Joe College can’t write

... And UI program may not help much

By Andy Taylor
Staff writer

Just as there is a great tradition in English literature, there is a great tradition in English composition.

“The great tradition in composition is that everybody complains about it,” said Ron McFarland, a University of Idaho English professor. “Composition has always been the Boogey Man for students.”

It is a boogey man for many students because it is foreign territory that has little seeming relevance to many students’ majors. Moreover, each student graduating from the University of Idaho must deal with it in one way or another.

English 103 and 104 are the only specifically required classes for

By Andy Taylor
Staff writer

A lecture on the Iraq-Iran war turned into a confrontation last week. See page 2.

Year-end kudos are handed out to ASUI officials. Opinion, page 4.

UI Assistant Athletic Director John Ikeda is retiring this year. See page 7.

The 10th annual Renaissance Fair in Moscow was a big success. See page 2.

The Silver team beat the Gold in the annual UI spring football scrimmage. See page 7.
Renaissance Fair drew people of all sorts

By Lewis Day
Features Editor

The lines of delineation in Moscow aren't so firmly drawn as when there is a "community" event. The Renaissance Fair, recently ended, is a perfect example of that community split. The fair was interesting for those who were in attendance, but it was, perhaps, more interesting for those who chose to stay away.

In its tenth year, the Renaissance Fair grew out of traditional May Day celebrations, the Peace Picnics of the '60s and the old Blue Mountain festivals. It has become a musical festival, a food fair, a crafts show — a civilization of spring. Highly visible in this civilization of spring is what they have at one time been called the "counter-culture." And that's the tag the fair has assumed.

While counterculture elements are there, to be sure, they aren't the only participants in the fair. There is broad support in Moscow's non-student community for the fair. There was ample evidence of this in the large numbers of families with small children and senior citizens present for the two-day run of the fair. The Renaissance Fair has become a real celebration of community; when groups as seemingly disparate as the musicians and retired schoolteachers can get together for a weekend of fun, you know something good is happening.

Yet in the midst of all the good, there was a sense of lack. The students, and to a degree the faculty, visible at the Renaissance Fair were the same maids and monks turned out for other community — as differentiated from university — events in general. It seems there is an element of the university that just refuses to emerge beyond the intersection of Deadkn and Sixth streets for anything but a run to Morts on the weekends. And that's a shame. Not because the fair was a failure, but simply because this university needs these individuals to survive, but because these non-participants could stand to learn so much from exposure to things they haven't experienced.

See Fair, page 3
Renaissance Fair

like the Renaissance Fair. After all, there is a life beyond the malls and Taco Time.
Of all the things that went on at the Renaissance Fair the most enjoyable — and this is purely subjective — was the music. If a label has to be applied, I suppose it tended toward the ballads and traditional melodies of folk music. The songs tossed all the traditional elements in people's music: love, drinking, the worker. Sunday's performance by Idaho Rose was easily the most captivating, with hammered dulcimers, fiddles and guitar. Their jigs, reels and old-time tunes had feet tapping all over East City Park.
Rain Sunday afternoon shortened the activities, but not before the Maypole, bright with red and purple streamers, was wound several times. Many of the participants were dressed in medieval costumes, in keeping with the fair's general theme. Not far from the Maypole, members of the Society for Creative Anachronism engaged in mock swordplay. Although the fighting got a bit overenthusiastic at times, the crowd enjoyed the fighters and damseels in attendance.
When the rain came, the fighters disappeared, the bands ceased their music and the potter and wood carvers packed up their wares. As the ground became soggy a group of handy souls ran out to the Maypole and began to unravel the streamers. As they finished the task, the rain cleared and the sun peeked through the clouds. More than one of the soaked celebrants remarked about having appeased the rain god. As the afternoon darkened and volunteers began dismantling the booths and stages, Eclipse took to the Dragonback stage and played for the workers. Within a couple of hours the fair site had been completely dismantled, and East City Park returned to its original look. It was hard to imagine that there had been, just hours earlier, several thousand people in the park watching sword fights and marionettes.
Those who were there and experienced the songs, food and dance will need no encouragement next May. Those who skipped it, who were afraid of the "difference", might think again the next time the fair rolls around. It doesn't hurt to try.

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From page 2

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Opinion

Give ASUI a pat on the back

Everyone is bound to hear over the course of the school year a lot of bad things about the people involved in ASUI government — frequently in these pages. Often the criticism is warranted.

