Centennial countdown underway

By Lake Powell

Staff writer

Ten subcommittees of the UI's Centennial Commission are hard at work making tentative plans for special projects to be held during the 1989 Centennial, according to Centennial coordinator Roy Fluhrer.

"The subcommittees have been meeting for the past year," Fluhrer said, "and have been asked by the commission to rank-order their project ideas and to provide a budget for each project so that the commission is able to decide what kind of Centennial celebration we'll have."

The Centennial celebration will run from January 1988 through May 1989 with many special projects taking place on campus and around the state. Fluhrer said.

The 1989 Centennial Commission was appointed in January 1984, and plans for the celebration have been growing since then. The Centennial celebration is to be funded by the UI's investment income, Fluhrer said.

"None of the money for Centennial celebrations will come from state appropriated budgets," he said, "so we're not using state money for the celebration."

The Centennial goals, as set by the commission in the early planning stages, are to review and reflect upon the UI's first century, to focus on the UI at its 100th year and to strengthen the university so that it can better accomplish its mission and goals as it moves into its second century.

Ten separate subcommittees are working on tentative ideas for activities which will achieve the commission's goals, Fluhrer said.

The Alumni Subcommittees, chaired by Philip Keffer, director of UI alumni relations, is planning a possible series of tree planting ceremonies in take place in communities statewide. The ceremonies would possibly include other events, such as scholarship awards and the appearances of special speakers, all designed to attract attention to the UI Centennial.

"One of the goals of the Centennial," Fluhrer said, "is to touch everyone in the state and let them know how the University affects their life."

The tree-planting ceremonies, which would make sure a tree is planted in almost every community in Idaho, is viewed as an effective way of reaching many Idahoans, Fluhrer said.

The purpose of the Academic Subcommittees is to find a means of getting all UI colleges to participate in the Centennial with projects of their own, Fluhrer said.

The Academic Subcommittees plan "to provide a pool of funds for the colleges based on a formula that recognizes the difference among the colleges," he said.

"It would be the Academic Subcommittee's job to make sure that the college's proposals are congruent with the goals and objectives of the Centennial," Fluhrer said.

The Academic Subcommittee is chaired by Sydney Dunsmabe, professor of political science.

The Awards and Memorials Subcommittee, Fluhrer said, is working on integrating UI's current award system with the Centennial. "For example,"

See Centennial, page 16

Inside:

ASUI Senate protests takeover of golf course
See page 5

UI sports wrap ups See page 12 - 14

Guide to Expo ’86 See page 11

Student outcry over new housing contract See page 5

Graduation ceremonies schedule — read how the pomp & circumstance has changed See page 2

UI theater students leaving: future stars? See page 9

Keller's charisma produces winners See page 18

Stand up for your student newspaper See Jones' last editorial, page 6
Graduation 1986: A celebration of your work

By Tish O'Brien
Staff writer

This year's commencement is the university's 50th.

"Though the trappings and circumstances have changed drastically since the UI's beginning, many of the earmarks of graduation remain the same. "I'm nervous; you wonder if all the time you spent preparing for a career in the 'real world' will be enough to see you through," remarked one candidate for a degree. This statement echoed the feelings of the majority of the candidates.

The commencement schedule is as follows:

May 16
* 5:30 p.m. Commencement social hour.
St. Augustine's Catholic Center
* 6:00 p.m. Annual Commencement Banquet, SUB Ballroom $12 a ticket.
Contact Alumni Office for information.

May 17
* 9:00 a.m. General Commencement Ceremonies.
Kibbie Dome, Thomas J. Murray, speaker.
* 11:15 a.m. College of Letters and Science ceremony.
Kibbie Dome.

College of Mines ceremony.
College of Law courtroom.
College of Engineering ceremony.
Memorial Gym: College of Forestry ceremony.
Kibbie Dome.

Memorial Gym: College of Art and Architecture ceremony.
SUB Ballroom.

College of Education ceremony.
SUB Ballroom.

The perennial garden in Shattuck Arboretum is on its way to first-class status, according to SUB director Dean Vettrus, director of the project.

The garden is expected to be completed in time for the UI's Centennial celebration, which begins in January, 1988.

"We haven't got it lined up in any sense of the word," Vettrus said. "But you can see what we're trying to do."

The garden, which is funded by the sale of iris bulbs, had its first planting last fall with the help of volunteer students.

Its first blooms have been enjoyed by students all spring.

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Ed 538 - AU Aids: Equipment Operation I (credit) May 19 - June 6
Ed 403/503 - Teacher, Classroom, Multicultural Education (2 credits) May 10, 24, 31, and June 7
Ed 445 - Proseminar in Teaching I (credit) May 20, June 5
Ed 504/505 - Fashion Tour-New York City (2 credits) May 20 - 29
Law 404 - Marriage, Divorce & Parental Rights (1 credit) May 19 - June 6
Law 404 - Law for Design & Engineering Professionals I (2 credits) May 19 - June 6
Phil 404 - Gandhi's Philosophy of Peace (3 credits) May 19 - June 6
Ph 404 - Master's Research & Thesis credits (TBA) May 19 - June 6
Ph 504 - Research credits TBA May 19 - June 6
Phys 404 - Gandhi's Philosophy of Peace I (credit) May 19 - June 6
Psych 400/501 - Ethical/Legal Issues in Psychology (3 credits) May 19 - June 6
Psych 504 - Contemporary Issues in Child Development (2 credits) May 19 - June 6
Rec 403/503 - Professional Development I (1 credit) May 19 - 23

Register This Week!

For Registration instructions consult page 47 of the Summer Bulletin University of Idaho Summer Session

Make Your Summer Count!
Agriculture staff heads to fields to research

By Patricia Hatheway
Staff writer

During the summer, UI agriculture professors head out to the fields proving theories and collecting data for the next winter in the lab.

Gary Lee, associate dean of research and director of agriculture experiment stations, said the majority of the faculty conduct research in the summer.

"This is the time of year the field research can be conducted as verification of many of the theoretical aspects of the research done in laboratories and computer model projections," he said.

During the summer, all aspects of the college are doing research. "This is the opportunity for plant breeders to select varieties which are resistant to diseases and insects and to determine the ecological niches to which those particular varieties in Idaho grow best," Lee said.

"Weed scientists are able to evaluate herbicides for effectiveness of control of individual weed species and to develop weed control management systems for crop rotations," he said.

At this time the entomologists are able to evaluate insecticides for control of individual insect species, collect and classify insects that are present in Idaho and to work on developing control agents for weeds, he said.

"The soil scientists can work on fertility practices and determine nutrition levels and needs for crops in the state," Lee said.

"Plant pathologists evaluate disease incidences, economic thresholds, and control practices," he said, "and the crop management specialists are looking at new management practices to enhance profitability in crops and optimize production.

"Agricultural engineering faculty are working on water efficiency for irrigation scheduling, equipment design and gathering of data for the development of modeling crop growth and erosion control equations," he said.

"Agricultural economists use the summer for collecting data in analyzing markets, predicting production and production data for influence on commodity prices, Lee said.

And also at this time animal scientists are looking at beef herd management on high desert range, livestock breeding programs, and dairy management programs, he added.

"Then we have the laboratories which continue to function throughout the summer," Lee said. "Scientists in the fields of bacteriology and biochemistry keep laboratories functioning in the summer by working on genetic engineering projects, protoplastic fusion and fermentation research, he said.

The off-campus faculty at the research and extension centers continue to work like campus faculty in areas previously discussed, he added.

"We hire many undergraduate students to work in research programs in the summer and this gives these students opportunity to gain practical experience in their field of interest as well as envisage teaching and research opportunities in the future," he added.

"It really is a good training experience for students who work in the summertime," he said.

Students gain both experience and money so they can go back to school in the fall, Lee added.

"Field research is relatively slow because it requires three to four, possibly five years of investigation in order to draw conclusions about a particular treatment," he added.

"Every year is different in some aspect. You have every kind of combination of climate and that's why it's so important to test these systems under various weather to determine what components are determined by various weather or climatic patterns," Lee said.

"We feel it's necessary to do this type of extensive testing before we make recommendations to the producers can have confidence in our recommendations. It's far better that we test or evaluate practices in small research plots and have the producer fail than to have the produce try this on a large scale and have an economic disaster," he added.

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Idaho Argonaut, Friday, May 9, 1986
Landscape Architecture accredited for performance

By Judy McDonald
Staff writer

The UI Department of Landscape Ar-
chitecture was recently re-accredited for
another five years by the American So-
ciety of Landscape Architects.

This is the third time the department
has received accreditation since it was
established about 15 years ago, said
James Kuska, chairman of the de-
partment.

The department is one of 31 in the
United States and draws students from
Alaska, Montana, Wyoming and other
areas. WSU, the University of Oregon
and the University of Washington are
the other schools in the Pacific Nor-
thwest offering a degree in landscape
architecture.

The faculty consists of three full-time
professors and one part-time consultant.

The four-year program leading to a
bachelor of landscape architecture is one
of four separate design disciplines of-
fored in the College of Art and Architec-
ture. The other design programs include
art, architecture and interior design.

The ASLA re-evaluated the depart-
ment and its program last fall. The ac-
creditation process began with the sub-
mission of a report to the society describ-
ing what the department was doing and
served as a general guide.

The department must retain a certain
tier of competence, quality of cur-
riculum and student performance.

When the three-man evaluation team
visited the campus, it looked at
students' work and attended classes.
The committee also consulted with
alumni and asked for letters to be mail-
directly to them. The response was
excellent and the letters were all suppor-
tive, Kuska said.

In order to be accredited, the depart-
ment must provide a broad educational
background, as well as technical studies
(design, plant materials, construction,
graphics, computer usage, adequate
facilities and adequate office and
budgetary support).

Also considered is how well students
do in the job market. So far UI students
have had no problem finding employ-
ment, Kuska said. He added that the ap-
proximately 100 graduates of the de-
partment are 100 percent employed as
long as they leave the Moscow area
to look for work.

Landscape architects are involved
with anything pertaining to the develop-
ment of land. Working with the natural
features of open space, they consider
the needs of people, wise use of the land
and artistic appeal when developing a se-
ge. Graduates can work for private or
federal governmental agencies, academic
institutions, corporations, foreign coun-
tries or be self-employed.

Landscape architects may be involv-
ed in such projects as site energy plan-
ing, community planning, parks and
recreation planning, transportation and
utility planning, wild animal parks or
botanical gardens.

Alumni and friends: Helping to make UI richer and better

By Michon Herb
Staff Writer

The UI is more than $2.8
million dollars richer thanks to
donations made by alumni and
friends.

Every year the University of
Idaho Foundation Inc. sums up
the amount of donations that
have been given to the UI and
helps direct it to the various
departments and areas of the
UI. The donations come from
many types of sources, given in
many different forms and ben-
efit the various depart-
ments and programs of the UI.

Contributions made by alumni,
and friends of the UI seem to
be the most important this year.

According to Sue Eischen, as-
sistant trust and investment of-
Ficer, there has been an in-
crease of individual donations and
most of them are in the form of
unitrusts, a large donations.

