The Idaho Argonaut

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Regents approve meal plan, stadium

A system for previewing meals and preparing plans for construction of a new stadium was approved at the Board of Trustees meeting at Moscow yesterday. Also approved were a bid for increased parking fees for students and a pedestrian tunnel into the Student Union.

President Bartlett had the regents that increasing student participation in the planning process was key to developing a system that would be acceptable to all students, particularly those who do not currently participate in meal plan decisions. The system would allow students to vote on menu items and other aspects of the meal plan.

The proposal was submitted by the Student Government Association and endorsed by the regents.

The planning process would be divided into two stages. The first stage would involve the creation of a steering committee consisting of students, faculty, and staff. The committee would be responsible for developing a comprehensive plan for the meal plan, including menu options, pricing, and other important aspects.

The second stage would involve the implementation of the plan. Students would have the opportunity to vote on menu items and other aspects of the meal plan, with the results used to make decisions about future offerings.

The approval of the meal plan proposal is a significant step forward in our efforts to improve the college experience for all students. We hope that this new system will lead to a more enjoyable and satisfying dining experience for everyone on campus.

In addition to the meal plan approval, the regents also approved a pedestrian tunnel into the Student Union. This will provide a safe and efficient way for students to move between classes and activities on campus.

We are excited to see these changes take shape and are confident that they will benefit the entire university community.

Finally, the regents approved an increase in parking fees for students. This will help to offset the costs associated with maintaining and improving our parking facilities.

We appreciate the regents' support and look forward to working with them to continue improving the university's facilities and services.
Frankly Speaking by Phil Frank

since the purpose of this article is to bring the Argentina reader a few facts from the "tape side of the coin," I thought it might be appropriate to close with a few words of appreciation for all of those who have made possible the exchange of ideas through tax payers and tax enterprises. It is the author of several books and articles, including the editor of a monthly newsletter, "The Argentina Observer." His name is Dr. Alfred H. Littman and he is also a member of the United Nations and the American Jewish Congress. In addition, he is the author of several books and articles, including the editor of a monthly newsletter, "The Argentina Observer." His name is Dr. Alfred H. Littman and he is also a member of the United Nations and the American Jewish Congress.

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Reflections on the Middle East

See Israel on a million dollars a day

Om Shadad

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Three Idaho students die in automobile accident

The University of Idaho's new College of Education building was dedicated Thursday afternoon. The building opened for the Fall semester.

Three Idaho students died in an automobile accident on U.S. Highway 31 about mile south of Moscow.

State police identified the trio as Steve Davis, 30, Benona Parry, 20, and James Gentry, 20, all of Coeur d'Alene, a freshman at the university.

Critical injuries in the accident were the driver, William E. Childress, 22, Moscow. His 1967 Ford was heading east on U.S. 31 near the Idaho-A Montana state line when a 19 day-old bridge gave way and the car plunged 100 feet into the river.

Davis and Parry were killed instantly and Gentry died 30 minutes after the accident.

In addition to his engineering credits, Gentry was a member of the university's Model United Nations team and was an active member of the Sigma Chi fraternity.

Dan Davis, a freshman at the University of Washington, is the older brother of Steve Davis.

Three officiates at dedication of new building

The University of Idaho's new College of Education building was dedicated Thursday afternoon. The building opened for the Fall semester.

The dedication was held in the new building's auditorium.

The building has already produced numerous seminars, workshops, symposia and conferences. It will be co-sponsored by the Idaho and National Education Association, the Idaho State University Teachers Association, the Idaho State University Presidents Association and the Idaho State University Educational Foundation.

The building was designed to house the university's education faculty and students.

Speaker discusses cue for pollution by trucks

"The trucking industry has been experimenting for the past eight years on ways to reduce pollution from trucks and engines and has made significant progress," said Dick Cooper, an industry consultant, April 19.

Cooper, who spoke at LHS about pollution, is an environmental consultant and is president of Cooper Environmental, Inc.

Cooper said that there are about 100,000 trucks on the road today that are emitting over 100,000 pounds of pollutants a day.

In addition to trucks, there are also many other sources of pollution, Cooper said.

Cooper said that the pollution from trucks is a major source of pollution in the United States and that the industry is doing its part to reduce it.

"We are making progress," Cooper said.

Senator creates relations board

The Senate has created a new relations board to deal with the problems and issues concerning the representation of the Senate at ISU.

The Senate wants to be able to have a voice in the decisions that affect ISU and to be able to communicate these decisions to the Senate.

The board will be headed by Senator Richard G. Smith, who is the Senate's liaison with the administration.

Senator John D. Cooper, who is the Senate's liaison with the ISU administration, said that the board will be responsible for representing the Senate at ISU and for handling any issues that arise at ISU.

"The board will be able to represent the Senate's interests in a more effective way," Cooper said.

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Building construction at Idaho goes...

By Barbara Mayne
Agreement Reporter

Building construction is going on at a fast pace at the University of Idaho campus this fall. There are over 20 new buildings under construction this year, ten of which are being constructed, and five are in the planning stages.

Buildings that are being planned this year are the College of Education Building, the College of Agriculture and Education Building, and the Idaho Power Plant. Other buildings in the planning stages are the College of Law Building and an addition to the Agricultural Science Building.

The College of Education Building, located behind the Administration Building, opened on May 16, 1969 and was dedicated yesterday.

The building was designed for Science, laboratory, instructional materials center, classrooms, special education rooms, the machine room for the Bureau of Educational Research and Services, and the Radio-Television Center, which is a small audio-visual meeting room. There is also a maintenance room above these floors.

The 10,000 square foot building was designed by Harrell, Harrell, Jones and Stewart of Boise. It cost $1,308,951 and was financed by Federal, State and University funds.

Theophilus S. Vailiant, President of the University, said, “The building is in student housing. It will be available for the students to use in their housing.”

The building is the newest residence center and the only high-rise dormitory on the campus. It is a six-story building with 160 residents. The building will accommodate an entire floor at a time.

The halls in the Tower are for men, women and mixed floors, French, French, and five floors. Halls, sixth and seventh floors have hall presidents, French and French, and Chetum, north and south elevators. The south elevator is for men and the north elevator for women. The east and west elevators are for mixed students.

The first floor contains the two residence halls, although it is not completely separated from the other floors. There are 24 rooms on each floor. Each of the first five floors also has a first floor room. There is a reading and study room, a lounge, and a laundry room on the basement.

Construction on the 12,000 square foot building began in November 1967. It was financed through federal loans to be repaid from rent payments.

The building was named after President T. S. Vailiant, who retired from 1955 to 1968. The building was designed by Harrell, Harrell, Jones and Stewart of Boise.

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On the first floor there is a dance floor, a basketball court, a student lounge, a student lounge, and a reading room. On the second floor, there is a lounge and a reading room.

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This KIVA is a special feature of the new College of Education building which was dedicated yesterday on the Idaho campus. The KIVA is a large circular classroom and open house will be held in the Education Building from 9-12 p.m. Saturday.

Photos by Robert Bower
Vandals play Gonzaga in Big Sky opener

This is the big week in basketball for the Idaho Vandals as they roll headlong into conference play, and they expect to take another step toward conference决赛. Gonzaga is their first opponent.

The Vandals and the Zags will meet Saturday at 2 p.m. at Lawlor Events Center in Reno, Nev. The Zags are led by head coach Bob Hill, who has been looking better each time out, and Martin, his best内外, and despite their youth, they have enjoyed some early success.

Honesty is the best policy in Idaho's football recruiting

By Chuck Miller

Football season is a fall five months, but for Chuck V. McCauley and the Idaho Vandals coaching staff is that the busiest time of the year or they are the in the midst of their recruiting programs.

The sincerest forms of advertising must be the "not about" that they have to travel area in the northwest for their recruiting. However, if the work of the Vandals is to make Idaho a success.

When a player makes his official visit to the campus. "McCabe said. "we try to puzzles as the Vandals are in the process. The Vandals have been doing well so far this season.

Following the Gonzaga series, the Vandals will meet Wyoming at Spokane the first game of the season. The Vandals have also been successful in recent years.

In order to have a successful recruiting program, there have to be someone who is willing to sit at the head of the football recruiting efforts and talk to these about the program. This is where Bob Hill, who is described in Billings as "a master fundraiser," comes in.

Nothingness in an athlete and he is able to travel to areas that would not otherwise be covered. So far, the Vandals have been doing well in this area.

Coach V. McCauley (above) and his staff are at the center of their busiest time of year.

The Winchester Hill Club scheduled for today and Saturday, will be jointly sponsored by the Idaho Falls Sports Car Club and the Northwest Sports Club of Spokane according to Dr. Malcolm Goddard, vice-president of the Idaho Falls Sports Car Club.