But just as criticism is justified, so is praise when it is due. And there have been a number of student leaders who have performed above and beyond the call of duty this past semester, people who have truly devoted themselves to working hard for the students.

Many of them are people whose political decisions may seem unwise at times, or whose actions seem sometimes questionable. But they are also people who give freely of their time in the service of the student body. And for that alone they deserve to be recognized.

Take, for example, departing ASUI President Margaret Nelson. For this past semester, she has worked hard — sometimes too hard, burdening herself with too many details to function well. And the manner of her departure — resigning to get married — was not exactly a bright spot on her record. But no one could question her dedication during her tenure; she embodied the work ethic in student politics.

Likewise, former Vice President Scott Green (now President) has served ably and well. Green is personable and, like Nelson, hard-working. He should be able to continue in her place with relative ease.

There have been ASUI senators, too, who have proven themselves dedicated and outstanding servants of the students. Richard Thomas, who chaired the ever-taxing Budget Committee, and Rob Collard and Theresa Madison, who worked closely with him, all deserve kudos for their many hours of work in putting together a budget that was fair and workable (though often debated).

Sen. Tom LeClaire deserves a pat on the back, too, for the hours he spent re-indexing the ASUI rules and regulations, and who was responsible for many of the better bills that passed the Senate.

Terry McHugh, elected just last semester, is probably the most promising rookie. McHugh has not yet written any legislation, but he has been among the Senate’s hardest workers and more eager learners; he also has one of the best records for living group visitation.

And Senators Jeff Kunz and Doug Jones, a couple of veterans, did their usual good job in the Senate, working hard for the students’ interest and putting in plenty of hours. Both were responsible for much of the work accomplished this semester.

If you see these students, thank them. They are the people who make the ASUI tick. It’s too bad there aren’t more of them.

Letters

It was bad move, Margaret

Editor:

Margaret Nelson’s recent resignation so she could graduate earlier and rush off to parts unknown with her soon-to-be spouse showed a complete lack of commitment to her elected position. Such actions contribute to the credibility problems already plaguing relations between students and administrative officials.

Beyond that, Ms. Nelson’s decision to ride off into the sunset with her knight in shining armor did nothing to contribute to the credibility of women with political position who have been accused of abandoning their obligations in favor of some “personal” reason. A dedicated and competent person could have anticipated future romantic entanglements and should have used some restraint in furthering her political career in this manner.

Diane L. Barr

What’s a bookstore to do?

Editor:

What do students feel the mission statement of the UI Bookstore should be? Answers to this question will be brought before the UI Bookstore Committee on Friday, May 6. Any students wishing to have input on what they feel the UI Bookstore should provide (i.e., services, merchandise, etc.) should contact Robert Williams at 885-8854 between 5-11 p.m., or send their suggestions to 329 Shoup Hall before May 6.

This information will be put together and presented to the UI Bookstore Committee on Friday, May 6. Here is your chance to be included in some decision-making. And Robert Williams

Congrats to latest alumni

Editor:

The University of Idaho Alumni Association welcomes the Class of 1983 to its ranks, and congratulations to all of you. You begin your post-graduate future with the best of wishes from the alumni.

To all of you other students at this university, please know that completion of 26 credits here makes you one of us also. The association would like to thank those hundreds of you who helped carry the message of the university in so many ways during this academic year, beginning with Margaret Nelson, ASUI president, whose presence on the Alumni Association Board of Directors is so valuable, and especially those who served on the Student-Alumni Relations Board. All of you who lobbed, served on committees, sang, performed, decorated, wrote, played sports and served in so many other ways contributed immensely.

Congratulations and thanks from this group of former students.

Kelley Wilson

Poor decisions at the Arg

Shirley Longteleg Strom

Editor:

The tragic situation that befell the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority by losing two of their loved sisters, Tami and Sherri, is better left to the healings of time and not brought up as the topic of conversation unnecessarily, but I must write this letter now.

The always controversial and usually bone-headed humor of Macklin was in perfect form in last Friday’s edition of the Argonaut. The cartoon depicted three Kappa hashers, presumably all dead, in grotesque and uncalled-for manner. I believe it would have been better to have eliminated that cartoon completely from the Argonaut, considering the highly emotional and sensitive condition of the Kappas at this time.

