Gong Show off with a bong

By Jim Borden

The amazing thing about it was that the GDI Gong Show actually resembled the television show of the same unfortunate name. Wednesday nights usually come and go without a ruffle on this campus, but anyone in the vicinity of Memorial Gym knew it was no ordinary show.

Wednesday night started out with a bang, when the audience saw seated at a table on stage, Tom Richardson, vice-president of student services, and Clifford Dobler, business professor, and the notorious Nurse Fosberg. The audience instantly screamed for someone to gong the trio, until it was explained that they were the panel and that if there was any gonging to do... Emcee Paul Vassalotti, aided by his assistant, Cindy, who apparently escaped from a cosmetic surgery ward, ushered on the first act to avoid the wrath of the audience.

But the Farmgirls from French Hall were hardly crowd-pleasers with their song, and Richardson wielded his trusty Flinstone’s club and gonged the garage-can lid, saying, “If they couldn’t start together, at least we got them to end together.”

Chuck Barris would have been proud.

Then the Borah Hall Bugs buzzed on stage, finally succeeding to a giant can of Raid. They did escape the gong however, and scored an eight for their efforts.

Also appearing on Ernie Hartung day at the Gong Show were Dave Vergobi and his magic trombone, the Delta Chi Oreo’s, (they lost their cookies and got gonged) and the Pantomime Kid, whom the audience wanted gonged, but even Bob couldn’t persuade the panel to do it.

Highlights were the Dirty Crotch Pickers from Sigma Nu who got 19 points and the clapping-phony Harry Chapin who was gonged, and half a striptease which Dobler gave one and a half points to, saying “she didn’t take off enough to really score.”

High scorer and winner of the show was the definitely blue Jersey Cowbrow from Graham Hall with his rendition of “I.V. Blues.” His 23 points were good enough to take home $6.33 and a trophy. Richardson commented, “I always was a sucker for a beautiful love song.”

Deemed the worst act of the night, a title accepted with relief, was Snow Hall’s Ubangi Military and the “Ode to Ili Am.”

The only thing lacking in the GDI version was the abundance of obse, performers regularly appearing on the television Gong Show. But then, they can’t scream their acts as tightly as does Chuck Barris.

Light turnout aborts fee boost, amendment receives voters’ nod

In the lightest turnout in the last seven ASUI elections, less than 1300 students elected seven senators, three faculty council representatives, saw a referendum for a fee increase fail, and a constitutional amendment pass.

The referendum question of a $3 per semester fee increase passed the voters 780-457, but the 20 per cent turnout of eligible students was less than the 25 per cent dictated by the ASUI Constitution. (See related story on page 2.)

The amendment, which provided for a method—a new election—by which tie elections can be settled, was overwhelmingly approved 567-185. It also provides clarification for other matters related to ASUI elections.

Chickens of the fall semester, including incumbent Dan Prohaska, who lead the pack with 543 votes. Newcomer Ken Harris was second with 503, followed by Greg Switzer, 461; Mark Nuttman, 458; Bruce Moorer, 441; incumbent Gerry Brubaker, who was appointed this spring, 440; and Vickie Tucker, 427.

Tammy Slivacek, who served on the Senate for 1 1/2 years, secured a one-year position on Faculty Council with 507 votes. Dan Mertens received the nod for the 2-year term with 383. Pat White took the graduate position with a 434 total. The faculty council—representatives will also take office in September.

Senators whose terms carry forward until next fall’s election include: Stacy Slivacek, Rusty Petersen, Cindy Johnson, Steve Bradbury, Mike Ayersman, and Bob Harding.

Outgoing representatives include term senators John Ambrose, Mark Linback, and Tari Oiashon. Jim Shek and Sue Miller are also not returning.

Other candidates for office and their vote totals are: Scipio Cheney, 361; John Hecht, 357; John Hystens, 319; Dave Walters, 316; Imogene Shumacher, 287; Chad Parhs, 280; Sue Sue Judy, 279; and A.J. Wilkinson, 260. Faculty Council, one-year term:

Randy Welsh, 344; Bev McBride, 271; Faculty Council, two-year term:

Brian Dockins, 263; Anna Kelleigh, 255; and Gary McCallister, 124. Faculty Council, Graduate Position: Plus, 409.
What, the Hill?

Fee rejection hurts ASUI budget

By JOHN HECCH

The failure of the $3 per semester fee increase to pass a voter referendum in Wednesday's ASUI elections has left student leaders in a quandary over a very tight budget for the upcoming fiscal year.

The same leaders have indicated the failure of candidates to campaign around campus lead to an extremely light turnout, the smallest in the last seven elections. "There was not enough campaigning," said ASUI President Lynn Tominaga, "the best voter turnout follows extensive campaigning."

The same opinion was ventured by ASUI Senator Rusty Jesser, who said that the candidates did not campaign for office like they did in past election's, when over 32 percent of the voters delivered their voice at the polls.

While the voters approved the fee increase by a vote of 760-457, the turnout was only about 20 percent. A 25 percent figure is required by the ASUI Constitution. A referendum approach was not required of the Senate to request a fee increase from the Administration and Board of Regents, but it was felt important by ASUI officials to get the feelings of the student body.

Tominaga said that an "option left open" is to request a fee increase anyhow, and that he will be considering the alternatives. Jesser said that the ASUI could survive on the present budget for next year. However, he pointed out that no one can project whether there will be a breakdown in some ASUI equipment, such as in communications, and that there would be no money to fund repairs.

ASUI Vice President Gary Quigley, who had supported the fee increase and visited many living groups on the proposal's behalf, said that he also was looking at making a request of the Hill for a fee increase, but was leaning away from the referendum has failed.

Senator Bob Harding, another supporter, said that although the ASUI does need the fee increase, approaching the Hill was "not the way to go."

If it is decided not to request Administration action for a fee increase, ASUI programs and services, already on a tight belt, will probably need to pull in fewer notches.

Tominaga said that there are several areas to look at, but that he needed to sit down and gain more information. He declined to specify what programs he was considering at the time.

However, Tominaga had requested from several communications media what services they might reduce. One area under research is that of placing the Argonaut on a once-a-week basis. However, the Comm Board said Wednesday that the ASUI would not gain much cost savings as advertising revenues would be reduced.

The elimination of Graphic Arts is something that has also been considered. The outgoing manager of KUOI-FM, Tom Rafetto, has indicated that he will not accept any more cutbacks, and actually needs several thousand dollars for KUOI to run properly next year, when it is expected to finally broadcast in 50-watt stereo.

The Gem of the Mountains, which received a controversial budget this year, may still be looked at. There has been strong pressure from the Comm Board and the Senate for the Gem to develop an advertising sales program to reduce its subsidy. However, several of the senators polled said that the living groups that they wished to fund for the Gem to remain.

Other financial areas of the ASUI are equally as slim, and will have supporters resisting any funding cutback. One alternative available to the Senate is to do some budget reallocation, and then attempt another fee increase proposal in the fall, when election turnout is normally much higher.

One senator said, "Well, it looks like the funding freeze will come next January instead of March, like it usually does."

Shoplifters look forward to time in Latah slammer

Those who see the man for shoplifting will continue to see a jail sentence, according to the magistrate who was instrumental in implementing the 5-county program to curb that popular crime.

Magistrate Robert Felton said in an interview that those who come before him on shoplifting charges will receive a 2-5 day jail sentence and as much as a $50 fine on their conviction. "The merchants have had a great loss due to shoplifting. To retaliate, for example, has a 3 per cent loss on their gross sales, and it appears the jail sentences have been particularly effective in curtailing it."

Judge Felton noted that since June 1975, shoplifting has a dropped from several a day to only 1 or 2 per week. And the reduction has occurred in less than half of the counties. "However, the agencies have been asked to set up a strong program in Latah and Nez Perce county. The county and state have been asked to set up a strong program in Latah and Nez Perce County.

"I am a believer in American freedom, and I don't enjoy jailling anyone, but sometimes, there isn't a choice. Jail terms seem to be a real deterrent to shoplifting. One, it will keep more young people out trouble within town;
Jim Redmond and Brian Nelson test out a concrete canoe at Boyer Park. The 250 pound craft was built by the U of I's student chapter of the American Society of Civil Engineers. The canoe is for an ASCE regional competition which will be May 2-7 at Corvallis, Ore. This is the first year the U of I will have an entry. One of the contest's requirements is that the canoe must float when filled with water. The U of I canoe passed the test in last Saturday's outing.

Comm choices stir senate

The approval of ASUI media heads for next year dominated the Tuesday night meeting of the ASUI Senate. Since a variety of conflicts have shaken ASUI communications, in an otherwise routine meeting, the Senate accepted two media heads unanimously: Mike Downum as KUOI-FM manager and Steve Davis as Photo Director. Rosemary Hammond passed as Argonaut Editor on an 8-4 roll-call vote. Communications Board recommendation for a co-editorship for the Gem of the Mountains was rejected. The Senate sent that bill back to Comm Board suggesting that Judy King be made full editor of the Gem over Steve Bonnar. The Comm Board met Wednesday to discuss the Senate's suggestions about the Gem editorship, and voted to recommend that King be appointed sole editor.