The course for the hill climb, the old Washburn Hill area, lies between Ada and Washburn. The Washburn Hill area is used for motorcycles and off-road adventures. The Washburn Hill area is used for motorcycles and off-road adventures.

About 40 entries are expected and there are two categories up for grabs. The motorcycle class will be awarded for the best motorcycle and the off-road class will be awarded for the best off-road vehicle.

There will also be a special class for the American and Foreign cars not listed in the main classification.

Auerbach does not predict NBA's next "Big Three"

John Auerbach, head coach for the NBA's Boston Celtics, does not see the Boston Celtics as the "Big Three" in the NBA. Auerbach, who is entering his 13th year as the head coach of the Celtics, said that the only three teams he sees as having a realistic chance of winning the NBA championship are the Lakers, Celtics, and Bulls.

"I don't see the Celtics as having a realistic chance of winning the NBA championship," Auerbach said. "I think the Lakers, Celtics, and Bulls have a realistic chance of winning the NBA championship."
Bulldogs are favorites in baseball

By Chuck Melby

For the baseball season ahead, Idaho, Gonzaga, Boise State, Montana, Montana State and Idaho State fans are hoping their teams will be good enough to win the Big Sky Conference.

"I think that all of our teams have the potential to be good," said Coach John Wilkins, head baseball coach for the University of Idaho.

"We have been waiting for the college baseball season to start," said Coach John Zuelke, head baseball coach for the University of Montana.

"The best team in the conference this year will be the team that has the best record," said Coach Quinn, head baseball coach for Washington State University.

"We have been preparing for the college baseball season all winter," said Coach Ray Davis, head baseball coach for the University of Washington.

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Open stadium to be utilized by 1971

Three buildings on the campus of the University of Idaho will be open to the public in the fall of 1971. These include the Education Building, located behind the Administration Building, the Rec and gymnasium, and the library.

The Education Building, located behind the Administration Building, will be open. It has been open since the spring of 1967.

In order for the Education Building, located behind the Administration Building, to open, two new athletic fields will be constructed. The student council want the new field to be constructed in the spring of 1971.

The new Women's Gymnasium, located behind the Memorial Gymnasium, will be open to students. The Women's Gymnasium, located behind the Memorial Gymnasium, will be open to students. The Women's Gymnasium, located behind the Memorial Gymnasium, will be open to students. The Women's Gymnasium, located behind the Memorial Gymnasium, will be open to students. The Women's Gymnasium, located behind the Memorial Gymnasium, will be open to students. The Women's Gymnasium, located behind the Memorial Gymnasium, will be open to students.

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Man and Environment
A Look at the Future
Ecology — Its History and “What Now?”

Editor's Note:
This article is excerpted from a commentary, "Staked in Idaho," published in a special ecological periodical by the Idaho National Corporation.

Ecology, as a formal scientific discipline, was not introduced into American universities until the beginning of the 20th Century. Serious ecological concern outside of the academic world did not begin to assert itself until the "Dust Bowl" era, and the utilization of various physical and biological studies to solve the problems of the desertification of the northern Great Plains, desiccation of the South, ill effects of overorientation in the open, the effects of man intersected at

Until the introduction of the Sinclair, and with it a national policy of reforestation, few saw the things long standing along the North Atlantic coast, the lower one of the Great Lakes, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Pacific Ocean. The land was so vast, the work of man seemed almost incalculable. So, if it happened, there was nothing we could do about it and we could not write history books to cover it up. The facts are on record, and we must do something about it, but the issue is still uncertain.

Another set of facts is far less discussed, needs to be rediscussed. This is the idea, which may seem strange to many of us, that man, in the process of creating his environment, has also created his own environment. This environment, which we have all been unintentionally accepted as natural resources exist to be exploited for human use. The degradation, which most of the older people remember, is too often denied for the production and accomplishment of things. At the same time, largely due to mechanization, fewer and fewer of the young people grow up in farms, their contact with the living things in their neighborhood is thus more isolated. Small children do not even have a chance to see grasshoppers in a meadow or a tree by a stream. So, perhaps, the place to start is with a national idea — perhaps we should make an education of ecology for the older people as well as for the young. Somehow the sense of being a part of this environment and the sense of responsibility is supposed to be instilled.

Perhaps ecology should be as much a part of the educational system as the requirement of language and mathematics. If there are not enough formally trained ecologists to establish such a nation-wide program, then crash programs to train them could be undertaken.

This may be the beginning of committing a Secretary of Ecology to the Federal cabinet level. Ecological problems will be as numerous as today's astronomical problems, if not more so. Ecological problems will need to be solved as well, as other government programs would be found. And, as is the case with the economic expectations, as well as other social, economic, and political areas.

The Ira, the asteroids, and the asteroid long since have been political problems. We have posed nation, states and species. The problem is to develop national political traditions which the world can understand. Political traditions which cover the whole range of a nation and all the interests of mankind, on the continental level of a mountain range, coast, or desert? Man "makes up," the political traditions that he knows, and they don't work anymore. Why not make up one that does?

Since an over-enthusiastic political idealism was once the basis of international relations, it is not reasonable to assume that a new attitude of international relations will be able to establish an International Council for Technological Review, capable of the kind of power that the political powers of the world have. A technological power has an ethical responsibility to prevent the destruction of the natural world, to see that the world is not destroyed. As we know, this would be to be very slow, "slow progress." But we are beginning to understand, without our own involvement, that such innovations as the continuous improvement of the processes of work have been to organic evolution... in... more. Slowing down a little may help.

Most of all, we have to find some way to demand fair—unfair things that we may cut out of life. If there may come a time when we cannot cut out of life, we must not be able to cut out of the things that we can't do. Two things which change the technological development are probably going to end in the future. First, the computer, which has made a revolution in science, and the technological revolution, in which the most of what is produced winds up in the cities—then our ecological problems can be solved. In the second, we may have a world of better life, we must be able to go back and change the world and our own lives. Thus, we can argue back that we can do it, and many of us in the nationalistic sense are not doing it. We can do all of this, and more, if we want to. But we will not if we continue to demand technological systems that rapaciously destroy the very system that supports them.
Air and Water Pollution in Idaho

But there has been positive action to combat the problems — and a major war must continue to be waged to restore and maintain the highest quality environment. I know that with the present interest and support of the people, we will push forward together for clean air and clean water.

A brief summary of Progress:

On water pollution, 15 years ago there were only a handful of communities in Idaho which affected any treatment of their domestic wastes — six, to be exact. The rest, over 100 of them, discharged raw sewage into streams and lakes.

Industrial waste treatment was practically unheard of.

There was little public interest or concern.

The State Health Department at that time began to move in its fight for cleaner waters. In the next ten years, 65 cities with public sewers constructed waste treatment facilities. In 1965, only 39.4 percent of the State's sewer population was served by adequate waste treatment. By 1969, this percentage had climbed to 92.8 percent.

During these same ten years, practically all major industries in Southern Idaho built primary treatment systems for industrial waste. Approximately $25 million were spent during this period by municipalities and industries on water pollution control facilities.

In the last five years, the pace on pollution control accelerated dramatically. The Board of Health was authorized to adopt quality standards for waters of the state, and regulations to enforce them. The implementation plan included waste treatment time schedules for all municipalities and major industries with liquid waste discharges.

Since the time schedules were adopted, 19 communities and 29 industries have met requirements. Of the remainder, most are on schedule and the 10 communities and four industries which are lagging are all progressing to meet their requirements. Enforcement action will be taken against any polluter who does not make reasonable progress.

The increased water pollution control activity during the last five years resulted in about 50 more industrial treatment systems.

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**About the speakers**

**"The Survival of Man" — The 1979 Borah Symposium**

**John Hessel**

John Hessel, keynote speaker for this year's symposium, is a lecturer in population biology at Stanford University and a member of the editorial board of Evolutionary Biology. Hessel's major interests include population biology and the effects of environmental degradation on populations.

**Stephanie Mills**

Less than a year ago, Stephanie Mills was a senior at Mills College in Oakland, California. She was interested in environmental science and was a member of the Earthwatch Institute. In the process of organizing a symposium on the world's environmental problems, she came under the patronage of Paul Ehrlich's institute for the study of population genomics. Stephanie's passion for the environment and her interest in the social implications of environmental changes led her to pursue a career in environmental science. She is currently a leader in the field of environmental policy and is known for her advocacy for sustainable practices.

**Ralph Lapp**

As a "voice of protest," Dr. Ralph Lapp has been pushing for a more sustainable way of life. His research on population explosion and its effects on the world's ecosystems has been influential.

**Daniel Schorr**

Daniel Schorr was a long-time correspondent for the news at CBS and is known for his insightful commentary on current events. He was a participant in the dialogue and also moderated the audience discussion session.