It must be pointed out though that in actuality Mundt is not responsible for the insensitive and untimely reference to death in his cartoon. As I understand the situation, Mundt tried earnestly to get the Kappa name arbitrarily changed to another sorority and thereby alleviating any chance of a misunderstanding, but the Argonaut decided that changing the name and consequently causing the re-shooting (photo copying) of the cartoon would be too much trouble and chose not to change it. An obvious inconsiderate and unprofessional choice. This kind of rough-shod action of the decision-makers of the Argonaut is constantly the reason for its swing between an unworthy scandal sheet and the sometimes admirable quasi-professional publicaton it can be.

I hope they are more careful in handling these sensitive situations in the future and become a newspaper UI students can repeatedly respect.

Kelley Wilson
"I don't see how the English department got a grip on the university. Why does the English department have grips on all students regardless of their majors?"

By Craig Gehrke
Contributing writer

FWR may start grad law enforcement program

A new study in law enforcement may begin next year in the UI College of Forestry, Wildlife, and Range Sciences. The degree would replace the existing Masters of Wildlife Resources program.

Ernest Ables, head of the Fish and Wildlife Resources Department, says he's not aware of any similar coursework in the Northwest for natural resource managers. The program would allow even students with bachelor of science degrees in wildlife or fishery management.

The possibility of such a program was announced in March at a meeting of the Idaho Chapter of the Wildlife Society in Boise. Ables said that the program has met with an almost unanimous—favorable response. Both the chief of law enforcement and the director of the Idaho Department of Fish and Game are enthusiastic about the proposal.

Ables said the idea for the program came from an analysis of the situations most new employees for the Fish and Game department find themselves in. He said that nearly every new employee begins as a law enforcement official, called a conservation officer, even though they lack relevant training.

The Fish and Game department offers some training to its new employees, who usually have degrees in wildlife or fish, but they can't train them in all the aspects of criminal justice, Ables said. "The training is basic. They need more experience in law enforcement.

In addition to classes in criminal justice offered by the UI College of Law, Ables said the graduate program would stress courses in public relations, interpersonal communications, small group communication, and sociology.

"Communication is one of the biggest deficiencies in Idaho's conservation officers," he said. "The conservation officers can make or break the image of the Fish and Game department. They interact with people in the field more than anybody in the agency.”

Ables said the main obstacle to implementing the program is a lack of money. "The department would need to have one extra faculty member to do the program right,” he said. "Right now we just don't have the money to hire that person.

Nevertheless, Ables would like to see the program initiated in the spring of 1984, with himself in charge. He said he would like to offer the program for a "couple of years to get the bugs out of it.” He hopes that eventually the college will be able to hire a faculty member for the position.

Though the students in the program would be enrolled toward a masters in wildlife resources, a degree already available from the school, the idea of the little student of the individual project would have to do with law enforcement. Because this is what is offered, Ables said, the new area of concentration can be offered without a change in the current University Curriculum Committee, the UI Faculty Council or the State Board of Education.
Records

— Terry Lee Andrew, Moscow, reported that his Kabuki bicycle valued at $275 was stolen from the Wallace Complex Monday.
— Shelly Bursie, Moscow, reported that someone removed two auxiliary light covers valued at $14 from his jeep late Monday while it was parked near Karl Marks Pizza.
— Jack Russell Fisher, 22, Moscow, was cited for reckless driving Tuesday. Police determined he was traveling too fast to negotiate a curve.
— An Azuki bicycle belonging to Monica Robinson, Moscow, was stolen from the UI Law School Tuesday. The bicycle was valued at $200.
— A member of the Pi Beta Phi sorority reported that someone tried to break in through the back door early Tuesday morning.
— Chris Fite, 19, Moscow, reported the theft of his Araya bicycle valued at $120 from the Wallace Complex Thursday.
— Mohamed B. Aboukeshem, Moscow, reported that the windshield of his vehicle was broken Thursday while it was parked near the Law School causing $250 damage.
— Doug McIntall, Moscow, reported the theft of a bicycle from the front of his residence Thursday. It was valued at $50.

See Records, page 10

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This marks the first time in two-and-one-half years that the Argonaut has published an Arts and Literary Supplement. In days past the response to a call for submissions was overwhelming. This year, however, the number of entries was disappointingly small. But the quality was good. Special thanks to Brian Beesley.

Lewis Day

**KING CAT OF THE JUNGLE**

Morning was breaking. The first rays of sunlight filtering through the dense brush made the deadly, dangerous night seem like a ghoulish memory. The freshly awakened robin red-breasts looked terribly vulnerable, digging for worms in the small field, completely void of trees in its interior, but bordered on all sides by an unbroken line of wood. The serenity of the field was an embarrassing deception of what morning in the wild is really like, for just a few feet away from the birds a gruesome yet necessary process was taking place.

