

# Final IK Session Built On Legislator's Talk

By GARY RANDALL  
Argonaut Editor

State representative George Crookham, legislator extraordinary and a self announced candidate for the 1962 Republican nomination for Governor, flies into Moscow tonight, aiming at a 6 p.m. address for the final night of the Intercollegiate Knights' national convention.

Crookham, who gave no hints as to what his address will cover beyond terming it a "major address"

will be the principal speaker at tonight's Convention banquet. The long-time Canyon county representative is a staunch believer in sales tax.

Crookham's talk will complete the formal aspects of the IK confab, with only a Chuckwagon breakfast left on the national convention schedule.

Royal King Gordon Chester, Phi Delta, gave the kick-off to the festivities last night at the first general convention along with Tim

Manning, ASWSU president. Royal King Chester, who has served as head national officer for two straight years, presented his final report.

Chester talks "I wish to thank the IK's for their help and encouragement during my term of office," Chester stated. "The IK's, by tapping and training the leaders of their respective campuses, have made an immeasurable contribution to the success and have built a continuing loyalty to their school."

More speakers, including Assistant Dean of Students Guy Wicks; Dean of students C. O. Decker; Dean of College of Business Administration David Kendrick; and past and present ASUI presidents Bruce McCowan and Jim Mullen, also have presented ideas during the convention.

## ISC Prexy At 66th

Idaho State College president Dr. Donald E. Walker will deliver the commencement address for the class of 1961, according to an official announcement released today.

A specialist in sociology, the 40-year-old College President has done research in the areas of administrative organization, counseling theory and psychosomatic medicine, which have led to numerous articles published in guidance, counseling and educational journals.



President Don Walker

Dr. Walker received an A.B. degree Summa Cum Laude from the University Southern California in 1943; a M. Th. degree in religion from the same school in 1947 and a Ph.D. degree in sociology from Stanford in 1954.

He served as recreational director, assistant minister and minister at Methodist churches in the Los Angeles area from 1941 until 1947 when he became a teaching assistant at Stanford. In 1949, Dr. Walker became an instructor in sociology at San Diego State college, rose to assistant professor in 1951, and to dean of counseling and testing in 1956. Two years later, he became dean of students at San Fernando Valley State college. In 1960, he became president of Idaho State College.

More than 900 students will be awarded bachelor's and master's degrees at the University's 66th Commencement ceremonies on Sunday, June 11.

The Royal Queen pageant, held last night, sets the stage for tonight's crowning of the national Royal Queen at the Royal Ball.

The Ball itself, beginning at 8:30 p.m. in the SUB ballroom, is open to all students. Tickets will sell at \$1.50 per couple.

## Thirty-Nine Tip Straight 'A' Average

Thirty-nine University students earned straight "A" in all first semester classes while carrying 14 credit hours or more. It was announced recently by Registrar D. D. DuSault.

Receiving perfect marks were Connie Block Allen, off campus; Thayne Bailey, Kappa; Peter Kelly, Phi; Janice Rieman, Kappa; Charlotte Barnes, off campus; Ludel Boyd, FarmHouse; Thomas Carnetti, Gault; Caren Campbell, FarmHouse; Marian Clark, French; Jerry Craven, off campus; Rex Dorman, off campus; Julia Gibb, Kappa; Maureen Marshall Glandt, off campus; Diane Shelton Magel, off campus; Duane Marler, off campus; William Pantry, Gault; and Laurence Ellison, Christianman.

More Charles Fuller, off campus; Margaret Crowley Gentry, off campus; Mary Hodgins, off campus; Bruce McCowan, off campus; Judith Stubbs Marineau, off campus; Sherman Snow, off campus; Darrell Turnidge, off campus; Kenneth Keller, off campus; Karen Miles, Alpha Chi; Idora Moore, Kappa; Nellie Ulrich Simmons, off campus; Lorna Woelfel, Kappa; Beverly Paul, Forney; Sharon Price, Phi Phi; Arthur Royce, off campus; James Space, Upsilon; Kenneth Steigers, off campus; Judith Baty Thompson, off campus; Robert Twigg, off campus; Nancy Vosika, Kappa; Carl Winterstein, Willis Sweet and Parker Woodall, Willis Sweet.

**Trail, Pugh Will Play For Series**

Cool sounds will issue forth from the Bucket like tomorrow when Dave Trail and Dave Pugh swing together for Jazz in the Bucket.

The session, set from four to five p.m. Saturday will feature the Dave Trail Quartet and vocalist Dave Pugh.

There should be some cool sounds available. And for free, too.

**'Purification' Set May 6**

In their ceaseless quest to improve the University of Idaho campus, men of the Blue Key will sponsor their annual "Campus Cleanup" May 6, a Saturday.

Main purpose of the cleanup is to get the campus in some sort of shape for Mother's Day, the following week.

The list of areas of living group responsibility will be printed in the May 5 Argonaut, and trucks to haul away the plunder will be manned by sweat-shirted members of the upperclassmen's honorary.

**Pick U. Debaters For Nat. Honorary**

Delta Sigma Rho, national forensic honorary, recently tapped six Idaho debaters for membership, Dr. A. E. Whitehead, advisor, said.

The debaters are Vivian Dickamore, Gamma Phi; Ronnie Rock, off campus; Susan Arms, Phi Phi; Marvin Heileson, LDS; Don Stephens (bed-pusher), Upsilon; and James Herndon, Sigma Chi and off campus.

Ninety schools throughout the country belong to the honorary. Idaho joined the group in 1928.

## SRA Elects Dave Tracy As President

Student Representative Assembly elected new leaders and fired questions at Athletic Director J. Nell "Skip" Stahley on Idaho athletics Monday night.

The year-old group's new chairman is Dave Tracy, ATO, Ike Griner, TKE, was named vice-chairman, and Edie Vorhees, Alpha Chi, was re-elected secretary. Stahley answered such questions from the assembly as "Why does Idaho schedule much bigger schools?" and "Why is Idaho losing players and coaches?"

Defending the scheduling of such opponents as Army, Stahley said this is necessary to keep football a self-supporting sport. Although he plans to get games with smaller schools in the future, the scheduling of large schools brings much more money, he said. At present only Football is self-supporting.

The main reason so many coaches leave, he said, is more money elsewhere.

Stahley also informed the representatives of the new athletic conference being formed in the northwest.

This conference will be basketball only and will include Portland University, Gonzaga, Montana State College and Idaho State. Nothing is definite yet, but negotiations are progressing.

## Three Conventions Held In SUB

Competing for room with the IK's convention at the SUB are two other meetings—the Association of American State Geologists and the Northwest Section of the Wildlife Society of America.

The geologists are meeting today in the second day of a two-day meet. The wildlife biologists are going into their first day of two days of discussions.

## Seniors Slate Meeting For 4

A meeting for senior representatives will be held this afternoon at 4 p.m. in the SUB Frontier Room according to Bob Schumaker, Sr. class President.

Business will include assigning prom tickets for advanced sales in the living groups. Plans for commencement will be discussed and a report will be given by the Commencement Committee.

Prom tickets will be sold in advance in the living groups until Friday, April 28, by the senior representatives. They will also be sold at the door.

Every living group must send a representative to this meeting.

## Sig Delt Chi Adds Fifteen

Sigma Delta Chi, national journalistic society, will formally initiate nine undergraduates and six professional journalists tonight at 5:30 p.m. in Conference Room E of the SUB.