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**The Borah Foundation For The Outlawry Of War presents**

**A Symposium On Survival**

**University of Idaho**

**April 23, 24, 25, 1970**

**Thursday, April 23**

7:30 p.m. Introductory remarks by Jack Daniel SUB Ballroom

9:00 p.m. Openings by James Catlin SUB Ballroom

11:00 p.m. Panel: Survival Man — moderated by Ralph Lapp. John Hessl, Susan Haddell: Pangelly: Lapp. SUB Ballroom

1:00 p.m. Introductory remarks by Dennis Powers SUB Ballroom

**Friday, April 24**

8:45 a.m. Opening remarks by James Catlin SUB Ballroom

9:00 a.m. Stephanie Mills SUB Ballroom

11:00 a.m. Panel: The Survival of Man — moderated by Ralph Lapp. John Hessl, Susan Haddell: Pangelly: Lapp. SUB Ballroom

12:00 p.m. Lunch: SUB Ballroom, Dining Hall

1:00 p.m. Introductory remarks by Dennis Powers SUB Ballroom

3:00 p.m. Panel: Action for the 70's — moderated by Conry Bum. SUB Ballroom

4:00 p.m. Panel: The Survival of Man — moderated by Ralph Lapp. SUB Ballroom

9:30 p.m. Presentations and audience discussion continued by Stephanie Mills, Gary Souchie, Victor Yannacoe, Daniel Schorr. SUB Ballroom

**Saturday, April 25**

Theme: The effects of modern warfare, resource development, and population explosion on the world's ecology.

3:00 p.m. Introductory remarks by Carl Baumberg SUB Ballroom

10:40 a.m. Administration Building Lawn

12:00 a.m. Les Pangelly: slides of Alaska oil operations. Cataldo

1:00 p.m. Program:

3:00 p.m. Introductory remarks by Don Larence Building Lawn

4:00 p.m. Panel: The Effects of Modern Warfare On Ecology Building Lawn

7:30 p.m. Capping session moderated by Shunji Noth with final comments by Borah Symposium participants.

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Olympia draught; the brewer's draught. a tavern in the aught-ernoon: a cold Olympia draught! (ahhhhhhhhh) "one more," he laught.

Let's get rid of Smokey the Bear. He'd love to go back and be a smoke-eating dragon. And if anyone devours anything, Fred Leif, the director at the Berkeley Fire Protection Association will be notified if he's around.

E. W. Pfeiffer

E. W. Pfeiffer, professor of entomology at the University of Montana, will speak tomorrow afternoon 2-3 p.m. in the Room 101 of the School of Mines, 1790 University Ave. His focus is the evolution of natural selection in the western United States.

Victor Yanncone

Victor Yanncone is a lawyer for Environmental Defense Fund, New York, and will be speaking at 9 a.m. tomorrow. He will also participate in a 2 p.m. panel discussion.

James Boyd

James Boyd is professor of the Copper Range Copper Co. and past director of the U.S. Bureau of Mines. He will speak at 1 p.m. today and will sit in the 1:30 p.m. panel discussion.

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The Future of America

An excerpt from President Richard Nixon's State of the Union Message January 22, 1970

The great question of the seventies is, shall we surrender to our surroundings, or shall we make our peace with nature and begin to make reparations for the damage we have done to our air, to our land, and to our water?

Restoring nature to its natural state is a cause beyond party and beyond factions. It has become a common cause of all the people of the country. It is a cause of particular concern to young Americans — because a day more than what we will reap the grim consequences of our failure to act on programs which are needed now if we are to prevent disaster later.

Clean air, clean water, open spaces — these should once again be the birthright of every American. If we act now — they can be.

We still think of air as free. But clean air is not free, and neither is water. The price tag on pollution control is high. Through our years of past carelessness we incurred a debt to nature, and now that debt is being called.

The program I shall propose to Congress will be the most comprehensive and costly program in this field in America's history. It is not a program for just a year. A year's plan is in this field no plan at all. This is a time to look ahead not a year, but 5 or 10 years — whatever time is required to do the job.

I shall propose to the Congress a $10 billion national-wide clean waters program to put modern municipal waste treatment plants in every place in America where they are needed to make our waters clean again, and do it now.

We have the industrial capacity, if we begin now to build them all within 5 years. This program will get built within 5 years.

As our cities and suburbs relentlessly expand, those precious open spaces needed for recreation areas accessible to all people are fast disappearing — often forever. Unless we preserve these spaces while we are still available, we will have none to preserve. Therefore, I shall propose new financing methods for purchasing urban and parks land, new before they are lost to us.

The automobile is our worst pollutant of the air. Adequate control requires further advances in engine design and fuel composition. We shall intensify our research, set increasingly strict standards and strengthen enforcement procedures — and we shall do it now.

We can no longer afford to consider air and water common property, free to be abused by anyone without regard to the consequences.

Instead, we shall begin now to treat them as scarce resources, which we are no more free to contaminate than we are free to throw garbage in our neighbor's yard.

This requires comprehensive new regulations. It also requires that, to the extent possible, the price of goods should be made to include the costs of producing and disposing of them without damage to the environment.

Now I realize that the argument is often made that there is a fundamental contradiction between economic growth and the quality of life, so that to have one we must forgo the other.

The answer is not to retard growth, but to redirect it. For example, we should turn toward the discovery and elimination of the same resources of innovative genius that created them in the first place.

Continued vigorous economic growth provides us with the means to enrich life itself and to enhance our planet as a place hospitable to man.

Each individual must insist in this fight if it is to continue.

It has been said that no matter how many national parks and historical monuments we buy and develop, the truly significant environment for each of us is that in which we spend 80 percent of our time — in our homes, in our places of work and the streets over which we pass.

Street litter, rundown parking lots and yards, deteriorated fences, broken windows, smoking automobiles, dirty working places, all should be the object of our fresh view.

We have been too tolerant of our surroundings and too willing to let dirt and grime to clean up or make demands on society to make some

The Needs of the Seventies: Facing the Challenge

With the help of people we can do anything.

Without their help we can do nothing.

In this world, together, we can reclaim our land for all generations to come.

Between now and the year 2000, over 100 million children will be born in the United States. Where they grow up — and how — will mean for any one thing, the quality of American life in those years ahead.

This should be a warning to us.

For the past 30 years our population has been growing and shifting. The result is an ever-increasing number of people competing for relatively limited space — a third of our country's best population of the earth.

The violence and decimated central cities of our great metropolitan complexes are the most conspicuous areas of failure in American life today.

I propose that before these problems become insoluble, the Nation develop a national growth policy.

We could be the greatest nation in the world, providing clean air, clean water, and beauty for all, but we could still be the unhappiest people in the world without an indefatigable spirit — the spirit of a dream which has made America from its beginning the hope of the world.
In the obsessive-compulsive mechanism, the overriding purpose of the behavior is to attempt to achieve some security and certainty for the person who feels threatened and insecure in an uncertain world. I see the obsessive maneuver as an adaptive technique to protect the person from the exposure of any thoughts or feelings that will endanger his physical or psychological existence.

LEON SALEMANN, M.D. / "The Obsessive Personality"

Evolution has been compared to a labyrinth of blind alleys and there is nothing very strange or improbable in the assumption that man's native equipment, though superior to that of any other living species, nevertheless contains some built-in error or deficiency which predisposes him toward self-destruction.

ARTHUR KOESTLER / "The Ghost in the Machine"

The point is that the engineers—all of those who take the engineering approach, build the bridge and get the people and the cars from one side of the river to the other and to hell with the side effects—are shipping the notion unchecked, molding the land and murdering thousands of its inhabitants, raping America while the rest of us look the other way. Their's is a rape from which America can never recover.

GENE MARINI / "America the Raped"

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Idaho grad student Boyd Wright models the latest in environmental attire.
A Miner's View

By Brian Micke

Editor's Note: Brian Micke is a senior in mining engineering at the U of I and worked for American Smelting and Refining Co. during the summer. His comments here are an environment, from a miner's view, taking special note of the current ASARCO issue.

Man is realizing that he environment is limited and that he must properly manage the resources available. The mining industry is one of those which is beginning to realize this, and is at present trying to prevent possible damage to the environment.

Mining, as is widely known, is a process that requires the consumption of valuable resources. This is where the problem lies, as any activity that requires the consumption of resources is bound to have an impact on our environment.

The introduction of mining on the area provides a unique opportunity for the development of a more environmentally friendly industry. This is because mining has the potential to create jobs and improve the local economy, while also providing a valuable service to society.

The mining industry is currently facing a number of challenges, such as the depletion of natural resources and the impact of mining on the environment. However, it is also an industry that is capable of providing significant benefits to society, if properly managed.

In conclusion, the mining industry has the potential to provide valuable benefits to society, if properly managed. However, it must also be mindful of the impact it has on the environment and take steps to minimize any negative effects.

