University eyeing alternate budgets

by Betsy Brown

At the request of the Board of Regents, a University of Idaho committee is preparing alternate budgets for fiscal year 1980 at 90, 95 and 100 percent of the present university budget.

According to President Richard Gibb, the State Board of Education's request to Idaho universities to prepare alternate budgets is not connected to a similar request made to all state agencies by the governor in August.

Academic Vice President Robert Furgason was responsible for forming the committee to prepare the alternate budgets for the U of I, according to Gibb. The committee members include the three vice presidents, two representatives of the Council of Academic Deans, the chair of the Faculty Council's Budget Liaison Committee, and the university Budget Officer.

There are no students on the committee. However, Gibb said he hopes to meet with ASUI President Rick Howard and the ASUI Vice President Rick Sparks early next week to discuss the general outlines of the alternative budgets.

A cut to 90 percent of the current budget would require a $4.9 million reduction in university expenditures, according to Terry Armstrong, executive assistant to the president. A cut to the 95 percent level would require a $3.4 million reduction, even a budget of 100 percent of the current level would require a cut of $2.1 million in next year's budget, Armstrong said.

When asked if the university would be required to follow these alternative budgets if the university's budget is cut back, Gibb responded, "I hope not." Gibb said he hopes the university will have another chance to examine its budgets, should the cutbacks become a reality.

The alternative budgets must be presented to the regents by Jan. 1. According to Armstrong, Gibb will review the committee's report and make the final decision on what to send to the regents.

Gibb said he expected the report to be ready to send to the regents by Dec. 26 or 27.

Lab, P.E. finals okay during dead week

Only exams in lab periods and P.E. activity classes, final in-class essays in English composition courses, and final oral presentations in speech classes are permitted to be held during dead week, according to Bruce Bray, faculty secretary. This policy is stated in the U of I catalog, he said.

Matt Tulle, director of admissions and registrar, said he has heard no complaints from students because "they say it takes pressure off them during finals week." The time element involved is why these particular courses are allowed to finish during dead week, he said. It's hard to schedule lab exams during finals week, and the speech exams can't all be done in two hours, he said.

Richard Dozier, director of composition, agreed that it was a question of logistics. Essays are read by two people and often reviewed by another committee to determine passing of the course, he said.

There are 32 sections of English 103, 30 sections of English 104, with an average of 25 in each section, he said. "We have trouble getting all the essays read as it is, much less if they were written during finals week," he said.

Dorothy Zakrzajek, director of health, physical education, and recreation, disagrees with the idea of early finals because it takes away from theoriginal intent of finals week. "I think all finals should be given during finals week," she said.

Approximately 60 basic instruction courses in HPER will have finals during dead week, she said. These courses are considered lab courses, which entitles them to finish early, Zakrzajek said.

It's unfair to test during dead week to satisfy a demand to go home early for vacation, she said.

Don Coombs, department head in the School of Communications, said having finals during dead week to lower the drinking age to 19 makes the fall year a good one to drink, he said. "In the School of Communications there are no courses finishing early.

FacultY invite Regents to discuss layoff policy

by Cary Hegreberg

Since the Board of Regents failed to accept recommendations of faculties at state institutions of higher education regarding a personnel layoff policy, Faculty Council members unanimously voted Tuesday to invite two board members to campus to discuss the policy.

Dr. Roger Wallin suggested the meeting, saying, "I can't understand their procedure. They are ruining the state institutions by destroying the morale of the faculties." Wallin said he would like to meet the board members "face to face" and tell them what they are doing to the university system by "ignoring the judgement of the most educated people in the state."

Board members Clint Hooper and John Swartley, executive committee members for this university, will be invited to the meeting along with Milt Small, executive director of the board's staff and Matt Mullaney, an attorney who helped draft the policies.

Several weeks ago, the Office of the State Board of Education drafted a new personnel policy for faculty and staff at institutions of higher education to deal with possible funding cutbacks resulting from the 1 percent initiative. The university faculty criticized the proposal because of its inhumane firing guidelines, and drafted an alternate proposal which was submitted to the Regents at their meeting last week.

Dr. Lawrence O'Keefe, Faculty Council Chairman, reported the Board, at its meeting last week, had rejected most of Faculty Council's suggested changes. He said the alternate proposals did not receive the attention they deserved at the meeting.

A letter was drafted asking the board to delay the final policy for a month to allow more time to analyze the board's proposal. In other proceedings, Dr. Harry Caldwell, a Budget Liaison committee member, said he and the faculty in drafting contingency budgets for the university told the county that the biggest cuts would come from support areas rather than academic areas of the university.

Cuts will fall mostly from grounds, janitorial, and physical plant support services, he said, but "very few areas of the budget escaped without financial trimming.

Contingency budgets are being prepared at the request of the state board at 90, 95, 100, and 105 percent of current funding. At the 95 percent level, $4.8 million would be cut from the 1980 budget request.

At the 90 percent level, Caldwell said, "we come up with a total faculty reduction that could exceed 50." Even at the 100 percent level, 14 faculty positions may be terminated, he said.

Caldwell said the budget exercise was valuable because it showed what certain programs could be consolidated.

The final drafts of the contingency budgets are to be given to the state board by Dec. 27.

Literary supplement included today

Included in today's issue is Lagniappe, the Argonaut's literary section. This eight-page section includes poetry, short stories and photography by the University of Idaho students. It is our Christmas gift to you, and we hope you enjoy it.
Olga Broumas: A woman awake

by Eddie Sue Judy

Silent seconds in the wake of her voice made the soft rush of the KIVA's ventilation sound like a freight train.

About 100 people had just supped an invisible, electric eucharist passed through the art of poet Olga Broumas. That reading last Friday punctuated Broumas's semester of teaching at the University of Idaho under the English department's distinguished visiting writers program. Broumas will appear on KUID-TV Channel 12, at 8 tonight for a half hour reading and interview.

For the reader seeing Broumas' poetry on the page, one reading won't do. Not because the poetry is at all greedy or evasive with its initial impact. It is so rich it must be absorbed with slow savour.

But when Broumas reads, the poem becomes an integral moment, an essential breath. Or, to quote from one of her poems:

"Something immaculate, a chance/crucial junction: time, light, water/had occurred, you could feel your bones/glisten/translucent as spinal fins."

Perhaps a person trying to describe Broumas' poetry should follow a principle she discussed in an interview: "It's very important to me that when I name something I leave room for what cannot be named." Receipt of the Yale Younger Poets award in 1976 and subsequent publication of the volume Beginning With O brought Broumas literary recognition—and a public life she seems more weary and wary than enamored of.

"The life those poems came from disappeared with the publication of the book."

When Broumas leaves Idaho, "I'm going to guard my private life a little more jealously. The public life becomes some kind of nebulous abstraction and you become some kind of nebulous abstraction yourself."

The publicity wasn't simply the kind any distinguished writer is subjected to: "I had to be more public because I'm feminist and because I'm gay."

