannot get enough of The Real World, here’s some good news: The Real World Diaries is currently available from MTV. The book will be released this week.

The first book on the series, The Real Real World came out in 1995 and was on the New York Times bestseller list for 14 weeks. The Real World Diaries is unique in that the information in the book is derived from the weekly, private “confessional” conversations of each cast member. The material aired in the weekly show was only what they caught while tapping the cans across the block.

The information in this latest book, available for $18, provides much more detail than did the actual broadcast. Such issues as what really happened between Rachel and Peck, Neil and Kat, David and Tami, and Julie and Kevin are but a few of the things in the book that weren’t fully exposed in the series.

The book is also filled with hundreds of pictures. The photos in the book have never been seen before, even on the show. What was aired of these individuals was on the wacky side, these pictures take their craziness to the next level.

Highlights of the book include final thoughts from each cast member after filming ended. These revelatory comments were very bold and occasionally crude. Some comments were way out there, as far as they were shocking to read. Other comments were just what you suspected that person was feeling all along.

Whether you are entertained by The Real World or not, this book is full of interesting stuff. You get a much more in-depth view of who was going on inside the cast members’ heads while they were doing the show. It seems to reason that while living with the people who were tuned in to the show, they clearly had a lot more feelings to be going on. While they were followed by camera crews, they hadn’t always show their true colors, even though it seemed that way.

The Real World Diaries makes available those true feelings they had about these diverse roommates.

PURPLE NOON

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The River Project: making music... and fishing

Amy-Marie Smith

The story of Moscow band

The River Project is long and complicated. Not unlike other bands, The River Project has picked-up and dropped-off members as
the years have gone by, it’s been a non-
stop metamorphosis.

The River Project will be one of the
eight bands featured in downtown
Moscow for the Mardi Gras celebration
tomorrow. They will be performing at
Rathius.

Eight members currently
make up The River Project: Jay Kennedy on vocals and
rhythm guitar, Kristin Anderson on sax-
ophone, Ron Cartwright, drums, Joe
Iravudow on the organ and claveinet, Matt
Sower, lead singer and rhythm guitar;
Patrick Condon and James Swan, who
both play percussion, and Zac Van
Meeer, who had played bass for the group.

Late last year the band recorded
their first CD, Sessions. The disc was recorded
here in Moscow. Highlights on the disc
include their tunes “Breaking the Law” and
“Sugarfinger.” The River Project’s sound
is best described as heavy guitar bands
from the ’70s combined with the
ballads from heavy-metal bands of the
early ’80s.

The River Project is very concerned
with originality, “We strive to please music
people haven’t heard before,” Kennedy said.
The River Project appreciate original
music and find a lot of their loyal follow-
ers do as well.

The roots of The River Project go back
to Oregon. A few years ago Jay Kennedy,
Garth Ankeny and others started the group
after spending time together fishing.

Some of the songs that Kennedy and
originally produced are still being
played by The River Project today.

Eventually Kennedy moved to Moscow
to go to school. Kennedy formed a three-
music band called Loose Gravel. These three
men, Kennedy, Curt Seubert and Burt
Kemer some time later founded The River
Project after performing as Loose Gravel at
local parties and clubs.

Loose Gravel evolved into the group
Kick Back Willy with the addition of Kristin
Anderson. Kick Back Willy eventually
become The River Project and began to
expand in size, adding members to the band.

The River Project will perform Saturday
and Sunday. They are tentatively
scheduled to perform at a benefit concert for
the Sojourner’s Alliance at the Moscow Social
Club and will also perform at the Moscow
Hotel.

To hire The River Project to play at a
party, wedding or other occasion, or
for further information on them, contact
band members at either 882-3393, or
882-3858.

Mama’s Dogma creates
‘groove karma’ at John’s Alley

Christopher Clancy

Combining ele-
ments of groove,
funk, jazz, Latin,
reggae — you name it — Mama’s Dogma is
one of those rare bands that just seem to fit in
anywhere. Their sound can really only be
described as one of diverse yet catchy sim-
plicity that is original and, somehow, still very
familiar. It’s a sound that’s perfect for tonight’s
performance at John’s Alley.

Not to be unfair to the band or their other myri-
ad of musical abilities, but they are quite possi-
ibly the ultimate bar band. Listening to the
band’s Debut CD, Hope, it’s pretty easy to imag-
ine a smoked filled room filled with people having
fun. These tunes are easy to groove to with a quali-
ty that isn’t pretentious or self absorbed. It’s
obvious that this is one of those bands that has
made a science out of having a good time.