New Spruce

Famous Spruceburgers
4 Regulation Pool Tables
Visit Our New Game Room
Now Sunday, 2-8 p.m.
Pool • Pop and Burgers

Please help.

All of us hate to see empty cans and bottles littering up what's left of a beautiful country.

It's too bad packaging technology today isn't as exotic and convenient as the gimmicks and gadgets on the TV thrill shows; like you, we'd like nothing better than for every empty can and bottle to self-destruct. Someday, soon, things will be different, though...because we and a lot of other concerned people are all working on the problem in earnest.

Meantime, there is a foolproof way to keep cans and bottles from littering up the countryside, and you can do your part:

Please don't throw them there in the first place.
AMYTHON

University of Idaho
EDITORIAL POLICY

The Amython is published by the Argonaut as a special literary insert. The editor of the Argonaut and the staff of Amython feel that such a publication can provide a valuable service to the students of the University of Idaho. In this light, any material included in Amython will be published without censorship.

EDITORIAL

Being that art is a reflection of culture, what feeling a people derives from its art is in essence the same feeling the artist derives from his culture. If then we examine the art of the young generation we may be able to gain an idea of the thoughts and feelings ingrained in the culture.

When I reflect back on the many works that have appeared in Amython I find a general severity pervading most of the art. Subject matter, for example, deals with the ills of society and crises for the dissolusion of ivory-towered traditions regarding sex, religion, and morality. We read of loneliness and detachment, and we read of man's self-destruction by war and double standard hypocrisy. Individual styles often twist and pull to accentuate the artists' despair in the future. In tones of hardness and coldness this art speaks and creases within us the same despair.

But even amidst this didactic art we find a few artists bumbling to the surface with a vibrancy of life and warmth in their work. Poetry like that of Brian Lobdell and recent works of Tracy Hamby saturate the reader with freshness. Musical arrangements like those of Tom White transcend our traditional rock sound with a new flavor. Drawings like some of Bob Sanborn's capture a new air of brightness; and in the painting of such artists as Ann Woodruff we experience a sensual human involvement.

Thus we see two contrasting styles. One of death, and one of life. From the former we derive fear because it represents a crumbling culture stripped of human warmth and love. In the latter we find a small piece of hope, perhaps even a movement that will bring with it a new culture in one that may be able to stand on an equal level with technology and allow fusion of mind and soul.

It is in this hope that history will show such a culture that the final issue of Amython's second year is dedicated to peace and survival.

Editor's note

AMYTHON has progressed in the past year from a relatively unknown annual publication to an effective mode of student expression. The students of the University of Idaho can feel proud that their institution strives to provide such freedom of artistic expression as that provided by AMYTHON.

If under future editorships the students should allow the facility, the administration, or their student government to wield the ugly hand of censorship upon AMYTHON, then the students be damned for they have censored their own minds and destroyed their own art.

Submissions

Amython invites you, the reader, to express yourself with poetry, prose, essay, drawings, or any other form of expression that Amython is capable of exposing. Submissions can be given to any staff member, dropped at either the SUB information desk or the Argonaut office, or sent to 730 East 8th, No. 2, Moscow, Idaho. For those people wishing to submit during the summer months submissions can be sent to: Amython, c/o Doug Hill, 780 Sunset Drive, Idaho Falls, Idaho, 83401.

For purposes of personal contact only, we request that all submissions be accompanied by the submitters name and address, both to be kept confidential if so desired.

As a peace organization, concerned with the fragility of war, we declare that the ruthless destruction of our environment in preparation for wars or for defense against wars has propelled us into a state of crisis in our ecology, which threatens us, world wide, with complete destruction of the human race.

We believe the function of man is to responsibly build and design the world of the future. Believing that man has lived in contradiction to himself and nature for centuries, we are certain that the time has come to take constructive steps for the preservation of the earth and the fulfillment of its inhabitants. It is not realistic for any nation, be it Soviet Russia or the United States, to assume the responsibility of policing the world. The horror of Czechoslovakia and that of Vietnam destroys the spirit of life and meaning to those involved. We view these acts of violence as reflecting the paradox of these two Super-Nations and their "quest for peace".

Men and nations should be motivated with the ambition to survive rather than be stifled by fear. Through the years of history man has busied himself with the conquering of nature and life, and nations have been busy conquering other nations. The time has come for man to learn to live with both nature and nations. Teilhard de Chardin, the Jesuit priest, scientist, and philosopher said, "The age of nations is past; the task before us now if we could not perish is to build the earth."

This is a cause which concerns people from the polluted Rhine to smog-shrouded Leningrad to the eroded plains of China. We share the same oceans. The same radioactive jet-stream covers all.

WE APPEAL TO OUR GOVERNMENT, AND THE PEOPLE OF THIS NATION NOW SILENT, TO BECOME LEADERS IN: RESTORING CLEAN AIR; RESTORING RIVERS AND OCEANS TO THEIR NATURAL CONDITION; RE-ESTABLISHING OXYGEN PRODUCING PLANT LIFE; INAGURATING POPULATION CONTROL; AND, TO MAINTAIN WORLD PEACE BY HALTING THE WARFARE IN SOUTHEAST ASIA.

COALITION FOR PEACE AND SURVIVAL
Moscow, Idaho
Plight

Orange blossoms, growing sweet —
Meat for men, grazing —
Soft night air, a nature’s plea for
Sanity, something phasing
Our minds unseen and right.

Something called recognizing
Different from philosophizing,
Rising to rebellion, a flowing
Youth with gift, but confusing.

And the confusion is fear
For what we love, living,
Do we know all, or some, or none?

The help from within,
A thin thread of confidence
Is called madness by they,
And enough of us believe them.

Dan Stephenson
Thomas D. Bee Memorial Hospital
Ogden, Utah

The Beholder

The silent settlement lies
Waiting for a final opinioned judgment.
Black. White
Priest. Killer for country. Thief
All lie together in peace
No more hate
No more grief
Happiness

Lies in that wooden oblong womb
Waiting to be born again
tobe free from sin.

No more conflicts
A paradise lost
Waiting for the man that lies
to himself in an oblong womb.

Randy Fagg

Have you noted,
How few people you meet
In passing?
Man cannot be destroyed because he
cannot be approached

How can you annihilate a life
Shrouded by a narrow field-force
Intended to repel contact?
By his rejection of humanity
He sets his epiphany
What would it be like to talk
With someone more often
Like — all the time?
Wouldn’t it be weird to
See lips move with sound

Vicki Seever

PATRIOTS

On a prancing trained dancing horse shawed with silver shoes rode a jaded uniformed general onto the gutter streets of a straw & brick hamlet.

He had heard love simple king’s people spending their lives in home-made clothes.

Tiring his pounding bloody mount to a milk cart and tasting the cream from a churn the gleaming man wiped his mouth on a lace cuff

And shouted commands that scattered the chickens and made the dogs slink off virgins wet their pants and young men look at their feet. He shouted at his soldiers to stand at his heels and from a breast pocket dyeing with honors

He pulled a satchel of war dust shaken from the best roots of blood-red sod spaded up on a foreign battle ground.

The general shouted hard
His clean teeth popping.

“My king needs more money
He shouted

“My king needs more warriors”

He shouted

“My army must lay open the enemy’s liver

Conquer riches for the king”

He shouted and waved the war dust once more

And loaded it into his musket

And shot

The men in the head of virgins in the breast and the virgins in their love dresses flying up and squatting in excitement.

The furnaces of war

Smoked from the general’s riding pants

He spit on the dirt

The peasants fell tapping crazy humans clamoring to become

The king’s simple patriots killing their cattle for beef melting scythes and shovels to arrowheads

Whistling fenceposts to wooden swords for the children at play

Dancing their daughters naked before the village priest and hosting their rape for the general’s army while the general shouted procedure.

No one slept that night and marching eastward the men next morning telling their families alright went to war following the shouting jaded general on the trained dancing horse.

Marshall Hickman
ISU

Communication Breakdown

While walking the warm sand
Where my mind ennunciated the colors of closed eyes blackness

While cheering nature’s blanket
A breathing pulsing still life

With rhapsody in the scene here-to-unseen.

While smiling sweetly

With the contemplation of being, the simplicity of my each breath

I entered the cell.

Scott Blei

Tomorrow... Tomorrow...

everywhere everyone
somewhere someone
Lies silently dreaming
Lonely thoughts streaming
Seeming... being...
Laughing... crying...

Trying... waiting...
Hating... loving...

“Does anyone care?”

“Is anyone there?”

Someone somewhere anyone anywhere

Garth
The Joke

a short story by Mary Ford Daugherth University of North Carolina

Timmie held out a jade-green sweater so new that it still retained its store-smell. She queried her roommate, Ellen, with, "Isn't it gorgeous? Mama sent it for my birthday.