In the interior of the jungle the grass was not yet dry, and a damp, musty odor gave the place the sinister appearance of one of those medieval vaults where corpses are put. The trunks of the mildewed trees were infested with mice who were foolish enough to remain scurrying about in the hazy morning hours. Suddenly, appearing as if by magic, the silent predator stalked.

Muscles bunched and hard, fur pulled taught over its sleek, shiny body, its strength was barely held in check, a bomb on all sides by an unbroken line with a lit fuse. The face was an embarrassing deception and mouth, precisely functional, of what morning in the wild is able to detect even the slightest sounds, its whiskers away from the birds an embarrassing yet necessary process was taking place.

The enemy stopped in its deadly path as a changing wind threatened to expose him. His body was still, nothing moved except his tail, which was twitching back and forth like a snake ready to strike. The wind was still as death's messenger continued toward its prize. Its victim was motionless, so unsuspecting. How could he know that a ferocious animal would soon attack him? The predator was almost upon his victim, his muscles bunching up even tighter, his whole body quivering with excitement.

The small, tiger-striped tom-cat pounced, the jungle of his own backyard—a rustling concert of displaced leaves. He dug his sharp teeth and needle-like claws into the body of the rubber mouse, which emitted a plasticized squeal of flase agony which sounded uncannily like a small animal giving one terrified scream before it dies.

Steve Zownir
I sit in the third pew from the back as my inlaws file by. One moves her lips to smile in my direction but her eyes don't change. Another leans over to touch my arm and a little girl I know must be my niece looks to her mother and ask, "Who's that?"

"Uncle Jimmy's first wife," comes the response, "now he's divorced." My mother arrives and slides in next to me. She kneels a moment, makes the sign of a cross, and sits down the pew. Taking my hand, she squeezes it tight and doesn't let go. The priest enters and we all stand. My mother lets go of my hand to cross her forehead, her lips, her heart, and I twine my fingers together so she can't take it back. She loved Jimmy and then didn't. Most people loved Jimmy... until he let them down, or lied to them, or... I can't stand the thought of him. I don't want to think about him. He's the father of a woman I love. I can't take it back.

The priest is droning through the preliminary stages of the mass. I don't know the responses any more. Some of the shorter ones come automatically to my lips. I have to mumble through the longer ones. I have vivid memory of being in this church when I was short. I used to count for oats to pass the time... until my mother made me in a closed garage like I see them any more. Then I'd suck on the back of the pew in front. I remember the acrid taste of varnish and I want to be short again.

Sometimes I'd count the beams in the arched ceiling and imagine that they tasted the same as the pew's. Other times I'd count the panes in the stained glass windows, or if we were close enough, the tiles in the mosaic of the lady with the bleeding heart. I loved Jimmy when I divorced him. But it wasn't always. A little each year for eight years until his sister phoned and I knew I didn't because he said he was dead and I didn't get mad, I wasn't sad for him, or for myself. I just thought, "Oh," and remembered that I had expected this.

I read a novel once in which the main character, a woman, was married to a lovable, dear man who was so... not just irresistible, but he alternated between totally embracing and rejecting responsibility, even for himself... especially for himself.

I thought, "This writer has met my ex-husband!" Then the woman in the book divorced her husband because she couldn't cope with him any longer and he came back a year later and committed suicide where he knew their children would find him. I thought, "Jimmy would commit suicide, but he'd use a gun, not car exhaust like the ex-husband in the novel." And Jimmy would go off in the mountains in his four-wheel drive so people would worry about him and search for him.

The priest is reading the gospel. There's something about truth and honesty and my mother leans over and whispers something sarcastic. I pay attention now but the gospel is over the sermon begins.

This priest knew Jim. He loved him and then didn't. He talks about responsibility to whom and for what and how do you know and I realize that unless you loved Jimmy and then didn't, you wouldn't know what he was talking about.

On our first wedding anniversary Jimmy bought me roses and said he'd take me out someplace nice for dinner. I asked my mother to babysit and I was happy and he was happy and a friend of his came over and said they needed another player for their hockey game. Jimmy said he'd play. I said what about dinner. He said we could do that any time. His friends needed him. I called my mother and said we didn't need her after all because Jimmy's friends needed him and she didn't love him some more.

The sound of a tiny bell chimes from the front of the church. I look up to see the priest with the broken heart raised above his head. Everyone else lowers their heads in contemplation and reverence.