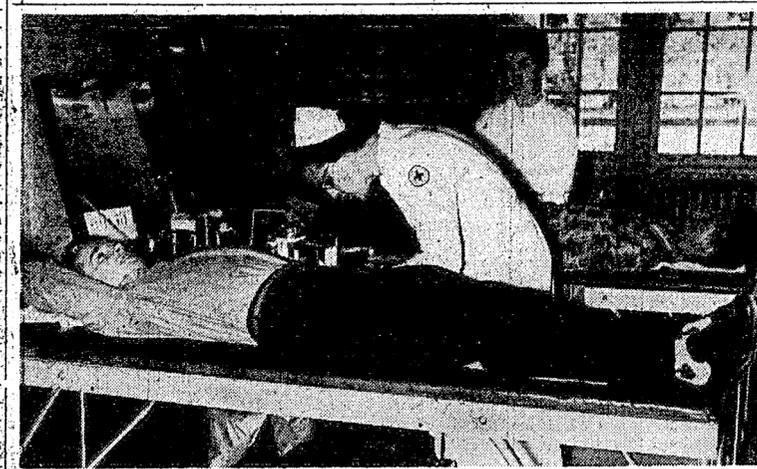
After the initiation, a formal banquet will be held at the Hotel Moscow, sponsored by the Daily Idahoan.

Members of the society are busily planning what the heck they are going to do next weekend when some 40 men from chapters all over the northwest converge on Idaho and WSU for their yearly convention. Pray, probably.

# Drive Falls Short; No Quota



VOLUME 65, NO. 47 UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO, MOSCOW, IDAHO Friday, April 21, 1961



**TAPPING**—Tapped for one honorary that really takes your "all," an unidentified Idaho student joins the Idaho "pint" club. Looking on with just a trace of doubt is student helper Anita Wilcomb, Alpha Phi. Doing the tapping is nurse Joanne Hamilton. Some students were rumored to have actually given two pints during the three-day drive. (Dick Parr photo.)

## Love Supreme, Speaker States At Lecture

Love is the greatest force on earth, Dr. David Valder, M. D., Moscow, told students at the Campus Christian Center Tuesday evening as he opened the series of lectures and discussions on marriage with the topic "Learning the Ropes."

Love lifts, enriches and blesses all whom it touches, Dr. Valder said. "It can be felt as a spirit of real affection in which we care for the other person as much or more than we care for ourselves."

Dr. Valder touched on sex in courtship, saying it is important if used in a controlled and ethical way.

Going steady has its advantages, but often the disadvantages are more prominent, Dr. Valder said. "Often times one partner in a 'steady' arrangement by sympathetic encouragement can bring out the self confidence in the other member and stimulate a high level of personal accomplishment in schoolwork and other social activities."

Dr. Valder mentioned five questions to answer "yes" to before a couple decide to marry. "Do you have similar hopes, dreams and ambitions? Are you the same kind of person? Do your parents approve? Do you respect and completely trust each other? and Are you good companions?"

The "Urge to Merge" series, sponsored by Westminster Foundation, is held each Tuesday at 7:00 p.m. in the CCC lounge and is open to interested students.

## on the calendar

**TODAY**  
Senior Extended Board, 4 p.m., Frontier Room, SUB.

**MONDAY**  
Board of Selection and Control, 7 p.m., Conf. Room B, SUB.

## President Allows Chester An Hour

Silence fell in the huge auditorium at the WSU portion of the IK national convention yesterday, as University president C. Clement French began to speak.

National King Gordon Chester, Phi Delta, sat nearby.

"I have been warned, by Mr. Chester," began Dr. French, "that I had better hold my comments to a bare minimum because Mr. Chester has a one-hour speech that he wants to deliver, and he doesn't want to have this meeting last too long."

Those IK's knowing Chester personally reportedly rolled in the aisles for fifteen minutes.

## Students May Gripe At Open Meet April 27

A comparatively new innovation in open meetings will take place April 27 in the form of an "all campus gripe session," titled "An Open Meeting of the In-Service Training Committee."

The meeting, to take place in Conference Rooms A and B of the SUB at 7 p.m. will air relevant gripes of any student who wishes to enter one.

Students taking part in the session are Charlotte Mallot, off campus; and Jack Toews, Sigma Chi.

Mrs. Mallot emphasized that all students having "legitimate" issues of dissension with established University policies will have to turn them in unsigned, to the ASUI office before 4 p.m., April 26.

The complaints will be gone over by the In-Service Training Committee, and those with what the committee considers merit will be read at the open meeting, and answered by the people or department heads they are aimed at. Complaints about individual instructors will not be accepted.

## Phi Taus Tri Delt's Top Groups

Lively student blood flowed freely for three straight days ending last night at 4 p.m., and the annual Blood Drive, chaired by Blanche Blecha, Alpha Phi, garnered 726 pints of blood for the Red Cross.

The quota had been set at 750. Living groups winning the top participation trophies were the Tri Delt's, with 183% participation; and the Phi Taus, with 195% participation, said Ginger Cottier, Phi Phi, competition chairman.

The percentage scales were based upon living group participation, with the womens living group needing 40% of their registered members giving blood to reach a total of 100%; and men's living groups needing a total of 45% to attain 100% participation.

Living groups that had at least 100 per cent participation, or 40 per cent and 45 per cent of the members giving blood, included Alpha Chi Omega, Alpha Gamma Delta, Alpha Phi, Gamma Phi Beta, Pi Beta Phi, Delta Gamma, French House, Beta Theta Pi, FarmHouse, Phi Delta Theta, Delta Chi, Phi Gamma Delta, and the Town Men's Association.

The total number of students registering for the drive reached 839, and the difference between those who were allowed to give, and those that gave was because of factors like low blood pressure, recent inoculations, colds, or certain diseases that they had had during their childhoods.

"The living groups did all that we expected of them, and we're sorry we didn't make our quota," said Miss Cottier.

Trophies will be awarded to the two top houses early next week, and 100 per cent certificates, and full bottles of imitation blood will be given to participating living groups at the same time.

## New For Old As E. Board Ends Office

The inimitable song stylings of a joint crash team of Jim Mullen, Bill Pasley and Mike Williams vied for top honors with a speech by Dr. D. R. Theophilus at the annual old-new Executive Board meeting last Tuesday.

The dinner, held yearly as a farewell to the old care-worn Exec Board members and a hail to the new eager-beaver members, featured thick New York-cut steaks and a baked potato with sour cream dressing.

Master of Ceremonies was outgoing prexy Bruce McCowan who, after dinner, introduced Dr. Theophilus.

The University president stressed belief in the institution in a brief, hard-hitting attack on those who feel that the University is a second rate school.

"If a University does one thing," he said, "it should teach you how to think for yourself. This we try to do."

After the president's talk, the trio of wayfaring minstrels mentioned above took over the floor and sang ribald songs for fifteen minutes.

The evening concluded with the passing of the ceremonial gavel from McCowan to Mullen, and the swearing-in of the new Executive Board.

In appreciation of his service to the University, McCowan was presented an Idaho ring by his co-workers.

After an exceedingly short business meeting, the old Executive Board members gathered at a local establishment to formally describe the passing of their office. Far into the night the formal declaration went.