Stanley Kunitz, former judge of the Yale Series of Younger Poets competition, wrote in his foreword to Beginning With O, "Because of their explicit sexuality and Sapphic orientation, Broumas's poems may be considered outrageous in some quarters, but I believe they are destined to achieve more than a success de scandale. We shall all be wiser and—who knows?—maybe purer when we can begin to interpret the alphabet of the body that is being decoded here."

When Broumas writes, she has in mind an audience and a desire to connect with it's members.

"I must connect in terms of my truth. I don't want to put off men by writing feminist lesbian poetry" but neither can she stifle her truth.

"It is of the utmost importance that I live a normal life without this view of myself as a public person," Broumas said. "This (the interview situation) is what's abnormal, not the fact that I love women. It's normal to have a companion to do things with, to cook with, to go on outings with: it's not normal to be interviewed by the press.

"I put out the word when I got here that I was in a reclusive state of mind, and people respected that. I consider that a great generosity."

Broumas has used her time on the Palouse to "get back inside. Not that I've changed that much, but when you don't go home for two years, it's different."

She found her time here a respite from societal bombardments she feels restrict people into a "one dimensional," assembly line-like consciousness.

"I've had nothing to fight
Buenas Dias

The things that give such pleasure to the eye, a clothesline stretched from porch to pine, sixth in a row, eight old loyal increments I squat among, caretake. The wood splits easy, tamarack, the axe slowdown penetrates, cleaves to the block. The cat is friendly, eats her birds and mice under the bed. The mornings cold, maybe very cold. Coyote barks, the old black lab barks back. Dawn and the wind blows slowly to the shelter of trees. Northwest, Southeast. It’s quiet here, all four sides uncurtained, windows you can see horizon from horizon. Sunset and moonrise balancebeam, the house at sea. So far from any obstacle the eye can feel. The hills, benign and magnified, multiply undisturbed field after sandy field. How beautiful the farmgirl held the slide of dunes and the Pacific to the sky how beautiful she said blue fields. Fields chocking with stars, the beautiful black silent fields each night they mine me open rib by rib and find the bitter almond cloves they fill with honey.

—Olga Broumas

but my own demons.

The land itself has lent an expansiveness to her state of mind—and her poetry.

"You can get up on one of those hills and your eyes give way before the land does. The relationship between the farmers and the land seems more lyrical" than in less fertile areas where the relationship is a grinding push and pull. She feels she did some of her best work while housesitting near Troy. On first meeting Broumas, it’s hard for the mind conditioned to the “one dimensional” consciousness to see her as the woman behind the powerful, often political poetry. She looks younger than her 29 years. Her height is slightly on the short side of medium, her build lithe, her smile easy, her voice quiet and rich. But as she speaks or reads, the delicate woman and the force fuse to lend grace to the power, power to the grace.

Two elements have been crucial in Broumas’ art: “I am a woman and I am awake.”

Being awake for Broumas is a tool, not an end in itself. “The more you think about being awake, the less you do it.” Broumas is striving to use her wakefulness to imbue any life with meaning by doing things well: writing good poetry, teaching good classes, being a good companion.

Poetry can help its writers gain a “recognition of themselves,” Broumas feels.

Any act out of your whole heart is going to help you see your heart.

Another element vital to Broumas’ poetry is the poet’s Greek origins. She was born in Greece in 1949 and came to the U.S. in 1967 as a resident student. Her only previous experience of this country occurred during her 10th and 11th years when her father was stationed at Washington, D.C., as a NATO aide.

She feels her Greek roots helped establish one of the dominant characteristics of her poetry, its musical quality.

"If you’re Greek, you grow up singing. You sing on the way to school, you sing at recess, you sing on holidays and at dinner parties.”

Being Greek has also ingrained in her a penchant for heroism. She has found that heroism in feminism, which she sees as a movement for human freedom.

But despite the depths of the frightening influence and her beginning to write poetry at about age 5, English is the language of her art. That, she says, is because of the importance of her audience to her writing. The audience she wants to connect with speaks English, not Greek.

I have never said ‘I love you’ in Greek and meant it.”

Poetry is not “something that happens between me and my typewriter.” It is “a self awareness and a desire to connect.” It is “essential communication. It is the essence of what you have to say to someone. It’s a vector. It moves.”

Poetry is “clean language” in that it strips away verbiage that can bury meaning.

"As a poet, I have a strange relationship with words. I mistrust them deeply.”

Talking about an experience too much can make it become the words, not the memory.

"Have you ever noticed how many people talk? It’s like ropes. We’re constantly hanging onto each other with our vocal cords.”

Language is a tool that can be used or abused.

"A hammer can be used to pound nails or it can be used to make noise. Not to mention breaking someone’s head.”

Friday, Dec. 15, 1978

Though her master's degree from the University of Oregon is in creative writing, her bachelor’s from Pennsylvania, is in architecture. She feels that has been a plus.

"Nobody told me how to think about poetry. They just taught me how to think about beauty. A poem can be viewed as a "design problem" in moving emotions.

In the year before her arrival at Idaho, Broumas had been in 62 cities on both sides of the Atlantic. When she leaves at semester’s end, the pace will pick up again. Then she plans to retreat to a cabin in Vermont to work under a grant form the National Foundation of the Arts.

The precise shape of the essential communication that will come out of that cabin can’t be predicted. But the voice will be that of a woman awake.
Ave atque vale

This rough magic I here abjure...
The Tempest, Shakespeare

One semester as Argonaut editor is sufficient to make one a sage or a jester, and sometimes it seems the role of jester offers the better opportunity to make one's point. However, I don't feel witty when I'm facing finals.

Though I'm not a sage, a semester's experience as editor has resulted in some altered perspectives for me.

A perennial problem is the discussion about the Argonaut's function. In three semesters' employment at the Argonaut I have seen elected officials ask to read editorials before publication, to have stories suppressed, or to have specific facts in a story suppressed. And the information they want suppressed is not that of a questionable nature (such as printing the name of a rape victim), but official facts the public has a right to know.

An editor can deal with this, and even restrain his or her temper. The problem is that some elected officials believe they are within their rights by asking an editor to suppress information.

Such an attitude shows a lamentable ignorance of the press's function. Government officials do not have a right to prior censorship. A survey course in mass communications would teach them as much, but few, if any, elected officials bother to take the class.

While the Argonaut is a flack sheet in the sense that it records student activities, issues and interests, it is not a Pollyanna paper for the praise, glory and edification of elected officials or the administration. The difference is that the administrators are shrewd enough to realize it.

The perpetual petty hassles have convinced me the Argonaut and the other communications departments need autonomy. Because the senate holds the purse strings for about 25 percent of the Argonaut's income, some senators think they have the right to dictate editorial policy. Perhaps an autonomous Communications Department would convince them otherwise.

The semester had its amusing times, too.

As you probably noticed, Tuesday's paper was late, and some of the headlines looked peculiar. It wasn't part of the changes for next semester. Rather, some production equipment broke down during Monday night pasteup, and Gloria Stonecipher, ad manager and editor apparent, and I ended up at the Idahoan Tuesday morning, pasting up headlines the Idahoan set for us.