A request by ASUI President Lynn Tominaga to editorially amend the appointment date for Hammer from "effective immediately" to "June 1" was rejected by the Senate that felt they wished her on the job at once. Mike Kossman, who has been a center of controversy this semester, would thus be conveniently ousted from the Argonaut editor's office.

Hammer's appointment was later vetoed by Tominaga, who said that he felt the lack of a date was an inconsistency on his part, as all other media heads were designated to begin July 1. He also expressed concern that the removal of Kossman by replacement might be inconsistent with Regent's policies, and a bad precedent for the future. ASUI officials who are both pro and con on Hammer's "immediate appointment" felt that Tominaga's veto would be sustained by the Senate next Tuesday. Tominaga is simultaneously preparing a bill that would appoint Hammer as of June 1.

However, the Argonaut has learned from ASUI sources that Kossman has submitted his resignation, muddling the issue about which of Hammer's appointment bills would be passed by the Senate at the next meeting.

In other business, the Senate passed two bills dealing with personnel evaluation for SUB salaried staff. The first set up procedures for evaluation, the other provided for appropriate Senate access to the evaluations. The Senate also approved a resolution, submitted by Wright, that recommended that certain streets on campus be closed to through traffic during school hours. The areas recommended are Sixth Street from the east corner of Gault Hall to the intersection of Rayburn Street, and Line Street from the intersection at Idaho Avenue up to University Avenue.

The resolution carries no force, but indicates the will of the Senate. The action could be the beginning of a study leading to a new university policy.

Hartung Scholarship applications

Today is the last day for students to apply for the Ernest W. Hartung Leadership Scholarship.

The scholarship, established by the ASUI Senate last year in honor of the U of I president, will be awarded on a merit basis. Financial need is not a criterion.

According to Dorothy Peavey, ASUI Scholarship Committee chairman, the committee, composed of students, will meet next week and make their selection. So far ten names have been reviewed. However, there have been no applications for the award. The student will be given $300 for the year.

Applications, which should consist of a full resume of college activities, should be left in the ASUI Office in the SUB no later than 5 p.m. on Thursday.

Peavey said that the sum would be awarded to the recipient with highest grade point average.
Letters

Awards!

To the Editor:
I wrote a letter to the editor last week, questioning why the being of an ROTC ceremony was not reported on, in hopes that it might lead to an article. However, although my letter was published, there was no follow-up article.

Now I would like to request that you include an article, even if only a small one, giving the results of the awards ceremony, for the benefit of those of us on campus who might be interested. Thank you very much.

Unsigned again

Thanks gong

To the Editor:
To those who were there, the events of 11 o'clock were truly memorable, for the benefit of those of us on campus who might be interested. Thank you very much.

ESJ

Dear Abby...

I am very much in love with a nice young man in my last year of college. I have known him for three glorious months which have been heaven! Abby, I am certain he's the man for me to spend the rest of my mortal life with. However, I have just recently heard something about his past in his college fraternity from one of my best girls friends on earth. This is truly to tell you because of the circumstances of one particular episode.

My boyfriend (I'll call him Ernie) and some of his brothers were whooping it up at the house. Well, Ernie and his pals decided to get some extemporaneous laughs. Ernie secured two chickens and got them drunk on beer. This next part is the hardest to comprehend because of the action that took place. I think someone must have slipped some pot in his beer, because as I heard it, he snatched up one chicken at a time and proceeded to orally decapitate them. Abby, I have two questions: Are Ernie's chromosomes damaged because of the pot slipped into his beer? And, if we do get married and are fortunate enough to have children, will he be inclined to abuse them as a result of this experience?

Anxious & Waiting

(Our science editor assures us that the effects of the low-ethyl alcohol and the low-THC pot commercials advertised in Moscow can be overcome by four aspirin every two hours when taken with chicken soup. However, the abuse problem is something he will have to take care of on his own.)

Damnit kids

To the Editor:
Living in the dorms, I would like to place on record a few complaints about the rowdiness and downright disrespect exhibited in back of Upham Hall over the past month or so.

I am not referring to any of the over-tired, over-sleepy dorm directors, but I wish to bring to the attention of the authorities the fact that some of my fellow students and I have been subjected to blurry sound effects due to midnight pranks.

Dormi 

To the Editor:
I was a student at Upham Hall, and I am writing to you to express my deep and abiding gratitude for all that you have done for me. Without your steadfast support and unwavering dedication, I would not be where I am today. Your tireless efforts to improve campus life have not gone unnoticed, and I am forever in your debt.

Yours sincerely,

Sincere Appreciation

Minds watched

To the Editor:
Now that Mind Match (formerly known as College Bowl) is over for another year, Phi Eta Sigma would like to thank everyone who participated, and we'd like to encourage more teams to enter next year. This year's winners were: First - North Moscow, Second - Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Other teams competing were: Tau Kappa Epsilon, Kappa Sigma, Phi Delta Theta, Alpha Tau Omega, Sigma Pi, Beta Phi, Gulf Hall, McCoy Hall, McConnell Hall, both campuses, Theta Chi, and Upham Hall.

Again, thank you for making Mind Match worthwhile this year,

The members of Phi Eta Sigma, Freshman Honorary

Drylocked

To the Editor:
I will try to keep this letter as brief as possible. This campus has a severe problem in regard to the hours of operation of the swimming pool in the WHEB. The last three times I have attempted to go swimming during posted hours, I have found the doors to be locked, and any attempts I have made to enter have been met with surmise and rudeness, on the part of the employees.

This has not only happened to me, but to several of my friends, also. While I can understand the pool being closed due to malfunction...
circumstances, I cannot condone the arbitrary fixing and/or shortening of the hours by some petty bureaucrat. Therefore, I demand that the posted hours be more rigidly enforced, or that the students be allowed to subsidize, either directly or indirectly, a facility which they have no control over, and which shows only CONTEMPT for the student body.

Clarke Fletcher

Chicken delight

To the Editor:
Mr. Schmeoger, tell us, from your so "secure" understanding of the world, how is it that you and your so capable brothers could not stop this idiotic and allows an act of adolescent macho? Could it be that you did not try? Could it be that you were enjoying it? Could it be that you did not care that the chickens were stolen, or that you were destroying a year's worth of another person? Or, did you simply not think of any of this at all?

You see, Mr. Schmeoger, there are some affairs which do concern and affect other people. We are not isolate, and the actions of one individual can injure others. People together make a society. The morals of most of the people in the society become the acceptable limits of actions which that society will permit. When a person commits an act not permitted, society punishes him. This is why criminals like your chicken-stealing brother face criminal sanctions. They have overstepped the line of behavior that we, the people, consider acceptable, further, besides the criminal sanctions, society imposes its own punishment in the form of voiced and displayed disapproval of acts which most people find disgusting, abhorrent, gross, etc.

Your brother's act was such. And, you and your brothers are not free from blood, either. You, who were present, did not stop your brother, there is no evidence that you even tried. This is society's business, because we want standards of our society to remain at a certain level of decency. Where you condoned this loathsome behavior, are we to believe that you will properly punish it? And what about you and your brothers? Are you going to punish yourselves? It does not seem likely. If you will not be your brother's keeper, we shall.

A fitting punishment for your brother would be to expel him. A fitting punishment for you and your brother ATO's would be to kick your house off this campus for a year, in effect excluding it from the society within whose bounds it will not stay. But even this will not make amends to the grad students who must begin research for his thesis all over again, a year of his life wasted. Hopefully, he will gain some compensation in court.

Finally, to Ms. Maule and Ms. Tilley, an apology is not due the ATO's. However, if you and your sisters did not know the "massacre" was to happen, and, not being able to stop it, left when it did, we do owe you an apology, as well as our thanks for not participating in this distressful affair.

Bruce Ridley

Get tight Brad

To the Editor:
If Brad Preston claims to be an atheist, he'd better clean up his act and tighten up his rhetoric. Brad seems to be upset by Jesus' claim that he was the son of God. Really, Mr. Preston, if there is no God (as you, a proclaimed atheist, must argue), why are you asking about some poor Jew who claimed to be a son of (supposedly) non-entity? If you hold God to be such high esteem that you think Jesus was an "egoist" for claiming to be his son, you must think that God is very very special, indeed! (If you hold God in any esteem at all, it is fairly obvious that you must therefore believe in him!)

Brad has even gone so far as to link himself to Christ by saying that if he (Christ) ever DID happen to come back, he (Brad) would clean up the abuses in the Church. Why is a so-called atheist worried about a purified Church? Maybe so by they could stick to preaching proper Christianity? Beats me! If there are any real atheists on this campus, maybe they should kick Mr. Preston's tail from here to Pullman and back for being a pretender and misrepresenting their beliefs (or lack thereof).

Heidi Buff

P.S. I would suggest that in the future, the Argonaut be more selective of their interviewees. It's sad that our campus paper was taken in by a phony.