## CHAIRMAN TRYOUTS SLATED

Interviews for the 1961-62 Homecoming and Dad's Day chairmen will be held Tuesday, April 25, at 7 p.m. Conference Room B.

This year's chairmen were Bob Schumaker, Delt, and Bill Collins, Willis Sweet.

## INTERVIEWS

Interviews for chairmen of SUB Films and Calendar committees will be Thursday, April 27, at 7 in the Frontier Room. Information on the committees is available in the Program Director's office.

# Coeds To Enter Annual Folk Dance Festival; Nine Groups To Participate

Approximately 200 girls from nine living groups will portray the emotions and culture of a people in dance tonight at 7:30 in Memorial Gym during the ninth annual Folk Dance Festival.

The dances are: "Harah," Israeli, Theta; "Highland Fling," Scottish, Gamma Phi; "La Jota," Spanish, Forney; "Korobushka," Russian, Hays; "Firetut," Danish, Alpha Phi; "Crested Hen," Danish, Ethel Steel; "Kalvelis," Lithuanian, Alpha Chi; "La Raspa," Mexican, Delta Gamma; and "Row Well Ye Mariners," English, Kappa.

The competitors will unite in the dance "Seljanica Kolo," Slavic, and "Spinning Waltz," Finnish.

A Washington State University folk dance group will give a special number for intermission.

The judges are Mrs. Norman Logan, Mrs. L. E. Orme, Mrs. Eric Kirkland, Mrs. Sidney Miller and Mrs. John Green.



**CAPERING COEDS**—Four capering coeds, entered in last year's folk dance festival, cut a folksy "rug" during competition. Scheduled to go again at 7:30 p.m., a new batch of coeds from nine living groups will compete tonight in the Memorial Gym.

## Faculty Forum

# Students' Personal Values Lacking, Say Instructors

Graduation time approaches again. In a spare moment we wonder at some of the personal values acquired during the course of a college education. Values that are related to a person rather than to a particular course of study.

As teachers we wonder why one student has made an identification with a school, and with the intangibles of leadership and integrity, while a second may graduate scarcely realizing this could happen — even to others.

In the larger sense this happens school wide. You can feel it at some of the older schools, but find it difficult to identify.

Basically some of this must come from student attitudes and leadership, with an environment to encourage and foster it. We have tried to identify small parts of this — many in the negative sense. We can ask ourselves what our personal attitudes are — or should be — regarding these items. Would more active leadership help create the positive approach indicated by the illustration below?

### No 'Cuts'

Surprised, surely, and perhaps pleasantly pleased too, to be told, as we started in our Idaho habit to cut the corner, "We don't tramp out the grass on the campus." The teller was a student, the campus was in the northwest. Recall of the incident caused us to consider just what the basis is that develops

such an atmosphere. What are or should be the attitudes of students — your attitudes — to the small things that may make an atmosphere or a tradition? Small things such as the incident mentioned must indicate a basic self-respect, and respect for others, that is a worthwhile mark of a campus or a person to whom an education is more than a trade.

There are some specific incidents we can look at here to mark such an attitude or lack of one.

If we take a look at some of the things that seem quite out of place one might start with such unnecessary things as "piles," which pass sometimes for muffers. What should one's personal attitude be to this unnecessary intrusion of a whole academic area?

You often quite correctly use the term "beautiful" to refer to your campus. If this is true, what is your personal response to be to the litter scattered from parked cars to make the feature of a walk a string of broken beer bottles? The many dollars spent debris-picking at your golf course could make some worthwhile permanent improvements.

Have you tried a few continuous hours of the unmuffled, motorized kiddie cars (motor scooters) so popular recently?

### Paths Form

Or noticed the spring paths forming on lawns north of the Ad. Building — not for baseball, but because it is just a little easier than using the numerous side-

walks a few feet longer.

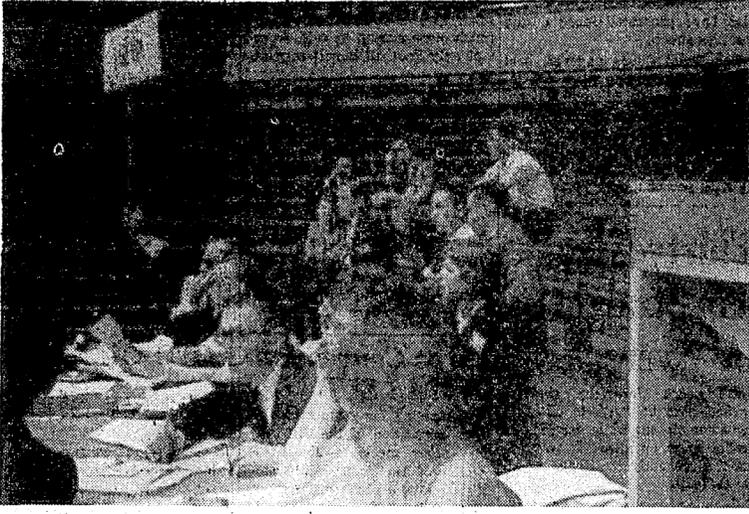
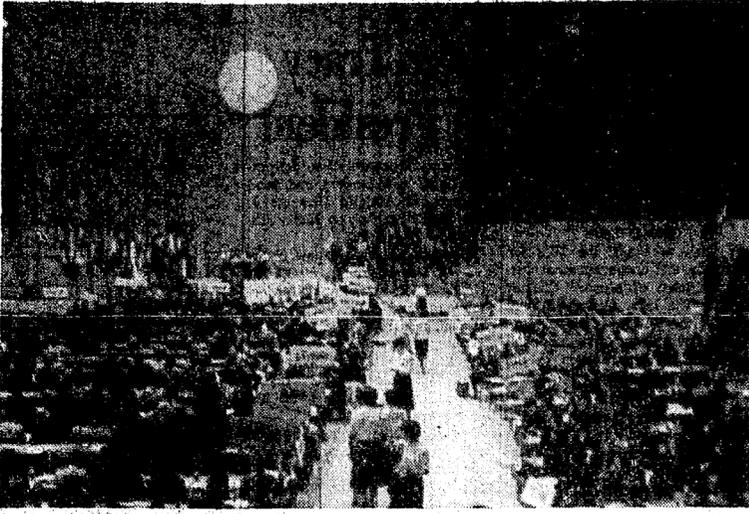
These are symptoms really, we think, of something more. If there is little personal response to those things which are basically lack of respect for the freedom or sensibilities of others, are you then acquiring a sense of values basic to those who must eventually lead? How difficult the defense of "competitive enterprise" with the electrical price rigging convictions — personal values and personal disasters too!

Perhaps you feel that interference in these things violates the freedom of those who carry them on. Does the right to drive a car imply the right to disturb a few hundred people in a mile's drive? Or to endanger one?

Go on to that quite popular subject of recent years — "cheating." Perhaps some of the same values could apply? You and we are disturbed by it. We have heard of students being flunked for it — so far we know of no incident where a living group expelled a member for known cheating.

Once we read that no group had really effective rules or customs until each person felt as offended by a transgression as though it were against him personally. Positive leadership, student leadership, in creating measures of value or attitude could be of great aid to those who expect more in a college career.

George G. Hespelt  
Paul Mann  
Electrical Engineering Dept.