Of course, nobody told us Gloria's Pinto would be mired in a snowbank and that she would have to rally her friends and neighbors to extricate us. However, you haven't lived if you've never seen the old man of the office, John Heath, digging a Pinto out of a snowbank. His visible sartorial splendor consisted of a robe, overcoat, boots, and red knit cap. My only regret is that a photographer wasn't there.

Despite the difficulties, the semester has paid dividends, many of which came from my staff members. They have worked long hours for low pay and I've appreciated it, even if I am unbearable on production days.


The advertising department, managed by Gloria Stonecipher, produced the advertising to support the Argonaut. Credit goes to advertising assistant Jan Nosman, and salespeople Jim Borden, Kathy Crawford, Kelly Crocker, Bill Davis, Dave Dokken, Everett Grondin, Larry Kincaid, Gayle Philips, Rick Steiner, Mary Storey and Sandi Stacki.

My thanks also go to photographers Rick Steiner, Steve Davis, Clarke Fletcher, Mark Johann, Jim Johnson and Hugh Lentz, and to the production bureau, which includes John Pool, Ann Fichtner, Jim Johnson, Joan Matushek, Andrew Brewer, Liz Glarborg, Molly MacGregor, Debbie Peterson and Debbie Westbrook.

Finally, Ann Fichtner, Nancy Wilson, Rosemary Hammer, Jim Johnson and Steve Davis deserve special recognition for their work on Lagniappe, the literary section in today's issue.

To all of our readers: you can and will make it through finals. Have a safe and happy holiday.

L. Triemstra

John Hecht

In a pig's eye...

Over the years, some people have suggested that "Pig's Eye" was the product of a diseased mind. This may or may not be accurate, but recently I have gotten something terminal.

It's a disease called "senioritis."

The symptoms increase in severity as a college career progresses, culminating (hopefully) during the last semester of the undergraduate period.

There is a feverish inspection of the transcript; thumbed through old catalogues reviewing university and college requirements for a degree to see if there have been met (or can be during the last semester); visits with the advisor to inquire if he has any suggestions or pointers which will help the advisee graduate (finally); and submitting petitions to receive waivers of courses which won't fit in the schedule or are not offered the last semester.

I obtained my seniority early during the college career—after just two years of classes—and have carried the envious status ever since. (No, I won't tell you how long that has been.)

On the way, I have received an education—in the classroom and out—which will serve my career needs well. This learning experience was supported by an inordinate amount of tolerance and patience from teachers, staff and administrators. Thank you, folks.

All things allowing (such as making it through these finals), there is one more semester of undergraduate work ahead. It is an indication of the senioritis that I will be spending most of it in the classroom, and not putting around with "projects."

You are now reading the last edition of "In a Pig's Eye." In one form or another, it has been going on for five years, ever since a editor, to be nameless but blameless, granted me space to write a guest column.

He exposed me to an addiction—writing—and newspapers—from which I won't recover for the rest of my life. It is perhaps the easiest monkey around to get off the back.

I have been privileged to work on the Argonaut with some of the finest young journalists in Idaho. The paper has a tradition of general excellence and freedom of expression which has grown over its 80-year life. I see the staffers who are moving up through the ranks preparing to continue and expand this reputation.

I have also been privileged to work with the student government over much of the same period, and have met some of the best and most concerned student leaders around. I think the current group of representatives have fine potential to grow on the job and serve the students well.

We need a strong and viable student media and student government because this next year, even just the next few months, will probably be the most crucial for education in the state's history. I think this next year we will have both.

Have a good vacation—Oink....

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I don't care anymore. I don't care whether or not the Argonaut is a good newspaper. I don't care whether or not the ASUI Senate is doing its job. I don't care one way or the other about: abortion, the Equal Rights Amendment, the east and west facists in society, Christianity, the one percent initiative, the football team, the Moscow Mall, the Rockies, the Baked Potato, fee increases, the alcohol policy, inflation, poverty, race discrimination, the energy shortage, or the Middle East. I've always been the sort of person who votes in every election, attends public meetings, and writes letters to public officials. Actually, I've been so politically active as to make myself obnoxious.

In the past few weeks something has snapped, and now I am apathetic.

"Come on," the skeptical among you will say, "you can't be apathetic about everything! You must feel some emotion about this whole business in Guyana, with the murder of a congressman and the mass suicide of the members of that cult."

My response is that I'm sick of seeing all the pictures of dead bodies. I'm up to my ears with Time and Newsweek and the Washington Post asking all the same questions and coming up with all the expected answers. "Isn't this horrible?" they lament. "Jim Jones was a sick man. The people who join cults are unstable people trying to escape from personal responsibility." Etc., etc., ad nauseam. This journalistic baloney has all the intellectual depth of an "I Love Lucy" rerun. It is sensationalism thinly disguised as responsible public concern.

Perhaps, as an editorial columnist, I am more exposed than most people to the sham of contemporary art, to the war in Vietnam, to the Pentagon press cover-ups, to the same old things about the same old issues. Right now I don't care who is right or wrong. I just wish someone would stop all the shouting.

In the past, I have criticized the ASUI Senate for being boring, unimaginative, and unwilling to develop original ideas. Perhaps I wasn't fair. But obviously, everyone else is just as bad.

Many people complain about apathy, but it's often the least apathetic people who cause the most damage. Many committed, sincere people are so sure they are right that they are willing to kill, to die, or to persecute in the name of "The Truth." Self-righteousness has become a plague upon the earth. As I said, we need fewer answers, not more.

Please don't be too shocked by this uncharacteristic outburst. It is the end of the semester, and like many people, I have temporarily taken leave of my senses. By next semester, I suppose I will have recovered from my apathy and will again harangue you about all sorts of issues in my usual obnoxious fashion. But then, I don't suppose it matters if I don't.
French film looks at deception, love
by David Gaffney

The Children of Paradise should never be taken lightly. In their ceiling-high galleries above the Parisian boulevards, in the shadowy salons, and on the zany stages, they occupy seats fit for their roles as children of the gods, screaming madly or laughing hysterically at the antics of the clowns and actors on life's stage far below.

This Saturday, the Film Society will present its last film of the year, entitled Children of Paradise by Marcel Carné. It will show at 4:30 and 8 p.m. in the Borah Theatre.

This movie is considered by most serious critics of film as the richest, most complex and greatest film adaptation of a novel ever produced in France. Having seen the Children of Paradise it is difficult even now for me to convey in words the complexity and immensity of this film, the Gone With the Wind of art films.

The depth of Children of Paradise is overwhelming. The viewer feels he has lived through a very complicated series of interlocking events with many interesting figures over a long period of time.

The story takes place in the mid-19th century Paris of Balzac. As the tale unfolds, it reveals the fatal attraction four men have for one femme fatale named Garance. Two of her lovers are actors of the French stage. The third is a thief and murderer from the streets. The action of this philosophic drama is set in the streets and theaters where clowns, minxes, charlatans, thieves and thugs play roles tragically similar both on and off stage.

Garance believes love is very simple; lovers bodies are to be tasted and tossed away when they are drained of their sexual usefulness, somewhat like a vampire of love. For her life and love exist only as long as they have energy to do so.