Unitrusts are usually a large
sum of money that is donated and
then invested. But the UI won't
receive the benefits of the
gift immediately. Usually the
person who sets up the unitrust
will receive the invested income
of the unitrust until he dies and
then the university will receive
from it.

One of the largest gifts given this
year was the Medical Pre-
paratory building in downtown
Moscow. Eischen said. Another
large fundraiser for the UI was
the annual phone-a-thon. A
number of people from living
groups volunteered their time
and called alumni to ask for
donations.

"The masses seem to be giv-
ing more," she said.

The total amount that has been
given to the UI from July 1,
1985 to March 31, 1986 is
more than $2.8 million dollars.
This amount is up 13 percent
from last year.

Contributions are also made
by corporations, foundations
and organizations. The total
donated by this group was $1.1
million dollars. This amount is
down 35 percent but only
because in the previous year,
Basic American Foods donated
a series of buildings and 8.7
acres of land in Idaho Falls
which was estimated at a value
of $875,000 dollars. Eischen said.

"We didn't receive a com-
parable gift this year," she said.

Contributions are made in
many different forms. About 73
percent of the gifts are made in
the form of cash. The other 27
percent is broken up into the
forms of deferred gifts such as
unitrusts, gifts-in-kind such as
equipment or real estate and
marketable securities in the
form of stocks and bonds.

The total number of dona-
tions received this year was
9,295. This is compared to last
year's figure of 7,612. The
average size of a donation was
$303.17, yet the largest dona-
tion was almost $350,000
dollars. This donation was a re-
quest, left by a will, from
Catherine Brandt Larson to be
used for an endowment for
general scholarships.

Endowments are usually a large
amount of money which is
invested, and the interest from
the endowment provides money
for various programs. Scholar-
ships, student loans, research
and other programs and pro-
jects are funded through the
interest.

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 wont to College of Art and Architecture. The other design programs include art, architecture and interior design. The ASLA re-evaluated the department and its program last fall. The accreditation process began with the submission of a report to the society describing what the department was doing and served as a general guide. The department must retain a certain level of competence, quality of curriculum and student performance. When the three-man evaluation team visited the campus, it looked at students' work and attended classes. The committee also consulted with alumni and asked for letters to be mailed directly to them. The response was excellent and the letters were all supportive, Kuska said. In order to be accredited, the department must provide a broad educational background, as well as technical studies (design, plant materials, construction, graphics, computer usage, adequate facilities and adequate office and budgetary support). Also considered is how well students do in the job market. So far UI students have had no problem finding employment, Kuska said. He added that the approximately 100 graduates of the department are 100 percent employed as long as they leave the Moscow area to look for work. Landscape architects are involved with anything pertaining to the development of land. Working with the natural features of open space, they consider the needs of people, wise use of the land and artistic appeal when developing a site. Graduates can work for private or governmental agencies, academic institutions, corporations, foreign countries or be self-employed. Landscape architects may be involved in such projects as site energy planning, new community planning, parks and recreation planning, transportation and utility planning, wild animal parks or botanical gardens.
Guaranteed student loan procedures change

UI News Bureau

UI students applying for Guaranteed Student Loans (GSLI) for the 1986-87 academic year need to be aware of a change in procedure.

Dan Davenport, director of Student Financial Aid, said "new regulations require all undergraduates applying for a GSL to complete the CSS Financial Aid Form."

The Financial Aid Form has to be processed at an office not located on the UI campus. Students should plan for six weeks between submitting that form and initiating the loan application.

Davenport said the loans should still require the normal four to five week approval time.

The entire process will take ten to 11 weeks if the Financial Aid Form has not been previously completed.

He recommended that any students who might need a GSL complete the Financial Aid Form now so that it will be on file when they need to apply for the GSL.

"Doing it now saves delays later," he said. "If the information is not present, it could take up to 12 weeks to obtain a GSL."

A positive note, if the Financial Aid Form is filed ahead of time, there should not be any delays in processing the loan.

Students or parents with questions may contact the Financial Aid office.

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See CORRECTION on page 15
Summa Coombs Loudly

Editorial

The Idaho Argonaut is your student owned and operated newspaper. From the writers to the editors to the advertising executive we are all on campus to deliver the paper in the morning; they’re all students. Over 90 percent of operating expenses are covered by advertising sales, the remainder is covered by your student fees. The Argonaut remains one of the few university newspapers in the nation free from any university administration or the school of communication. And the only one of its kind.

The Argonaut, through all of its ups and downs, has remained a pure student entity; a newspaper where students of journalism (and other disciplines) can learn in the only way that really counts: through experience. And the other newspapers that have advisors that will inevitably lead to perceived differences. Please excuse the “unprofessional” cliché, but you’re comparing apples and oranges.

If a paper is published under the supervision of professional advisors, the amount of student contribution to its quality can only be estimated. Unfortunately, most “student” newspapers’ success stands only to the credit of the paid adviser and not to the students who do their best. Those students are robbed of the added responsibility and pride in being responsible for all facets of the paper’s publication. At your student newspaper, the Idaho Argonaut, the blame, the responsibility, and the credit all go to the students.

As it is traditional for the outgoing editor to give a rousing ex-citation, I choose to be no exception.

This is the one editorial that the all encompassing “us” is permitted to be replaced by the “I” of the “I feel, I think, I believe” school.

The people who have worked with me in putting out this section are among the best. Everyone of them shared my hopes of improving the overall quality of the paper. Whether we have succeeded yet to be seen, but we think you, the students, know the results.

The Argonaut is an example of synthesis, parts coming together to form the whole. It is a greater sum, a greater paper. To examine the mainstream to the left is to understand that this paper is not a one-man show. It takes all people, giving their all, to put out each issue.

It is the writers, columnists, paste-up people, and the editors who together make the Argonaut what it is.

The Team and members of the twice-a-week Criticism Club were [Too nice guy] Shawn McIntosh. [Forever in Disagreement Sarah Kern,] [Ray (Megan Guida, What’s, happening?)] Kathy McCanlies, and [Nice Guy] Tom Liberman. In addition, the people who produced the paper in their classes, sleep, food and undernourished social lives.

We are not hearing it in our certainties. You did all a great job that exceeded my original expectations.

Good luck to Shawn (fall) and Megan (summer) who did not have the time to commit to replace them. Copy editors Laurel Darrow, Joel Bate, and Brian Daniels deserve the credit for radically improving the quality of our stories, and for their seemingly magical ability to change my parade of misspelling and sentence fragments into readable copy.

Suzanne Gore and the advertising crew did another outstanding job this semester, despite a slow economy. It was nice to help them, that’s why they threw us on the paper.

Thanks go to Big John, for his wisdom, patience and his willingness to put up with all our frustrations. [Oh, and thanks to Darrie Beck for keeping all the records and money in order, and typographer Jeanie B. Wicser for all the late night corrections and period square font.]

And the misspelling mongolians who live in the third floor caves. Read the papers before you submit them. They didn’t tell me about this job when I hired on. Award for his gallant efforts to meet all photo deadlines and get us great shots to boot.

Two people to remain practically unknown, but are important to the operation of the paper as everyone else, are the Advertising and Production Manager.

The Argonaut, for all its good points, is not advantageous to a fun social life or a calm mind. Four people who helped me get through this semester will remain my friends forever: Sarah Rut- rush, Kristi Nelson, Shawn McIntosh, and Laura Thompson. It’s been tough, and I hope you go to you for all your support.

It is arguable as to whether two great ladies who helped ease my initiation pains into the journalistic world, and unwill- ingly helped me on the short (but challenging) road to become a Basic Writer.

And thanks must all to you, the readers and supporters of the paper. We all hope you have enjoyed and appreciated all 31 issues we have had the pleasure of giving you. Thanks to all.

Douglas Jones

The Exiting Editorial

Pepsi Generation in 2030

Terri Lynch

Guest Columnist

What an ugly thought—the idea that some day we will be old. Our skin will be wrinkled. Our hair will turn gray. Is, if we still have hair. Our bones will become brittle and the color of our redwood will slowly ebb. Each day will slow down, making it more difficult every spring to saw those precious leaves left over from last year’s overindulgence. We will fall prey to life’s little surprises. Life is full of unmentionable and worst of all, “Senior citizens” [after all, we don’t want to be young.] And, we will become more and more a built upon generation targeted by marketers of expensive goods. I’m sure the youthful will try to keep us alive as long as they can.

No longer will we be able to identify with the figures of yesteryear. The distinctive, the iconic, have become inaccessible to us. We are just another generation of people. “Senior citizens” [as a whole] are just another group of people.

I can’t help but go ahead and try for a moment to think about being old. I mean really old. I was once, not that I had a friend who once was the most important in her/fathers world. It is not public speaking, or your friends, or even a boy or girl friend in your life. It is the fear of “growing older, wrinkled, feesed, hair gray.”

Here pops up the inevitable question—what will the old folks [at least I] be like. How do older people think of our condition as we come closer to being old. I can only give you the thought of our condition as we come closer to being old.

It doesn’t want to be a fear of old age. It seems that I would rather die on my feet, than sit around an irreversible, natural process. We can’t do anything to stop the aging process, and we can’t stop the growth [or even slow down] of the sub classes of the human race—the senior citizens.

This, it’s hard for us to imagine ourselves in the position of being old, this feeling is so foreign to us, we’re weather worn with the thought of old age in terms of words, or images. Our youth oriented society seems us...

with youth-oriented propaganda, subliminally reiterating the message that to be young is to be attractive, articulate, sporty, live and un- reachable. Growing older is common in this culture.

Pepsi Generation in 2030: a world where there is no more life, where it is not allowed to grow old, where we are all transformed into Pepsi-like perfection, with the Pepsi-like lifestyle. And yet, even in this world, we are allowed to be old. We are allowed to have the same hair, the same clothes, the same friends, the same hobbies, and the same mistakes. Even in this world, we are allowed to be old, and we can still be Pepsi-like. We can still be ourselves.

We can do so far as to establish a national Pepsi Generation in 2030: a world where we can all know each other, grow old together, and ultimately strive for the glorification of age and use old age for the glorification of Pepsi.

A Trifecta Age: Love, Wisdom and Accumulated

Perceiving old age in a secular, positive light can evoke all of its strengths as opposed to prevailing negative stereotypes to maximize its weaknesses. Attitudes are: love, wisdom, and change, that does happen take place. But, being aware of all these abilities in the first step toward positive planning. To start now, we may be able to turn old and liking it into a way of life.
Thoughts in Passing

Take all the girls you've ever known and all the wild cats you've seen, and if he knew the pristine woman that are surely bound for hell.

But if there is no God above who hands out mercy with His love, and if God's prayer goes unanswered, then I guess it doesn't matter.

If that's the case we'll die on time for all our sins and all our shame. For if we have no soul to sell they cannot cart us down to hell.

No one to root us in the fire, no one to tell us if we're right. No reason for us to repent. No guilty grace is heaven sent.

If we're alone, then what to do? We're humans placed here just for you. To discard one, then grab another if that's the case, no man's your brother.