What are they doing here? I wonder if they come to every funeral in the parish. There's the Andersons, the Brooks, the Caldwell's, the O'Connors, the Montgomery's, the Spencers. The same families that were here when I was short. I used to count them in alphabetical order. I wonder which of them loved Jimmy and then didn't. I count the men who were friends of Jimmy's in those early years. Only two. I look for other men in the same age group who might have become his friends more recently. There aren't any. Neither of the other two wives are here. I didn't bring his son.

But then this isn't his funeral. There's no coffin, no body. They burned it. The obituary in the newspaper said it was memorial service. I think they've come for Jimmy's mother. They're sorry she lost a son, even if he wasn't a very good son.

I'm sorry for Jimmy's girlfriend. She's not here. They told her not to come because they thought if she came then I wouldn't. But he must have loved her a lot. I think you'd have to love someone a lot to blow your brains out in their bathroom.

"Do this in memory of me." I didn't tell Joey that his father blew his brains out in his girlfriend's bathroom. I said his father was dead and he was sad and he asked some questions and I lied.

Jimmy only came to see his son four times in the eight years. A lot of times he phoned and said he was coming and didn't. I would lie and make up excuses so Joey wouldn't feel bad until one day Joey said, "Mom, he never comes when he says. He just phones when he's sad and saying he's coming makes him feel better."

I felt worse. Jimmy's mother flew to Vancouver to dispose of his body and his possessions and his debts. But the law says you can't sell hunting trophies and the lawyer said Joey should have them. So Joey has the stuffed head of a bull moose, the antlers of a dead elk, and the skin of a dead bear to remind him of his dead father.

The priest takes his gold and silver chalice and moves around to the front of the altar to dispense communion. A boy in a miniature cassock attend him on his right.

When I was short, I wanted to be an altarboy, but I was a girl.

Everyone lines up to receive communion. They edg-er or grip or hold their hands in their lap and cross, or whatever.

Elderly hands close strongly. They hold the wine and the body. I close my eyes and tense my hands. It's hard to keep your balance in high heels when you can only take one small step at a time. It's tiring in my knees doesn't help. I remember that I haven't been to confession and I want to go back and sit down but it's too late. There's too many people edg-
ALEXANDER
THE GREAT

My name is Jack but my friends call me Jackie and I don't mind. I am in the second grade. I have lots of friends. We play in the school yard together. I have a big brother. His name is Alexander. He doesn't have many friends. I'm his only friend at school. I call him Alex 'cause I like him. He is in the sixth grade. Alex is very smart. Mommy and Daddy say he is gifted. I don't know what that means. I guess it means he is smarter than his classmates. I like Alex lot. Once my radio broke and he fixed it. Daddy tried, but he couldn't fix it.

I walk to school with Alex every day. It's funny, when I walk with him, my good friends won't walk with me.

Kids at school call Alex names. "Einstein" "Egghead" What's an Einstein?

I saw Alex's report card once. He had bad grades. I know Alex is smart but I get better grades than him. Alex reads the same books as my dad. But he can't read the books in school. My dad says they are too easy. How can they be too easy?

Billy Jones is my friend. One day he called Alex an "egghead." Then he laughed. I hit Billy Jones. He's not my friend anymore.

I never get to walk home with Alex. He always runs home. Boys in his class always chase him. When Alex goes to his desk it's always torn up. His books are everywhere. Alex is always late to recess. I'm never late for recess.

People think Alex reads all the time. He doesn't. He plays catch with me alot. He throws the football a long way. When kids pick teams for football, they never pick Alex. He tries to play. They laugh at him and tell him to go read a book. But Alex doesn't read books. He sits on the playground alone. Once I think I saw him crying. He said no, it was only dust in his eye.

Last Monday Alex ran away. Mom and dad were real worried. Thursday he came back by himself. I was in my room and I heard mom, dad and Alex talking. He said he hated school. He said he hated people. He said abt big words like socially unaccept-able and highly intelligent.

I heard Alex go into his room. I went in to try and cheer him up. I couldn't. This time he really was crying.

I went to school the next day and asked my teacher what gifted meant. She said it meant high I.Q. I said thanks and left. What is I.Q.?

Alex finally came back to school today. He didn't go to his regular classroom. He went to a special class. Alex fixes radios all day. He fixed the school alarm system. He doesn't read normal school books anymore. He reads Ulysses and the Iliad and the Odyssey.

Alex is really happy now. Kids still call him names. But he doesn't care. Now he tells my parents that he is finally being pushed academically. They are still too big of words for me.