And the only "paradise" there is. The general theme of the film is acting, whether on the stage or off. The film also comments on deception, the variety of disguises and assumed roles used to perpetrate that deception.

Admission is $1 or Film Society Pass.

One station off, one on during Christmas vacation

There will be a blank spot at 89.3 FM for about two weeks during Christmas vacation as KUOI-FM will be signing off the air at 2 a.m. Sunday, Dec. 24, yet KUOI-FM will stay on the air.

Current station manager Chris Foster said the station will be signing off the air so disc jockeys can be with their families during Christmas vacation. Christmas break is also time for refurbishing the SUB. Carpets will be shampooed, rooms fumigated and new cabinetry installed.

KUOI will resume broadcasting under its new station manager, Brian McCaughney, sometime during the first week of January.

KUOI-FM will remain on the air during the Christmas break, and broadcast as usual from 6 a.m. to midnight at 91.7 FM.

General manager, Parker Van Hecke, said disc jockeys will be manning the turn tables and microphones.

U of I art grad has WSU show

Boyd Wright, former fine arts department faculty member at Washington State University, has a one-man show of sculpture and painting in WSU's Gallery II in the Fine Arts Center.

The exhibition will run through December 21 for public viewing from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mondays through Fridays.

Wright is a fine arts graduate of Utah State University and the University of Idaho and was on the faculty of Boise State University for seven years.

Film animation class to be held in February

What makes Mickey Mouse tick and other intricacies of film animation will be explained in a U of I Continuing Education class beginning Thursday, Feb. 1.

The class, which can be taken for one credit or as non-credit, will meet from 7 to 9 p.m. each Thursday for eight weeks. Room 124 of the Art and Architecture South building.

Taught by Kim Singers, a Washington State University assistant professor of art and architecture, the class will cover animation with cut-outs or objects, flip-card animation, acetate overlays and experimental animation.

There will be a $45 registration fee and enrollment will be limited to 20 students. Pre-registration with the Continuing Education, 885-6486, is required.

Album advance

KUOI-FM 89.3 MHz "Preview '78," nightly at 10:05.
Friday- The Residents, “Meet the Residents”
Saturday- Patrick Moraz
Sunday- Cathy Fink and Duck Donald
Monday- Rio Grande Band, "Playin' for the Door"
Tuesday- Asleep at the Wheel, "Collision Course"
Wednesday- Gong, "Expresso II"
Thursday- Son-Seals, "Live and Burning"
Friday- Lol Creme and Kevin Godley, "L"
Saturday- Spheroc
KUOI-FM 91.7 MHz "Album Preview," nightly at 9.
Friday- Jean Redpath, "Song of the Seals"
Saturday- Joe Lee Wilson, "Without a Song"
Scene from seat 6-F

Lynne Albers

Christmas is the perfect time for all us "busy" college students to finally catch up on all the movies we missed during the semester. It was also the perfect time for film companies to release new movies for all of us bored students to go see.

Among the films to be released are three animated films, a follow-up to Rocky and remakes of two fantasy movies.

In a superhuman endeavor, Ralph Bakshi has animated "The Lord of the Rings" trilogy and shortened it to a two hour and fifteen minute movie. Advance critics have said it is excellent in its characterization of heroes from the three-book epic by J.R.R. Tolkien, but it doesn't do justice to the story. If you have time, you could see the movie and read the books.

"Waterhip Downs," another animated film, is being released at Christmas time. I'm sadly lacking in knowledge about this movie (or the book), but I think it's about rabbits taking on human characteristics.

As always, every Christmas Disney re-releases one of its classic animated movies and this year it will be "Pinocchio," the story about a puppet who learns many valuable lessons about life before he is endowed with life.

"Rocky II" will make its debut at Christmas time. I don't see any way possible to follow up on the "underdog makes it big" theme or the fantastic music. But we shall see what Sylvester Stallone and composer Bill Conti come up with.

A multi-million dollar remake of the 1939's film "Wizard of Oz" will try to get everyone to "ease on down the road" to the theatre, if only for courtesy's sake. The Witch takes an entire black cast to the land of Oz.

The biggest debuting film, "One man show needs an actor"

Student director Jim Hoekje is looking for a man between the ages of 20 and 60 to play a 69-year old man for his upcoming production of "Krap's Last Tape" at the University of Idaho.

Auditions for the one-actor drama will take place at the U-Hut, today from 3-5 p.m.
Karin Sobotta:

by Marty Renzholer

You know, some people would have you believe that people of small stature aren't able to compete in the tall world of basketball, but the exceptions are always popping up. Monte Towe, a 5 ft. 4 in. guard, was a starter and playmaker on the national championship North Carolina team three years ago. Now Idaho has its own answer in 5-1 Karin Sobotta, guard for the Vandals women's basketball team. Sobotta's averaging nine points a game and is averaging five assists per game which leads the team, and she's only a freshman. As the playmaker on the Idaho team, Karin leads the team down the floor when they fast break, as well as setting up the plays when the Vandals set up on offense. "It's not that bad being short. I can dribble better than a lot of girls," she said, "and it's harder for bigger girls to guard me on the break."

Sobotta is attending Idaho on a tennis scholarship. She'd like to coach some day. "Maybe tennis or basketball. I'd like to start out in a high school and work my way up to a university."

The middle of seven kids, Sobotta was born January 15 in Hermiston, Oregon. "Out in the boonies." She is also the smallest in her family. Her two 11 year old brothers are as tall as she is. Karin started playing basketball in the seventh grade. When she played in high school, it was alongside of her sister Julie. Karin played volleyball, basketball, tennis and participated in gymnastics in high school.

Strong, small freshman guard catalyst for women's basketball

"I've always loved basketball," she said. "I've always loved sports of any kind ever since I can remember. When I was in grade school, I went out for every sport I could. But I started playing basketball in seventh grade because they didn't have a team in grade school. That's how I started out really."

Sobotta comes from a tennis playing family. But, surprisingly, only one of her brothers play basketball. The other person in her family to play is Julie. Julie attends the University of Colorado right now, but has given up competitive basketball. Her father, Jerry, works as a pharmacist and her mother "just plays tennis."

Sobotta is also hopeful about the future of her team and the rest of the season. "We're really young and a bit short. I think we have a lot of potential, but we have to get used to each other yet. We don't know each other well enough to play team basketball," she said. "But," she added, "as soon as that comes, I think it'll be an important factor in how we do."

WSU hands Vandals loss

After staying close for about the first 10 minutes of the game Wednesday evening, the Idaho women's basketball team let slip 26-15 plays and foul trouble turn a close basketball game into a runaway as the WSU women came away with a 69-49 win.

Laurie Turner and Jeanne Eggert led the way for the Cougars. Turner repeatedly grabbed loose balls and turned them into points. She finished the contest with 18 points and 11 rebounds. Eggert finished with 14 points.

A hopeful sign for the Vandals was the play of Cathy Feely. Feely, with the help of some fine passing, was able to score inside the perimeter for 16 points. She also managed to snare 13 rebounds. Patty O'Connor and Karin Sobotta finished with 11 and 10 points respectively. O'Connor grabbed 15 rebounds to lead Idaho.