The Spokane group, which formed only last
year, is made up of singer-guitarist Kelly
Vance, drummer Scott Goodwin, pianist and
Scotte’s brother Dee Goodwin, percussionist
Bob Kene, and Colby Davis on bass. Three of
the band’s five members are classically trained
musicians, with both completed degrees and
degrees in progress from Eastern Washington
University.

Vance has a vocal style that is as once remi-
niscent of some of the better bands of the
1970s guitar rock era with just a hint of grunge
thrown in for good measure. Vance’s vocals
are backed-up by a rich texture of musical
styles that form a continuous thread cycling
through a range of musical genres. Many of the
songs on Hope are tight with an almost pop-
like sensibility. The difference lies in the com-
plexity and funky overall feel of each track.

Other songs on the album seem to travel
along at a leisurely pace that doesn’t seem
to demand a destination. It’s not quite jazz but
it has that same sort of linear, improvisational
feeling. It’s an interesting phenomenon, that
almost makes you feel like somehow it’s going
to be different every time it’s played. It’s
almost a shock to hear the same music the sec-
ond time around.

The band’s first gig was little more than a
year ago playing at (the now closed) Mother’s
Pub in Spokane to a full house. Since that jump
start the band has produced a CD and is cur-
rently planning to tour after Scott Goodwin
and Dee graduate from Easterns.

With their original styling, depth, complexi-
ty and feel good vibes, Mama’s Dogma is sure
to be a hit and, unfortunately for the local
scene, move on to bigger and better things. The
band will be playing at John’s Alley tonight
at 9:30 p.m. There will be a $2 cover charge.

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STUDENT HEALTH SERVICE New expanded hours this semester. 7am-7pm M,Tu,Wed, Fri 9am-7pm Thursday. Pharmacy open until 4:30pm. Walk-in Clinic Appointments available for annual exam and physicals. Wellness Counseling 24Hour Dial-A-Nurse 326-4151(local) A registered nurse will return your call within 24 hours. Ask Anything!

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**Announcements**

**Malaysian afternoon**

The UI International Women's Association will be meeting March 1, at 7 p.m. The theme for the meeting is Malaysian, and is hosted by several Muslim women students from Malaysia. The event will be at 925 East B Street. IWA meetings are open to any interested community women. For more information contact the International Friendship Association office at 885-7841.

**Plays, plays, plays...**

From March 11-15 the play Machinery directed by Helen Jones will be performed at the Hettinger Theatre. At Washington State University from March 6-8 the play Proul! Moments will be performed at Weddiage Theatre, 8 p.m.

**UI Art Exhibit**

Today is the last day of the sixth annual High School Art Exhibition at Ridgeway Hall. Approximately 140 students from 25 high schools around the state participate in this event annually. The theme for this year's exhibit is Magic Marks, coinciding with the college exhibit, Magic Mud.

**1997 Moscow Renaissance Fair**

All artists are invited to submit their entry for the Moscow Renaissance Fair's poster contest. The winner of the contest will be awarded $200. Entries are due by March 1, March 3. Entries may be submitted to Book People in Moscow, or the art department of Moscow High School. Entries must be on white paper and in 10x8 format. For more information contact the 1997 Moscow Renaissance Fair, 800-736-3427.

**Lewiston Artist Featured at Center for Arts**

Now until March 21, Linda Schneider's work, "Painting & Works on Paper," will be on display at the Lewis-Clark Center for Arts and History. For more information call (208) 779-2243.

**Cecil Lytle Concert**

Cecil Lytle, pianist, will be giving a concert in Lewiston on March 4. This will be a benefit concert in the Lewis-Clark State College Silverthorne Series. The performance will be in the LCSC Administration Building, and starts at 7:30 p.m. Tickets can be purchased at the Lewis-Clark Center for Arts and History, for $10. For more information call (208) 779-2243.

**Festival at Sandpoint**

The deadline to register for the 1997 Festival at Sandpoint is March 15. The event will be held March 21-23 at Schweitzer Mountain Resort. The entry fee is $300 per four-person team, which includes three days of skiing, some meals and other bonuses. For more information, to register, or to buy tickets in advance but not compete, call The Festival Office at (208) 656-4354.

The deadline for submitting information into this section is Monday by noon.