I think I know what gifted means. It means having a big brother like Alex to play catch with and fix my radio even when dad can't.

Pat Broenneke
UNTITLED

She is in us, lying dormant for so long...

Do you feel her self, your self waking?

A memory stirs, beyond memories from this life...

Remembering her strength, our strength growing...

She is sister-strength waking, reclaiming her own...

She is in us.

A. Gallagher

NOT GREY, MORE LIKE BROWN

Too little in this black and white world is actually black and white.

Even checker-boards come in pink and green, now.
And the panda is almost extinct.

Jim Stoicheff, Jr.

SANTA CRUZ

The sunshine of your eyes warms my soul till the soft flickering of love bursts into flame...

A. Gallagher
Sports

So long, John
Ikeda to retire after 35 years of service

By Kevin Warnock
Sports editor

Ten years ago there was a fire in the athletic department which endangered the financial records and all that went with them — figuratively speaking.

The man called in to put out the fire decided to stick around for a little while. In fact, John Ikeda, University of Idaho assistant athletic director, stayed until now, for he will retire from the UI after 35 years of service.

It was February 1974 when Leon Green, former athletic director, requested of then UI President Ernest Hartung that Ikeda be allowed to transfer from his accountant's position in the controller's office to the athletic department.

The athletic department had suffered from several consecutive years of lost revenues. Ikeda straightened out the situation and became a valuable asset to both Green and current athletic director Bill Belknap.

"I don't know how in the world we'll get by without John. I'm really concerned about our ability to replace him," Belknap said.

And judging from the effort the UI is making to find Ikeda's replacement, it's evident that Belknap's concern is shared by others.

A national advertising campaign has brought in over 170 applications from people with a variety of backgrounds. Belknap is hoping to find someone with sound financial management abilities as well as experience in athletics.

"I've never been around a job with that many numbers. We've had a real wide variety of persons apply — everything from athletic directors, coaches and junior college presidents to a lot of people with purely financial backgrounds," Belknap said. There are too many applicants, he said, "I wish we didn't have that many."

Because Ikeda had no formal experience in athletics before taking on the job in '74, if he applied for the job today he probably wouldn't get it. But a real interest in athletics, including the people and traveling involved, appealed to him so much in '74, that he was happy to transfer departments with little knowledge of athletics.

In his nine-plus years, Ikeda has built the position into a vital branch of the department's success.

"Generally, we cracked down on expenditures, purged or replaced unnecessary equipment. We tightened up fiscal controls on spending and checked more closely on our income," Ikeda said. "I don't know if it translates directly to wins and losses, but it has a relationship."

Over the past three years Ikeda has helped Belknap implement some difficult and emotional decisions. In 1980, the Idaho Vandal baseball team played its last game; two years ago field hockey was dropped and last year the gymnastics team received its pink slip.

Explaining the baseball situation, Ikeda said a lack of Big Sky opponents and similar program abandonment at Boise State made UI's move one that had to be made.

"When Gonzaga left the conference it left us with no direct conference relationship until they formed the Nor-Pac," Ikeda said.

The two women's programs dropped had similar

Close scrimmage ends spring drills

By Bruce Smith
Staff writer

The 1983 football season may be far away in a lot of people's minds, but it was at the top of the list for Idaho head coach Dennis Erickson after watching the annual Silver and Gold intrasquad scrimmage Friday night in the Kibbie Dome.

Erickson watched the Silver bump the Gold, 31-24, before a small crowd in a game that featured the style of play seen last year when the Vandals went 9-4 and earned a trip to the Division I-AA quarterfinals.

The game also ended spring football practice. The players can now "take it easy" until fall practice begins Aug. 14, with two-a-days starting Aug. 16.

"I thought the scrimmage was a very competitive football game," said Erickson. "We wanted to have a game-type atmosphere so all the kids could get a chance to work under that type of pressure, and I think we got it."

Three-year starting quarterback Ken Hobart commanded the winning Silver team and dominated the scene, as expected. Hobart completed 16 of 24 passes for 211 yards and two touchdowns to wide receiver Ron Whittenburg.

Hobart also ran for 39 yards.

"I'm very pleased," said Erickson. "Kenny is excelling and he performs on Saturday's."

Hobart also performed on Friday in this case. After watching his first pass of the spring season fall into the hands of Darby Lewis, the opposing teams' linebacker. But after that he was his old self.