For Coach VanDerveer, one of the good things about the game was how her team played when behind. At one point Idaho was down 33 points, but cut that lead down to 15 on a furious charge in the second half. A quick whistle on a jump shot broke the momentum for the Vandals, and WSU was able to take control of the game once more.

The Vandals next game is against Lewis and Clark State College in the dome January 10.
Coale falls to cagers 65-48

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five degrees lower than in
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downhill) skiing, there are
snowmobile trails which begin
at the lodge which are suitable
for cross-country skiing. The
lodge offers hot lunches and
serves beer.
Minority employees needed, says Ray

by Kathy Barnard

Attracting more minority employees is one remaining improvement in the university's Affirmative Action program, according to Affirmative Action officer Sandi Ray.

"We're still trying to improve our Affirmative Action program," Ray said. "We've had a lot of problems with minority applicants, and we're trying to improve that.

"We're trying to improve the diversity of our workforce," she said. "Our Affirmative Action officer, Dr. Nick Williams, is working on that."

Ray said she felt her biggest accomplishment at the university was the development and implementation of a monitoring system for equality in hiring, salaries and promotions, and equalizing the salaries of male and female employees.

"He's done a fine job in his position. He also said a search for his position would not start until after "we get our budget cuts from the legislature."

"Assistant Affirmative Action Officer Carol Franklin will serve as acting Affirmative Action officer in the interim, and we'll see how serious budget cuts are made.

Investigating officers have as yet been unable to determine everyone holding keys to the display cases in the geology and chemistry labs, said Brunswick, security chief. Thousands of dollars' worth of gemstones, gold nuggets and silver specimens were stolen silently from the building by a person or persons who apparently had a key.

The items were discovered missing Wednesday from seven cases in the halls of the building's middle and top floors. The case locks were checked, but there was no security and there is no way to determine everybody who had a key, said department chairman Dr. George Williams.

Williams described the stones in the display cases as "teaching tools." The missing items were not bought for their gem value. The stolen items probably amount to somewhere in the neighborhood of dollars, but no estimate is available, he said. "We had no one estimate them before they were taken and they certainly can't be estimated now."

Students had been working with the displays since the beginning of the semester. Williams said he noted Monday that the students were missing, but assumed the students were still working with them. "We had talked about getting mounts for the stones, so I thought they had been taken out for that purpose," he said.

Williams said the display cases would be monitored for the remainder of the semester, and that if there are no more missing stones, the case will be opened for display.

A list of everything missing was given to the campus police yesterday. Some of the items taken were fakes or replicates, including an entire display case of glass replicas of famous diamonds. Included was the replica of the Hope Diamond. Williams also said a fake gold bar was taken.

Many of the stolen items had been on display here for 50 or 60 years, but some were donated recently. "We've had a loss we'll never be able to replace," said Williams. During the last 50 years, he said, losses have been few.
God or someone helps finance Moonie movement

by Diane Sexton

"God has been very good to me," said Sun Myung Moon, the minister in an interview with Newsweek International.

Without a doubt, someone certainly has.

The self-appointed, a claim that 30,000 American followers, controls a world-wide financial and religious empire that is worth an estimated $75 million.

The dedicated disciples of Moon take in nearly $10 million annually through the fund-raising activities. On the streets they peddle flowers, peanuts, candles, and take donations. Because the organization is legally a religion, they do not have to pay income taxes.

Through the fund-raising effort of these young people, the Unification Church was able to purchase Manhattan's New Yorker Hotel for $5 million which serves as the church's World Mission Headquarters. Over the past few years, the church has acquired property and stock in the U.S. worth an estimated $20 million. The property holdings include everything from fishin' ports in Alaska to an entire city block in New York City, according to a national publication.

In addition Moon controls half the stock in the newly established Diplomat Bank of Washington D.C. with headquarters at the Moon Center in Tarrytown N.Y., according to the New York Times.

Believing the best of things should be dedicated to God, Neil Salonen, Unification Church president in the U.S. said the next major purchase will be New York's Empire State Building.

But the foundation for Moon's financial empire is based on his South Korean industrial conglomerate.

Moon's factories produce vases, pharmaceuticals, Ginseng tea and rifles. His tool production factories also make weapon parts under defense contracts with the South Korean government.

Moon admitted in his Newsweek interview A New York Times article claims that these industries have sales of $15 million annually coming from the production of armament.

But the Moonies feel this financial wealth holds no contradiction to the teachings of the church.

Lec Jacobson, director of the Unification Church in Moscow, says he's in no position to say what Moon is entitled to.

"It's hard for us to put our trust in people." he said, "We've seen a lot of people who've gotten power and it's gone to their head. It's really hard to believe there's pure motivation behind things."

"When Rev. Moon got out of prison followed him to bring him clothes. Instead of keeping them, he often wore the worst and gave the best ones away. And instead of taking the easiest jobs he always took the most difficult, that's why Rev. Moon really wants the world to be God-centered. He really wants to reach all people with the Divine Principle (the church's book of doctrine). People are impressed by his standard of neatness, his standard of wanting all people to be taken care of," said Jacobson.

In his interview, Moon said he is not a millionaire businessman, but a religious leader.

"A great deal of blessing has been poured upon me," said Moon. "And many people that have been given money has gone to gold. To a certain extent that is true. But I know why God has given me this blessing—because God knows nothing belongs to me, not even a penny for my own savings.

"I do not reject material values. But it must be in the service of God. Vast resources are necessary for the movement to physically implement the concept of the ideal of God on earth," he said.

Strongly anti-communist, Moon has been accused of working with the South Korean government. He added there is evidence the Moon organization has "systematically violated U.S. tax, immigration, banking, and foreign agents registration laws as well as state and local laws relating to charity fraud, and that these violations were related to the organization's overall goals of gaining temporal power."

Branding all such allegations "absolute nonsense," he said, his followers deny all charges of being connected with the Korean government

Jacobson said he doesn't know Moon's extent of involvement with the Korean government.

Korea's President Park Chung Hee has been interested in the church but it's mostly close scrutiny, he said.

"We've been through hassles just as much in Korea as here. The road in Korea has been just as rocky because of our ginseng business and taxes," said Jacobson.

In their fund-raising activities, Moon's young followers are criticized for reluctance to identify themselves as being with the Unification Church. Tagged "heavenly deceivers," Moon initiates may claim to be raising funds to help drug addicts, orphans or any charitable cause, according to Time Magazine.

The church doesn't condone this sort of activity, Jacobson said, but he's sure it happens.

Denying the Unification Church is like Peter's denying Jesus, he said.

"I think it's a weakness spiritually, but that's changing a lot. We understand now more than ever that honesty is the best policy."

Through fund-raising we learn to live, people said.

Jacobson. "If people don't feel you're sincere, then they talk about you, they're not going to give you anything."

"It's the way of serving people. If you go out and give and give, then people want to give back. It's a process of giving and loving unconditionally—that's why we fundraise, raise more than just for money."

The Unification Church draws most of its following from people of idealistically-minded people who come from middle-class families, according to Newsweek.