If Christ and all his saints taught a crick, then our neighbors, grab the block. To get ahead, just these and lie and never worry when you'll die.

And if there is no golden rule and everything you do is evil, don't care about the hurt and pain, cause someone's loss will be your gain.

If anything you do is fair and it is not your job to care, then mercy can be put to rest, compunction cannot be a test.

There are no endings that are not beginnings. That's the beauty of the thing. You may not get all that you want, maybe you're a big dreamer, but there's always a lot to be had, and the best of it we find through each other. Everyone person we meet is an opportunity to be taught something. Everything thing we become is the chance to share something of ourselves.

And Moscow, the city with a friendly smile and a lot of energy initiated from Friendship Square, celebrates another year of its graduation every May with the Renaissance Fair. Renaissance is a removal of spring and spirit. It's a good time for personal reflection. It's a time for us all to enjoy festivities together before we leave for a summer or a lifetime. Moscow and the University can just stop the sleep in our wanderings. Some of us have liked it better than others, but we all have gained part of ourselves here. Wherever we go, we've learned to care more about each other. And through each other, we care more about ourselves — our talents and our emotional competencies. Even in a small town at the northern edge of the country, we find we are truly a window to the world. Enjoy the view!

Where to Now?

I trust we'll all go on from here with a lot more than a place of statistics under our academic belts. We've become aware of our fellow adventures through this year of growth. We've swapped a lot of ideas and learned something insightful about opposing sides. We've figured out more about what's beyond the University and how we want to interact with it.

And when it comes down to it, May is just another month in a year of seasons which is a cycle connecting time and experience.

So taking that last flight is merely a continuation of the journey we begin anew each moment. The answer is question — 33 that we forget to study or will forget tomorrow in a part of the pattern that our knowledge is general and recording any text material itself. The friend we say goodbye to remains a part of the thread that is in our spirit.

And in that context, the beginning of summer and the pleasure of a real job is cause for more celebration than we've done. And as you face the next dilemma in making your way, it'll be with the confidence of having survived the last one with a lot of people backing you in the process.

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A second opinion

Editor,

I beg to differ with my good friend Don Coombs who was quoted in Tuesday's paper as seeing the Argonaut as a "low mediocore paper," and that Idaho State University, Boise State University, and Washington State University have better student newspapers.

After spending an afternoon in the library going through back issues of those newspapers, I will concede that they appear to be more professional. But that doesn't necessarily make them better. The WSU Evergreen is daily! fills up a good chunk of its space with Associated Press copy and the other two publish only once a week.

And if I were mediocre (which I may be), I'd rather be "low" mediocre than "high" mediocore.

Having followed the Argonaut rather closely for nearly 25 years, I know that at times it has been up there with the best of them and at other times something less. It varies over time and that is inevitable. But most important, it has remain-
ed the voice of the students, free and independent.

Doug Jones and his staff have done a commendable job this semester, given the cir-
cumstances under which they have had to work. So take heart, Argonaut staffers. As a long, hard and cold semester comes to an end, your work has not been in vain.

Bert Cross
Professor Emeritus of Journalism

Let'em be, Lifton

Editor

As a regular listener to KUOI, I read with some dismay the comments of Alan Lifton and some student senators who seem to believe the station ought to be operated as if it were a commercial enterprise.

KUOI is a university station and ought to offer an opportuni-
ty to experiment and grow, to be creative, to take chances one can't take on commercial radio. It is the purpose of a university to foster this sort of creative at-
mosphere. The student DJ's will have to deal with the pressures to con-
form to popular taste and the demands of economic com-
petition soon enough. Let's not cut off one of the few chances they will ever have to explore their creative impulses.

Yes, DJ's can sound unprofes-

ional and downright silly at times, but that is the price we must pay if we are going to en-
courage innovation and growth.

Neil Franklin
UI Law Professor

KUOI ignorance

Editor

B.J. Hargrove and other DJs at KUOI certainly ought to be offended by Professor Lifton's crass observations. His state-
ment that "KUOI sounds like a bunch of college kids playing with radio equipment" im-
mediately demonstrates his ignorance of the wide-
range of KUOI programming. His ignorance is understood (but not excuses) when he ad-
mits that he "tried to avoid" listening to KUOI. What an in-
credible audio coward he must be. I admit to never having heard an opera, a Broadway show, or Nepalese folk music. Shall I take the Professor's cue to avoid them as well, then criticize them broadly? That's bad faith.

What sadness it is to learn that a listener-ignoramus holds a professor's seat in radio and television in our School of Com-
munication. If his duties do not extend beyond purely technical realities, I suppose he can do lit-
tle harm. In matters of taste however, Professor Lifton might be potentially less harmful assuming a position in Poultry Science.

Students in the Comin School should look closely at their education and not frustrate to challenge instructor impertinence when they see it.

I. Casey Meredith

Top 40 fairies!

Editor

Janel Larmore, Bill and Page, Top 40 fairies in Tues-

day's Argonaut are suffering from an acute lack of in-
dividuality and social expressiveness. Their recom-
mendations towards the "gloriness" of Top 40 (hit/chi)l) border on the realm of musical ignorance and impertinence. Who are these Top 40 fairies and where did they develop the notion that Jimi

and Janis were mere potholes?

They are rock 'n' roll legends, not just potholes. Obviously Janel is unaware of KUOI's function, which is to provide a fresh alternative to the teen-

hopper bubblegum of commer-
cial radio. Without KUOI and alternative listening we would inch ever closer to an egalitarian society, and that may mean hearing shit like "Sunday's disposable wife," "Monday's" 13 times a day (laudatory torture). Strawberry coolers and Miami Vice are bad enough but to listen to Top 40 on top of that (and I'm sure Bill likes it on top) is enough to make Ozzy Osborne join the 

priesthood. Imagine that, Father Ozzy selling barings at communion while the church

chorus sings "I Wanna Be a Cowboy." That would be a sad state of affairs.

Top 40 is nothing more than commercial fagity and in-
duces it upon every radio station in town would be utter enma.

In the words of De's Snider of Twisted Sister, "You can't stop rock n' roll." And no one can strip KUOI from rockin' and jaz-

zin an bluesin' and waav'in' etc. Furthermore, Top 40 is for suckers and I'm sorry to say that there are too many suckers in the world today. I guess one could add Janel, Bill and Page in the

list. Perhaps those Top 40 fairies, could get a guest DJ spot on MTT. If so, I will derive im-

mense pleasure from turning the TV OFF.

Thomas C. Hovey

P.S. And the sarcasm continues!

YES, WE ARE WRITING TICKETS

Parking Regulations are enforced throughout the year including intersession.
Argonaut, the student newspaper of the University of Idaho, features a section titled "Art & Entertainment". This section contains articles on various topics, including a feature on "Students in search of fame and fortune". The article discusses the aspirations of students to pursue careers in the entertainment industry, with a focus on acting and directing. The text is written in a journalistic style, providing insights into the lives and careers of young actors and directors. The article highlights the challenges and opportunities they face as they strive to make it in the entertainment world. The tone is informative and engaging, reflecting the interests and aspirations of the target audience. The section is part of a larger publication, "Argonaut" magazine, which covers a wide range of topics and is targeted towards the University of Idaho community. The article is written in clear, concise language, making it accessible to a broad readership. The section is visually appealing, with high-quality images and layout design that enhance the overall reading experience. The article is well-organized, with a clear structure that guides the reader through the content. The text is free of errors and is easy to follow. The article is a valuable resource for those interested in the entertainment industry, providing real-life examples of the journey of students to success. Overall, the article is informative, engaging, and well-written, making it a valuable addition to the "Art & Entertainment" section of "Argonaut" magazine.
A guide to having fun during finals

By Matt Holmick
Staff writer

Finals week is coming. I hope it is not as shocking a revelation to you as it was for me. Yes, Finals Week always leaves me as something of a suprise. One minute I am watching TV, skipping from a fishbowl and then WHAM! it is the end of the semester and I have accumulated a great many text pages to read.

It is all more shocking when I then realize that my leisure time over the weekend is more movies or bars for Matthew. No more movies or bars for Matthew. Just studying. And if you are all concerned about your G.P.A., you should do the same.

Or, OK, well maybe there is some time for a little fun. The thing is, I always feel guilty about going out to do anything during finals week, and yet, there are those times that you just have to do something besides assimilate information.

What is one to do? Why, have a "study break," of course. That's right, a study break. For those not familiar with study breaks, they are simply short periods of time between studying in which you do something entertaining other than studying, don't?

Before attempting a study break, there are a few general rules that must be followed.

The first one is that the time spent during a study break must not be over an hour. On the average a study break should last about half an hour. Study breaks should be relatively short so that you are able to rest, but not so long that you forget what you were doing.

Another rule is that a study break should take place in your immediate studying vicinity. In other words, don't leave! If you take off downtown for a half hour you will end up in a bar for at least two hours. You have no willpower. Admit that to yourself.

One other rule is that you should spend your breaks alone. Yes, I'm sorry but your friends are just a bunch of study, beer-drinking slobs who don't have anything else to do but impose on your study time. You start talking to them and before you know it you'll be back on the streets.

Now that you are aware of the general rules about study breaks, you are probably wondering what you could possibly do alone in your room and still be entertained. That is, where ingenuity and Little House on the Prairie comes in.

Yeah, Little House on the Prairie.

Surely you guys remember that the Ingalls family never had any bars or mediocre entertainment around. During the winters these poor people had to entertain themselves in that lovely little town.

Remember when Pa Ingalls would play his fiddle and entertain his family, or when they would just tell stories to each other, laughing until it was next disaster struck?

Well folks, the Ingalls did make the best of the situation. They actually turned things to the best of their con fined environment, which is what you should do during a study break.

But hey, being the nice guy I am, I invented some study break activities for you guys to use during your study breaks. They are as follows:

- "Garbage Can Basketball" is one of my favorite study break games. All you need to do is play a wastebasket and a few wadded pieces of paper. All you do is attempt to throw the wadded paper into the wastebasket. Shoot and shoot again until you make it. If you make it, wash up another piece of paper.
- "Watch television. But turn off the volume and create your own dialogue. This is always a lot fun, especially if you do it during Little House on the Prairie.
- "Draw the funny faces that you made in the mirror. It's fun and it's also an exercise in art."
- "Play with a deck of cards. Take a pair of socks (preferably clean) and place them over your hands. Make a mouth by making the auk's fold in between the fingers and thumb. This makes a mouth that you can manipulate by closing your thumb against your fingers. Then you have a suck puppet. Pretend like it's a Studies and make it bite things, or take two and have them act out your favorite lines from Little House on the Prairie.

Well, these are just a few ideas. Feel free to use any of these or come up with something of your own. You're fun and...OK all right, maybe they're not very fun. But hey, I'm not saying that they're not good enough for you anyway and you're not supposed to be enjoying yourself.

Just be thankful that you don't live in a prairie in some disgusting little hovel without electricity.
What to expect at Expo ’86

By Christine Pekola
Staff writer

School is out and your summer...
Women look for championship

The competitive season has drawn to a close for the men's tennis team, but the women still have one big tournament to play. The Idaho men returned home last week from Reno, Nev., having finished the tournament in seventh place.