Desire

To the Editor:
I agree in part with David Hutto. I had a certain spiritual desire in myself that was not satisfied in my experience with the present-day Western religions. Nor was it satisfied later in TM or in any of the several Eastern religions that I pursued. But it was satisfied in Jesus Christ. St. Augustine said, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless until they find their rest in Thee." I came into a dynamic relationship with Jesus Christ only after I had received Him by faith. This is something I had not experienced before, nor did I even know about it. Even though my parents had taken me to church regularly before I came to college. This is what makes Brad Preston seem so humorous. He may be able to convince himself, but he'd have a hard time convincing anyone who knows Jesus. I know an older man who sincerely believes that man has not lived on the moon. He thinks all the photographs were staged in the desert. I doubt any amount of evidence would convince him otherwise. This man might be able to make a fairly convincing defense of his beliefs, but he would never convince one of the astronauts who walked there.

Steve Cross

P.S. Brad, I found a verse for you, Psalm 14:1.
European study info available

Brochures describing foreign study programs offered for U of I credit at London, England, and Avignon, France, are now available, according to Paul Kaus, Study Abroad director.

"We would specifically encourage students who may be interested in participating during 1977-78 to pick up the bulletin of their choice as soon as possible," Kaus said. "Not only will students need to consult their academic advisors to be certain that the courses they select fit into their study programs, but also there is a chance students from other institutions could oversubscribe the program."

June 1 is the deadline to apply for the fall quarter, with applications accepted until Sept. 1 for the winter 1978 quarter and until Dec. 1 for summer 1978 offering. Kaus indicated, however, that applications may be accepted on a space-available basis until Aug. 1, Nov. 1 and Feb. 1 respectively.

The foreign study program is sponsored by the Northwestern Interinstitutional Council on Study Abroad, a consortium of nine Northwest colleges and universities begun more than 12 years ago. Basically a liberal arts program, foreign study offers courses in a variety of disciplines. At Avignon, these include French language, literature and history, while the London courses include art, philosophy, museology and sociology.

"Those U of I students choosing to participate in the Avignon program next winter will find a familiar face among program faculty members," Kaus noted. That term, Dr. Georgia H. Shurr, associate professor of foreign languages and literatures, will teach two courses--Origins of French Civilization and Medieval French Literature in Translation.

Dates for fall quarter at both locations are Sept. 30 through Dec. 16. Winter term lasts from Jan. 3, 1978, through March 10, while spring quarter will be conducted from March 21 through June 2.

"This schedule poses no major problem for U of I students who attend classes on the semester system in Moscow," Kaus explained. "Fall quarter students register for the U of I fall semester, and winter and spring students sign up for the U of I spring semester."

Further information is available from Kaus at the U of I Study Abroad Office in room 114 of the Guest Residence Center, telephone 885-6546.

Marching band drill Sunday, tryouts Monday

The U of I Drill Team getting ready for another season. A refresher drill and instructional session will be April 30 and May 1 at 2 p.m. in the Kibbie Dome. Attendance at one drill is advised. Tryouts will be on Monday, May 2 at 9 p.m. in the Dome. All interested students who are currently enrolled at the U of I are encouraged to attend.

PREVIEW "’77"

KUOI will preview 2 albums a day in their entirety.

Side one of the preview album will be played at 11:40 AM.

Side two of the preview album will be played at 3:40 PM.

Then at 10:00 PM a different album will be Previewed in its Entirety.

Tonight at 10:00 on Preview "’77" listen to Supertramps new album:

"EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS"

ON KUOI F.M. 89.3 MOSCOW 882-6392
Blood drive surpasses quotas

U of I's spring Red Cross blood drive surpassed its quota and collected 320 pints of blood. Many potential donors had to be turned away in the Tuesday-Thursday drive.

Jim Pace, ASUI Blood Drive Committee chairman, explained that the drive could collect only 10 per cent above its 100 pint-per-day quota because blood will keep for only 21 days. He said persons turned away but still desiring to donate blood may give at the Moscow city drive in May.

Pace described the blood drive as "one of a few things going on at the university everybody gets involved with." He said donors and volunteer workers came from nearly every segment of the student body and included faculty-affiliated volunteers.

He said next year students will play an even greater role in organizing and executing the blood drive. Red Cross will still provide most of the medical personnel. Medical personnel from the area also help with the drive.

Beaman said the Red Cross plans to provide more informational services, including films, to potential donors next year.

Moscow's dark hour to enlighten public

On Monday morning, May 2, members of the Moscow community are urged to cut their energy consumption to zero for an hour.

The Zero Energy Hour is planned between 10 and 11 a.m. The hour is being sponsored by the Latah County Commissioners. It was developed by the education subcommittee of the commissioners' committee on resources and conservation. The U of I, Moscow Chamber of Commerce, and the Moscow school district are expected to observe the zero energy usage mandate.

Art Helbling, one of the hour's chief proponents, said, "This is actually sort of an awareness program. What we need from the community is attention and consideration for the program. It will be strictly a voluntary thing, but it will help to focus the energy shortage on a more personal level. We want people in the community of think about how they could eliminate some energy wastage."

The Washington Water Power Company will monitor electrical outputs from its Moscow substations during the hour. Their figures will show how much participation there was and what impact conservation measures can have on electricity usage.

According to Dewey Farrar, manager of WWPC's Moscow office, energy conservation in the Northwest has not been very impressive. "I don't have any figures for the Moscow area," Farrar said, "but throughout the Northwest people have only cut back consumption one-third of what we've asked."

The U of I has a good record of energy conservation. Over the past two years it has reduced energy consumption by about 20 per cent. Bob Harding, an ASUI senator active in promoting the zero energy hour, said, "There isn't really a plan to cut down consumption at the university level. They won't be shutting out lights in all the classrooms or anything."
It’s Silver and Gold tomorrow night

Tomorrow evening, the U of I football squad will close their spring training program when they play their final scrimmage, the Silver and Gold game, at 7:30 in the ASUI-Kibbie Dome.

The team will be evenly divided into the Silver, coached by offensive coordinator John McMahon, and the Gold, coached by Greg McMackin, the defensive coordinator.

“The players are looking forward to it, because everyone knows they will get to play,” head coach Ed Troxel said. “As coaches, we get a chance to see some of the people who have been No. 2 or 3 on the depth chart play with the kids who are the No. 1, and I think you will find they do very well.

“I like this type of game better than alumni-versus-senior games because in that type of game you only get to see the first team compete against the alumni. This game is what football is all about. The kids have the opportunity to play and enjoy the fruits of their practice.”

Troxel also said that the Vandals are coming off the best spring practice they’ve had during their four-year tenure at the U of I, showing the most improvement in the passing game. Both quarterbacks Craig Juntunen and Rocky Tutt have been throwing exceptionally well thus far. This can help the offensive plans of Troxel enormously, as he has indicated that the Vandals would like to throw the ball 40 per cent of the time if the quarterbacks can complete a high percentage of passes.

Helping out in that area will be the return of all three of their receivers, as juniors Kirk Allen and Mike Hagadone will be at the split ends while Rick Mayfield, also a junior, will be at tight end.

“We have had the best spring practice since I’ve been here because of 17 days in the dome,” Troxel said. “I think one reason we have improved is because we have had a well-organized routine. Our work has been consistent every day and we haven’t had to worry about the weather.

“I’ve been very happy. I think the major improvement has been in our passing. I think we are getting closer to what we are looking for in the offense and that is being able to pass with consistency,” he continued.

Although the Idaho offense for 1977 should be very explosive, the defense will be counted on heavily to help keep the Vandals in contention for the Big Sky title.

“I feel we have accomplished a great deal, particularly with the offense,” Troxel added. “But I also feel we are going to win with our defense. We could be a Big Sky championship contender. I really think the defense has done a lot of good things this spring. They have worked on being fundamentally and technically sound,” Troxel said.

The 1977 football season will begin Sept. 10 against Rice University at Houston, Texas.

Zags down Vandals

For the fourth straight time this season the U of I basketball team was defeated by Gonzaga University. The Vandals lost a close 7-5 contest at Pecarovich Field in Spokane and the game dropped their record in the Northern Pacific league to 6-10.

Hot hitting Larry Patterson led the attack for the Bulldogs. Patterson accounted for three hits, one a home-run, and extended his hitting streak to an amazing 26 games.

The Zags scored first in the game, tagging starting pitcher Doug Brown for four runs in the first inning. Idaho battled back to take the game 4-4 in the fourth on the strength of RBI doubles by John Klimek and Bannert Echhammer.

Patterson’s home-run put Gonzaga back up by one run in the fifth. 5-4 and Idaho again tied the game in the eight, this time on a double by Dan Stahanke, scoring Klimik.

In their half of the eighth, however, the Bulldogs scored two more times and stopped Idaho without a run in the ninth for the 7-5 win.

Rick Kerting (3-6) coming on to pitch in relief in the seventh inning absorbed the loss.

Rick Britt and John Klimek were the Idaho sparkplugs in the losing effort. Both players picked up two hits out of a total of nine safeties for the Vandals.