Jacobson said in the Unified Church, he found love—something to live for—to get his life. "It's been the kind of fulfillment I've been always looking for in my life," he said.

Moon was quoted as saying, "All the work is (for) God. If I had one person I'd like to dedicated young people, not a single soul would follow me. But I want to recognize my honesty and dedication."

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Friday, Dec. 15, 1978
Ex ASUI president makes it in real world politics

by Marty Trillhaase

Is there life after college? For those who wonder, consider David Warnick. Two years ago Warnick completed his two terms as ASUI President, ending what many saw as an era. There have since been several major changes at the U of I. Richard Gibb became the new university president, replacing Ernest Hartung. That change subsequently brought a new team to the administration.

The ASUI has seen two presidents and a host of senators. And education is now facing a giant test in the face of the one percent initiative.

Warnick returned to the U of I this week. And as in most homecomings, it was a time for reflection.

"I felt less like a ghost than I expected," Warnick said. "I actually met some people I knew before," he said.

Warnick has been anything but idle since his graduation in Dec. 1976. He spent nine months with the college division of the National Republican Committee in Washington D.C. Next came ten months attending Edinburgh University in Scotland. Warnick attended the 500-year-old university on a St. Andrews scholarship. His field of study was theology. That's not necessarily a strange field of study for a budding politician.

"As my professor said, everyone works on a theology. The question is whether it's a good theology or a bad theology," Warnick said. Theology is also at the center of politics, Warnick said. It comes down to two main groups—those who believe in the prospects of a man-made utopia and those who don't. The concept of a limited government reflects the non-utopian viewpoint, Warnick added.

Once back in the U.S., he returned to politics as a press secretary - media consultant to Georgia congressional candidate Newt Gingrich.

Gingrich recently became the first Republican elected to Congress from Georgia's sixth district since 1875.

Warnick will now be returning to the nation's capital, as a legislative liaison for Gingrich.

Making the switch from student to professional politics seems to have been easy for Warnick. At the very least, it could be said he leads a charmed life. "I've been very fortunate," he said.

But professional politics aside, Warnick still occasionally feels the need to speak out on student issues. The ASUI has taken the wrong approach to many problems, Warnick said. What the ASUI seems to have done for the past year and a half is to simply react to problems, Warnick said. The student government lacks a vision of purpose and a set of goals, he added.

"I feel a sense of frustration," Warnick said. "But you have to remember one of the things we fought for was students' rights to make mistakes," he added.

However, the newly elected ASUI leadership will adopt some goals and try to achieve them, Warnick said.

Warnick said he would have the students follow two basic premises.

"Under my ideal, the students would pay for auxiliary services—those outside academics—and they should run them," Warnick said.

"On academic matters, the state is responsible for providing those," he said. But the state should remain responsive to students on those matters, Warnick added.

But state leaders are currently questioning how much support to education is affordable in light of the one percent initiative. The loss of roughly $120 million in revenues may force some funding reductions.

Here too, Warnick believes students should have a voice. "If we're going to be laying off professors, shouldn't we have some input on who those professors are?" Warnick said.

Warnick said the measure, though poorly drafted, reflects a legitimate concern—the angry taxpayer. Taxes and spending must be reduced, Warnick said. But he added, "the taxes we most need to reduce are federal."

New Deal techniques developed 40 years ago are no longer effective, Warnick said. That plus the tax revolt may have given the G.O.P. a new lease on life, he added.

While Democrats continue to hold majors in Congress, they have found it necessary to adopt some Republican doctrines.

"That's a victory even if that's not a victory at the polls," Warnick said.

One problem the Republican Party has faced in recent years is its dwindling numbers—particularly of younger politicians. Here too, the tax revolt may help, Warnick said.

The key to that may be a new breed of Republican, which Warnick terms "fundamentalist republicans."

The breed, perhaps best exemplified by New York congressman Jack Kemp, mixes fiscal responsibility with several progressive views. Kemp, sponsor of the Kemp-Roth bill, also supports some environmentalist positions, Warnick said.

"I think you're going to see more of them," Warnick said. Plugging his new boss, he added, "I would say Newt is very close to Jack Kemp's views," Warnick said.

And one of that new breed may well be Warnick himself, although he insists he is not considering a political career of his own—at the moment.

"I prefer to be where I can get things done," he said. "At this point, working for someone else does accomplish something," Warnick added.

But that doesn't preclude a future race for the Idaho Legislature.

You may see me running for it. I wouldn't want to go so far as to say you will definitely see me in the legislature," he added.

If the travels of David Warnick have shown him anything, it's the strength of his convictions, he said. "I'm still at heart an Idaho mountain boy. But I now know those values are solid because I tested them," he said.
Station manager predicts KUOI-FM increase to 100 watts

by Sandi Stacki

The biggest issue facing KUOI-FM right now is whether or not the Federal Communication Commission decides to make the station increase power to 100 watts, said Brian McConnaughey, spring semester station manager.

In June the FCC decided all class D broadcast stations must increase power to 100 watts providing better public service to the listeners said McConnaughey.

KUOI-FM has 50 watts but most class D stations only have 10 watts, said McConnaughey. KUOI-FM already provides most of the public services the FCC was trying to make 10 watt stations increase, he said.

The station has appealed the ruling to the FCC, the increase of wattage, said McConnaughey. There is also the possibility reception in Pullman will be increased.

McConnaughey's appointment as station manager takes effect Jan. 1.

He has already been approved by the ASUI Senate. Describing the station's format as an "alternative listening station," McConnaughey said "we're trying to provide an alternative for the people who grew up listening to the American top 40. That's the only format we really try to avoid."

He said the Moscow community is already being served by a top 40 station and it would be a waste of student money to duplicate a service already available.

The format will probably Because we have this kind of freedom, we can have a fairly free format," McConnaughey said.

An intercommunity broadcast program with "live wave tape exchanges" is just getting off the ground at KUOI-FM. McConnaughey said KUOI will be the distribution center for tape exchanges with other non-commercial stations nationwide.

Stations will be able to exchange lecture recordings of people in the news, poetry readings, radio drama and live recordings, such as KUOI now airs on its "Live Night Music" program on Thursday nights.

A tape library will be available for member stations to choose free recordings. McConnaughey said non-member stations will pay a small charge to cover cost production.

About 40 or 50 hours a week are required to do an effective job as station manager, he said. Salary for the position has ranged from $140 per month to $225 per month, but McConnaughey said his salary would probably be toward the lower figure. "It all depends on the funds available and size of the staff." The higher salaries are usually received in the summer when there are less people working and each person has to do more work, he said.

There are 42 regular shifts for disc jockeys on a volunteer basis. Each jock is responsible for one, four hour shift per week, he said. "We're always looking for new people and encourage anyone interested in being a disc jockey to come up and submit an application." As usual KUOI plans to broadcast live from the dome during spring registration.

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ASUI Senate says yes to liaison, senate appointments

The ASUI Senate Wednesday approved the appointments of an ASUI legislative liaison and two senators.

With two senators dissenting and two abstaining, David Boone was appointed to the legislative liaison position, which took effect immediately and terminates one week after the 1979 Idaho Legislative adjournments.