TOP — The Model United Nations General Assembly being conducted in the University of Oregon gymnasium last week. Over 800 delegates from schools in the West participated in the mock UN session.  
MIDDLE — Idaho's delegation, representing the country of Liberia, waiting for the General Assembly to convene. Liberia was named to head the Afro-Asian bloc of nations in the 11th annual MUN.  
BOTTOM — Debate over a current international crisis begins in the Model United Nations Security Council. Idaho's delegate to the Council, Liberian Jerry Moore, sits at the end of the table.

## MUN Delegates Return From Four-Day Oregon Session

Covering the Model United Nations meet in Oregon was Press delegate and Argonaut News Editor Herb Hollinger. The following stories are his account of democracy in action.—Ed.

Thirteen delegates, representing Idaho, spent four days during Spring vacation at the University of Oregon where they participated in the 11th annual session of the Model United Nations.

Led by Bob Moe, Gault, the delegation represented the small country of Liberia in Africa. Although this would seem to be an insignificant nation in the United Nations, it was actually one of the most important. It is a member of the powerful Security Council in the UN.

Being truly African and on the Security Council made it one of the more powerful nations in the Afro-Asian bloc and consequently Bob Moe, head of the delegation, was elected chairman of this group.

The session was held in remarkable similarity to the United Nations sessions and was officially opened by the UN President Frederick H. Boland. President Boland also gave a press conference the first day and his comments are covered elsewhere on this page. Senator Wayne Morse, D-Oregon, the official representative of the Congress to the United Nations was also on hand to give the press his views on current situations facing the UN and U.S.

**Apartheid in Congo**  
The session also followed the United Nations in hot debate on certain issues. Reprimands, in some form or another, were given to the Congo for apartheid practices. The question as to whether or not territories part of a sovereign nation could be discussed by the United Nations was also hotly debated. The delegation from Brazil walked out of the MUN General Assembly on this point.

The credentials of China (Formosa) were challenged on the floor of the MUN General Assembly by the Soviet bloc but were upheld in a vote of the General Assembly itself. Other discussion which created much debate were the United States flights over Soviet territory (U-2) and the state of civil war in Laos.

Delegates to the MUN session were Moe, Harold Schillreff, Gault, Jim Pounds and Walt Bithell, Betas; Jerry Moore off campus; Dave Billow, Theta Chi; J. Longteig, Delta Sig; Dave Tracy ATO; Cliff Elrod off campus; Marlene Finney and Marla Tauscher, Gamma Phi; Ruth DeKay and Bonnie McKay, Tri-Deltas.

Advising the delegation was Air Force Capt. Edward Sayre, AF-ROTC.

## UN Problem Is Status Quo, Not Strength

The problem is not how to strengthen the United Nations but how to keep from weakening it. This opinion was voiced by the United Nations President Frederick H. Boland in an opening day press conference at the 11th annual Model United Nations.

The press conference was for press delegates attending the MUN session last week on the University of Oregon campus. President Boland is also the representative of Ireland to the UN and was elected General Assembly president for the 15th session 1960-61.

President Boland said that no delegation in the United Nations is in favor of setting up a standing UN force to cope with situations such as in the Congo. Its utility might be doubtful, he explained. By far the best would be to have each nation, small ones included, keep small contingents within their own forces to make up a special UN force, if needed, he said.

In regard to Russia's recent man into space shot, Pres. Boland said that if it has any effect, it will increase the discussion on the armament race, and control inspections in outer space.

**Studied in America**  
The Irish born president who studied in America for a lengthy period, said one of the two biggest problems in the UN is disarmament. Both sides would wish disarmament but don't agree on the means, he explained. However, there is no sign of the end, at the present time, to the arms race.

Asked for a comparison of former US ambassador to the UN, Henry Cabot Lodge, and present ambassador, Adlai Stevenson, the president, quoting Oscar Wilde, replied: "There is no such thing as an indiscreet question, only indiscreet answers!"

## CLASSIFIEDS

**TEACHER VACANCIES** — Numerous school administrators in Oregon, California and Washington have submitted their 1961-62 vacancy lists to be published. To receive your copy of the listings write to Teacher Information Service, 2125 N.E. 140th, Portland, Oregon. Enclose \$1.00 to cover cost of handling.

## The Idaho Argonaut

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**New Chevrolet IMPALA SPORT COUPE**  
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# Christmas, Ma?

By LYNNE HUNT

The soft snowflakes had stopped falling and the silence that comes after a snow, had drifted down upon the part of town where Ellie lived. She stopped walking and looked up at the sky, her breath making small puffs of steam which shot upward, and dissolved with the frey of the December afternoon.

This will be how quiet it is at the North Pole after Christmas," she whispered to herself, "when Santa's resting."

She smiled, pleased with the knowledge that Santa would be able to rest in another week. She knew how tired Mommy had been lately, and if Mommy was so tired, surely Santa must be just as tired.

Then, remembering, Ellie started to walk again and her boots made crackling noises in the snow, which had already formed a crust in the cold of the day. It was only two blocks to her house from the school and Ellie wasn't sure if she wanted to get home in a hurry or make the walk last.

Mommy had wanted to pick her up after school, as she always did, but this morning Ellie persuaded Mommy to let her walk home with two second graders who lived next door. As she thought of the second graders she shivered and her eyes filled with tears. What would Mommy think when she found out Ellie had run off from school before the last bell had dismissed class? Mommy wasn't going to like the idea of Ellie walking home by herself, but she just couldn't bear to be with the older girls, especially after what happened at school.

Today had been the last day of school until after New Years and Ellie's Kindergarten class had had a party with the first grade kids. Ellie remembered how she had awakened this morning, so excited about the Christmas party that she could hardly eat the oatmeal and toast Mommy had fixed for breakfast.

When she walked into the house the air was warm and full of good smells. She knew Mommy must be baking those funny shaped loaves of bread with icing running down the sides. Mommy told her the bread was for Christmas dinner with Grandma and Grandpa. Mommy had been so busy lately, buying Christmas decorations, sending Christmas cards in the mail and baking. Maybe Mommy wouldn't have time to talk to her about Santa Claus.

"Ellie," Ruth Christenson said when she saw her daughter come in the kitchen. "What are you doing home so early? Is the party over already?"

Then she noticed the tears in Ellie's eyes. "What happened, darling? Don't you feel well?" "Mommy, I couldn't stay. Robbie said Santa is make believe and then Cecil said his father has a Santa Claus suit with a hole in the sleeve that he wears on Christmas to fool the kids. Is it true? Is Santa just make believe?"

Ruth reached down and put her arms around her small daughter. "Let's get these wet clothes off. And then you can help Mommy frost this bread and tell me about the party."

Ellie took off her coat and draped it over a chair in front of the furnace. She put her gloves on the chair and threw her boots on the back porch. Then she walked into the kitchen and sat on a high stool in front of the table.

"Here," Ruth said, "Take this spoon and let the frosting drip over the bread. If we do it that way, it makes a pretty glaze. Now, tell me about your day."

Argument Ellie told her about the good cookies, the red punch with the strawberries and how she drank too much. Then she told her about the argument between the Kindergarteners, the first grade kids and Cecil.

"Mommy, it is true what Cecil said?" Ruth held her daughter's hand and wondered what to say. She couldn't insist there was a real Santa Claus. Yet she didn't want to shatter her dream completely. The child was still so young, and the wonderful world of make believe, of fairies and guardian angels, of princesses and Christmas magic still belonged to her.