Hobart was helped by a trick play. With the Gold, behind quarterback Scott Linehan, ahead 14-7 in the second quarter, Hobart pitched the ball to Whittenburg for an apparent wide receiver sweep but Whittenburg lofted the ball into the arms of wide receiver Ed Spencer downfield and Spencer sped into the end zone. That put the Silver ahead, 21-14, to stay.

"When I came in I didn't know anybody or how to do anything on this campus. John knows everybody. He's super loyal to the institution and has quite a following of friends," says Idaho Athletic Director Bill Belknap of his retiring assistant, John Ikeda, above.

1983-84 Idaho Vandals wide receiver Brian Allen turns on the speed burners and heads upfield. Allen's Gold team was a 31-24 loser to the Silver in the Annual Silver and Gold Scrimmage last Friday.
Men netters claim second in Big Sky

The Idaho men's tennis team finished second in the 1983 Big Sky Championships, losing to Weber State 8-1 on Monday in a rain-hampered tournament.

Suresh Menon, at number three singles, was Idaho's sole individual champ.

The Vandals finished the round robin 5-2 with 40 points to beat Northern Arizona's 5-2, 36 point effort. Weber was 7-0 with 56 points.

The UI women end their season this week, hosting Spokane Community College on Wednesday and the MWAC Championships Friday and Saturday.

Cragg sparkles at Pelleur Invite

Sherrie Cragg is up to her tricks again.

The Idaho sophomore distance star collected her second University of Idaho school record within a week, when she smashed Sandy Kristjanson's six-day-old 1,500 meter record with a time of 4:31.2 at the Pelleur Invitational in Cheney on Friday night. Kristjanson broke Patsy Sharpies' record two weekends ago in Seattle with a time of 4:31.2.

Cragg entered the meet after being named MWAC Athlete of the Week for the third time in a row.

"I have learned how to pace myself better. I seem to be stronger during the race, especially at the end. I'm able to hold my pace longer," Cragg said of her running success.

Cragg's performance was not the only highlight for the Vandals. Also grabbing first place finishes were these tracksters: Annette Helling in the 100-meter hurdles, 14.8; Mary Bradford in the 400-meter hurdles, 63.3; Karen Voss in the 3,000-meter run, 10:00.2.

Led by double victors Mike Kinney and Craig Christianson, the men's team also fared well at Cheney.

Christianson, whose strong event is the javelin, sparkled in two other events.

Sober league now forming

An organizational meeting for a new soccer league on campus will be held Wednesday at 7 p.m. in the SUB Cataldo Room. For more information call Jeff at 885-8682 or John at 882-2836.
Ikeda

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problems.
The field hockey program "was financially unfeasible, the same was true of gymnastics to a certain extent. There was no one in the area besides Washington State that had field hockey. The closest competition was on the Coast, so scheduling was difficult all the time," Ikeda said. "To a certain extent, the numbers of high schools and other institutions that had gymnastics were few, which is where you are relying for the recruiting of participants."
The budget woes stemming from national attention devoted to HEW Title IX and public funding of athletics have been avoided for the most part at Idaho, while other institutions, such as Washington State University, have been taken to court for non-compliance.

Currently, athletic departments which receive public support are mandated to fund women's and men's athletics evenly, even if sports such as football and men's basketball are revenue makers. The money those sports bring in is not theirs to spend. They must share it with the non-revenue generating sports.

"Right or not, institutions are mandated to do so. Some of the problems across the line at WSU are not really an issue here. The women here feel we have complied with Title IX," Ikeda said. "I think they're pretty happy; of course everybody likes a little more."

In addition to his retirement from the UI, Ikeda is also retiring as treasurer of the local chapter of Tau Kappa Epsilon's corporate board, after serving for nearly 20 years. He is a member of the Shriners and Masons and plants on devoting much time to golf once he leaves his post at the end of June. "I'm going to help my wife at home. She's hired a Japanese gardener and I'm it!" he said.

Intramural corner

Last IM men's manager's meeting — will be tonight at 7 p.m. in room 400 of Memorial Gym. Anyone is welcome to attend. We will announce the Greek, residence, independent and university champions. Also, IM Athlete of the Year will be announced.

Congratulations to — OC1 for winning the women's softball championship, TMA17 for winning the men's softball title, BTP for winning the horseshoes/paddleball championships and GATO for winning the weightlifting and track trophies.