Kerrin McMahan, who cast one of the dissenting votes, said since Boone is a freshman, he is not familiar enough with the university or the ASUI to do a good job. "This is a very crucial position for us right now. We've got to have someone there who knows what's going on," she said, adding, "going down to Boise (as legislative liaison) is not a sufficient crash course in the University of Idaho..."

President Rick Howard said in making Boone's appointment he was looking for both long and short-term benefits to the ASUI. "He's a workhorse," Howard said. "He's going to go down there and work his tail off."

When asked exactly what he would look for and try to do in Boise, Boone told the senate, "I'm going to have to get to know the Joint Appropriations Committee, and try to influence them as to the students' needs. Boone said the U of I should work together with Boise State University and Idaho State University "as a team," because one school probably won't receive more financial cutbacks than another.

Senate appointees Scott

Feltrenebacher and Ramona Montoya were inaugurated immediately after their appointment.

Senator Linda DeMeyer was unanimously elected President Pro Tempore of the senate and will preside in the absence of Sparks.

A bill providing for the appointment of senate committee meets with general opposition because senators were dissatisfied with their appointment to certain standing committees. The bill, however, passed.

After going through Finance Committee several times during the semester, a bill was passed providing funds for KUO1FM to build some needed storage cabinetry. The bill originally provided for a transfer of $1,320 to the KUO1 capital outlay budget, but was ultimately reduced to $457.

Semester ends busy for airlines

The end-of-the-semester Christmas period is the "busiest time of the year" for local travel agencies, according to Joyce Thompson of Moscow's Travel by Thompson.

Our biggest problem, and the one for our customers, is that the airlines have changed nearly all of their flight schedules as of December 15, and a lot of customers might be affected," Thompson said.

"We've been encouraging those customers who bought tickets earlier this year to call up and reconfirm their reservations and departure times—just in case," Thompson said.

John Neely of Neely's Travel Service, another Moscow firm, concurred. "The change in schedules is a big hassle," he said.

Both agents said they receive very few complaints from clients about being "bumped." This is the practice of airlines overbooking their flights in anticipation of some cancellations, but then not having enough seats to go around.

If an airline does bump a customer, there is usually some legal remedies available.

—If you are involuntarily bumped, the airline must refund the full ticket cost to the final destination or the first stopover. A stopover is defined as a stop of more than four hours on domestic flights, and 24 hours on international flights.

—If the airline fails to provide you with alternative transportation within two hours of the original arrival time, it must refund you twice the amount of the ticket.

Generally, the first passengers bumped are airline personnel or travel agents. Next are passengers holding discount tickets, then the last to check in for the flight.
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   Wine and Cheese tasting and art sale, downstairs. "Misfits" (Pullman) December 17, 3 until 7 p.m. Watercolors, drawings, oils. Quality wines.
   The Bedder Place has it all. Your one stop bed and mattress shop is Comfort Zone serving LaGrande, McConnell and Lewiston at 1102 Main, 746-9888.

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Christiane Lesage

Untitled

The sailor sees the seal and the sweet sea shell
Swimming along the superb sea shore.
"See sir, here is your seat, oh poor sick salt sea shell
I wish to be a sensitive sailor to sail on the silk sea
To Die, a crown of chrysanthemums on my cold charcoal corpse
To live to fish celtic crabs crawling in crowd
To enjoy the swing of the sea Lullaby in the hollow
of the rolling wave, roaring
To sing the siren's song written in the Ocean Key,
See ..."

Ted Moffett

Untitled

arid and cold
this solitary flapping of wings
sounds out on the mountain
a portentous and beckoning ring
away from the flocks blood lines
blood silence flowing through the trees
sentinels for life latent in frost
life closted in the soporific warmth
of the cities
life's spirals of reaching
ranging upward in feathered intricacies
revealed directly to my
blood, tree and snow reveries
are a telescoping of evolutionary levels
in a kalaidescopic sigh of dreams
red, green and white
blood and trees
ever wings

Sharon Frankovich

Calculating the Commitment

I once wondered
if I would leap
in front of a speeding train,
run into a burning house,
jump into an icy pond
to save my child.

Such an auspice
never came but there were
seven hundred thirty days
of diapers,
four score and twenty nights
of submerged icecaps
pushing through cutaneous crusts,
tenfold walks measured
in tedious timing
of toddling feet,
bounteous bubbles
of bath time chatter;
not to mention
various and assorted
horse-y-backs,
piggy-backs,
knapsack packs.

Somehow
I got through
all those fragments—
the commitment—
not total.

But if you ran a tally,
the sum should equal
in calculated commitment
at least
one speeding train,
one burning house,
or one icy pond.
Christiane Lesage

Riding Down the Hill

Riding down the Hill, under the eye of the sky,
Riding down the Hill, I can listen behind my ears
To the sound of four wheels    Riding down the Hill
When the earth has not entirely turned its face
On the celest caress of the red corona, standing in the air
Right above my head,    Riding down the Hill
When everything merges
In a brown chestnut, on the Hill, on the Hill I ride,
Riding down the Hill    At the time
Where mysterious shapes brandish their blazing torch
At the top of their forks,    Just above my door,
Riding down the Hill    At this time of the night
Riding down the Hill    That appears
I am following the road turning like a running snake
Hidden in the deep shade of a starless sky

Judith Wallins

One Day

Weeks into our silence, I find myself following your car. Dipping and turning on separate seats of a ferris wheel road we circle the October fields. I hate them sere brown rubble exhausted stretched out across late afternoons.

I see you,
lose you,
see you again.

My mind plays a movie, requisite reel-before-last, vengeful.
I force you off to the side of the road, sparks fly under your car, you rain on fields.

You're gone. I see us for a second from aerial angles: no collision, no impact: you veer off, hurling deeper and deeper into wheat, I drive on.
picture if you will
Helan Swain

After a cool lilac Spring (and mice in the attic with the fans and magpies) it was one hot day after another, a hundred summer days of liquid stem in one's veins, and skin which somehow allowed no perspiration. Only the slightest breezes gave relief, blowing tiny lint puffs loose in illusion of snow from the tall cottonwoods growing up and around our Victorian structure (a house earlier assessed as a liability to the property) overgrown by weeds, isolated by a cracked railroad-tie bridge and protected by three starving dogs feeding viciously off old magazines in the barn garage. The fruit trees (a whole line of plum trees) dying and the old man deserted himself obliviously alcoholic. By written bid the bank sold us the property: the lilacs would bloom given water the next Spring. At sixteen I lay on a cot under the cottonwoods or wandered into the dry fields, and in the night slept on the bare floor in front of the big fireplace, waking always at the sound of mice in the walls (like someone working the door lock). Now, four years later the sky remained inutterably blue and my hair stuck everywhere to me, too wavy and long.

Finally, because the weather was not predictable, there was a day when the wind brought high pink and gray clouds over the mountains to shadow the acres of purple-flowered green-cloved allalas and (down the road a quarter of a mile) the old Guest Ranch (a house of sin with twelve bedrooms: Madam offered me employment should my figure develop with age.)