"Beautiful," conceded Ellen in a voice as soft as the Georgian cotton balls of her home. Then she walked into the small piece of the dorm that was half hers, tied a rope around the base of the monstrous overhead light, stepped on a chair, inserted her neck, kicked the chair out from under herself, and hung until she never had to complement another jade-green sweater.

That's the way it happened — "as unexpected as an O. Henry ending and as shocking, in its way, as Candy," said our House Counselor, who pictures herself as an intellectual. I don't know, things like this happen, and they bother you, a lot at first, but the real shock comes when you realize how quickly the shock is gone. I mean, that was a human life — a girl who laughed, and sang and probably cried, although none of us had ever seen her cry.

All the girls in our section were pretty upset. Separated from the rest of the dorm by a hallway, there were only the eight of us — Kim and me, Neha Giniams (my parents went in for the unusual), then Ellen and Timmie, Karen, Martha Jane, and Joanne and Pat. We got along as well as most, but to tell the truth, I could have done fine without anyone else, except Kim and Ellen.

Anyway Timmie had come back from French that day in one of her better moods; because Friday afternoon had finally come, and Fridays meant Jim, dancing, beer, love's talk in the back seat of the car. When she first opened the door, the slender form hung so unobtrusively from the lamp that Timmie was unable to realize for a second just what had happened. In that time-lapse moment, the body bobbed around, causing the abruptly protruding eyes to stare placidly at Timmie.

Timmie fainted; when the doctor came, she got more attention than the new overhead fixture. But then, as the doctor said later, you can't do anything to help the dead; the live ones have a hard enough time.

No sooner had the doctor finished removing Timmie than Karen came in. Now, Karen has some good qualities; but maybe even several, but she is pretty efficient at camouflaging them. For a split second, she was deep silence, then, behind the door, burst a laugh.

"Jesus-God! Tell me you're kiddin' me, man. Dammit, I'm just not believing this — who would have thought that Ellen — hell, she was the happiest one of — God Damn!"

The doctor didn't bother to raise his eyebrows, but Timmie began screaming and she didn't stop until the rest of us could be heard thundering toward the door. The doctor stopped outside before we reached the door.

"Girls, I want you to stay out of here. One of the girls in this section, Ellen Burlay, has committed suicide. I'm sorry to break it to you in this manner. Now, her roommate is in a very bad state of shock, so I'd like for you to keep the noise down until we get her calmed."

Dear God, but it was quiet. Go, that room was reeking of sorrow, our curiosity wasn't that strong. We all went into our respective rooms, sat on our beds, and stared at our roommates. In our room, my words cracked the silence first.

"Ellen wouldn't do that." I'm just not believing it, but I could be wrong. When I look at myself, I can't believe she would. Kim's beach-tanned face showed no indication of argumentation. She was just trying to straighten things out in her mind.

We talked right on when we heard the quick staccato of high heels in the corridor, and we talked right on when we heard the several heavy clumps that marked the tread of the men who had come to take the body away. We talked until the pink and blues of the sky melted into darkness, but our talk was good only in that it helped us understand each other better.

Seven o'clock found Karen, Joanne, and Martha Jane in our room.

"Goddam! I'm just not believing this."

"Karen, please! For once in your life, you have a little respect. We have to go to a life — we can only trust in his will and hope for the best."

"Oh, hell."

"Yeah... but I mean it. The only real evidence of our real life is thoughts, which are generated by electrical impulses. The electrical impulses will remain in the eternal chasm, which means there is no death."

"Oh, hell." This time Kim and I joined Karen's chorus.

"You are right, Joanne, when you say there is no death. There is too death because through death we are given eternal life."

"Oh, hell."

This time the swelled the Oh-h-h- to epic proportions.

"Well, you're going there, you know," accused Jane, her sanctimonious toad eyes bugging out. Her fat jowls swayed with indignation in the face of our silent.

"Who's going where? Yours truly is going insane. Welcome back from the hospital, me and five thousand."

"We drew nearer to Timmie as she walked into the room. Curiously drawing us nearer, as if some sort of attraction flies. "You'll never know how I felt when I walked into that room. Why me? — why was I chosen? I seem to have a talent for getting in these situations."

Timmie, you should have known Ellen better. I'm just not believing this, why do you think she did it? Ellen never seemed like the suicide type to me. Had she been upset about something possibly?

"No, you know Ellen and her sense of humor; she always seemed very satisfied. I just can't imagine her doing this to me. The only thing to do now is to try just go on as if everything weren't normal, that's what Ellen would want."

Well, this really bugged me. I hate having these people say, "John would want the show go on. " as if everybody didn't know that this is the polite way to keep other people's deaths from being a hindrance."

Look, I want everything to stop for everybody else, too, at least for a moment. I knew Timmie would continue for hours, telling us the trials and tribulations of having a corpse for a roommate, passing only briefly for the argumentative interruptions of the others.

Oh, hell.

There is something of a circus in every funeral parlour. The coffin, the main attraction, is heralded by its millions of flowers that act as barker's, screaming out, "Here it is folks. Step right up and look at the stiff. The only price is a few uncomfortable minutes with the family."

I didn't look, I just didn't. When I get back, we'll be sitting around one day and someone will say, "Nest, how did Ellen look — could you tell where the rope had been?"
When I say I didn’t look, they all think how sensitive I am and hate me for not giving them a gossip morsel to glut that space of their mind reserved for horror tales. Hell, when anybody asks how a copper looks, I want to scream, “Dead. They look dead. And you’ll look dead. And if anybody says you look better than you ever have you’d think I was a damn insult. Besides, it’s a little late to be worrying about your looks by the time they put you away in your diplomas.

Sorry, guess I got a little carried away. Anyway, I signed the guest book, went in, and looked around for a second. Everywhere, the people were clustered together like little hills. Most had already dyed their eyes as though as though she were going to make a dramatic gesture but hadn’t enough inner force. “This truth is so terrible.”

“Yeah, I’m sorry.”

David, “David, I’m sorry.” That seemed standard enough. Glad-to-meet-you can be embarrassing in such situations.

I started in for a seat while I suffered a thousand agonies waiting for him to say something. Finally, a half-smile came to his face. “Really? I’m not sorry. Since you were the only girl to come from the University, you must have been related to the aunt, you know, without that close, I don’t think you are really sorry either.”

I couldn’t resist his directness; here at last I’d have to be honest with myself. “Okay. I’m not actually sorry, I’m not exactly curious, and I’ve never really been in a position for public demonstrations of ‘respect for those who have left us.’ I don’t know why I come — care to make any guesses?”

Before replying, David turned to the tiny man with the wide tie who had just come in with a mock laugh and spasmically twisting the hat he clutched. “Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown.

The little man lowered his eyes, twisted his hat some more, and finally spoke. “Hello, David.”

Again, silence. David motioned to a chair, causing Mr. Brown to come back to life. “Oh. I won’t sit down. I will. I just wanted to tell you what I’m sorry about — about what’s happened.”

“Mr. Brown, I appreciate that. And I’m sure Ellen was, too.”

David added, “Well, I just wanted to tell you.” Then, the man bolted away in a stride as uneven as his speech.

I turned back to me. “He really is a nice man, you know.”

“Yes, but you don’t like him because you don’t respect him.”

David shrugged his shoulders and added, “He’s sincere. I don’t dislike him either.”

“Never mind, though. We were speaking of something more important, and I believe you’ve got your fair share of guesses to guess why you’re here.” He leaned back in his chair and stared at me without smiling. “I want you to guess that you thought Ellen was a very sensible girl with a great sense of humor and you don’t understand why she killed herself. What’s more, you thought that maybe you could find out the answer the why’ if you could talk to the family. If nothing else, I could judge the family and see if you thought we had made her life miserable.

The slightest trace of contempt would have cut him adrift. Instead, I liked him for his unemotional appraisal of the situation. He didn’t indelicately mix the situation with some false compassion. “You wouldn’t, Nesla. However, this only leaves us with our original question: ‘David Bursley!’ I haven’t seen you since you were this high!” A mother in an orange flowered dress towered over us, her flabby fingers pawing the air in a gesture of bewilderment. “We didn’t have much time to talk. I was so scared — I guess you’ll all guess about the answer while it still makes a difference in your life — there’s nothing more useless than a seventy-year-old man killing himself.”

I shouldn’t have laughed and I apologize immediately. ‘David, I’m sorry — I know you’re serious, and I am too. I’m joining your search.” I looked at David — as young, as capable, as infinitely human. “Don’t worry. It won’t be too big for us. We’ll stare it in the face and either rush into its arms or break its back.”

“I agreed.”

“Just like that, we made a pact, just like little kids promising each other the world.”