The Idaho nine heads to the Puget Sound area for a pair of doubleheaders against Nor-Pac League teams U of Puget Sound on Saturday and Sunday against Seattle Univ.
A porcupine skin
Stiff with bad tanning.
It must have ended somewhere.
Stuffed horn owl
Pompous
Yellow eyes.
Chuck-wills-widow on a biassed twig
Sooted with dust,
Piles of old magazines,
Drawers of boy's letters
and the line of love
They must have ended somewhere.
Yesterday's tribute is gone
Along with youth
And the canoe that went to pieces on the beach
The year of the big storm
When the hotel burned down
At Seney, Michigan.

Ernest Hemingway
Rock Garden

Warm milk in cup
held
in hands. One drop escapes skittering
down brown finger. Lilacs shake
at the edge
of the rim of this
do not be alarmed

because no one knows this is a poem
so few are aware it is even

a summer day cradle warm
milk in lap of tongue rock
and pray
rock and pray

Rosemary Klein

Untitled

there is a cold spot in the sky
where the sun has gone grey
all colors fade
the old woman
has finally gone
to her winter grave
white slashes cross the cut fields
within, the dark welts, rocks tighten,
crack, and burst
then, like shark aroused
by the smell of blood
they come: black
and greedy

Victoria A. Seever

Untitled

If the nest be made of branches, then
they are broken.
If my comfort be then of words to me
spoken, they too are no longer whole.
If my love be made of trust and
kindness they are withered.
If my joy in life be of times shared
with me in blindness they too have
grown cold.
I am ever a syllable short of speaking
a wish short of dreaming
a moment short of realizing
what I am and so I perish
wishing to be...
I am a monster in my genius;
a fool in my wisdom, I am
greatness seeking similarity;
lost amongst those who
would lose their ability
in the dreams of smoky
chemistry - too afraid to
be by agreement what they
are within by recognition.
I am loving lost to the wind
afraid to be captured by those
too long holding their breath.

Allison La Sala

Untitled

The moon
unearthed slowly.
I watched the looming crags tear the clouds
as they surged silently above this valley.

Fleeting notes of music as
moonlight glints from spruce needles,
quicksilver sounds of stillness.

I came down from the edge of the world,
struggling to come in fighting brush
and sliding down cliffs and snowfields
here is today this valley
my prison.

A coyote howled up near the timberline
yesterday where green meets grey and the
white threads of goat paths.
I only heard him as I hear the goats that
clatter there when they know I'm not looking.

Nestled in the hollowed snow-
a glacier lily,
six blossoms clinging to a slender stalk.

Thunder rolled way back in the hills
and by myself alone in the valley
the sounds didn't sound the same
as when people are near.
Clouds rushed to pile on jagged spears
while the peaks silently thrust...
And broke.

Allison La Sala

Argonaut Literary Section

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Cover poem entitled “Along With Youth” from
The Collected Poems of Ernest Hemingway.
Barfligh and the Bears

Harry Barfligh’s troubles with bears were ancestral, dating back to the days of Daniel Boone when bears were called “bears.” His grandfather, “Grizzly” Barfligh, had tried to befriended the beasts only to end up, the most eminent of the Barflighs and the only one to join the Smithsonian collection, in the stomach of the very bear shot by Theodore Roosevelt at Yellowstone. Just a year ago, at about the time that the big Alaskan browns came out of hibernation, his teenage son, Larry, had been devoured, orthodontic braces and all, by an enormous brown bear wearing a ranger hat and blue Levis. By the time the sheriff arrived, all that remained was the smouldering butt of Larry’s mangled flannel.

Harry, in the Aurora Borealis Bar and Grill, was looking like a trip to Anchorage and a psychiatrist’s tab, even though he had enough money to fly to McNeil River when he was set upon by a family of bears growing about their territorial imperative. He had been fortunate to escape with his life, but had not declared his traumatized, so Harry was still seeing a trip to Anchorage and a psychiatrist’s tab, even though not a hair of her blonde head had been ruffled.

Outraged and intoxicated, Harry ransacked the bar, looking for his grandfather’s bear-shooter, a Colt percussion revolver of Civil War vintage. He knew, he knew, some smart boys around town were making spry remarks about “Goldy” Barfligh missing around that old cabin near the town dump. It was a notorious hangout for honey bears. He was determined not to return without a barrel rug, the price of his daughter’s dwindling reputation. The bears must pay.

It was nearly four by the time Harry had stationed himself at a small cottonwood near the river and not far from the dump, a place where the bears liked to congregate for early morning and late afternoon fishing. Inside his coat pocket, a pint of bourbon rested easily between his hip and the tree. He pulled the pistol from his belt and rested it between his small limb joined the trunk. He pulled out the trunk, and the bottle took a long, warm swig. The drink encouraged his sense of moral rectitude and stung the latent cavalier that is in all Barfligh men.

When he looked up the stream, Harry saw a huge old bear branding along the bank toward him, probably on his way to the dump. The old fellow probably didn’t alone. Harry thought, when he wasn’t flashing salmon from other browns. Maybe this was the one that had taken Larry. Harry belched, a deep voice burp splitting the crisp spring air, and the savour aroma of recently swilled bourbon teased his ruddy nose.

The old bear turned slowly to investigate the noise. It was perhaps thirty yards away, still too far to risk a shot with the pistol. Harry’s finger quivered in anticipation. He propped the pistol on the log, pressing it against the trunk as the bear advanced ponderously. The gun would not stop shaking.

At about forty feet the bear reared up and roared defiance at the intrepid avenger. Barfligh took a long pull on his pint and threw the empty bottle at the bear in a gesture of sheerness bravado. The battle shattered near the root of the irate branch which now lumbered straight at the agitated hunter. Behind him, a trash can snapped, but Harry was too tense and too drunk to notice. He eased back the hammer, his heightened senses detecting the squeak of the bark of the tree. He fixed his sights between the eyes of the over-confident bear. At fifteen feet he pulled the trigger and the old bear collapsed. Harry rested the Colt in the crook of the tree and drew his knife. Now he wished that he had saved some of the bourbon to toast his victory. Bending over the carcass, he swiftly cut across the throat, his fingers still twitching in triumph. Behind him he heard a low, husky cough.

By the time Harry Barfligh could turn, he was a dead man. A sleek young bear wearing a spotty red shirt uttered a growl of satisfaction as he eased his claw from the trigger of the smoking revolver. He licked the last trace of sweetness from a pot labeled “Hunny” and muttered something that might have sounded like “bawr.”

Master of the World

He had been watching her for time, long time. She was very clumsy and stupid. She did a few smart things, like hiding in the tree, but he had caught her scent much time before.

He did not understand what she was. She was covered by a funny skin. He had found a creature like her before and had eaten her. She had tasted good.

This one had killed his dinner with a loud weapon that scared away all the other food nearby, too. He grunted with dislike. He would have to be more careful with this one.

After more time he became hungry. He wanted to go back to his hole but still needed to find a dinner. The stupid creature had killed his first dinner so he decided that he would eat her instead. It was only fair.

She came out of the tree when dark came. He watched her try to go for the hills. He would keep her down here on the plains. He scurried behind a pile of stones in her path and lay behind it. When she got close enough he leaped on her.

She raised the weapon and pointed it at him but he knocked her down before anything could happen. The weapon fell out of her hand and dropped to the ground. He picked it up and handed it to her. She began making sounds.

“Oo jeezus. God help me. Oh lord.”

He advanced to where she lay. She stood up and kept making sounds. He looked for the best angle to take her out with.

“Look. I’ll do anything you want. You’re a man. You might not want to kill me. Just don’t kill me. Please.”

Her funny sounds bothered him. She was funny looking, but somehow pleasing. She was like the creatures that came in the silver things to bother him but she was made differently. He looked at the funny skin that covered her. It looked very flimsy and cold. He suddenly opened up the flimsy skin and revealed two bulbous things coming off of where her chest should have been. She made the funny sounds again.

“Go ahead. You can have me. Take me. Just don’t kill me.”

He didn’t understand the sounds. Still, what he saw looked even more pleasing than it did with the flimsy skin over it. He grunted. Some long-dormant desire began creeping up in his brain.

He grunted again. Dinner could wait. He picked up his new plaything around the waist and tossed her off to his hole.

Still, he could not think of what to do for his dinner.

** * ***

He felt good. His new pet gave him more feeling than any he had had before. He was sorry now that he had eaten the other one that was like this one. Two of them would really make him feel good.

She looked at him from the other side of the bed. She made more funny noises.

She looked at him from the other side of the bed. She made more funny noises.

Well. I didn’t thought... You’re much better than most of the men I’ve been in a space port, you know? You’re better than any of them, in fact. Yes”...

He still did not understand why she kept making noises. But, they were pleasing to his ear. So he didn’t stop her anymore. Sometimes the sounds were loud and warm and made him feel good.

She stopped making noises and looked at him. She opened her mouth and showed her teeth in a funny expression. He grunted. It made him feel good, somehow.

Thee she looked for him and they went down on the bed again. This thing knew how to make him feel good all the time.

** * ***

He went out looking for food the next morning. He was unhappy because his stomach was very empty. He did not want to eat his new pet.