10 Games for $1.00
or
24 Games for $2.00
(Two Brand New Games—Lost Tomb & Bagman!)

(This coupon good through 5/6/83)

610 S. MAIN (across from the Billiard Den)

ASUI PROGRAMS PRESENTS
A FREE OUTDOOR CONCERT

Rail

Friday, May 6, 3 - 5 p.m.
UI Wallace Fields (SUB Ballroom in event of bad weather)
KRPL DJ'S will give away FREE T-SHIRTS, CAPS & MUGS
Yearbook Staff Positions Open

- **Ad Manager**
  Temporary, one-month position. This person will sell display ads which will appear in the yearbook.

- **Staff Assistants**
  Three people are needed to write copy and design layouts.

- **Work-Study Positions**
  Two work-study students are needed to assist with yearbook production.

Applications are available at the yearbook office in the SUB basement.

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**HEAVENLY SMORGIASBORD**
**$2.95**

If you love pizza, here's some good news. The price of going to heaven just went down. Now $2.95 buys all the heavenly Pizza Haven pizza you want at our Wednesday night smorgasbord. And, for just $1 more, you can make as many trips as you like to our salad bar.

So try Pizza Haven's heavenly smorgasbord, every Wednesday from 4 to 9 pm. You'll get an out-of-this-world meal for a very down-to-earth price.

**PIZZA HAVEN**
**IS PIZZA HEAVEN**
Moscow Palouse Empire Mall
2124 West Pullman Rd 883-0550

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**Records**

- Joyce Block, Moscow, was injured April 23 in a bicycle-car accident. Block was riding her bicycle on Third Street when she was struck by a vehicle driven by Teresa Jo Soncarty, Pullitch. Block was taken to Gritman Hospital for treatment. Soncarty was cited for failure to yield right-of-way while making a left turn. Block's bicycle was totaled and Soncarty's vehicle suffered no damage.

- Jeff Hardin, Moscow, reported that $100 damage was done to his vehicle when someone dented the left rear while it was parked behind the Spruce Thursday night.

- Annette M. DePaepe, 20, Moscow, was arrested for Best Western Friday for driving under the influence of alcohol and/or drugs. She was taken to the Latah County Jail and held in lieu of $300 bond.

- Robert C. Struwe, 19, Moscow, was cited for failure to yield when making a left turn Saturday after his vehicle struck one driven by Lynn Joseph Farmworth, 38, Moscow. Both vehicles suffered $250 damage.

- Stephen Bray, Moscow, reported the theft of his bicycle from the UI SUB Saturday.

- Andy G. Dunniam, 19, Moscow, was arrested Saturday by an unknown male in front of the Delta Delta Delta sorority. He was taken to Gritman Hospital where he was put in stitches.

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**Study Break Special**

2 for 1 on Frozen Yogurt Sundaes
8 pm - 10 pm

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**Rock to Dark Star**

**Wednesday thru Saturday**

**Wednesday is Ladies’ Night**
Ladies get in free plus $1 off first pitcher

**Thursday is Buck Night**

Pitchers are $1 from 7 - 8:30 p.m.

**Rock-n-Roll from 8:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.**

Happy Hour: Mon - Sat, 4 - 7 p.m.

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**Jah Loves Ya, Baby!**

Ped-Xing Reggae Tuesdays at 6:30pm

**STUDENT STEREO 89-3**

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**Vuarnets and Ray Ban Sunglasses**

See your best "This Summer" with Confidence!
Bus service offered to returning students

It's 10 p.m. You've got five suitcases and no car, and no ride from the airport to the University of Idaho campus for the fall semester of school.

Well, don't despair thanks to the Moscow Chamber of Commerce, students returning to school in August can take advantage of a complimentary bus ride from Moscow-Pulman Airport, the transportation service is aimed at helping "demonstrate the community's attitude toward students."

According to Kathy Clark, assistant athletic director for women at the UI and also a member of the Moscow Chamber of Commerce, the transportation service will leave for Moscow August 19-21 at 10:30 a.m., 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. The $1 charge will probably pay the driver of the bus, according to Clark. Clark said the chamber has no idea how many people will use the transportation service in the fall, and it would be appreciated if students who might be interested in using the service would call the Chamber of Commerce at 882-3581.

For more information, Clark can be reached at 885-0200.
The 1983 Gem
It's Been the Best Kept Secret on Campus

The word is out! The yearbooks have arrived! Distribution will begin TONIGHT from 7 to 10 in the SUB Ballroom. For those who cannot pick up their books Tuesday, yearbooks will be available in the afternoon across from the SUB Info Desk starting Wednesday and continuing through finals week. If you haven't ordered a book, there will be a limited number of copies sold for $15.

Come join the Annual Celebration!
(Student ID REQUIRED)