With unappreciated strength the wind limbed the cottonwoods, effectively tossing the dead and weakened branches onto the roof of the house, causing a swirl of cotton, building and blackening the sky until bones of thunder cracked, echoing against the mountains, and hailstones began to fall like tiny frogs from the sky.

Enamoured of the weather (a natural predilection) I stood at the kitchen window watching the gray sky, thinking:

If a chill fog were to come in the night, the fans which blow incessantly would blow it through the darkened rooms until the fresh damp mist with its delicate icyness brought on a shiver and I awakened earlier than usual. Then, at daybreak, I would put down the hardwood ball floor, and as I made morning coffee the only evidence of the now dissipated fog would be the remaining sense of cold feet on hardwood floors, and the familiar reverberation of the fans, indelibly written in my mind to be brought back by the subtest of things, the swishing noise in town of the street cleaner, or the slapping feet of children on warm afternoon pavement in early Autumn to the tune of the ice cream man's "Lavender's blue, diddle diddle, Lavender's green".

And I would wonder why this particular morning should remain, carefully pruned of a thousand other mornings, though perhaps memory is the ultimate discriminator, earning a remembrance violence on the mind, respecting no temporality or proper transition, disrespecting too chronological order, creating sweet vulgarieties out of solemn absurdities, the exquisite out of the trivial, and finally, dismissing nearly all that I would think ought to be kept for posterity (as if in a safe deposit box).

That day I opened all the windows when the rain came, accompanying the hail, and I let the hardwood floors get wet. The air came in purged of its moisture, separate and sweet, light and cool, smelling of sagebrush and wet black top road. (Seeing past coherence, letting thoughts seep out through the tear ducts in the gravest of gray weathers, I saw myself slipping crab legs in butter, eating clams with french bread and soft white Brie and fat Black Manukas. I thought the heavy drizzle allowed the necessary introspicit humility for proceeding hour by hour in the sun.)

I mixed a batch of brownies, melting the unsweetened chocolate, mixing the egg, sugar, vanilla and caught sight of my hands, rather thin hands, on which the nails had grown long so that the hands looked older and wrinkly, so that standing at the window, mixing my brownies by hand and wooden spoon, and not even twenty, I thought:

I'll have to stop and cut them off, those ugly nails, roundly very short, so that they will be once more virgin pink things, childish and plain, with no aspiration to length.

The wind had died with the onslaught of rain, rain like other summer rains, a bare respite, and despite the hail, brief and to the point, cooling, dulling, graying, embracing the subtle, the indirect, the discreet, before the sun again emerged. I walked across the lawn under the cottonwoods, and down the road to town, to the store for peppermints, to the post office for the mail.

That summer (having walked three miles up the soft-powder dirt road) I floated down the canal in an inner-tube, taunted by the bats in tunnels (thinking at first they were birds, but then finding they were little black bats) so I ducked my head under the water until the light and end came and I floated on. Swirling my legs, I floated resting on my sides, getting up on the front of the tube, but so as not to be poked by the valve, or leaning back, I let my legs float up, until I came to the pier parallel to the house.

Sometimes when it rained I went to the antique shop, which was foul smelling, too dusty and mousy, but close and dim and enthralling, with rooms of old china in lovely warped glass cabinets, and old books of very little interest (geography and law), purple glass and iron pieces, old picture frames and a few mirrors, insulators from the telephone poles, spider webs naturally constructed. The owner had very little business: it was a shop in another old house, and she was too suspicious and the silent spoons stayed behind glass always. High up on the walls were framed prints of little distinction. There were probably bats there too, in the ceiling, in the attic, in the walls, fluttering about.

With my peppermints on the window sill was a mint plant in a China Oolong tea canister, beige and black like the beeping Fall outside, green and brown turning rust and gray and cream brittle. There was a slight windiness, denying no one anything and I had unbotaged time for myself (as time frequently is bound: given away all to insistencies) and I wallowed directly in it.

I sat there in a gray flannel chair, with coffee and french pancakes in the morning (I was too hungry for only a muffin and butter), with eggs and strawberries or much more often, peaches, and chocolate kisses in a wooden bowl. The light came in through three quarter closed venetian blinds and that gave the room a shadow in light diffusion, light which reflected off Japanese wind chimes into the mirror in three sections.

I had books at every angle: critical essays, the Frenchmen's novels (Flaubert, Balzac, Zola and Sarte) and old albums of postcards and a chronological of the religious debates between John Henry Newman and Charles Kingsley. Not in the least discriminating, I had magazines for every desire and they were stacked, piling up next to the desk and chair, and there were pillows everywhere, in corduroy wale and lace, and I wrote letters copiously, usually in my head while tossing bits of onion skin into the garden, sanding a chair or prying a cricket out of a pipe. I was honest and preposterous and serious in my letters (for all posterity that they might illuminate and defy other testimony) and in this way amused people.
Phil Heikkinen

Memories by Candlelight

Ink spot on paper,
amid the night.
an aspen by rocks in the meadow;
the look of that sudden deer:
wind on the branch; a leaf
my shoulder.

John Hickam

the children of the wars
swing from ropes & vines
in the palaces
of sundomes where every plant
grows in a shade.

naturalists trail past outside
wearing anachronistic gray tans.
red-eyed amid spots
of hair they pilgrimage
north. the children of the wars
are bedded down all day
w/brandy & the root of all
things or anything
in their veins & at night
take turns at the starwatch.

the naturalists climb up from
the gulfs & the sea
like the naturalists of the deserts
& sierras who come crawling
these miles per year
w/their infested familiars.
making the holy journey.

fathers home from the wars
once dressed in tans & took abstractedly
to old pastimes—like sawing boards
or peeling bark—refusing all trade
with the enemy, cutting trees to send
back across the sea.
the children of the wars
warm to the race, training.
practicing for orbit.
Lynne Albers

GDIW

I should have shoved a sugar teat in your mouth and told you to go away, man. You came to me crying, wanting someone to hold you. So I held you. She never came. I really didn't want you either. Just felt sorry because she dumped you. Some women have no grace when doing those things. I had to show you all women aren't that ungraceful. Oop... I mean hard-hearted and cruel, sweetheart. Yes, yes, there's a good boy. Will someone get this kid a pacifier?

What! Are you here again? It's nice to see you, for the fourteenth day in a row. Go to dinner? Sure. That restaurant was always her favorite? Figures. This guy probably gave her his high school class ring. What am I doing with this man who doesn't dig jazz, ballet or Merwin. No, my pet, that was Merlin, the magician. And loves rock, comic books and cowboy boots. I look beautiful in candlelight and you noticed some candles on my bedroom dresser. Well, at least he's got original lines.

Please, I know you like to get up early, but can't you do it more quietly? What ever happened to those mornings I could lie in bed until I woke of my own initiative. Now I've done it. I let him spend the night and I'll never get rid of him. I'm doomed. No, I've got to protect my independence and ask him to... Answer the phone, will you dear? Now, to plot my escape. What? She apologized and you're going back to her? Well good riddance, and don't forget your toothbrush, honey.