She came out with him. They walked around for a while. He did not keep his eye on her all the time. That, he decided later (as he nursed his shoulder), was his biggest mistake.

He felt great pain in his shoulder, and blood and bone and hurt and screaming ran through his senses. He turned and looked at her. She had the weapon she had carried and looked at him. She growled and yelled at her. She kept pointing the thing at him but now, instead of the loud sound, it just made a bunch of clicks.

He found the right angle to tear her throat out with. This time he did not drool; he did not miss.

He smiled good. anyway. Especially roasted.
The Coming

BY LYNNIE ALBERS

Jesus Christ had arrived. He sat on the back of the back seat of a white, convertible Cadillac. The slate-colored clouds wouldn't let a sun beam shine on him as he drove by; it would have been great for effect. Instead, an angel hovered about fifty feet above Christ with a spotlight. The light gleamed on Jesus' flaxen hair, deepened his tan, which accentuated his clear blue eyes and perfect teeth that had been in braces for three years.

The long car rolled placidly down a deserted highway between black and white billboards of fields of grey wheat, dingy corn, and distant dirty mountains. The billboards fell away as the car neared a town. There were no flashing signs, no blaring bands, but everyone thought this would be Jesus Christ. People had lined the highway to watch him pass. Paper doll children waved tiny Bibles, while postcard mummies held their hands. Cardboard doodies nodded and blew smoke from their pipes as corrugated elders leaned on their cones. Instead of barking and chasing the gleaming hubcaps, stick dogs just stiffly wagged their tails. And no one, not anyone in the whole town, smiled.

As the sun climbed the sky behind the slate clouds, Jesus would see men come out and change the enormous black and white billboards. These men wore sunglasses, long-sleeved overall hats, and gloves. They would climb tall ladders, disconnect the mountains from the clouds, and paste the billboards down. Jesus had the car stopped as this process went on. Before a new billboard could be raised, Jesus caught a glimpse of what was behind it. Deep green trees, with branches like the depths of cool lagoons, reached for an azure sky. There the real sun was, hanging like a burning gem on the throat of some goddess. The brilliant landscape disappeared with the billboards as gently rolling hills were connected again to the clouds.

The billboards backed away from the highway as Jesus Christ neared the town. People in the suburb weren't as prepared for Jesus' arrival as the ones in the small town had been. Obviously, everyone was unaware of the vaccine to keep the word from spreading. But the unvaccinated overpowered the vaccinated, and people began congregating. Paper rakes stopped raking brittle, yellowed paper leaves. Cardboard balls and bats were dropped. The people came in grey, unslept masses, like shadowy mannequins, to line the curb. They crowded closer and tighter together. Their expressionless faces merged into a solid, colorless mass. They stepped upon each other for a better view until they were swaying hundreds of feet above the street. Their stony faces set, interlocking, became windows. Crushed together, packed tight, they became skyscrapers.

Still more people came. The buildings stepped back to make more room for the sombre tide. Trying to respond in their own appropriate manner, the buildings threw confetti and streams out their windows. The crosswalk signs flashed "applause" and responding to some unseen conductor, the crowd clapped in perfect unison.

Jesus Christ had taken it all in sadly. The Cadillac stopped, as he brushed a few flakes of confetti from his white suit and crimson. The crowd and the buildings were silent, only the buzz of the spotlight and the flapping of the angel's wings could be heard. Christ stood up.

"What has happened to you? I left you a few thousand years ago, a happy, prosperous tribe. Now you are no better than rocks! What is wrong with you?"

The older, corrugated heads bent together in conversation.

"We are waiting for a sign. We were told you would show us a sign if you truly were Jesus Christ."

"A sign, of course. I should have known! What kind of sign do you need?"

"We will know the sign when we see it," the crowd replied, with their funeral-like voices. Jesus wound a lock of his golden hair around a browned finger.

"Why don't you take me to your dead, and I will make them alive?"

"Our dead are recycled into new people."

"How economical!" Jesus sounded a little more than silent, pantomime games the children played on the asphalt-colored grass. He didn't notice the juvenile names, "Susie," "Buddy," or "Tommy," printed on their backs. As a leaf blew across his path, Jesus didn't catch the word "leaf" printed on the corner of it. The dogs didn't seem to mind that they had "Spot" or "Rover" or "Brutus" printed on them.

"Coming back to the spot on the highway, where the men were taking down and putting up billboards. Jesus rested on the curb. He picked up a rock and thoughtfully tossed it from hand to hand. Gazing at the billboard that was just going to be lowered, Jesus finally noticed the word "mountains," fixed on the towering peaks. Running his eyes over the corn, he came to the word "cornfield."

Turning the rock over and over, he spotted the four letter "r-o-c-k" emblazoned. Jesus Christ lay back in the grass in amazement. The word "clouds" stared down at him. Disgusted, he turned his face away. Minutely lettered, each blade said "grass."

Raging to his feet, Jesus stormed down to where the billboard was being lowered. He didn't need to push or shove, because the men willingly let him by, but it felt good to vent his anger against their cardboard bodies. Then he was there again. In that pulsing, living world, he heard the billboard click into place and he walked alone. Pushing a piece of grass at his feet, he examined its blade. Drops of moisture gathered at the base of the blade, turned to a darker elixir...
under the pressure of his fingers. Nowhere did it say "grass."

Jesus laughed with relief.

He shouted, plunging through the tall, sweet-smelling grass he ran, gratefully feeling it rip and break against his ankles. He ran towards three trees that stood on a small hill, their gnarled arms beckoning like those of a favorite grandmother. Jesus laid his face against the trunk and felt the jagged bark press into his cheek. Hugging the tree, he looked back at the billboard divider. On the back of each panel was printed "billboard." The slate clouds, he could tell now, were just painted on an arched ceiling.

"You are Jesus Christ, aren't you?" the tree asked.

"Yes, Tree, I am," Jesus replied.

They wouldn't believe you, would they?" the tree's voice sounded bright and strong, like the thousand suns that had passed over it, yet tender and soft, like the millions of rain drops that had fallen on it.

"No, Tree, they wouldn't," Jesus dropped his arm and slid to the tree's feet. "What do they want from me, Tree?"

The tree's leaves rustled with a soft laugh. "They want a sign."

"But I could have given them a sign. I could have raised their dead, if they had any. I could have walked across water for them!" Jesus spread his arms in dismay.

"Oh, but they want a sign!" The tree leaned closer. "Think about the world they have made for themselves, my Boy. Why, their entire lives are signals!"

At last Jesus understood. He stood up, brushing bits of grass from his tux and white shoes. The grass parted a verdant path for him. Walking to where the next billboard was being lowered, Jesus took a last look at the world he wouldn't get to see again, until many battles had been fought.

The angel was still sitting in the Cadillac. "Hey, Angel!"

"Yes, Christ?"

"Have you got a black magic marker on you?" Jesus slipped off his tuxedo jacket and was spreading it flat on the highway. The angel gave him a funny look and dug in a pocket.

"It's not the department's favorite color, but here it is." "Thanks."

"What are you going to do?"

The angel leaned his chin on his arm on the window ledge. Carefully brushing off the grass, Jesus replied, "Make a

untitled

the slow drizzle... a soft dull vibration of feeling this morning was a replica of a place I still sometimes call home. the hazy sky, drooping low with insinuation, intention to depress even the most atomistic there aren't many days like this, unless someone I sometimes know takes me there. the only reminder that recreates a place I sometimes call home... it is... the slow drizzle it would have been a good day to write a friend back home but it isn't, our though I haven't had the time... I've just let unanswered letters go unanswered.

Cyd Dwyre

holding

winter

I am a package sent parcel post to an unknown party from an ancient source lost in the pathways and backrooms of some inaccessible building with postage due.

Diane Davies

I sat on a rocking chair throne with babies in my lap of puppies and kittens, and watched the sun melt on the mountain.

it was a good day I followed a nomad (soul from peru) thru a market place a tangle of people and wares my senses were turned on to caves of shops and peddlers they were all there: the italian grace the pornographer pushing the salty fisherman the antique lady the buss bed magician the magic carpet peddler.

Birken: Ursula

I see you
Without obstruction, I see you
Don't confuse with visual lies and demons that try
There is rhythm in your lines
I see you

I hear you through the sky
I know you in your life
We all lack that final touch un-kissed by stereo type
Don't feel for yourself in form or sound, just give me the soul, free flight

Tom Brooks
Encounter

Parable

By VICTORIA A. SEEVER

seven years bent at the knees. tangled hair teasing dirt. torn pockets filled with rocks and bottle tops. bloody fangs grin dizzily over the precipice, to spy an enemy camp. carefully, a cola bomb flies in a huge bavrooommm! topsy-turvy his limbs could bear no more; best give the old tree a break and tumble down onto the root's carpet. a cowboy-spent boy sprawled, gaining his head again, panting hard like the messenger he pretended to be. burnt and blistered, newly escaped from the desert, he mumbled his urgent news to the commander, sighed in brave relief, and opened his eyes to the stark dazzle of a thousand suns in a green sky.