The massive door of the funeral parlor screened the news of its unclouded condition as I peered inside. A man quickly drew me in with mechanical Dances. Scanning the front rows, I discovered that David wasn’t there, but then remembered that sometimes the doors to the side. I saw them now, separated from the grief-mongers by a partially shut screen. Through the opening I spied David sitting with his legs crossed, his hands clasped around his knees, and a perfectly relaxed expression that made him incongruous with the rest of the audience. I stared at him until he saw me and gave a wave of recognition.

Finally, the pastor appeared, dressed in his sad occasion face. His voice dromed through my consciousness like the distant roar of an airplane. All through the chapel, hangkerchiefed dots the pew, in the ground, the sounds mingled in the Bog house. Ellen’s laughter, David’s voice. “God called this young girl home.” Ellen’s laughter, sniffing. “Being on earth was completed early.” David’s wonder, Ellen’s laughter, “the road of life is hard.” Ellen, damn it, “living life is a serious business.”

Stop! Ellen, I understand. Oh God, you damn jokerface — you realized that life is a bad practical joke of fate and true to yourself. you turned the tables so that the joke was mere than on the rest of us. Yes win again — David’s voice. He’s looking at me to see if I understand — I do; I’m laughing, too.

They looked at each other. Every one of them lifted their heads and with hypochritical pity called us hysterical. We weren’t I. This was good, clean laughter, nothing from the mouth like an explosive. This laughter was given to us by Ellen and David’s laughter can clean告诉大家 from the mouth like an explosive. This laughter was given to us by Ellen and David’s laughter can clean the universe. Right now, Ellen’s laughter is on everybody — sometime later we’ll be sad again; that’s why the beast’s presence.

The perpetual howl, passed from the mother of mankind to her daughters, had been discovered by Ellen. Ellen was laughing at the situation of the two of us who understood — and would never have the courage to act. n

I have a treehouse built it when I was a little kid (with help from my big brother) it doesn’t have any glass in the windows but the squirrels eat holes in the floor, anyway three big branches come up through the floor and out through the roof and wall

I’m twenty-one now too old to have a treehouse and the lantern is out of oil but the roof doesn’t leak

Eating a Sandwich at 11:30

Peanut butter and cracker sours don’t go too good together.

And while you scrape it off that tender tissue with your tongue, and screw the lid back on the jar crooked, you realize that marshmallows would really have been much better.

Brian Lobell

Darrell Hill

Societies Chant No. 2

On-sun was a law-yer his sta-tus was the best. He at the age of twenty-nine had a car-do-ar arrest

Pamela an a-ris-e-crat in high so-ci-ety put a bul-leth through her gut to hide her pre-nan-ey

Marcus was a min-is-ter he preached re-form and doom. His flock was half of po-ty his u-e-ets had no room

Malcolm was a sim-ple-ton he had no cares since birth he sat-back in a stu-ph and in-heen-ed the earth.

Randi Fagg
THE CHRIST IN ME (or whatever)

As I sat reading the morning news,
I was invaded by Christ, or God, or
whatever it is that stops within us
merrily of loving or whatever...
And I read about dead and dying soldiers
who didn't want to fight or die,
who didn't want to kill, to let blood or
to bleed or what ever it is
those poor bastards must do...
And I began to cry and the tears
rolled down my face and splattered on
the page making big spots where
the ink ran into blobs, grouping and
spreading and grouping...
And I read about dead babies and
murders and murderers and wrecked cars that
bled mangled bodies and all the while
the tears kept washing out the pages and
grouping and spreading and rolling down to
the floor wetting my shoes and my rag in
my house and I suddenly realized
how damned ridiculous I was being about
the damned paper and...
I started to laugh and I laughed
louder and louder until my laugh
was a roar. a growing, beautiful roar.
and I had to run to the mirror to see it
rolling out of me and it was hot and
wet and formed little droplets
on the mirror that became rain-rivulets
that ran down across my mirror-face
and made it so goddamn ugly that I started
to cry again because I was sad or disgusted or
whatever standing there looking at my reflection or
myself or whatever it was...

One Warm Evening

In Tonkin Gulf, on a weathered "can",
I remember standing outside one night.
Gazing in from two miles out.
Watching the fire-flies light.

They lit erratically, in pairs.
First one, then across the beach
The other flicked
Only a heartbeat between each.

The sky was etched with other brilliant,
Shining-stars burst white then drifted below
The fire-flies as challenged by the sudden light
Responded by advancing their own tempo.

Then a visible silence came over the shore
I stood, chilled, my breath abating.
The land and sky meshed black,
Death had been kept too long waiting.

K. L. Buchspies

Angry Scar

No one truly likes beautiful art—
in fact, they despise it:
People look at art and criticize it:
but a work of perfection
stares at you
It is the reflection of something
almost expressed — but not
It is a stab at communication
which cuts because it
fails to heal.

Vicki Seever

Man asleep in many postures lies.
Each unto the dispensation of his dream.
A restless one may reach beyond a star,
or more common pluck a note
Ere note the beam.
Still silent watches. He the somnolent;
His folded hands are quiet yet and still.
(It is not the hard of Him to fear —
His Word still instruments His will.)

Anonymous

SNIFFING APPLE PIE

If I were a baby
this orthopedic pressure
would be a half bearing
lodged on my soft spot.

these quails;
adult quakes;
tractor treads rolling me
up like balls of topsoil
to be in the high
mountains and forget

everything that I could
not teach to a chipmunk.
I'd organize shepherds
into bands and plunder

prisoner trains coating
the plains below.
and go home
with a thirst
for Canadian lemonade.

Marshall Hickman
ISU

Established Fact

The problem is
the lack of supportive evidence to the contrary
of established fact.

One understands reality too deeply,
doubting that time is real.

One is shocked to think that all
are content to enjoy the ordered life
of empty progression.

Deadly progression!
A rising sun that rises not
tells me my life is real
and periodic.

Sun is not God.
No one calls Sun, or Clock, or Watch, or Dark
God.

Yet everyone worships them.
Fearing them more than even
our avowed God.

No one
dares
to commit the sacrifice
of denying the time.

Ted Taylor
Driftwood — I

As I sit, gazing here upon a remembrance
of a time not yet a year past,
My thoughts wind a random path.
— A candle added to that old thing... . .
To reburn an old flame?
. . . ashes to ashes,
But God, spare the dust:
I love him
I wish I had some grass.
For a rolling stone
gathers no moss, in a field of grass.
Perhaps my eyes would see through their lid.
Perhaps.

Rain and wind without.
Song, solitude, candles, incense within.
Quiet without. Loneliness within.
Wanting without. Wanting within.

Someone quite recently told me that fire,
fascinating.
was the closest thing to life without being it.
I keep thinking of that.

Stagnant swamp, all mossy

Prometheus—II

From some cosmic force (Shall I call it God? for convenience)
came the first fire.
Fire has life all its own. It can create itself.
The sea is eternal.
the starway, infinite.
Nature, perpetual —
Soil, fertile
Man — can you keep Them company,
can you find your way?
Time alone awaits you.
for all else is there, and with you.
God, spare the dust.
I love him. Man.
Do you not love yourself?
Do you not care for life?
A candle — a fire only dies when it has
nothing left to burn.

Pax vohibum

Vicki Seever

The Free Man's Burden

How can I stand on my own private hill
Lost in the grass with time popcicles
Watching powderpuff clouds and my current here
Riding by on his white stalion

While other people
Write on their backs in mgd
Which isn't even theirs
Watching nuclear powered horseshoes
Stomp them farther in

Brian Leddell

OH OH

Her mind spins yarns of friends
Colorful, happy, knowing her
She is the queen — they will follow,
Nobody follows and she is no queen
Poor miserable wretch fastened by uncertainty
She can do nothing but dream.

Lucy Fudge

Absolution

The Christ figure
arms outstretched
sad eyes
stands with red flowers at his feet.
(The red matches the crimson-painted
drops from His exposed heart.)
I have a friend whose appearance
is fatally similar.
He lives at the
"electric motherfucker."
A coffee house.
and peddles dope on the side.
He shoots speed and when he is up
he does an imitation of God.

Garth

Crucified
Dead,
and buried
in a hotel.
A corner room
on the 13th floor
has lots of windows
but no way out.
The one-way elevator:
Transportation down
to the bargain basement.

K. Nevins

e. john merr\n
she
sees
it in the trees
and wants to make them see
it too, as she
dropping her cigarette on the wet lawn and stepping on it
as serenity girls are taught not to do
waits
for the old gray trees
to speak
A miracle once performed
"I saw it!"
she waits, cross-legged, meditation
and the dry trees
stare blankly back at her.

the sagacious old troll
who lived in the gnarled trunk
must have moved away
maybe died last winter
or was driven away by pre-mix concrete
and campus cops.
she looks at the dead trees
snapping her fingernails
and hating Allied Van Lines
for painting their trucks
orange.