The women are in Boise this weekend for the Mountain West Athletic Conference Championships, and they are expected to have tough competition from Weber State University and Idaho State University.

The men will have their top three players returning next year, so the team is expected to be strong and to contend for top honors in the Big Sky Conference.

The women's team is more questionable, because it is losing three of its top five players.

Coach Patrick Strickland will be looking to fill two positions on the non-senior team and positions on the women's team.

UI golfers host BSC tournament

The UI golf team will conclude its season this weekend, hosting the Big Sky Conference tournament at Lewiston Country Club. The Idaho players have had a fairly successful season, finishing in third place in the recent Idaho Invitational.

Freshman Scott Johnson of Trail, BC, has been placing well, finishing the Idaho Invitational in third place overall. Harris Hall, Bo Hayes, and Liam Tynan are all from Lewiston, and their familiarity with the course is expected to help them in the Big Sky tournament.

Coach Tom Hendriksen said that Weber State and Nevada do not have the teams to beat. After the tournament, the Big Sky reviews the last two years.

UI tennis player Holly Benson. Photo Bureau/Randy Hayes.

A season of joy and tears

It was a season of joy and tears for the UI volleyball team this past year. The team is known for its competitive spirit and its ability to overcome adversity. The players worked hard throughout the season, and their efforts were rewarded with a berth in the NCAA Division II Tournament.

The UI volleyball team is a team of fighters. They have been through tough times, but they never give up. They are a team that is always looking for a way to improve, and they are always willing to work hard.

UI volleyball player Misty Ade. Photo Bureau/Randy Hayes.

Youngsters take fourth in MWAC

The Vandals volleyball team produced a 10-7 mark last fall despite the fact that over half of the squad consisted of freshmen.

The young squad, led by four veteran seniors, played four times in the Mountain West Athletic Conference play, after falling to the Division II National Champions, Portland State, in the first round and losing to Idaho State in the second.

Senior Beth Jordan was named to the Mountain West Athletic Conference first team, followed by fellow seniors Kelly Nolt, named to the second team, and Jordan, named to the first team. Jordan, a senior, was also selected as the Mountain West Athlete of the Week.

Freshman Keesha Christensen. Photo Bureau/Randy Hayes.

So long swim team

The 1986 Vandals swim team had its share of highs and lows during the season.

A high point for the swimmers was the competitive swimming of numerous squad members. Junior Rich Bush led the swimmers all year and capped off his season with a school record of 1.95.29 in the 200-meter backstroke at the Pac-12 championships.

Other team members who enjoyed good seasons were Andy Frull, Robert Koga, David Zimmerman and Mark Bechtel.

On the negative side, the swimmers completed their final meet this year as the program has been cut. The cancellation is due to budget cuts that have been felt throughout the whole campus.

For coach Frank Burbien it was no good way of going out as the team recorded one of their best record ever in its very last meet. It's the end had to be their last.
Athletic Trainers: The unsung heroes

By Kathy McCann
Sports Editor

If you don’t look close enough you’ll miss them—they’re the ones who pare along the courts or sidelines. They band out sore and sprainy, and are ready at a moment’s notice if something goes wrong. They are surrounded by many people, yet don’t have much time for a social life during their teams’ season. The hours are long and sometimes tiring, based on the sport.

The pay for most is nil to none at a university, and the gratitude for their service is rare.

Who is this unsung hero? The athletic trainer.

Trainers are an integral part of any U.S. varsity athletic team, yet they are not the ones who receive the awards or applause for a job well done. But they keep the team together by dispensing preventive measures to keep the athlete healthy and by guiding the athlete to health if injured.

There are two paid athletic trainers in the UI athletic department and eight to ten student trainers who work for the hours and experience.

Ralph McCanlies is the head trainer. He has been taping ankles and knees at the UI for the past four years, and has been in his profession for more than 20 years. He is a U.S. graduate, and has served as a trainer from high school through professional levels. He has served at many colleges. He was a model in Vietnam and a trainer on the U.S. medical staff at the 1976 Winter Olympics in Innsbruck. Now he makes his home in Moscow.

McCanlies spends many hours in the training room. His work day is a nine-to-five, starting at 6 a.m. and working at every game during the football and basketball seasons. At football games nearly every player around 900 of them, has some sort of tape on him, and McCanlies is part of that band.

At away football games, the taping regimen begins at the hotel and finishes at the stadium. During the game he is constantly scanning the field for signs of injured players.

After the game, McCanlies assists the athletes with ice and heat, dispensing aspirin for aches and pains. Finally, around midnight, he can relax.

Throughout his years in the field of athletic training, McCanlies had no problem naming the most rewarding aspect of his job. “When an athlete finishes his or her competitive endeavors, he may have suffered some injuries,” he said. “But if they leave healthy to a point to carry on and to live a normal life, that’s the most satisfying thing for me.”

The typical day in the training room has its highs and hectic times.

The athletes wander into the room and prepare themselves for that day’s practice. Two freshmen football players tape each other’s wrists in preparation for a workout in the weightroom. Is the tape for added support? “Sure,” said one, “it looks neat.”

The whirlpool, used to loosen up tight muscles, is usually crowded with athletes from various sports. There is social and competitive talk.

The boast “How’d you do?” can be heard above the buzz of the whirlpooling water and the rock ‘n’ roll on the radio.

The smell of cremercresic is strong, as is the stench of prepping.

When the hordes of athletes enter the room wanting their wrists, ankles and knees taped, the trainer is in great demand.

The jars line up on training tables in a row like dogs waiting to be judged in a show. After theapplicants are safely wrapped for practice (and a roll or two of tape to boot), the trainers usually get a polite thank you and the training room is again peaceful.

Joan Brookbank, the No. 2 person in the training room, has been a trainer for three years.

She mainly spoke well of her career, saying the only negative aspect is the hesitance of some athletes to report their injuries.

“The best guys come in with the first sign of injury,” she said, “but the worst don’t come in until their injury is a big problem and it takes a long time to get over it.”

Darin Spalinger, a secondary math major with a minor in athletic training, said he became a trainer so he could stay with the athletic teams in high school. He was in athletics for a year, but decided he would never be a great athlete. “So I became a manager. I’ve been taping a lot of ankles since then.”

He spoke of a member of the football team being taped with a sore knee.

“I need to get it checked out,” he said.

Darin moved the injured athlete’s knee around to find sore spots. After some consultation with head trainer McCanlies, Darin came back with the verdict: a bruised knee. “We’ll treat him with heat, the whirlpool and ice,” said the trainer, proud to have helped an athlete with a problem.

Kathy Murphy, a zoology student with a minor in athletic training, said many people think trainers have a glamorous job, especially because they can work closely with some star athletes. “But it’s real hard work. All of your problems are at happy hour and you’re here cleaning out whirlpools.”
Two UI alums help lead Turkish basketball revival

By Buddy Levy
Bud Wiser

If you happen to be in Istanbul this summer, and like basketball, you could have a chance to see a couple of UI alumni in action. Thats right, both Brian Kellerman (1983) and Ron Maben (1982) are playing professional basketball in Turkey.

Reportsedly, they are two of 20 Americans earning between $40,000 and $100,000 a season. The American players are lured over by large salaries and fringe benefits such as free housing, automobiles and education for their children and often living expenses paid by the clubs.

Some players like the lifestyle over there so much that they become Turkish citizens and stay.

Kellerman, a former star at the UI, was drafted by the Houston Rockets in 1983, but didn't see any playing time with that franchise. He was participating in an amateur tournament in Colorado Springs, Colo., last year, when his team played the Turkish national team. After the match, the Turkish coach approached him with an offer to play professionally in Turkey, and he accepted. He now plays guard for the Elles Pilsen club of Istanbul.

Ron Maben is playing for Besiktas, one of the 12 teams in the Turkish first division basketball league. Some of his exploits are overshadowed by the attention paid to his teammate, Mike "The Bulldozer" Robinson, who plays center. Robinson is from Chicago, and is one of the league's leading scorers and rebounders.

Like many American stars in Turkey, neither Robinson or Maben ever played professional basketball in the United States, but since coming to Turkey, both have become popular among the fans. The American infiltration has aroused interest in basketball in Turkey. Attendances have increased dramatically over the past decade, primarily as a result of the new Americans.

Weaker teams are now able to compete with the others by including a few on their rosters. Also, the Turks are learning a great deal about the American style of play, and the game is becoming very exciting and competitive.

Turkish clubs first began signing Americans in the early 1970s, but next season they will be permitted only one foreign player each.

Several clubs have gotten around this restriction by pre-sending their U.S. stars to take citizenship. Two years ago, one club used this strategy to have three Americans on its roster and thus win the championship. The level of play in Turkey is improving, but the Americans still find Turkish and European basketball under-developed. The athletes are reportedly taller, stronger, quicker and more talented in the United States, and according to Robinson, "we are 30 years ahead of Turkey and the rest of Europe."

The playing facilities in Turkey are reportedly not up to American standards, and this is due partly to the fact that the clubs are spending money on American salaries rather than on new facilities.

Istanbul has one Olympic-size basketball court, and most of the city's professional and amateur teams practice there.

There are those basketball experts who criticize Turkish teams for paying huge sums to foreigners instead of developing local talent.
Dorm, from page 5

Students would be required to pay the full room and board fees, plus a penalty from $243 to $399 depending on the type of room and meal plan.

At midsemester break, students would be subject to the penalties.

During second semester students would live in the fall room and board fees but not the penalty.

However, these conditions would not apply to students who are leaving during the semester.

UI housing officials say that the increased costs would not affect room rates and would not affect the housing equity rate.

Some members of the contract would be passed through to students with IFA's and 450's.

Some students would be required to pay the increased costs, and the term "required" was not added.

UI Housing and Food Service Association Director Darrell Miller said housing would be having a meeting with UIIA to discuss the contract.

Miller feels that the cost to students is not a firm commitment, and that there is no problem with the cost to the students.

When the bill went through the Centennial council, it was passed by the council.

The Centennial council chairwoman, chair of the council and director of the university faculty planning department.

The Special Events Subcommitte, chaired by Kathy Prelesco, assistant professor of English, met at the theater to discuss the Centennial celebration.

The Campus Planning Subcommitte, met at the theater to discuss the Centennial celebration.

The Campus Planning Subcommitte, the Public Relations Subcommitte, the Planning Subcommitte, and the Housing Subcommitte are responsible for the planning of the Centennial celebration.

The Campus Planning Subcommitte, the Public Relations Subcommitte, the Planning Subcommitte, and the Housing Subcommitte are responsible for the planning of the Centennial celebration.

According to the poll of UI students conducted by the Argonaut earlier this semester, an overwhelming majority disagreed of banning the sale of such magazines as Playboy, Penthouse and Playboy in the UI bookstore.

Only 15 percent of the students supported such a ban with 70 percent rejecting it. Fifteen percent did not vote.