"Mother!" he leapt with renewed strength, plucking as neatly as his whimsical years could, finished, he beamed down at his yellow flowers like a god on the seventh day of creation. dashing off to deliver his prize, "Mother! Mother!" bawling through the kitchen door—

"Peter! Look what you've done! I just waxed that floor and look at those dirty marks you're putting onto it. You should be ashamed of yourself. Don't slam that door and if you're out, you're out! Making a mess of things, go back outside and stay out of Mother's hair."

Striped of his medals and honor, a sad little soldier walks away from the fort into the desert, afoot, who knows how long? he looks into the brightness of many scorching suns and his eyes burn through tears. he has failed in his duty, disgraced the entire regiment, there is nothing to do but walk toward the tall cactus tree, with its red eyes like apples, and lie there, to wait for the vultures many miles further, he finally reached the thin shade and nest of desert birds. for from the eyes that despise him for his misjudgment and failure, he falls to the sand. a trembling hand bleeds yellow from the faces of the soft dandelion bouquet, like the little boy, crushed.

The hot sun beat down on her bare head. hair not shiny but dull and greasy. Dirty toenails protruded from worn sandals. I said, "Where are you going?" she answered, "Nowhere." So I picked her up, there on 95 going north, and took her home with me.

She stayed in the bathtub for a long time, while I heated soup and made cheese sandwiches. She wore the clothes and tennis shoes I found in the old trunk and hung the sock she had washed in the tub with her, out in the sun.

In the evening, I collected the eggs and watered the garden, while she turned a good hand to making supper. She started washing the dishes, so I dried them, then we sat again.

Now on the back porch that faces west, while the last of the day's summer sun dropped behind the hills, pulling a night blanket over us. I'd like to go to bed," she said, finally. I took her to the little room next to mine and came back after she was under the covers. I wondered aloud if she was alright. She nodded, looking at the ceiling.

No tears, but I thought they were back there, somewhere. I kissed her forehead.

I awoke later, because she was standing beside my bed. Her small breasts and other places where the sun had not touched were white in the half-dark, and I noticed her belly was just rounding from a child living in it. I drew back the covers and she came in. Memory dealt harshly with me as I felt a small movement from inside her, against the small of my back.

But she was not done there. Her hand crept to my hip and then caressed my thigh. Still for a moment, I wondered why he had to die and go and leave me. Did he prefer the cold ground to our warm bed?

I got up and went to the small room where she had been. Standing at the window for a long time. I listened to the night sounds, seeing the dark shape of the piper and the shadow of Nez Perce coming to the gate. He snorted, sensing my presence, wondering if I had grain. Searching hard, I could follow the fence line that defined my acreage, while the moon flooded and spilled out over my sweet land. I found her out on 95 and I would take her to Coeur d'Alene tomorrow.
The False Lover

By RON McFARLAND

The Omegy Owl in two months? Where do you guys get these notions about painters anyway? The models? I had a friend who did some modeling in college, and she said practically every model she met was overweight and a lesbian. That’s why she quit. Not because she was getting fat. She was getting bored, though. I don’t think she went to bed with a painter as long as she modeled. Painters...

Pho-tagrcaphers! My cousin Ted, in Cleveland, is a photographer and he’s the biggest bore in my family, and that’s going some since the family business is insurance. Believe me, you can’t have the most innocent family outing without Ted’s incessant shutter-clicking and flash-popping. Cousin Cheryl had to kiss Tom five times before Ted had enough shots at their wedding. She used to say that it’s why the marriage didn’t last out the year. And he almost destroyed Mom and Dad’s twentieth wedding anniversary. Blinded the surprise altogether when he called the house to check on the time. He wanted to catch them just as they drove up to Grandma’s house. Then one of the kids burned his fingers on a hot flashbulb. And when Dad’s brother came in from Oregon, the real surprise of the evening. Ted spent most of the time talking cameras with him, and really don’t...

Thank heavens you don’t really collect prints and paintings! Frankly, I’d as soon see a reproduction as an expensive original. And modern art gives me a headache. I like windows so I can look out on things, and I like good green yards with flower beds and trees. You can have the art...

Could I see some of your poems?

The False Lover

BY RON McFARLAND

What can I say? I have brought you here under false pretenses. I am not a painter. I never was a painter. I even paid to have someone paint this house last summer. In fact, I am a poet. I have brought you here promising...

No. That’s not right, I’m sorry. I’m not a photographer. I have brought you here under false pretenses. I don’t even like to look at photographs. When I go home at Christmas, my mother drags out the family photographs, and they’re not even in albums. They’re in shoe boxes, fourteen shoe boxes the last I saw. And I detest every second of it. I just sit there and drink scotch and say “Isn’t that Uncle Clyde?” And it’s not. “Isn’t that Aunt Millie?” And it never is. Well, the fact is, I’m a poet. Don’t worry not epics or...

Nah. Jesus I’m sorry, there’s no fooling you. You’re beautiful. Look now, the things I’ve brought you here under false pretenses, you know? I know, back there at The Omegy Owl I said I was an art collector, prints and oils and watercolors, that stuff. Well, you can see there’s not an original work of art in the place. This is really embarrassing for me, you know? God’s honest truth: I don’t give a damn for painting and all that business. Don’t know why, I just don’t. I know it’s a good investment and all.

See that thing on the black velvet? The Spanish cathedral? It was here when I moved in and I just never bothered to take it down. I don’t especially like it, in fact, I don’t even notice it. And that portrait in the dining room, my mother sent it to me last year. You can see it’s just a cheap reproduction. I don’t know who it’s of or who did the original, and I don’t give a damn. Fact is, baby I’m a poet. Free verse, mostly love.

b

Well I hope you don’t think for a minute that I fell for that painter act. You know you’re the third “artist” I’ve met at...

Caroline Counting Universes

Caroline danced on squeaky sand;
It was solid beneath her feet because
Its motion was greater than hers.

You can’t catch the feet that won’t be
cought; you won’t hold her in your net.

Wormly deposited, she fell asleep;
Caroline dreamed, and painted her dream;
Mushrooms parachuting to war
With light over salt water lapping
The feet of morning.

Now the shells are wrapped in a kitchen
drawer, as quiet as they were on the shore.
More than life we prize debris,
Where we hear songs of drowned cities
And the history of calcium in the sea.

From continental rock the ocean wears
Dresses to pieces we recognize
Galaxies and stars in flooded space.
Once we saw a strange radiant fish
And sudden clarity—
A Hagen-Wittbecker

Orange peel tar glass rope wood
We see only what is big enough to see,
And because light strikes faster than we.
Moments to moment: there—under dead
Weeds in a smile.

Caroline sawed on squeezy sand;
It was solid beneath her feet because
Its motion was greater than hers.

You can’t catch the feet that won’t be
cought; you won’t hold her in your net.

Wormly deposited, she fell asleep;
Caroline dreamed, and painted her dream;
Mushrooms parachuting to war
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Galaxies and stars in flooded space.
Once we saw a strange radiant fish
And sudden clarity—
A Hagen-Wittbecker
Ode to Animus

Troglodities of Sappho beating red-eyed signals
Drumming clenched fist Amazonian protests
A percussive pounding of Valkyries in war cry
Deep voice music of detachment
Alto stimulus sensuous thunderheads
In passionate storms
Solo cumulus
Clouded eyes — the eye of a subterranean storm
An emphatic lull
Within the beating, drumming, pounding
Blue white angry bitch
Flashes of her scream light the id.
Blackus Animus forced into a shadowy nocturne,
Who said "L‘ame ne pas de sexe"? —
— Never heard the orange hunger of a lioness’ cough
from her jungle depths of African emotion
— A never changed
Born and reborn
Thread of feeling
Like a twirling rainbow helix left in the wake
Of Venus’ gown
It revolves about the sun of thy womb
It shines through a galaxy of maternal fruits
A thread that weaves together generations of Animus;
The Brunnhildes
The Carmens
The witches
The Diviners
The Sybil of the Oracle of Delphi
The virgin priestess to whom all humanity pays
Its bloodletting sacrifice of phallicentric conceit
Allegorical history
Androcentric eccentricity
But the Sirens!
Those purple tongued muses
Once throbbing and undulating
In the heat of mortal reflection;
Eras and Psychi
— Echo in the royal
— choirs of silent violet
Like crocet their voices bloom
And fade in
The winter of Bigamy.

Untitled

I hated Riker.
Neck as short as his imagination.
Parrot-like, he
clung to the desk;
his lips beak tight.

He was afraid of questions.
Made answers quickly,
factually.

You could see the awful
moment in his eyes.

Tina Foryes

Week Beginnings

Within this graceful afternoon I linger,
smell scotch, cinnamon, lime, approaching rain.
Budded tree limbs thump and clock against the window;
Harmony is bound in black and brick.
Swooping cars like birds edge the tight unity.
The walkers dash like ignored periods in hasty letters
as the sand of the gathering storm pinches their skin.
All moves; all is quiet.
Thoughts gather within me; I am alone.
There is no poetry for life.

Rosemary Klein
Hartung to rear program he fathered

BY MARK ERIKSON

What does a University President do when he resigns his post?