"Here, blow your nose." Ruth handed her a tissue. "Ellie, Santa Claus belongs to you and every child in the world. He's as real as you believe our Christmas tree in the front room is. He's as real as every Christmas card I send, and every card we receive in the mail. He's as real as this bread you're trying to frost and he's as real as the Christmas songs we've been hearing and

singing. Honey, Santa is like a spirit. He's the spirit of Christmas. He's the one who makes us all feel so happy that we want to shout 'Merry Christmas' to everyone who loves Christmas and who wants to make other people happy. So you see, Santa is real to me and to you and even to Cecil and Robbie because they love Christmas."

Ruth stopped talking. What was the use? In Ellie's world of absolutes either something was real



or it wasn't. This explanation was too evasive, but even as she tried to think of another way to express her thoughts, Ellie jumped off the stool.

"Then Mommy, I guess the Santa down at Western's Department Store is just a man dressed up to look like Santa."

"Well, you might say he's one of Santa's helpers."

"But since he loves Christmas and wants to make everyone happy, that makes him sort of real, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Ruth nodded her head. Had she made things worse than they already were?

Ellie ran into her bedroom and lay on her bed. Mommy had said Santa was real and that meant Cecil was wrong. She understood now about Santa at the department store and the suit that Cecil's father had. She even understood how Santa got the presents to everyone, all over the world.

Santa had something better than a jet. He had a spirit and he sent this spirit to all who loved Christmas. That explained why there were so many different kinds of Santas. Why, they were all men who had been affected by the spirit. Ellie wondered if it was anything like the measles.

Snow Again She looked out the window at the snow which had started to fall again. She pictured the spirit of Santa falling on everyone just like the snowflakes. But if Santa had a spirit, there had to be a real honest - to - goodness live Santa somewhere. Then Cecil must be wrong.

There is a real Santa and he rides all over the world and drops his Christmas spirit on everyone, just as the snow is dropping from the sky. He doesn't have to deliver gifts to every house because all the Mommys and Daddys who have been affected do that.

But wait. How about the kids who don't have parents? How about the orphans? It must be that Santa does make a few gifts after all. In every picture she had seen of Santa he was carrying a big bag of presents. They must be the presents for the orphans. That was it. Santa is real and has gifts after all and they make gifts for all the orphans and the best of the time they make the Christmas spirit. Santa is able to deliver presents to all the orphans in one night, because surely there aren't too many orphans.

Cecil Ellie's thoughts went back to Cecil. He was the only one who dared to chew gum in class and at recess Cecil always chose the games they played. She had never known Cecil to be wrong. He knew the names of every game. But Mommy wouldn't tell her a fib. Would she? As Ellie thought she began to make a plan. Mommy said there was a Santa but Cecil said he was make believe. Ellie had to know. She had to see Santa with her very own eyes.

At dinner that evening Ellie told her father all about the party and about how Cecil and Robbie didn't believe in Santa. Ellie told him that Mommy had explained to her about Christmas. Carefully watching her father's face Ellie asked, "If Mommy says there's a Santa, then that means Cecil is wrong, doesn't it?"

"Sure, Ellie, sure. Don't you pay attention to any of those kids

You just stick to what you believe." He drained his coffee cup and smiled at Ellie. "Now, try not to bother your mother and me about it anymore, O K? Everything's going to be all right. You just wait and see."

He glanced at Ruth but she was very busy with her food, intent on separating the green peas from the potatoes and the potatoes from the salad.

Ellie watched her mother and father. They were both acting so funny. She had seen them act this way once before. Last year when Daddy and Mommy had to go to the hospital in a hurry. Daddy came home and told her that her baby brother wasn't going to be born after all. Daddy had looked so strange and later when Mommy came home she looked the same way. Now they were acting just as they did then. Maybe they were keeping something from her after all.

After the dishes had been washed and Ellie put in bed, Ruth sat down on the divan next to her husband. "Oh Frank, I've been so unhappy ever since Ellie came home from that party."

"What's bothering you honey?" he said. "It sounds as if you handled it very well. Ellie seems satisfied enough."

"Yes, she's satisfied. But do you realize this will be the last Christmas she'll question the reality of a Santa Claus? In another year she'll be just like that boy, Cecil, she spoke of."

"Well, that just shows she's finally growing up," he said thumbing through the newspaper.

"It's not the loss of a belief that's really bothering me. We're losing her. She isn't going to be our little girl very much longer. I thought of it this afternoon, when I was trying to comfort her. Why can't she stay this way for a few more years? Since we'll never be able to have another baby, who does Ellie have to grow up so fast?"

Inevitable "Ruth, this is inevitable. She has to grow away from her parents some day. She has to learn to make a life of her own and she has to do this with out blessing."

Ruth smiled. "With our blessing," she thought, and she whispered a prayer. "Just give us this one last Christmas with her the way she has been, full of innocence and wonder and belief in magical happenings. Just this one last Christmas, and then I'll let her grow up . . . and with my blessing."

For the rest of the week before Christmas, Ellie seemed so preoccupied that Ruth couldn't interest her in any of the Christmas activities. One morning Ruth invited Ellie to help her make a zotzon and paper Santa Claus to hang in the window. But as soon as it was mentioned Ellie said she'd much rather play in the back lot. Ruth bundled her up and sent her out to play, thinking, "I don't know what else to say to her." And watching her daughter walk across the alley to the empty lot. "She's so small to have such a problem."

As Ellie's indifference continued, Ruth's despair mounted. First she blamed herself for confusing Ellie about Christmas. "Perhaps I should have been completely honest with her and told her there is no real Santa Claus. Maybe she has come to that conclusion already and is disappointed with me."

Then she blamed her husband for not being a little more sympathetic with Ellie during the past week. She knew that if Frank had his way, he would have told her the complete facts. He believed in honesty when dealing with his daughter.

Finally, she blamed the world in general for its cruelty. But she knew that she couldn't protect Ellie from life forever.

Slowly the days drifted by and Christmas Eve arrived. Ellie took the gifts she had made for her mother and father out of her closet and inspected them. The white paper cutouts of a Christmas tree mounted on red didn't seem as pretty to her now. It was the same feeling she had when Cecil showed up on the back lot; the day she decided she would rather be by herself than help Mommy.

She had stood on the corner of the lot looking at the smooth, white snow. It reminded her of the shipped cream Mommy spread on Angel Food cake . . . so smooth and soft and delicious. Then she saw Cecil on the other side of the lot and he walked across to talk to her. His footprints left dark holes in the snow and suddenly the back lot wasn't beautiful any longer. And now her gifts for Mommy and Daddy were no longer beautiful. Ellie watched the sky until the

plan to see Santa Claus and prove he was real, seemed far away. She had made the plan after the Christmas party at school. She had decided to watch for Santa on Christmas Eve. She had thought it out carefully and she even knew from what direction he would be coming.

Daddy told her once, a long time ago, that her bedroom window faced north. It was from this window that she first saw the Northern Lights and bewildered, had run into Mommy and Daddy's bedroom. Daddy had explained to her that the lights were caused by storms on the sun, called sunspots, and that the effect of these sunspots on the earth caused the beautiful lights. After that, she would lie in her bed and try to count the different colors. One time she counted ten different lights.

This window was to have been part of her plan. Santa lived at the North Pole and would be traveling from the north. She knew he didn't start his journey until after dark, when all the children were in bed. So as soon as it became dark, Ellie had planned to go to bed and lie there and watch the north.