Rhonda Brammer

Communication

there is time
around a turn
No at all on
the center like
and we hands
clock
And there clock
around no on
Hands all is
we
Center at the
a turn time
Like
like clock and all
in the at center
turn hands a there
we around on no
time
We the clock on
no around center
All at and turn
Hands like is
there time
A

Gente
THE TRAIN

a short story by Bert Russell

copyright, 1979

We criss-crossed horseshoe nails on the steel rail and scrambled up the railroad embankment. I was seven and Deck was eight. I leaned over and dripped white stick 'em from a millweed on my knee with the tip of my right foot. I'd skipped it from climbing trees in short pants.

Deck shoved out his big, lower lip. "It better hurry up," he said and scowled. His long hair stood up in front like porcupine quills.

Five miles away, the train whistled for the bridge tender to stop letting those good-for-nothing steamboats through the drawbridge over the St. Joe river. Then as it rumbled across the long trestle that bridged the marsh we could faintly make out a line of freight cars under a banner of black smoke. Where it hit the near shore of the lake's beginning, it was hidden by folds of pine-covered hillside that slid down into the Coeur d'Alene lake but the water clearly transmitted the shriek of its steel wheels like a thunderclap off of a cut at the "TAMARACK — ONE MILE" sign. It bucked and screamed. "TRACK! TRACK! CLEAR THE TRACK!"

With dirty, white flags fluttering on each side of its headlight it came charging along the trestle below the adeshill town, scattering people and kids and dogs and ole man Harmon's cow. We jumped up and down and clapped our hands. Humming sawmill on the left side with one foot in the lake, houses strewn up the steep bank on the right, the train swept past in a rain of cinders, headed for the yellow railroad station.

We slid down to see if the horseshoe nails had bounced off the rail or had fused into Xs. Deck scooped them up and ran off down the railroad track.

I yelled, "Doggon you, Stinky!" But I didn't run after him. He was bigger and tougher.

His dad's name was Shnell so the Shnell boys had been nicknamed, "Big Shnike, Little Stink and Stinky." Stinky leered back over his shoulder, "So long, carrot top!"

I crawled up the bank, digging hard at the sunburned skin on my nose to hold back the tears.

But the next day we were working at another project together, mostly because we were in the same top-dog class, our dads were partners in the sawmill across the track and our families worked together in the Baptist church.

One project, which lasted for weeks took in four other neighborhood kids of lesser standing: Bottles, Greasy Pig, Snot Nose and Posy. Their dads worked for ours. We dreamed of getting rich by wrecking a passenger train. The cliffs, the banks and the underlying heart of Idaho here, were basalt because the earth had split into pieces and spilled out the great Snake River lava flow which extends all the way into California. At a later age, a melting glacier had garnished the hillside with occasional whitish chunks of granite. One of these, about six feet in diameter, poke out of the brown earth near the top of the railroad track.

We reasoned that if we dug away its support it would roll down on the track, wreck the passenger train, the cars would turn upside down, the money would pour out of the people's pockets and we could carry it away by the bucketful. So we chattered and argued and dug with our sharp sticks and an occasional sawmill worker, climbing the steep bank to short-cut home for lunch, would stop and pat our heads, "Nice kids. You makin' little roads and hills. Yah!"

Sometimes we stopped to shower rocks down at the burns with red bandana handkerchiefs around their throats as they rode past in gondola cars or too exercise our brain power on the Italians and Swedes who piled lumber across the track. "Hey, Dagol! Bossa Ma Coola," and then we doubled it by putting our thumbs to our noses and wiggling our fingers to say "Kiss my ass!" in sign language. Or, "Hey Squarehead! You're a tuba deroocek." (tab of guts)

The earth was baked to summer hardness, our sticks wore out, we took time off to go swimming when the earth grew too hot for our calloused bare feet but we always drifted back to the job that would make us rich. We knew that the success of the plot depended on timing. If the rock rolled on the track too soon the engineer could see it and stop. Half the summer had passed when we finally undermined the rock completely, dug holes behind it, inserted pry poles and waited.

Stinky said, "Dibs on the gold pieces!" He had swept a fire bucket from the sawmill to carry away the money.

Here came the passenger train: locomotive, baggage car and two passenger cars. Its bell was clanging. "READY!"

"Now! We pried for all we were worth.

The engine drew abreast. At the sight of six red faced kids straining frantically at some amusing project of their own, the engineer waggled his gloved fingers at us and beamed. Today the baggage car had a guard with rolled up sleeves and a pistol strapped on his side. Beyond him gleamed a Kellog smelter shipment of 100 pound silver bars stacked cross-reef like wood. He looked grim and disappointed.

The passenger cars drew abreast. Ladies looking up from the window waved their lace handkerchiefs. The train ground past — gold pieces coins, silverbars and everything. We fell back on the ground, panting and defeated.

Two hours later, I started down the bank to go swimming and almost fell into the hole. The rock's enormous bulk lay exactly in the center of the main line. A freight was whistling into the yard limit at 30 miles an hour. The sun, which only a moment before had been warm and friendly, seemed to explode.

"RUN!"

From my hiding place under Ma's bed I heard the train's whistle bawl like a doomed dragon when it saw the rock. The brakes grabbed and the couplings joggled together in a shudder that I could hear travelling back through every vertebra of its mile-long tail. The ground shook under house. Then there was an awful silence while I waited for the penitentiary and the hanging rope.

Someone hammered at the back door. Ma patted to answer it.

But before a voice said, "Ma am, can I use your phone?" I had wet my pants.
PARK
a short story by Paul Johnson

The old man bent over his cane as he hobbled into the park. His face was sadly wrinkled; a broken canniver, I guessed. Almost every canniver I know was more or less broken. I overheard the old man mumble much too loudly to himself that this was the prettiest park he had seen all the way between here and Florida. This sounded quite a bit like bullshit to me, and I whispered to a nearby oceanspray not to let it go to its crown — the old man probably said that to every park he stopped at. I was promptly and expertly tripped by a root for my caustic comment, but I wasn't fooled. The old man smiled smugly and doddered off unhampered along the walk, secure beneath the approving glances of the senile oak trees that lowered overhead.

I wasn't fooled. I had been in enough parks to know this one wasn't anything special. Just a mediocre splattering of musty greens and browns, with an aged brick toilet house in the middle, and a stony faced statue of a war hero with pigeon shit on its forehead, standing on the high spot on the west end. The pigeon shit looked kind of good there: appropriate, I mean. Like white blood oozing out of a forehead bullet hole. No red blood or brains, just white blood with a few undigested cherry seeds stuck in it. It always looked unhappy and wrong when the D.A.R. cleaned it, once a year. There was also a fountain with no water in the park, some swings, and a sliding board with an ominous mud puddle at the bottom. And a few hundred trees. I never lowered myself to paying compliments to the place. Others might. Most did. They would make it sound like small talk, like "My, but it's a nice day today" or "You certainly are looking wonderful, Marge."

Only in the park they would say things like: "Gee, but this is a pretty little park!" "Gosh all fishhooks, aren't those trees just lovely!"

Casualy, like, very noncommittal. They didn't fool me. Even the dogs who pissed on the boorish-grey tree trunks were paying a kind of compliment. Dogs won't piss on just anything. They're very fussy about that. Just watch one sometime. Anyway, that fire hydrant on the corner was neglected and dejected, which pleased the trees in a petty, mean way. I used to go to the park just to find fault. Less and less lately, though. I feel pretty much like the fire hydrant anymore, here.

The old man is leaning over a dying tulip making some obsequious comment, no doubt.

A dog is urinating on a maple tree on the border of the park — toll tax. I have to go too, it occurs to me … but I'll be damned if I'll piss on one of those stickup bastards. "Hear that, trees? I wouldn't piss on you for a billion dollars!"

They hear, all right ...

Watching, waiting, green-envy foliage whispering angrily… no matter. I'm going to the brick can, even though it's dark and spidery and smells bad. A servant, some trees' rich had never had anybody say it was the prettiest brick can from here to Florida. It knows what it is. Sort of a humble little place, with a yellowed urinal crucified on the filthy wall inside, like a resigned, wrinkled smile with obscenities scrawled above for the face.

I did what I had to do absentmindedly, and walked out. The park was whispering angrily. The soldier on the high spot looked down at me with contempt and bird crap in his eyes. He shifted his rifle on his shoulder. I had never noticed the bayonet before. The old man was chuckling obscenely from behind the statue, probably sharing a lewd joke with the lilacs on the hill. ha. As I left the park through the crumbling archway at the entrance, I remembered with a gasp that I had forgotten to flush. Jesus! not pissing on the trees was one thing, but …

I began walking faster, praying that the brick can wouldn't be offended. It was. A few steps out of the park I heard an angry brick-on-sod sort of thump behind me. Close! I yelped, started running... bricks began thumping behind me irregularly: like footfalls, quickening footfalls, vengeful thuds, falling hard and outraged. Jesus! I was scrambling now, panting, sweating, pumping like a black man before a lynching mob.