Of those who wanted a ban on the sale of these magazines, 17 percent were women and 15 percent were men. Fifteen percent of the students supported the ban versus 12 percent of the independents and 24 percent of the republicans.

Regarding the question of AIDS, 16 percent of the students supported banning affected individuals from attending classes or working at the university. Twenty one percent would allow the above but ban individuals with AIDS from dining in dorms or Greek houses.

Thirty four percent would allow such individuals to attend class, work at the university and live in dorms. The remaining 29 percent chose "other" or did not vote.

Women were less opposed to persons with AIDS attending the UI than men, with only 8 percent supporting a total ban on such individuals from campus. Twenty one percent of the men voted for complete exclusion of such individuals.

Fifteen percent of the women voted against placing any restrictions on persons with AIDS vs. 30 percent of the men.

The breakdown according to party also showed different results. Fifty-five percent of the democrats would allow AIDS persons to live and work on campus vs. 20 percent of the republicans and 40 percent of the independents.

Republicans were more than twice as likely to ban a total ban on AIDS individuals than were democrats.

The question of raising the drinking age drew a mixed response. Thirty-six percent approved raising the age to 21 while 32 percent did not.

Seventeen percent felt that parking on or near campus was adequate.

The response of UI students regarding the status of Lewis and Clark College would probably not please many people in Lewiston. Thirty eight percent said it should be changed to a community college or a tech school and 9 percent would have it abolished.

The result of the poll was split between hiring an assistant professor of geology for 17 years until he stepped down to begin teaching full time in January of 1983.

In a meeting immediately following, Professor Walker told members of the outgoing 1983-86 faculty council that they had shown a dedication to university service.

Walker said he was relieved at relinquishing his position as chairman, but also that he would miss the comradeship of serving on the council with his colleagues.

Williams elected council chairman

By Susan Bruns

Staff Writer

In the first meeting of its term, the 1986-87 Faculty Council Tuesday elected Prof. George A. Williams, founding director of the College of Mines and Earth Resources to serve as its chairman for the upcoming academic year.

The council also elected Muriel Sterger of the University Library to serve as vice-chairman.

Williams said one of his goals as the new chairman would be to improve relations with the university faculty as well as the administration.

"My strategy will be to take the problems of the faculty and approach them in an intelligent and systematic" way," he said.

Williams, who replaces David J. Walker of the College of Agriculture, is a specialist in ecology and geological engineering. He has worked for the University of Idaho since 1957, serving for the last term on the Faculty Council during the past year.

Williams also served as head of the university's department of biology for 17 years until he stepped down to begin teaching full time in January of 1983.

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Playboy, Penthouse: Most students opposed to bookstore censorship

The Mr. Goodwrench VACATION TIME IN DALLAS

By Rand McNally


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3. 2 eggs, hash browns, and toast $2.25
4. French toast (2 slices) $1.25
5. Hash browns and toast $1.20
6. 2 eggs, 2 hash browns $1.85
7. 2 eggs, 2 hash browns, 2 slices bacon or 2 sausage links $2.25
8. Ham, bacon or sausage, hash browns, 2 eggs, biscuit $3.50
9. General sausage, 2 eggs, hash browns $3.75
10. Ham and cheese omelet, hash browns, biscuit or toast $3.75

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The Mr. Goodwrench VACATION TIME IN DALLAS

By Rand McNally


BURGERS 'N' MORE

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UI among 12 states vying for $3 million research grant

By Judy McDonald
Staff writer

The UI should know by midsummer whether the state of Iowa will receive a $3 million research grant from the National Science Foundation, according to Arthur R. G. O’Brien, associate vice president for research and dean of the graduate school.

Step two in the selection process, peer review of individual proposals, should get underway shortly as well. The first phase was completed April 24, when a four-member NSF panel headed by University of Notre Dame Provost Timothy O’Meara visited the UI.

After the review, a national team will evaluate the entire proposal, including the site evaluation.

The grant is funded by the Experimental Program to Stimulate Competitive Research (EPSCoR), founded by the NSF in 1978 and now in its second cycle of competition.

Idaho is one of 12 states vying for $24 million in research money, of which up to eight could receive funding.

The past NSF grants have been clustered in areas such as the east and California. Gittins said EPSCoR is designed to provide a more even distribution of funding to areas that have not received many grants, and to help them become more competitive with regard to research money.

Each state submits proposals written by scientists and engineers, as well as a plan concerning how research and engineering will be improved throughout the state.

The application process began last summer when Idaho received a $75,000 NSF/EPSCoR award to fund preparation of the research proposal. The planning budget was matched by $225,000 from the state.

The seven projects eventually will be selected from the NSF and one from ISU. Chemistry, geology, mechanical engineering, physics, political sciences and geology, and chemical engineering, and the chemistry department, will be the project director for the five.

The proposals were due in Washington, D.C. by May 1.

Before awarding funds the NSF also requires the state to demonstrate a commitment to research. Therefore, the Idaho State Legislature allocated $300,000 in the 1986 budget as its share of the project, ensuring continuing funding of Idaho’s EPSCoR grant.

Just one state at the bottom of the list in terms of money coming in for research, ranking 48th, just about where the states succeed in securing an average $24 million, it could reverse this trend.

“The key will be to use this initial investment wisely and to show clear research capabilities so we are considered among the states for NSF money,” Gittins said.

It is difficult to get grants without a track record, which can’t occur until Idaho receives some grants. EPSCoR is designed to bridge this gap and to build a reputation for future research dollars.

In July the state will receive one of three meetings next year in which a total grant has been awarded, or part of it, or if the plans were unsuccessful. Everyone is hoping for the first event.

Centennial, from page 15

“They are planning a modification of the centennial logo so that they reflect the centennial...a centennial medallion for every student and the plans on involving back 100 of the famous UI alumni and having a great party in the centennial commencement,” Fiehrer said. “The Class of ’66 will also have a tent, there will be distinctive Centennial robes.”

The Athletic Subcouncil, chaired by athletic director Bill Delkamp, is planning an Athletic Hall of Fame for the Kibbie Downs.

The Fundraising Subcommittee, chaired by Anthony Ganz, director of the UI Foundation, is for the time being responsible for determining the size of fundraising efforts which will take place during the next three years.

The Centennial celebration will be enhanced by similar celebrations that will occur nearby. Fiehrer said. “One of the things that is that you have the Moscow Centennial in 1987, ours in 1989, the Washington centennial in 1989, WSU’s in 1990 and at least the other two states are having their state centennials between 1989 and 1990.”

“We want to do the best we can to make sure that we find the best we can do, work with our sister universities celebrating the same year and working together to have a major impact on the Palouse,” he said. “I’m already working with the people. WSU’s centennial coordinator on something that we might work together on projects that might bring credit to both institutions and recognition to the state.”

Other Mothers’ Gifts are available in our gift department including the Delicious Hawaiian Chocolate Covered Macadamia nuts.

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Travel

Packing: the art of travelling in comfort

By Sara Desert

The plans are made, the destination decided. Your ticket is in hand with perhaps a proper suitcase. Packing your bag is the only item left on the list.

"Now, what to bring?"

That decision depends entirely upon you. Your mode of transport, style of travel, length of stay and destination. So, I'm sorry, but I am not here to help you pack. I am here to help you understand what you won't have to undo later.

First, eliminate across the board half of what you've planned to bring. You will usually find that you don't have, you can do without, and that everything you truly need can be had on down the road.

Next, never take anything that your weight will not support, unless it is extremely lightweight and small enough to fit into your pocket. Things can get lost or stolen, but more often than that, things just get stuck in their excess weight and impracticality becomes increasing apparent.

Don't let your grandmother's handmade sweater with you on an overnight trek through the Panamanian jungle, unless you are a constant yoghurt drinker. It is more practical, suited the climate, afforded more social, and in the last few days of feeling slightly self-conscious. Swallow your pride and leave a bit more in your surroundings.

And this brings us to leave at home: your preconception of what you will find.

Obviously, if you hire a porter at every hole in your weight, the weight of your bag is not a consideration. If you're just giving as far as Canada, accepting local fashions won't make much difference. But however you travel and wherever you go, even within America's borders, keep in mind that the idea is to learn about new people and places, not to prove some preferred opinion you may have. If you go all expecting all Frenchmen to be snobs, all Italians to be easy-pinchers, and all New Yorkers to be rude and pushy rapists, you may well fulfill your own prophecy.

Your best bet is to treat each person you meet as an individual and to keep in mind that in another culture the yardsticks you raised with just don't apply.

Finally, there is one last item to think about adding to your list of travelling companions: your travelling companion. If you have automatically assumed that travelling with your best friend would be much more fun than going it alone, you may want to reconsider.

First of all, travelling can put a lot of stress on a friendship, and more than one has dissolved under the pressure. More importantly, though, bringing a buddy along can often limit the depth of your experience.

Being on your own forces you to be more open. It means that you will probably meet more people, have more opportunities to speak the language even if it's just Brooklyn-ese and be able to freely decide just what you want to do and when. However, if the whole idea of facing the unknown on your own leaves you in a state of panic, then forget it. It's not for everybody, and if it's not for you just pick out a pal and have a good time.

But whatever you elect to leave behind, do not forget to pack your sense of humor.

When you've just missed the last train, you're soaking wet and almost out of funds, that one weightless item may be worth far more than even your precious passport and a dry pair of socks.

Hints on working abroad

By David Blakely

Associate Editor

Imagine this: you've just finished a six month tour as an English teacher in Japan and now you're taking a well deserved vacation on the tropical island of Bali. As you're laying on the beach soaking up the sun, a woman walks by and asks you if you'd like one of her famous body massages. You've had enough of the price, knock it down to the going rate of 30 cents, and then proceed to enjoy an exquisite half hour of sheer relaxation.

Yes, it is tough living your way around the world - but somebody's got to do it. In fact, it is a lot easier than you might think to get jobs in other countries. Japan is probably the easiest since there is a big demand for English speakers and instructors.

Speaking Japanese is not a prerequisite and is generally not necessary. Most Japanese people speak some English.

So how does one go about getting a job arriving in Japan. Initially check the English language newspapers, international magazines, and advertisements. There are usually half a dozen classifieds requesting teachers in various places. You can also check the notice boards in the local youth hostels.

You'll find that the only prerequisite for employment in one of the all-English schools is an Associate degree. Classes are generally small, from 1 to 4 students, and you are working from a prepared lesson plan.

The pay is good by Japanese standards and if you work full time, six days a week, you'll probably take home the equivalent of $1000 a month.

The best choice to live in Japan is with a family, exchanging English lessons for room and board. Youth hostels are another option. Renting an apartment is very expensive so here since landlords often ask for exorbitant security deposits.

If Japan isn't your cup of tea, then it's best to do a little research on the countries you would like to visit. Picking fruit seems to be the one job that exists throughout the world.

Australia and New Zealand have very small populations and are always looking for workers. Like Japan, nobody seems to care if you don't have a work visa. A lot of research is necessary to determine just who is the best place for you. Fellow travellers are your best source of information on this subject.