Tired But since that night so much had happened, Ellie had tried to tell Daddy about her plan. But whenever she tried, he told her he was tired and wanted to rest. Then she had seen Cecil and thought again about the party at school. Cecil must be right after all. And that meant that Mommy had made up the story about Santa Claus being real.

"Ellie," Ruth called from the other room. Quickly she put the gifts back into the closet. Perhaps she wouldn't give them to Mommy and Daddy tomorrow morning. They seemed so plain.

"Ellie," Ruth said again walking into the bedroom. "Don't you think it's time you were in bed? How do you expect Santa Claus to get here with your presents, if you don't go to sleep?"

As soon as she spoke Ruth was sorry. The words had come so automatically. It was the same thing she had told Ellie last year, and the year before that, and the year before that . . .

Tucked In After her mother tucked her in bed and closed the door, Ellie sat up and propped her elbows on the window, resting her chin in the cup of her hands. The stars were very bright and she liked to think they were twinkling at her.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star. How I wonder what you are," she whispered to herself. "I do wonder what stars are made of . . . and how they stay in the sky. I wonder . . . I wonder."

Ellie's head jerked and she looked around her, trying to remember where she was. She was in her room, but what was she doing out of bed? Then she remembered. She had been looking at the stars and had fallen asleep. Tears filled her eyes as she looked up at the sky. This was Christmas Eve and tomorrow would be Christmas day but it didn't mean anything to her now because there was no Santa Claus.

Then she heard it, a distant noise. It seemed to be coming from a long way off. She strained her eyes against the dark and looked in the direction of the noise. Did she see something over there? It looked like . . . Yes, there it was. Three, or was it four faint lights. One light looked yellow, one red and one green. It was coming toward her slowly but steadily and the noise was a little louder. Could it be . . . could it just be the lights from Santa's sleigh? And the noise she heard.

Do reindeer sound like that as they gallop across the sky? Yes, there it was for certain. The lights were in the middle of the sky above her and she opened her eyes wider to get a better look. There were four lights alright, one on each side of the sleigh. And in the middle of the first two lights she saw something white. It sparkled like moonlight on ice, it looked as soft as the cotton candy Daddy had bought for her at the fair last year. It was Santa's beard. She could just picture how he must look, in his red fur trimmed suit, white mittens and his shiny black boots.

Sills Ellie became so still she could hardly breathe. Everything was dark and silent, except for the rumble of the reindeer hooves. It was then she heard another sound. A far away, delicate sound. It came from the direction of the lights and Ellie knew the sound was from the bells on the harness of each reindeer. She listened and heard what only children can hear. It was the sound of Santa's bells; the faith and hope of the sound of Christmas.

Ellie watched the sky until the

By CAROL LINDEMER

They all had freckles. George had the fewest of any of them; his were scattered just around his nose and looked like dots made by a fine pen. He was the oldest, too, because his birthday was only last month. George had big muscles from lifting Charles Atlas weights the way his older brother showed him.

Merrill was the next oldest, almost eleven. He was sway-backed, so he wore his pants too high and his stomach stuck out, and he swaggered when he walked. His freckles gathered in blotches and covered his whole body. And then there was Joey, whose freckles also covered him but were neatly placed as though someone had deliberated and set them one by one. Joey was eight, and Mike was only five. Mike had freckles that looked like those in a coloring-book, round and big enough to be filled in. Black hair, black eyes, and a black gap where two teeth were missing set him apart from his brown-haired brother, Joey.

The recreation leader wasn't at the playground because it was Saturday, and she only came on weekdays. It was more fun when she wasn't there; they could make up their own games instead of playing sissy stuff. Though she had opened the drain, there was water in the wading pool—George had taken cardboard from the trash barrel and stopped up the drain.

Poochie Poochie wasn't an enthusiastic dog in the hot weather, and she sat down when Mike began to run across the playground toward the pool. She stood up, panting and drooling, when Mike came back to pick her up. The black and white mutt, who might have been a cross between a spaniel and a dachshund, was licking at Mike's face when they heard Joey call.

"Mike! Mike! Darn you, wait up!" Dog and boy turned to watch Mike's brother race across the brown patched grass of the playground. Joey was almost out of breath when he caught them. "You're not supposed to come here by yourself. Mom said so."

"I'm not by myself. Poochie's with me."

"Aw, Poochie. So what?" Mike looked at him belligerently. "She watches me."

"That's about all she does," said Joey, but he was already starting again for the pool and the shack. "Anyway, you better wait for me next time."

George was climbing on the shack—something else they couldn't do when she was there. He had taken the box from the boxshop and stood it on end against the sunshade, and he had used the box dividers as steps. He shouted at Joey and Mike.

The King "I'm the king! This is my fortress, and I've got millions of horses and servants."

"Hey, George," Joey said, "let me be a knight, okay?" "I'm in charge of all the knights in the land; I hold tournaments for everybody."

"Mike can be one, too," Joey suggested. "Mike's too little. He can be a page and take messages everywhere for me. You can be a knight; you can even be Lancelot if you want. He was the top knight." But a voice came from around the corner:

"I'm Lancelot!" Merrill, in a yellow striped T-shirt, appeared and sneered at the group. "Try bigger than Joey, and I can run faster. I'll be Lancelot."

"The heck you will. I said Jojo's Lancelot. You're not going to lights disappeared and the noise of the reindeer and ringing of the bells faded away. She continued to look up at the star lit sky for a long time. They were all wrong, Robbie and Cecil. She knew they were wrong for she, Ellie, with her very own eyes, had seen Santa and heard the sound of Christmas. Somehow Ellie knew that this was a very special night and she would remember it forever.

She turned and crawled into bed. She had to hurry and get to sleep. This was Christmas Eve and the sooner she got to sleep, the sooner morning would come . . . morning and all the exciting things that would happen.

Later that night, Ruth walked into Ellie's room. As she leaned down to straighten the blankets, Ellie opened her eyes and smiled. "I saw him Mommy. He was riding across the sky and I saw his beard and heard the bells. Oh, Mommy, isn't this the best of all Christmas?"

be any knight; you can be an outlaw. Let me be on the same side as you guys. I'll . . ."

Outlaw "If you're going to play, you're an outlaw. Take it or leave it, Merrill."

"I don't want to. I don't want to be an outlaw. Let me be with you guys. Come on."

"Start bawling, Merrill. Let's see you, crybaby." George was leaning forward now. Merrill's lower lip slid out from his round face, and his eyes grew narrow. "Okay, but you guys better watch out, 'cause I'm really going to get you." He turned from them with his head thrown back so far that his neck hardly showed.

George and Joey and Mike all laughed at him, and even Poochie, with her tongue lolling out, seemed to be smiling. Mike picked up a clod and threw it with the effort of an Olympic shotputter. It overshot its mark and landed three feet in front of Merrill. He paused for a moment, his shoulders stiffened, and then he walked on without looking around.

The game didn't last long; it wasn't much fun without any bad guys, and Mike and Joey didn't want to be outlaws. After a short march to the Holy Land, they sprawled under the meager shade of a dust-brown elm. George pulled a pair of scarred dice from his pocket.

Poker "You guys know how to play poker?"

Joey looked uncertain. "You have to have cards to play poker."