It was no use. Those bricks were fast, and mad. Nothing worse than a raging brick toilet, especially after an insult like that.

"Sorry... can... I'm sorry I didn't flush," I gasped. "I'm sorry, really... should have gone... on a ... tree... a ... nice ... park... pretty... little... brick john... there in the middle... really sorry... prettiest little park... I've... beautiful... seen... anywhere..."

When I came to, the sun was out, and I was leaning against the trunk of a stately elm near the archway. It smothered benignly down on me... my head felt like the subject of a crude lobotomy, and I had wet my pants. Off in the direction of the brick john I heard the gurgles of a toilet being flushed. The old man from Florida crawled out, patted the brick wall one-old-friend-to-another, shuffled over to his car, and puttered off. I looked around. It was actually a pretty nice little old park, at that...
**The University: Beer**

Take it out on beer.
I mean a man thinks he's god on beer,
when he's not a god nowhere else
not even
in his own mind.
This is a song of the fraternities
of the rest of the boys.
Sometimes you come to me — your eyes,
the ignorance is not invincible
and I want to stop grading you,
but a man thinks he's god
and I must measure
the mouth
not even a boob
would brush against
or cut.

So forgive me, but really
I think only old ladies of Boise
give a shit for your fist,
hairy, though not in your crotch,
not if a few pon-pons make you
dream of going home to mother
with all that good stuff —
a saw at your balls
and mama's milk to suck.

And the car,
forbidden to touch,
as if it were
a private region,
hairless instrument.
How much does it rise for you
when you shift? the work being done for you,
always.

Of parents, the work done,
as a dentist works
to fill the holes:
without rhyme.

remote.

to fill a mouth,
taking it with you, taking it home, to all the functions.
Take it six or twelve or pitcher,
take it weekday or weekend,
all the way down.
A man feels he's god on beer
when he is nowhere else
even a man

La Mezzetta

**DOWNSTREAM FROM WILLOW BEND**

Crunchy on a sandbar
Wet canvas tennis shoes
with muddy green laces
untied

Slush-squish back
Along foamy eddies
To climb back on
That wood-soft log
Sagging its watered weight
Across the creek

Mossy
To that middle skinned place
Where he met the mosquitoes and
Fell in

Couched in sunlight
a laughing face
you passed into evening.

Faces caught, momentarily
in an expression
a wisp of blonde hair —
and this is my day.

And I looked around
and found all of this
so terribly within me
that I loved it.

**The Day the Shining Stayed**

Through the rhythm and down the rhyme
I have danced and turned by the tree-light
Sparking the dew about my head
That rainbowed the leaves and grass
On the meadows
That slept warm by the sky
A long sleepy time
As good-day sparrows flew
Beneath the white shoulders of a cloud
So sun-bright the willow laughed
To emerald hills and silent pebbles
As water sang soft and cool
On the sand by the pond
Where grass was damson
In the barn of the roosters
Swayed the high-beams of the stable
That gave the apple ponies a place to lay
And be warm in the ranging
Beneath the linte twinkling of a thousand fireflies
A sky-dog perched on a twitching limb
In a lilac bush
While grassing were the shadows of the hill
Above my dreaming-tree
That sang if the wind was gay and jumping
Over the yard that lay peaceful there
In the silence that made thoughts a flower
And turned the swarming to honey
And I was happy and
Carefree was the day that the shining stayed

Loyd Parker
Fort Worth, Texas

**People**

People are a selfish kind
And seldom is it they use their minds
If only people would stop and think
the sooner the world would cease to stink.

Vicki Seever

**The University: Beer**

Departing but a moment
to venture forth for an early morning coke.
He watched her through heavily lashed eyes,
foigning sleep
though not, she knew.
Returning again, ere softly, she knelt
unnoticed above him,
till cold ice found its mischievous way to his neck.
Opened eyes beheld alluring eyes,
inviting,
mischievous.

In a voice soft, alluring she ventured forth:
"I christen the — mine. And neer
again shall you sleep, lest it be by my side."
Baptised by gentle words intended to tease
and give smile unto his eyes.
Laughing lightly, she made move to arise
And return to her book and chair.
But gently he caught her arm,
catching her eyes,
and held them long.

Warmly, he brought her down to his lips,
and christened her with caresses, baptised in
tenderness her alluring softness.

Empty, the chair.
Neglected, the book.
Forgotten, the coke.

Vicki Seever

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Warmly, he brought her down to his lips,
and christened her with caresses, baptised in
tenderness her alluring softness.

Empty, the chair.
Neglected, the book.
Forgotten, the coke.

Vicki Seever
Another Weekend Home

L.A.
Rush
hic. slow
Thick. slow
Needed. a wind
To blow.

Over the vine,
Hot blast of valley heat
Open road, engine whines.

Carefree days,
Thick., slow
Needed
To blow.

Over the vine,
Hot blast of valley heat
Open road, engine whines.

Then west,
Sunwears.
The end at the beginning.

K. L. Buchspies

Buffalo Hunter

Best like grass
on the open prairie
his .50 caliber Sharps
resting on a pronged stick.
A buffalo hunter
measures the herd
waving on the horizon.
At his back the wind,
a river of bones,
and three towns
named Buffalo

Tom Sexton
University of Alaska

Round and round
In wet circles of sound
The pure and scarlet bobber
Silently treads water... Then
drowns for a fisherman's supper.

K. Nevins

Orange are sex
and truly the most
SENSUOUS of all fruit.
All fall-blown cottle-skin naval-promise.
Oranges are smooth and firm
and occasionally two.

Paul Johnson

Requiem

In the midst of a valley of snow-crested firs,
a velvet-antlered elk stands pawing the ground.
The steam of his breath billows all around him
as he stands unaware of the doom that is near.

On the side of the hill is a scatter of leaves--

piece of rainbow on snow-covered ground.
The stag of the forest is standing there below.
A sparrow glides by in the slant morning light.
The twinkling of sunlight on the metal of a rifle

grips in the shadows as a man turns to kill.
Death crashes down from the hill to the valley.
The sparrow wavers and then flutters on.

Charla Rhonda Brammer

K. Nevins

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First in line was a small group of students waiting to register for classes. Among them was a young woman named Emily, who had just graduated from the University of Washington with a degree in political science.

Emily had been in touch with friends who had already registered for classes, and she knew that the lines were long. She had been looking forward to the first day of classes for months, and she was determined to get her schedule in order.

As she waited in line, Emily thought about the classes she wanted to take. She had always been interested in language and culture, so she was thinking about taking a course in Japanese literature.

She also wanted to take a course in world history, but she was concerned about the time commitment. She knew that she would have to balance her studies with her work, and she didn't want to take on too much.

Finally, she decided to register for both classes. She was excited to start her new academic year and felt confident that she could manage her workload.

As she walked into the classroom, Emily felt a sense of anticipation. She was excited to meet her new classmates and to learn from some of the best minds in the field.

She took her seat and waited for the professor to begin the class. She was ready to learn and to make the most of the opportunity to study. She knew that she had a long and challenging path ahead of her, but she was determined to succeed.
The Idaho Argonaut

The Idaho Argonaut is a student newspaper at the University of Idaho. This page contains an article about the students' role in national politics, a letter from a student about their experiences studying abroad in the Dominican Republic, and a column about the history and culture of the city of Idaho Falls.

The student body at the University of Idaho should have four core ideas: government, student activism, student representation, and student influence.

The student body should be active in government, not just through voting, but through direct action and organizing. This includes things like protests, rallies, and strikes, as well as more traditional forms of lobbying and advocacy. The student body should also be active in representing the needs and concerns of the student body to the university and to the outside world. This includes things like working with student organizations to advocate for changes in university policy or to lobby for changes in legislation.

The student body should also be active in influencing the decisions made by the university. This includes things like participating in the decision-making processes of the university, such as the student body's role in the university's budgeting process or in the appointment of university administrators.

It is important for the student body to be active in these areas, as they are the ones who will be affected by the decisions made. The student body has a responsibility to ensure that the decisions made are in the best interests of the students.

The student body should also think about these ideas in terms of their own personal goals and aspirations. It is important for the student body to consider how these ideas can be applied to their own lives and how they can be used to achieve their own goals.

In the end, the student body's role in national politics is about more than just attending rallies or writing letters to the editor. It is about being active and engaged in the process of democracy, and about using the power of the student body to make the world a better place for all.