Certainly his (or her) job opportunities are limited. If your name is Ernest Hartung and you have been the President of the U of I for the past 12 years, you don’t step down, but rather re-locate.

When Dr. Hartung gives up his office in June he’ll be assuming the role of Executive Director of the University Foundation, a semi-independant unit of the U of I.

The Foundation’s main purpose is the raising and managing of money on behalf and for the benefit of the U of I.

As a group, the total foundation meets once a year, with the eight member Board of Directors meeting quarterly.

When Hartung first came to the U of I there was no established procedure for the accepting of gifts made to the U of I and no official body sanctioned by the Regents to raise money for the U of I.

The University Foundation was established in 1969 under the direction of Dr. Hartung. At the time assets totaled $2.5 million. Today, assets to the foundation total almost $6 million.

Since its inception, the foundation has been involved in a number of activities and currently has some projects in the planning stages. Ideas for use of foundation funds come from the U of I population.

“In order to provide some focus for the foundation, we annually contact the faculty, the deans, for items which they think are important but for which there is no chance in hell of getting appropriations,” Hartung said. “and from that list then, in terms of the interests of the members of the foundation, we generally choose a certain number of projects.

“Currently the appaloosa project is one,” Hartung said. “It is a plan to develop an equitation program developed around the appaloosa. To develop the bridle trails, the attendant buildings that would go with the maintenance of a good string of horses here.”

Plans are also being made for the enlargement of the arboretum here at the U of I. As soon as the foundation can raise $40,000, it plans to contract a landscape architectural firm in Boise to do a detailed plan on the layout of the proposed arboretum.

Hartung will be paid $27,000 a year by the foundation as Executive Director, which will also include a travel expense.

“I do the leg-work, I organize the agendas, and I do the contact with the foundations and individuals,” Hartung said. “The Board operates policy. The staff, of which I will be the principal officer, executes the policy.”

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Trade, culture behind Libyan group’s visit

A delegation from the Libyan Arab Republic, including the president of the Libyan student union, will visit the U of I May 2-4, as part of a 5-day tour of Idaho. The delegation includes the Libyan International Folk Ballet, a 25-member ballet and folk dancing troupe.

The visitors will arrive at 4 p.m., Monday, May 2, and will be greeted by Moscow mayor Paul Mann and the Chamber of Commerce. A reception in the SUB Ballroom will follow at 6:30 p.m. A banquet will be held for the Libyans at 8 p.m., jointly hosted by the Libyan students from the U of I and WSU.

On Tuesday, a 9 a.m. seminar will be held in the College of Education KIVA. The topic of the seminar will be the relationships between the educational system and development in the Libyan Arab Republic. The delegation will tour the Bennet Lumber facility in Princeton at 4 p.m.

Wednesday’s schedule includes tours of Moscow and the U of I, meetings with ASUI student leaders and a seminar at the Political Science department at 4 p.m. The Libyan International Folk Ballet will give a performance in the U of I Performing Arts Center Wednesday evening, time to be announced.

The tour by the Libyans, also including stops at Boise, Twin Falls, and Pocatello, is to promote trade and cultural ties between Idaho and the Libyan Arab Republic. The tour reciprocates for a February tour of the LAR by a delegation of Idahoans, including ASUI President Lynn Tominaga and Jim Aray, associate professor of agricultural economics.
Medical students interview for patient attitudes

Concern over first year medical students' inability to perceive differences among patients has led one U of I professor to make innovative changes in his teaching methods.

"In an effort to make the medical students more aware of patient differences, we send students to interview a cross section of patients in their homes," Dr. Ronnal L. Lee, instructor of the WAMI Medicine, Health and Society course, said. He noted that this interview technique, being used this spring for a second year, has replaced much of the former lecture format of the class.

"Medical students traditionally come from middle to upper middle class families, with a few exceptions, and their experience in working with the poor, the elderly, the affluent and minorities is almost non-existent," he said.

He explained that "health interviews" arranged by local doctors who work with the U of I first year medical students in the WAMI regional medical program help make the students more aware of people's differing attitudes toward medicine and doctors, if reports turned in by the students are any indication.

Students who interviewed persons classified as rural poor turned in reports indicating that many of the patients don't fully trust their doctors and feel that the doctors are trying to make too much money.

Most of the students had never encountered this attitude and were surprised by it, Dr. Lee said.

He said the students also found that social habits and attitudes may be different from those they are accustomed to.

The students also learned, many of them for the first time, that elderly patients often feel that their doctor doesn't care about them and doesn't visit them as much as they think he should.

Dr. Lee said he hopes the approach he takes in this class will make the students more sensitive to the attitudes and needs of their patients when they become practicing physicians.

"Historically, when things get tough economically, everyone is under more stress and humanism goes out the window. I think this is what we may see happening now," Dr. Lee said. The students are far more interested in "hard science" classes than in behavioral science classes, he added. "They can see more direct benefits from their courses in the basic sciences."

The sociologist says he is trying to keep the students interested in understanding people's behavior in the hope that it will help them utilize the knowledge they have gained in the hard sciences.

He said one reason why he is concerned that the medical students take more interest in people's behavior is that studies have been published showing that the reaction of an individual to a particular set of symptoms from accident or illness will likely vary according to his cultural background, level of education and economic status.

He thinks it is important for a doctor to be aware of this when treating a patient.

"We think it is important for the student to encounter patients away from the 'clean underwear' setting of the doctor's office," Dr. Lee said. Personal encounters in the home may give the students more insight into how likely it is that patients will follow their instructions when they begin practicing medicine.

Many people take a bath and put on their best manners for the doctor in the office. The doctor doesn't have much idea how patients live or what they are like from what he sees in his office, Dr. Lee said.

Legal Aid closes

The Moscow Legal Aid Office, located at the U of I Law School, will be closed during the semester break, from April 30 to June 6. Any potential Legal Aid clients that need immediate aid should contact the Lewiston Legal Aid Office during this period.

The Moscow office plans to reopen Monday, June 6, upon the beginning of the summer semester. Any low income Idaho residents that are having legal problems this summer are urged to come to the Legal Aid Office for help. If the client meets the financial guidelines which the Legal Aid Office operates under, the services are provided free of charge.

Legal Aid Office closes for the semester.
Prof seeks to capture 'fugitive dust' data

At a time when coal as an energy source is becoming more important to the nation, a U of I professor is collecting information to predict the environmental impact of new surface mines.

George Belt, associate professor in the College of Forestry, Wildlife and Range Sciences, is creating a system to estimate the amount of "fugitive dust" kicked up by trucks driving to and from mining sites.

"The state and federal governments have standards for the amount of dust acceptable in the air," he explained, "but some areas are naturally dustier than others. In some cases, nature is violating the law."

These legal standards are important in writing environmental impact statements, as required by the Environmental Policy Act, before opening a new mine. But, Belt said, they were not in place before reliable background data had been collected. His research is designed to establish background levels of dust and create equations to allow others to predict fugitive dust emissions.

The amount of dust in the air is largely dependent on the kind of soil and the amount of wind in the area. "Mines are bound to raise some dust," said Belt, who teaches watershed management and land resource planning. "But the actual environmental impact may not be as bad as it seems. The standards may be unrealistic for dusty areas."

Fugitive dust affects aquatic resources of an area, as the larger particles settle in streams and lakes. The smallest particles of dust stay in the air longer and may pose a health hazard, causing respiratory diseases and eye irritation.

Belt is working in cooperation with the intermountain Forest Range Experiment Station of the U.S. Forest Service. The project has received $55,000 in grant funds.

Washington state summer workshop combines primitive pottery, camping

Registration is now being accepted for Washington State University's sixth annual Raku primitive pottery workshop in the St. Joe Forest near Bovill, Idaho, June 13-17. Jack Dollhausen teaches the course which offers two semester hour credits and five days of primitive camping. It provides training in the ceramic process to fired pottery—clay preparation, pit-firing, kiln design and construction and glaze firing techniques. No previous experience is necessary. The $55 tuition includes some supplies. Enrollment is limited to 40. Campers must provide their own food and shelter. An orientation meeting is scheduled in the Fine Arts Center May 21 at 7:30 p.m. The class, Fine Arts 400, is offered through WSU's Office of Continuing Education, and registration deadline is June 6. Those wishing further information may contact OCUS in room 208, Van Doren Hall, or call 509-335-3557.

Engineers sponsor WSU conference

The WSU chapters of the Society of Women Engineers, the American Society of Engineering Educators, and the WSU College of Engineering are sponsoring a conference titled "Engineering for You and Me" Friday and Saturday.

The one and one half day conference will cover topics concerning engineering and resource shortages.

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Committee approves computer bachelor's

A U of I proposal to offer a bachelor of science degree in computer science has been approved by the Board of Regents' curriculum committee and sent to the full board for consideration at its June meeting.

Under the proposed program, students would enroll in a core sequence of courses on programming and basic computer technology. A series of elective courses allow a person to specialize in the scientific or the data processing aspects of computer science.

The student would also complete a number of elective courses chosen from engineering, mathematics or business. The new program is based on a combination of existing courses in electrical engineering, mathematics and business.