"Not for this kind, you don't. Here's what you do." Mike and Joey squirmed around to face George and to look at the dice. After George's explanation, Mike rolled over, plucked a brown blade of grass, and began to tickle Poochie's nose. The dog tried to lick it away, but, failing, she buried her nose under her front paws.

Then Mike started to laugh. "Hey, Joey, Merrill's coming back." Joey and George sat up. "Aren't those the Luke twins?"

Joey asked. "Yeah," said George. He stuffed the dice in his pocket as he stood. Merrill and the Luke twins were walking abreast, all three with their thumbs hooked in their back pockets. Merrill's pointing lips had not receded since he left, and the Luke twins didn't smile.

The mouth of the big one hung open, and the other's tongue kept moving back and forth over his lower lip. George stood a pace or two ahead of Joey and Mike, who drew together behind him. Merrill and the twins stopped a yard away.

"Why did you make Merrill get off the playground?" demanded the younger Luke twin.

"We didn't," George replied. "He didn't like the game we were playing, so he left."

Merrill backed away slightly and said, "He's lying."

George was wrestling with the pimple-faced twin. They rolled

# Saturday

## Literary Page Tower

"Merrill, some day I'm going to clean you good."

Chicken "Why don't you try it?" The bigger of the Lukes clenched his fists. "But I guess you wouldn't want to take us on, too. I guess you're chicken."

George took the dice from his pocket and juggled them in his hand; he was staring at Merrill. The he looked down at his hand. "My brother gave me these. He is a sophomore."

"So what? What does that make you?"

"A pretty expert poker player." "You're nuts," said the younger Luke. "Anybody knows pokers a game with cards."

"Not the kind my bud plays." "You're just chicken. You're afraid to fight." The raspy laugh of the bigger twin was joined by Merrill and the other twin.

George's face was reddening, but he kept juggling the dice. "I won thirty-seven cents off a kid once. You need brains to play this."

"How come you think you have brains?" "I've got more than the three of you combined."

"You'd better watch out," said Merrill.

"Yeah," said the bigger Luke. "Show us. Go ahead and try."

Stakes George and his three opponents formed a square. "First, we got to have stakes." George spoke to the pimple-faced twin, the bigger one. "If you win, we leave. If we win, you leave."

The other grunted assent, and after George gave instructions they bent over the dice. Mike and George.

It lasted for fifteen minutes. "Okay," George said, putting his hands on his knees, "see you later."

Merrill and the Lukes slowly rose; Merrill looked at one of the twins, then at the other. The smaller Luke reached down, took Poochie by the scruff of the neck, and began to walk away.

"Hey!" yelled Joey. He grabbed the boy's arm. Mike wrapped himself around the Luke's left leg. George started for the bigger twin.

Fight Merrill caught Mike by the back of the collar and pulled him away. The smaller Luke had to let Poochie go in order to fight with Joey, and all of them were soon rolling in the dust. Mike bit Merrill while kicking his shin. Mike was trying to rabbit punch, but he missed more often than he landed. Merrill attempted to avoid the attack; he stumbled backward, his foot landed in the wading pool, and he fell full-length in the water.

George was wrestling with the pimple-faced twin. They rolled

on grass and on gravel and on dirt. Each tried to use his feet as well as his hands. Then George was successful in hooking his foot behind his opponent's, and he grabbed the other's neck and turned him. They were back to front, and George began to tighten his armhold. The twin's face grew red, and his hands pawed futilely behind his head.

"Give up?" "No."

George grabbed one of the pawing hands and began to twist it. "Give up?"

There was no answer. "Give up?" George twisted harder.

Let me . . . yes." George pushed the coughing, gasping Luke forward on the summer grass. "Now get out of here."

Merrill and the Luke twins left, with Merrill far ahead. His clothes hung in soggy masses, and he cried. The twins scuffed away with their eyes down.

"I guess you're still king, all right," Joey said to George. "I guess so," said George. "You coming to the park Monday?"

"I'm going to bring Poochie," Mike answered. "I don't know," was Joey's comment. "We never have any fun when she's here."

## Poetry

We walked long down a dusk-darkened beach. Listening to gentle groans from the green grave, And watched a red dog chasing white-topped waves. We talked of men and emerald islands, Bare feet blending with cool patient sands. Hands tight, we moved-on in fading red light. (Or was that blood streaking to end of sight?)

Afterwards, you talked a lot. Softly, within the passion-spent peace that follows. Finally, pressing arm and thigh against me

Conjuringly, you said, "Come now, tell me all." You did not need to know, For I was no sin-filled confessor.

And past loves are no great matter. But like a high-priestess — a Salome

You desired too much: All there was to know of dead loves and buried regrets. You made me tell you all, And when you had questioned clean my soul.

Leave bare, picked bones upon a contaminated sheet. You jabbed them once or twice with dirty, unkind laughter—you did not know.

Then tossed back your lovely curl, Straightened a stocking seam, and moved to go.

Saying, "I hope you won't grow tired of me." Then, you smiled — I realized there was nicotine on your teeth.

The closing of the door had the thud of finality.

do they fall for you head first?

They do if you use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your head first! Most men use water with their hair tonic and 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is specially made to use with water. Water evaporates, dries out your hair. Alcohol and cream tonics evaporate, too. But 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic won't evaporate. It's 100% pure light grooming oil — replaces oil that water removes. And just a little does a lot!

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# Squirrel

By VAN BASER

It was a lazy fall morning when I received my first rifle. I can remember my mother calling me for breakfast that morning. The night before, I had had a difficult time trying to go to sleep.

I dreamed of all sorts of things. I had asked for a horse, and if not a horse, at least a pony; a new bicycle (as I remember, the one I had was a present from the previous Christmas); a rifle; a shotgun; and a boat. I guess that I didn't want my father and mother to wonder what I wanted for my birthday.

The strong smell of bacon and eggs had drifted into my room, and I was out of bed and into my clothes before you could say Rip Van Winkle. I washed in a flash and was at the breakfast table in three minutes from being awakened. Father was sitting there, at his place, reading the newspaper.

"Good morning, John, he said in an unconcerned voice.

Surely they know what day it is. I must have reminded them twice a day for a month, but they went on about their usual occupation just like any other Saturday morning. I was quite worried that perhaps they just might have forgotten, or mixed up the days.

Mother put the platter of steaming eggs and bacon on the table and seated herself. Father began grace.

"Dear God, Thank you for the bountiful gifts of your Kingdom which we are about to partake of, and for our health this beautiful morning, and thank you especially for the health of our son, who celebrates his twelfth birthday anniversary today. We beseech your service in Thy name. Amen."

They hadn't forgotten. I looked up at father, who was smiling at me.

"Happy birthday, John." "Yes," mother said, "happy birthday, son."

"Thank you." Father picked up the platter of food and handed it to me.

"Eat up, son, you need it to grow for another birthday."

I remember taking more than I could eat. I wasn't really very hungry.

Breakfast seemed to go slowly that morning, and I had a great deal of difficulty in downing the eggs and bacon that I had taken. Father seemed to eat even more slowly than usual, and it was nearly 8:30 before we were finished and father rose from the table. He walked into the dining room, calling to me as I jumped down to follow.

"Well, John, what have you planned for today?"

"Not much," I said expectantly.

"Good," he exclaimed. "You will have time to use your new present, then?"

"Yep, I guess so," I said with a lump in my throat.