Another possibility is to become one of the assimilating wanderers or houseparents of a youth hostel. There are a lot of private hostels in these two countries and the houseparents in them are in demand.

Better paying jobs or steadier long term work is also a possibility especially if you have a skill or trade that is in demand. New Zealand is suffering from a shortage of skilled people so many migrate to Australia for better paying jobs.

Jobs in Europe are a somewhat more difficult to obtain but by no means impossible. London is a good place to start. Pubs often need extra help and sometimes you can have a room upstairs as part of the deal.

Scotland is another possibility, especially if you like the ski. Hostels and restaurants are permitted by law to hire foreigners as seasonal help. Early November is a good time to arrive and if you speak a bit of French or German, and if you have some experience as a waiter, you shouldn't have much difficulty.

Illustration by Brian Tuomey

Yankee to hit highlands

By Shawn Mahoteh

Managing Editor

Although London jobs might pay the highest, there might be numerous jobs on England's southern coast causing our Southern Hemisphere readers to call me to the highlands, and I have in fact. During the search for summer jobs in the early part of the semester, I began to lose hope of getting a job overseas. Although it has been a division of mine for a long time, the desire to travel and the availability of such a venture remained out of reach.

All this changed when I saw a post for a job in the "Work In Britain" program offered by the Council on International Exchange (CIEE). On the bottom of the letter it had a person to contact. I took the first available time to call a girl who was a two-time veteran of the program, and she listened about her experiences when she worked in London. She offered to give me a ride to the program. The host family gave me the essential information on the program, although I wasn't sure where exactly I wanted to go.

One of my first questions was, "How much will I be able to save, if any?" The host family answered this by saying "not very much, if any." It did say that students could support themselves and save a small amount for travel, depending on their circumstances.

OK, so I decided not to be under any pressure on this adventure, but it will allow me to have an experience with the British if nothing else.

A lady who worked there sent me a secured passport does not send the passport information, and an application that comes with the "Work In Britain" brochure. It is, of course, of the above address.

After they accept your application, they send you a blue card.

See Yankee, page 19
Mike Keller:

Staff writer

With the revolving door policy that seems to be going on at the UI athletic department, one face has remained the same for the last 12 years. Idaho track coach Mike Keller has been at the UI since January of 1974 and has seen more changes at the university than probably any other coach in Vandaland history.

In his 12 seasons as head track coach he has seen the building of the dome, 5 basketball coaches and 4 football coaches. Keller has also witnessed the dropping of 6 varsity sports over those years. "It has been quite the 12 years when you look back. There have been lots of changes within the department and within my program also," Keller said. Keller came to the UI from Spokane Falls Community College to a program that was "more like a intramural program than an N.C.A.A. Division I program," according to Keller. "The A.D. at the time, Len Green, told me that they were going to upgrade the program and increase my scholarships from 5 to 13 and I was looking for a 4 year level job so this was good," Keller said, when asked what lured him to Vandaland.

In his 12 years Keller has taken the Vandal men from the descon of the Big Sky to consistent contender for the championship. In the past 5 years his teams have won the conference title 3 times and finished second once.

Things are beginning to look tough for Keller once again with budget cuts in the program as Keller explained, "we have dropped back down to 9 scholarships which makes it tough to contend against the likes of Northern Arizona who have 14. You don't have to be brilliant to see that we are at a disadvantage. The NAU coach has done a great job but who couldn't with 14 scholarships." Keller sees NAU as heavily favored heading into the final month of the track season with the Vandals and the teams from the south, but fighting for second.

Keller has built his program largely on foreign and out of state athletes. Keller's favorite place has been sunnie Jamaica where he has landed some of his top performers. When asked why he travels out of the country to recruit Keller said, "I believe it is not its cheaper in the long run for me. Instead of beiing 5000 other coaches for some high school student I pay my own way to Jamaica where its just me and a championship meet and I don't have to get into the phone calls and trips to campus etc." Keller continued, "It's worked out well for everyone involved also, and saves me money because I don't have a recruiting budget to chase after kids if I do it comes from somewhere else in my budget.

The reason behind getting out of state athletes as opposed to Idaho athletes is simple according to Keller: "Idaho just doesn't produce the talent to compete on the Division I level in track, so we look in Montana, Washington and Oregon for state side kids, but even that can get expensive for what you get."

Keller is proud of his program and what he has accomplished in his years here. Often when schools recruit foreign athletes, grades tend to be a problem but not here at the UI. "All but one of the athletes that I have recruited from out of the states has graduated from here. It's toucher on a foreign kid to get into the university so it shows in the grades they maintain while here. Obviously there are adjustments to be made, they all do all and in the long run become better adjusted than some local kids." Keller explained the larger part of that statement, "with a foreign guy he knows that he's here for the duration and doesn't have parents to run home to every time something goes wrong. They buckle down and make sure that it doesn't recur again where local guys will tend to give up and head home."

Over the years Keller has been said to be ruthless to his athletes and a little less than caring. To this statement Keller smiled and replied, "I'm just not that, but I am a driver and discipline oriented. I think any successful parent or teacher needs to be like that. Its how you can build character in people and in my case the athletes."

Keller sees his job as coach as two fold. First, to make a good citizen out of his athletes and secondly to help them develop in their fullest scientifically and athletically. "I really can't say I get anything I've done since being here. I see the success I've had already by the number of phone calls or letters I get from former athletes who say thanks for this or that. That's what really matters in the long run. If the administration felt I was abusive I wouldn't have lasted this long."

Keller said, "I've only worked under two administrations since I've been here and both have treated me great. If I didn't like at 1 say wouldn't have stayed. The school has been good to me and has done a lot for my career."

Not to mention what Mike Keller has done for the UI.
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Diversions
by Buddy Levy

"Dunnerned," I said to him as I shook his leg hard. "you won't believe this."

"What the hell is it? I'm tired."

"They're only two hundred pescas."

"What are two hundred pescas?"

"The worst."

"Bullshit."

"No shit."

"Where'd ya hear that?"

"From Lucky. That black bald-headed guy from Ber-muda."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm sure. C'mon, wake up. Only two hundred pesetas. That's... two bucks to get you laid."

"Well, I needed to get up anyway." He got out of bed and drowsily pulled a shirt on, getting much inside and as he struggled it looked like some small mammal trapped in a gymnasium. His head poked free.

"Here, have a shot out of this beta-bag," I said.

"What's in it?"

"El vino tinto."

"What the hell. He opened his mouth wide and the wine hissed as I squeezed hard on the wine-skin.

"Not bad," he said, winning.

"Let's go, Danny. Bring the vino."

Outside of the hotel, the narrow street San Pablo was lined with the dim of cars and taxis and moped whirring past. Spanish drivers. No braking for pedestrians here. Especially "gringos" pedestrians. We shuffled down the sidewalk. Danny pulling his hands over his face from forehead to chin, as if the moment any "pescas" would clear his perceptions.

"Oh, I'm here," he said. "Now where are we going?"

"Follow me. Lucky said tell me where to go.

San Pablo was lined with flashing news bars and right bends. Women, brightly clothed and dark skinned danced peevishly in open doors to disco, smiling and winking as we walked by.

"I don't think these are of the two hundred pescas varie-
ty," I said. We kept going until we got to the sidewalk Lucky had told me about. "Down here," I said.

"Looks pretty scary," Danny noticed. We passed a place with blackened windows, and bold letters reading Gay Sea Shop.

"Nice community," Danny said. "Do you think they will prosecute?"

"Hey, give it a chance. Have I ever lead you astray?"

"No comment."

As we continued there was less noise and as the light of the streets dimmed, there were more women. Turning down a one way street with few cars, there were now whistles everywhere. They had a whiskey look about them. Shiner, revealing dresses slid over their bodies. They were not shy. They radiated sex. I thought Danny probably wanted one. I was smoking a cigarette, and as we passed one out, "Don't mess with cigarette?" She, in thought, we're sup-

posed to be in Spain.

"She wants a cigarette, she," I said, giving her a cigarette, lighting it, and noticing her bloody skimmed up conductivity to hide under makeup.

"Paranomous framework" she asked me.

"Oh, am I? I answered.

"Amazing amount?" she asked.

"Do I like her?" I laughed. "She'd like her. Don't you like love?" I needed over in Danny.

"Yeah, I like love."

"Amazingous lucky-fucky," she said, looking her skirt up above her knees. "Amazingous lucky-fucky, her hips" shooting forward with each "lucky."

"Right, how much?" I laughed.

"Quest?" she said.

"Oh, ah...?"

"It's one thousand pesetas. I said in English. "Comfort."

"That's a bit steeply. She shook commented."

"Ah, c'est tres cher. "Expensive," I said in French."

"It is tres pesetas for me, and nine hundred for the room," she said.

"I love my own room," said Danny, hopefully.

"Quest?" she asked.

"It's a universe chamber," I explained.

"Ah, mais non!"

Drink in the Blank!
Find the person you're looking for in the Classifieds!
I didn’t think that company policy, I told Danny, "OK, it was nice seeing you, have a good life," I said, waving and pouting bony hand away as he crossed, looking back over his shoulder.

"Sit in it, bimbo, on my ass," Danny said jeeringly.

"No, but we can do better. Look at all of them."

"Do you think we sold it yet?"

"No!"

The night was cool and clear and we took shots out of the bottle, as we stood there. The moon and stars glowed in the cool air. Across the street on a dark empty way was a tall one in white with auburn coifed hair.

"He’ll handle this one," I said, almost hoping for disaster. "Kaftan in five," he said to me. "Collared!"

Suddenly as a doorman, I breezed. The whore measured thirteen hundred帖子 in a deep ravine.

"You go on ahead. I’m staying here with this one.

"Jesus, Christ," Crazy, "Crazy, Christ, I can get you one for a couple of bucks with a little shopping, a little business savvy, and you want to sit out five days fun on a woman, not even to be a father?"

"She looks fine to me," I said. "Some thing didn’t feel right," and I felt we could do better than thirteen hundred.

"I’m starting to argue. They were already up the street and turning into small dirty downtown, the whos in front. Pulling Danny along. I caught his glance as they evaporated into the building, I waited a minute, then followed.

The air was mostly in the night hollowed with shut, peeling down on either side. A combination of sounds, dull and foreign and low, came from no particular place but were the sound of the city. I caught the ringing of the old, wooden gramophone of the street, and the gloomy noises of people engaging in sex. I listened. Two forms lurked by me and as they turned down the hall the man looked back at me and remarked. "Some poor bastard," or whatever, and the woman giggled. Finally I discerned Danny and his dirty, Southern phrase, "I’m Jesus Christ, Crazy, do you really think this whore cares what his name is?" The other began talking in a low voice which became almost a pant as the words were blurred together. I pressed closer to the door, feeling the honeybees in rows to the room, and the joining of two bodies. The breath of clothes against skin, rough, unkept. "Ammunition," and so on. I thought I heard these sounds. Then a voice said, long and drawn out in a moan that was clear, "Boy, hump.

"Jesus Christ!" Danny yelled. There was a slam against the wall, and the verbal bastard and another for a lingering sound. I looked at the room open. Danny stood at arm’s length from the whore, who leaned against the matted stained wall.