More information about the proposal is available from Joe Thomas, electrical engineering department head, or Howard Campbell, mathematics department head. The two men say career opportunities are good in all aspects of computer science, adding that the rapid changes being made in the design, usage and programming of computers offer real challenge to persons entering the field.
University Dance Theater, Idaho's student modern dance company, is seen here through the lens of Argonaut photographer Steve Davis as they prepare for this week's performance. Shows began last night and show through Saturday in the PAC, with tickets on sale at the SUB and the door for $1 for students and $1.50 for general admission. Performances begin at 8 p.m.

Dancers on stage, back stage

photos by Steve Davis
Feds consider disaster stamp

Senator Frank Church announced earlier this week that the Carter Administration is contemplating a blanket disaster designation for 37 Idaho counties within the next week.

An Interagency Drought Coordinating Committee is expected to be formed within the next week to coordinate the activities of four federal agencies dealing with disaster relief. The Committee, headed by the Department of Agriculture, will establish a uniform system for drought relief designations.

I’ve been calling for a coordinated approach for some time and I’m glad to see that this rational approach will soon be adopted by the Administration,” Church said.

“This procedure recognizes the fact that we are confronted with an unprecedented shortage of water throughout the West.”

Church said, “and that this drought will cause inevitable harm to much of Idaho.”

“Many farmers, businessmen and communities are in immediate need of assistance. This broad declaration will open the door for federal help without requiring each applicant to climb a mountain of red-tape.”

Some 1100 counties nationwide are expected to receive the drought disaster designation by the end of this week. All the counties designated would be eligible for federal disaster relief programs. Applications for loans and grants under these programs could then be processed by the responsible agencies.

Public tastes foreign food

Eleven different cuisines will be available for sampling at a Foreign Food Tasting Fair planned for 2-5 p.m. Sunday, May 1, at the U of I Student Union Ballroom.

Dishes representing the cookery of Ecuador, Bolivia, Venezuela, Pakistan, Muslim and Arabian countries, India, Thailand, Korea, China and Japan will all be prepared by U of I students and offered to the public for tasting.

Students from the different countries represented on the menu will show articles from their native lands and cultures and will provide entertainment during the afternoon. A $0.50-per-person donation is requested.

Campus Capers

Roy Hammond, 24, Moscow, was arrested April 24 for stealing a hubcap belonging to Carole Temby. He was released on his own recognizance.

Paul Wakagawa, 18, Moscow, was cited for failure to yield after the vehicle he was driving struck a vehicle driven by Brad Britzmann, injuring both Britzmann and his passenger.

Two automobiles were reported stolen from campus this week, one belonging to Rob Knox of Pullman, the other to Jim Shek of Moscow. The Knox vehicle was taken while parked on Rayburn Street near Memorial Gym but was later recovered in a parking lot on campus by Campus Police. Shek’s vehicle was stolen from 7th and Elm but Shek recovered it when he found it behind the Lambda Chi house.

Louis Chase reported a $500 box of nuts and bolts taken from room 225 of the Buchanan Engineering Building.

Jim Rennie of the Outdoor Recreation Program here reported April 27 that a down sleeping bag, valued at $100 and a tent, valued at $100, were not returned. The items were checked out to a man identifying himself as Scott Collins and were supposed to be returned April 17.

Gregg Sturtevant, Delta Tau Delta, told Campus Police on April 22 a $100 cassette deck was stolen from his car parked on campus.

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It's still only rock 'n roll

BY MIKE ROACH

I recently purchased the Rolling Stones' album *Aftermath* and was pleasantly surprised with its contents. The Rolling Stones released *Aftermath* in 1966. I'm reviewing a record put out eleven years ago because few students have probably heard it and most importantly, it was the definitive Stones album until the release of Beggars Banquet.

Aftermath was an important step for the Rolling Stones; it was their first album consisting entirely of Jagger-Richard compositions. Its success established the Stones' ability to stand on its own feet, and not be merely imitators of other artists. The variety and quality of songs on the album also reflect the versatility of the Rolling Stones as a whole. In listening to this record, the most noticeable aspect is the blatant, anti-female lyrics contained in songs such as, "Stupid Girl", "Under My Thumb", and "High and Dry". These songs may lessen the enjoyment for female listeners, but keep in mind these were written 11 years ago and they mirror the attitudes of the Stones and society in general in the mid-sixties. "Lady Jane" on the other hand, finds the male very compromising and submissive to his lady. "Paint It Black" may be the best known song on this disc and seems to be the only one which really attempts to make a social comment. Its lyrics have been interpreted in many ways, the most widely accepted being that "Paint It Black" denounces racism. Or it may be a song about good and evil. Whatever its meaning, it takes on a haunting air because of Brian Jones' melody lines on the sitar and Jagger's shift in voice from a somber deadpan tone to his familiar coarse hold.

The most innovative piece on *Aftermath* is "Goin' Home". This eleven minute and forty-five second, slow-paced rocker smashed the traditional four minute barrier on rock songs. "Goin' Home" sounds much like an on-the-spot studio jam. Despite its length, the Stones manage to maintain cohesion throughout.

The remainder of the songs on *Aftermath* are not merely second rate filler material. All the songs are well put together. They account for *Aftermath*'s overall strength and power. Songs such as "Flight 506", "Han and Dry", and "Doncha Bother" are good time rockers and rhythm and blues. In not building *Aftermath* around a single hit, the Stones made the entire album worthwhile listening.

If you are a Stones fan this album is a must. You'll hear the five original Stones playing some of the best music ever. The unsophisticated rock on this album could interest any rock music fan since it forms the basis for later Stones material which was, and still is widely imitated. The Rolling Stones are an institution in rock-n-roll and *Aftermath* forms a major part of the foundation for this institution. Reviewer Robert Carr summed up the tone of *Aftermath* in these words, "Romance may have taken a heavy hammering, but rock 'n' roll was still doing fine." *Aftermath* was meant to be rock 'n' roll and nothing more.

Jim Slowikowski makes use of a newly constructed fence at Upham Hall. The fence was built to keep people from killing the grass.

YWCA-backed program aims at childhood development

An exploration of the concept of childhood from a variety of perspectives is the focus of an evening seminar to be presented by the Young Women's Christian Association of Washington State University on Monday, May 2nd. The seminar, entitled "Childhood Development: A Philosophical and Psychological Look," will be held from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. in the Senior Citizen's Lounge of Pullman City Hall, Pullman, Washington.

Dr. Philip Mohan, assistant professor of psychology and Dr. Francis Seaman, professor of philosophy, both of the U of I will be guest panelists.

This seminar is part of a year-long series of programs on the subject of childhood development presented by the YWCA of WSU under the project title "Today's Children: The Nation's Future." The project has been funded in part through a grant from the Washington Commission on Humanities, an agency of the National Endowment for the Humanities. All programs are free to the public.

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Campus Democrats
Newsletter, alumni plan

The University of Idaho Campus Democrats have announced plans to initiate an alumni association and a monthly newsletter next semester.

Included in the Alumni association will be members who wish to remain active with the group following their graduation. The newsletter will be mailed to the alumni and other democratic organizations at high schools, colleges, and universities throughout the state.

The Campus Democrats have also elected new officers for the '77-'78 school year. Timothy L. Greeley of Moscow was elected president of the organization. Greeley is a junior political-science-philosophy major.

The major goals of Campus Democrats in the next year will be the organization of new democratic student groups around the state as well as increased communication and coordination of programs with existing groups, Greeley said. Strong emphasis, he said, will also be placed upon encouragement of student participation in year round political activities on the state and local levels rather than involvement during election campaigns only.

Vice president of the organization is Ray Swenson of Minneapolis, Minnesota. Swenson is a junior majoring in Musicology.

CORRESPONDING secretary of the group is Karen Greeley of Moscow. She is a junior Communications-photography major.

Pete Richardson of Nampa was elected secretary-treasurer of the organization. Richardson is a junior majoring in political science.

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Trailer for sale. 12 x 60 Fleetwood. Excellent condition. Three bedroom, partly furnished. Robinson trailer court number 3, 882-0865.

For sale 1972 Billmore trailer 12 x 50, two bedrooms, all electric, completely furnished, 5 acres, 882-0384, evenings.

7. JOBS

Applications for the position of lifeguard for 1977 season are being accepted for City of Pocatello. All interested persons should send applications to: City of Pocatello, Idaho. 83455. Please list all qualifications and past experience. Water safety instructor, Red Cross, or aquatic leader examiner YMCA certificate required.

8. FOR SALE

21 inch color console television, wooden cabinet, $150 or best. Wood shelves and bricks, $15 or best. Two overstuffed chairs, comfortable, $20, whatever you can afford. 882-2671, evenings.


Big yard sale Sunday, May 1, on corner of A street and Ashby, 9 a.m. Plants, clothes, books, furniture, odds and ends. Whatever you can afford.

Spacious older home in Troy: Four bedrooms, 1 1/2 baths. Large dining room with bay window. Ood and brick kitchen. Cement foundation, insulated, with garage, utility room. 8 a.m. to 9 p.m., evenings.

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