"You the hell is going on in here?" I asked. Danny crouched and spat and strode out of the room. The whore glanced at me, from the floor where she was left, and laughing2 was banging her back in the dirt. I watched her mouth disappear into her panties and listened. I was about to speak, then ran out after Danny.

I caught him about a hundred yards down the street and we slowed to a walk but continued and didn’t look back.

"About what?" "Christ!" he said.

"I know.

"That was intense.

"That was intense.

"That was intense.

"Crazy, are you OK? No harm in a fool, right?"

"Laws, he said, looking at me square, "I try a drink."

 Ahead, the street narrowed and illuminated and became Sunset Boulevard as a street and as a number I can remember. Across the street were three windows in front of a club called Fritz.

Dream

It's all I dream about anymore. I guess I do it to myself. It's your breathing.

A thick blanket covers a mirror,

Empty boxes on airport floors,

Slow lips parting mouthing words.

Shaking eyes and it was eternal,

Dusty fingers with a sigh

Fresh cotton and fading dew.

Muffled thoughts hide a memory

Tidbits of dog fur and old faded books

A feathery breeze from an open window

A whispered name trots out my ear

I blow a kiss to a flower

It's all I dream about anymore.

In Autumn

In autumn leaves slowly descend

On olive groves

As an advertisement for their year's growth.

Summer's sun stretches her rays

Through cold September days.

Vendetta's leaves changed

But only those bits enhanced.

She hides her shame among
dyed clouds darkened during fall dates.

Autumn doesn't mind.

by Douglas Becci

by Ed Ulman

Parting Glances, Spring 1966
Diversions, from page 3

Parting act

The eyes from a sitting that

The French girl's laughter was beginning to make me nervous.

"Let's get outa here," I suggested.

"Already? I'm just starting to have a good time. How about another beer?"

I saw you up and said, "I'm learning," and headed for the door.

Dunny threw some money down on the table and followed me. We slid outside into the coolness of San Carlos and walked without speaking. Up ahead, on the corner, stood a tall, lanky form with black hair in white, and Dunny stifled his laugh.

"Jesus, there it is again. It makes me sick. How would you croissants to the other side of the street but kept walking. As we came even with her, Dunny yelled some obscenities and flipped her off but she wasn't looking at him. Our eyes had met sometimes before and we stared hard at each other. Dunny ran the creased world and I followed, my head not making the turn, still held on her back. A lonely eyes which seemed to want to tell me something. I had almost stepped when Dunny celled. "Hey, mom, quit lagging. I shuffled quickly to him. "Pretzels learners," he said. "It's almost worth another look. You meet all kinds."

"Yeah," I answered, brushing some sweat off my forehead.

"You've got that right."

Hardluck Cafe

The small vade in downtown Tripoli

I cannot leave this place ever call or write

In defense of emotion

I shed for you fmr and one for myself

by Matt Muldoon

by Ed Ulman

ARGONAUT

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Applications deadline for summer positions is May 9, 1986.

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Kappa Kappa Gamma

Loves Their Seniors

- Lorie Hursch
- Lanette Dahmen
- Ann Gerand
- Heidi Borgen
- Karen Davis
- Maria Bourkis
- Christina Frantzen
- Muriel Adams
- Becky Bailey

by Buddy Levy
Broken Times

Today you can nearly hear the hum of nuclear brems following the most recent one-twentys.

In singles and doubles baseball are the young men of our college in small gatherings around a game full of bats and balls, looking some every Monday after 5 p.m. except for the few. These games tell from memory untold stories of their and no one's first or last talk.

Ready to go to Canada?
I can well really. We had to do something.

Why did I have to something on that?

In that spring-long, cold, and below-death lived our creator. But he had had the moonlight and the games had gone away in the world. He danced, he sang his story and went to the desert where the eyes danced. He learned to write stories and tell stories in the summer heat. In spring the Bee Movie.

by Jeff Stoffer

Too Many Things to Do

There are too many songs I want to hear and books I want to read.
There are too many places I want to see and paths I want to explore.
There are too many people I want to meet, friends I want to love and lovers I want to touch.
There are too many poems I want to create, stories I want to write and problems I want to solve.
There are too many lives I want to live or maybe there is just too little time.

by Douglas Jones

Sandi Patti
Morning
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About Lions

Even the dimdest lions stand firm during their hour amid earth's dark carpet and golden king's remaining ovet worked dog's coat. Sunlight attenuates of indifferent stone - destroyed by a perfect invoke.

by Ed Ulman

Mirrored lenses reflect

The space between us is where we die. A lense stands between us. A chandelier of holes filled with space -ill not tie between But we can view To meet me With nails as sharp As Darla Does You give away at The flesh you save As fulfilled as a Grey cat with Harbital In the stomach You lick and lick and lick and lick To no avail The mouse is dead

by Darin Andrews

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Let me drink my hallucinations from colored paper dreams

Pieces and serials — a green paper parchment, champagne and rows of colored pills make me feel free. The crystal flute shatters (we wasn't quit tasting) the pretty colors vanish I walk now in pieces broked and broken trapped in colored paper dreams

by Kristin Pressey

not the showers
do you never held thee as a spring flower awakening?
not the shower can on evenings smell so return or as anolving to your touch

by Craig Dionne

Cocktail for one

Beautifully suculent she walls and tabs and itches a limited edge until the final she splashes and rests upon the bottom of pink frosted glass

by Kristin Pressey

By Roger Jones

About Explosions

Explosions should be left to nature for nothing created by man can surpass a flower bursting into bloom.

by Ed Ulman
Reflections for Richard Brautigan

I

There is the taste of ashes on my lips
as I breathe stale air and ponder
the words left behind.
What you needed yet to tell us,
what we do not have the courage to know.

II

Beautified relatives with bandaged heads
place birthday cards
in the mail, one each late
empty and unsigned.

III

When you die alone
does your soul linger
until your death is noticed?
How could death be complete
without acknowledgement from the living?
In death we are most cheated
in life.

IV

The guardian angel of suicides
forges through blocks of silence
for the sky remembers
what the earth forgets.

V

Nobody is a half
of a lot of people
and forever
is too much time.

by Douglas Becci

Dying Artist

Sculpt
another image
clearer
in death
than
life's transparency.

by Kristin Pressey

"I was debating which part of
our perfect evening I would
remember the most ..."

until I found the diamond ring
in my glass of champagne ..."

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Red Globs on Grey

I need a new toothbrush
a brighter color might bring new outlook
on a clichéd life.

"Please turn down the t.v."
I wonder what color their underwear was.
Red, White and Purple
smoke streams puff and expand
Patriotic
in some strange land.
Boom boom BOOM!
Isn't instant replay grand?

A child's destruction
They all fall down
a pile splashing like warm milk
into cool glasses
they meld
crimson brain from fragmented skull
red pink particles
chore.

LIFE fragile short-term creature
they ride in shiny black arachnida
to empty boxes.

Frothy wares
wash over blue-sky dreams
my eyes blur or blindness
red gel dish
a steel sink full of Close up.

by Kristin Pressey

Roadies

Thousands of street lights
Shine through the windows.
His eyes remain closed
He sleeps like a child.

This lady knows how to travel.
In complete panic, with weird things.
An old map of a distant state.
The bass player clutching guitar.

Steaming hot coffee
A styrofoam cup.
Blurred eyes twitch open.
"Good evening," he says.

by Lori Ann Wallin

Don't

Don't try
Don't allow
Our lost to become Live
Transformation kills.
The closer we have known

by Kristin Pressey

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Springtime in Montana

Green hills, uncertain skies... Hereford cows grazing peacefully. Their young calves sleeping nearby. Scattered junipers and pines dot the hillside. Rook outcroppings and sagebrush contrasting the new year's green.

Below, the cold stream rushes on. The sun trees to carpet the clouds. And bring warmth to the high country. On the mountains in the distance. The last of the winter's heavy snow. Is slowly disappearing. The breeze picks up.

Playfully pulling at the blades of grass. The watchful mother looks up. To check on her baby. A silent hawk flutters by. His shadow dancing along upon the ground. The long-legged calf goes up and stretches. Already his sleek style shows much potential. It's a slender time and he hopes Happily to his waiting mother. The soft wind goes on through the trees. The sun shines down. And the hawk cries... It's springtime in Montana!

by Chad Smith

How to Write a Paper

by Craig Dionne

It is that time of the year when sparrows come back from wherever they've been... when blades of grass break through the damp soil to do whatever blades of grass do in the damp soil... and when every copy machine in the library is busy making plagiarists of us all. I have spent a lot of time at these copy machines, and I have seen the faces of despair. Over the years I have picked up some helpful tips to control the epidemic seizures associated with last-minute paper writing. So step by step procedure is non-trivial sac- rificing free-write for the stress of writing.

Step 1: Clean your desk. No one can concentrate on the Liberal Arts or Sciences with a thirty desk. Irresolutely.

Step 2: Call up your friends to see what they're doing; it's awfully hard to even imagine working on a long paper while your friends are out screeching around at the Hotel, or at Mort S. If you get a hold of any of them, ask them what they're doing. When they ask you, say: "Nothing, just a research paper... so I can't get drunk." If they fall for it and ask you to go out, you hold true to your convictions. No no no... Maybe just this once.

Step 3: Penc. Seriously think about this thing. As you walk up and down, look at your typewriter and regret life.

Step 4: Take a shower. Make it a long one. Have to stay awake, and it looks like a long night already.

Step 5: Make the bed. You never make the bed. Now might be a good time.

Step 6: Watch Star Trek. Many times writers are sparrowed into the most startling revelations by doing everyday, mundane things. Make sure it is the episode where the Enterprise is in danger. And the Captain wants to risk his life to save the ship.

Step 7: Hitch. Hitch at everything. Hitch inside your room. Hitch at your roommate. Hitch at your roommate's closet. Hitch everywhere: hitch from the Stone Mountain of Georgia. Hitch from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee! Hitch from every hill and molehill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let your hitching ring. Hitch in every village and in every hamlet, from every state and every city... black men and white men. Jews and Gentiles, Pro- testants and Catholics, we will be able to join hands and hitch "Free at last! free at last! thank God Almighty. We are free at last!"

Step 6: Start to panic. It's late, and you haven't done a thing. It's best to sit down for this step. Hold the edges of the bedspread tightly, until your knockers grow white and your fingers feel like they will explode. Then take a deep breath, breathe in, breathe out. Say: "Shit shit shit. Okay, now... oh shit, oh shit... shit..."

Step 8: Order a pizza. Yes, it's going to be a late one. This pizza will help. You must look at short term goals: Canadian bacon and pineapple? Macaroni pepperoni... knock on some doors and see if you can find someone to go in halves.

Step 10: Hit the sack. A lot of people turn their papers in late. There's no crime in that. After all, you've put in a huge night and you're not getting any younger. Caution: you might regret life itself during this step. You might question the existence of true freedom and get into some incredibly philosophical high-war acts. Don't worry. They brought back Classic Coke, didn't they?

If you're like me, you don't let these things get to you. Papers are only part of your college career, and, after all, not everyone can write. It's like those Rubik's cubes, you know? People like you and I must take their time when they write. We care too much to go and dash off anything. You know what I'm talking about? I mean, for sure: it's not that much of a big deal... but my typewriter has been on the fritz since last Tuesday. No kidding. And I hunt my index finger in a sewer game. I can't begin to describe the pain. Have I told you about all the articles I was looking for in the library? Ripped right out of the magazine! Yep. Funny thing. And I lost my cough drop... paper shortage hitting the bookstore. I hear...
The Rise and Fall of Everything
by John Vintz

Lucy short for Lucifer some thought, was the old and pretty girl, the one who led the left gang. Jonas was the quiet boy who led her and managed their theft. There was no me she really.

They met for the first time at the movies. Lucy sold tickets from the glass booth to support her daydreaming habit. Jonas was with a date that night, some girl with brown hair that didn’t know it. He couldn’t tell you her name. He was so shy trying to understand this girl, trying to smooth in her some semblance of himself, that he didn’t spot Lucy until the third film. He felt he could put a... in his stomach like spurs of laughter or a cased glass of wine.

There are certain flowers so rare they grew in only one small, unvisited place and tomatoes were willing to fight and die for them. Lucy was just such an orchid, her features so delicate... she couldn’t help that Jonas had to consciously keep from breaking up. Except he didn’t think in flowers. As a weekday at the Alpha Beta, his skill was thinking in numbers, and Lucy was higher than he could count.

So he balanced himself and kept his size on her until he reached the bend of the line. He had to look through his own transparency in the glass to see her, which added to his conviction that he was a ghost. He slipped his hand from his jacket pocket and rested in an unwanted Hepburn impression. "Two inches.

Lucy, not known for looking up, said, ‘That’ll be eight dollars, sir.’ Jonas couldn’t help it but blush. He’d been dancing with gravity now and the music was off. His face left a wet smear against the glass as he slid in the cold pavement before his date managed a yelp and the rest of the line stepped back, but Lucy didn’t say a thing. So one knows if she ever did look up.

In the ambulance, Jonas threw up twice. Between in’s he said and “alcohol” over to him self.

Six weeks later, Jonas did his laundry. He was learning the varieties of gin chewed blue plastic that survive you here outside of laundromats. Openmouthed in his top lay an old copy of Cosmopolitan, which was all they had. Jonas knew right ways to please a man, and was working on number nine. Then Lucy showed.

She came through the front doors fighting with two laundry baskets, floral patterns, pillowcases, one over each shoulder. She made Jonas think of a soft-pressed girl, got with a wooden yoke and baskets of water. In her progress toward the washer, she gawered away the middle grace of someone who was. Each machine severely wished it would be the one she picked. She chose an older model without so many dials. She put in the clothes, all whites, then the detergent, then the clothes. She left Jonas tried to continue with the other seven ways to please a man, but his mind was wonder's on self. He put down the magazine and longs reverently.

Lucy returned one hour later. Her clothes was already in the washer behind the weather like kids on a round-up. It made Jonas sad to watch her using those angel hands to pry out her lump, shrivelled laundry, so he turned away. She prayed the laundry of one of those vertical parched dryers that always has room for more. She closed the hinged window, dropped in the coins, dimes this time, and left. Jonas waited twenty minutes before he raised over to the machine chair of the tired pair of her favorite underwear. He hid him in his shirt. He left none running.

She was back in two hours. She folded her dirty clothes and returned them to their pilferers. Crying down her heart. She was gone.

She followed her, a good five lapsmosses behind, and saw her enter a seamy, brick apartment complex just four blocks from the laundromat. He knew where she lived. His laundry was gone by the time he remembered it the next day.

Jonas hadn’t seen Lucy in three months, but it seemed more like three months and a few days to him. He decided it was time they get to know each other. That’s why he went to the movies a watching alone.

The salegirl wasn’t very helpful. She had Jonas pegged for a sissy, so she gave he... one she said, "Our men’s underwear is for sale? Maybe she’d been a little blunt, ‘I’m still cheap sell you the... just a few times, you like, ‘She repeated in movie times.

It was never once to wear his words, ‘I’ll give you fifteen-hundred dollars, ‘ He worked his new car dealer’s dream. Fifteen-hundred was a big number, even to Jonas. But it sure left good coming off his tongue. He’d had to scramble the money from his bank account, nearly came to blows with the damn thing. Now he was a rich man. The money was part time past, perhaps in his dead noonee’s belongings and partly from the time he found the bloody paper bag in the dumpster behind his building. Money’s money, he figured. He planned to pay for his... to some women’s school with it, but that didn’t cu... much now.

The salegirl wasn’t a salegirl anymore, she leaped into her natural habitat being ‘Knee-soft-wed’, she spat, ‘I don’t think any of this is funny. I want you to come right now.’ Jonas shipped his bailiff from his pocket and handed in the excuses. Her macaroni wasn’t anymore. She remembered the very little Blue Velvet wearing in the slum’s lot. The downtown bus... never taken by her in a thousand times. Fifteen hundred would matter more than cover the down payment.

"I would like your dummy... wrapped", she smiled, with the motives of a girl who just got her bawls off.

"No, I’ll tell it for", Jonas replied. But the salegirl was no busy bawls-drawing her new car to-bear him.

Jonas looked a sight with the maimee stripped to the back of his T-shirt. Three bucked-cocks filled the truck. The dummy lost her wig somewhere down Ninth Street, another roadkill, and her hirt being torn. Jonas took his slabel-red truck and flipped the dumb. His head closure... ronde affection as the sun pulled and began its free talk. He didn’t bother to lock his hood. There was seventy three soars up to his face.

The elevator didn’t work with its cable broke in 1936, so one died, but one man lost a leg and another lost his butt. Jonas walked the steps. The dummy means some... the package was the identical outfit under the other. The empty storel was a school with a clock not like any other clock. Now seventy years laid under its usual.

By Jeanette B. Wieser

Harrison Ford in

Harrison Ford stars as a city detective who solves a murder with the help of an Amish boy as a witness. Their identities now known, the criminals force Ford back to the boy’s Amish community, where he takes on the role of a boy of life and ultimately faces the criminals pursuing him

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See Obisession, page 11
Obession, from page 10

Jonus locked the door to his apartment, 419. The furnishings — coach, La-Z-Boy, American flag — were all his roommate's who had died when he dropped through the elevator shaft. It was the smell that led them to the body. There was a small service, but his roommate wound up going to some medical lab. His parents had never come to take his remains, or his belongings, or any of his machines. They had always been dead to them.

Jonus tried to remember his own parents as he dragged the dummy across to the Persian rug and into the bathroom. His father was a weak, sweaty man, a schoolteacher, who was stabbed to death in the classroom. Jonas recalled his mother, with her blue-veined hands, refusing to leave her bed after that, just existing there. She died within the year, making Jonas an orphan at twelve. He liked to fantasize that he had killed her, maybe smothered her in her sleep. Fifteen years later, he was convinced he had.

The apartment was just big enough to stand up in. He'd taught Jonas why a little crowbar can never be a kitchen tool, why water isn't always clear. Every pattern of wallpaper from the post-trumpeted rows down through somewhere in the place. It was an apartment to shoot up in, to get shot up in. It was his purgatory. It was no place to live. Jonas sat the mattress down on the bed and noticed her bald head for the first time. "We must do something about that," he said.

He searched through some drawers and found a marksman's twenty-handled straight razor. He cut his finger when he opened it; he imagined rivers as the blood spread down his hand. He went in the bathroom, over the sink, and held the razor in his hand.

"Wait," he said. "Shaving cream. I need shaving cream." When he found some he shaved off his beard and mustache and the hair on his head in short order. There was no lipstick, he said, for Mr. Magic Marker. The blouse and skirt were a little ragged. He was almost presentable.

Jonus clamped Lucy's life escape to reach the roof of her building. The mattress was reduced to come along, perhaps not wanting to be seen with him. Mannequins don't get on much.

The view from the roof was all in orange with the sun making its bare rounds. Jonas could see the whole east side, but he couldn't pick out his own building. He wished he could see something of the country, just walk on top of the city. The staid mattress was a little rough on his bare feet so he sat down. He watched.

He spotted Lucy and her ghoulish three black cats. It was a good thing, he knew, she was consistent in her laundry. But most people are. He kept apart until she crossed the street below him.

"Hallows," he called. She continued toward the fire hydrant of the building. "You with the laundry?" he yelled, cupping his hands to his mouth. He wondered where all the dried blood came from.

Lucy stopped. She set the pillowcase down on the sidewalk. Her head turned up slowly, like a farmer feeling the first rain after a long drought. She had to squint. She saw an apparition in a skirt wave at her.

"He," Jonas shouted. "Remember me? We met before. The theatre and the haunted museum. Remember?" He felt powerful, like a man. He was wearing his glasses.

Lucy was solemn. Was this a joke? She had to go away, but she couldn't go home. He probably knew her apartment number. This wasn't right. She grabbed up her laundry and started back across the street. Jonas galloped.

"Don't run away!" he screamed. He was frantic. "Wait, I want to show you something. Just stay there!" Lucy kept walking but turned to look over her shoulder. His silhouette dropped from sight. Something flew over road's edge. A blur of something, no, a body. Lucy's mouth opened wider than in her dream's most_forlorn dreams.

Jonus had the mannequin fall away, her clothes flashing like some awkward band. She seemed to float. She grew small and then she met the street. Her arms and legs snapped off and her torso broke in two. Jonas could see she was hollow, but he'd sensed that already. He left a body.

Lucy let her laundry down. She aimed herself at Jonas. "You bastard!" she sneered. "You nearly killed me, you dumb bastard! You're crazy! I'm calling the cops." And she turned in. It was then he knew how Lucinda must have felt, and her cherub-glow flowered, and he saw where in the world he'd arrived. He wanted a way home.

He took the first step across the city, and it wasn't so bad, really, not with Lucy and her laundry to cushion the fall.

Coeur d'Alene to Moscow

by Craig Dionne

Pushing myself through the steering wheel south on 41 I cross the Spokane River. Rivers and creeks are points we meet at spirit and rock asphalt over water. I circle around the west side of the Coeur d'Alene hill at the needle sticking a network of North Idaho fames.

North Idaho Green Ferry Road. Cougar Creek. Kid Island Bay. Miss Bay. Mow Creek. Rock Creek. Fighting Creek. Windy Bay. Sunwop Bay. distance is measured by intervals of water. Lake Creek standing and running. Rock Creek. spirit and rock. Through the Minawaka Valley. the water thin behind the cars I follow.

Mccrimree Creek. Hangman Creek. Sheep Creek. fleese the flowing water. On Skyline Drive the sun is coming through the clouds. Deep Creek Palouse River. Gray's bright and green. Conifers glaze. waiting for the sun even the cows are statues. Four Mile Creek their names are songs. Pushing through the wheel. I see a doused lamp spanning balancing on a telephone wire rolling itself into a tiny period.

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