He walked to the rifle cabinet in the den, and opened the door. There, along with his rifles and shotguns, stood a brand new .22 rifle. He picked up the rifle and opened the breech, just as he had taught me many times before when showing his own rifles to me. He looked the rifle over approvingly and held it out to me.

"Here you go, son; it's yours."

I swallowed hard as I grasped the weapon carefully. It was a walnut stock with a polished to a high gloss, and the barrel was blued like fine steel.

"Thank you," I managed to gasp out as I held the new rifle.

"Well, son, what do you think of it?" he asked expectantly.

I searched for the words. "It's great, dad, it's a real beaut."

My father walked to the gun cabinet, and, opening a small drawer, he withdrew a box of cartridges for the new .22. His voice changed a little as he said, "Sit down a minute, John."

I sat down upon the couch, holding the new rifle between my legs. "John," my father began, "you have been hunting with me before, and I have told you about safety and demonstrated it to you, but now you have to begin practicing it. This is the moment when you begin to accept the responsibility of a man with a weapon."

"I know, Dad," I said; "I'll be careful like you said."

"I know you will, John. That's why you are getting a rifle for your birthday." He paused; "There's only one more thing," and he rose from his desk and strode across the room to the fireplace. Over the mantle was a mounted deer head with the biggest set of antlers I had seen anywhere.

"This, John," he said as he motioned to the deer, "is the first deer I ever shot. I hunted him in the woods, his domain, and I killed him there. I brought him home, and your grandfather and I skinned him and put the meat

away to eat. Now, I don't mean to say that the only reason I killed him was for meat, because it wasn't.

"I enjoyed hunting, as you will. It's a great sport, and killing is part of winning a contest between you and the animals. But I have never killed game and left it, or just for the sake of a trophy. That, son, is part of being a good hunter."

I knew just the spot to go in the woods. I walked for a mile until a limb blocked the trail; off the path a few hundred yards to the right was a small clearing surrounded by giant oaks. I walked as quietly as I could, being careful not to step on any branches.

There, at the edge of the clearing, I found a place to sit beneath one of the oaks. I rested my rifle beside me and took out the apple.

Taking a bite, I nestled back against the tree. It was beautiful in the forest that day, with the big oaks, their high limbs reaching above me. The large leaves were beginning to turn yellow and crimson as the sunlight filtered down between them in patches. The forest was quiet, except for the leaves in the light breeze and the chirping of the birds.

When I opened my eyes, I could tell by the sunlight that I had been asleep for some time. Then something attracted my attention; across, a hundred feet I saw what had awakened me. A squirrel was scurrying up a tree, and pieces of bark fell as he climbed. He went up to a hole and disappeared inside; then, a moment later, he came out. Running out on a limb, he jumped across to another tree and went out of sight in the leaves. I waited, motionless for a moment, and then he appeared again, and returned to his hole, carrying acorns in his jaws. I could hardly breathe for fear of making any noise that might warn the squirrel of my presence.

I waited until he went into his hole again, and then — I reached slowly down and brought the rifle to my lap. Out he came, and stopped, looking around. He barked once; receiving a call from another squirrel a few trees away, he answered back. Then he went on gathering acorns. The rifle cracked loudly, piercing the silence of the forest. The squirrel fell to the ground below the tree. Jumping up quickly, I ejected the empty case and moved a new cartridge into the chamber, putting the safety on. I walked quickly over to the tree. There beneath it lay the squirrel. He was resting in a patch of sunlight, and the leaves around him were spattered with bright red blood. I didn't pick the squirrel up just then. I began to tremble, and it was a few moments before I laid my new rifle down and picked up the dead animal. He was warm, and the blood trickled on my hands and fell in big spattered drops to the ground. I couldn't decide what to do with the squirrel. He lay limp in my hand, and already I could feel his body heat beginning to dissipate. His eyes were closed shut forever, and his legs were outstretched as though he had tried to break the fall. My throat grew dry, and I tried hard to swallow.

It was a long walk home that afternoon. I carried the squirrel by his tail in one hand, and the rifle in the other. I had often thought that this would be a great moment, when I could bring game home to my father and present it to him in proof of my hunting ability. But somehow, the idea did not seem so great now. The squirrel hung limply as I walked, and the road stretched for miles.

That night at the dinner table, my father noticed my downcast gaze and how I avoided conversation. After the blessing, he spoke to me.

"Well, John, how did the rifle shoot?"

"O.K., Dad," I said as he handed me my plate.

Mother looked quietly at him and nothing was said for the rest of the meal, which I could not eat. Dad watched the way I picked up my food.

He asked me to come outside with him while he smoked his pipe. I did so, quietly. We sat on the back stoop, and dad took out his pipe and tobacco pouch. He opened the pouch and pushed the fragrant tobacco into the bowl, packing it firmly. Putting the pouch into his pocket, he struck a match and lit his pipe. He offered the burning match to me, and I blew it out, as I often did for him. He puffed slowly and we gazed at the dimming light in the west.

"Well, son," he said at last, "Want to tell me about it?"

I hesitated, "I killed a squirrel, dad."

He didn't say anything for a

# Literary Page Tower Birdbrains

By Dick Cummings

When a young bird reaches the age when his parents can no longer teach him concepts of higher altitude flying, he becomes an eligible applicant for an institution, such as the University of Idaho.

After each young bird has arrived at the institution, he must decide the type of nest in which he will live. The living areas consist of two types: social and educational. The social living groups can be identified by the Patrician bird marks of each member's respective breast. The Patricians are located high in the trees where much social status is achieved. These nests can accommodate up to seventy socially acceptable bird brains. Being located so high in the trees causes a certain amount of difficulty for the young birds, who want to be a part of this social living group, but who have not had enough training in flying at higher altitudes.

The educational living group, who are also known as Plebeian, intellectual bird brains, make their home in the nests which are more down to earth. These nests accommodate up to one-hundred

two birds in each nest. The birds do not need a knowledge of high-altitude flying to reach these nests, thus putting the birds at complete ease.

When a bird has definitely made his choice as to which nest he would like to settle down in, he is faced with the qualifications he must meet prior to being accepted. A major qualification for a lower nest is a firm desire to be educated. As for the Patrician bird houses, each bird should come from a long line of bird brains who have lived in the nest in question.

The type of bird who wants to gain admittance to this Patrician bird house must have social life on the top of his list and education at the bottom while attending this flight school.

After these requirements have been met comes the final and most devastating challenge of the Mad Flight. Some of the birds who have desired to be a Patrician member have to be enlightened as to the nature of the flight plans, weather conditions and details of higher altitude flying so that they will arrive at their own pre-destined Patrician bird houses.

It might be mentioned here that the Plebeian bird does not have to rush, but can get to work in his flying school curriculum while this Mad Flight for gaining admittance is going on. The other poor little birds who may or may not have met the requirements are in for a surprise in the plight of the Mad Flight.

**Mad Flight**  
The Mad Flight consists of all the birds congregating in the center of the institutional buildings of higher altitude flying. Then a bell is rung in one of the buildings signaling the birds to take on the Mad Flight toward the Patrician house of their choice. During their mad ascension, the birds who have previously been told of the difficulties of the flight and how to overcome them have a safe flight to their new home; but those who

moment, then quietly he asked me, "Did you clean it?"

"No," I replied, "It's in the shed."

Dad didn't say anything. He knew that I liked to help him clean the game which he brought home. After a few minutes he put his arm around me and said gently,

"C'mon, son, let's clean him together." I didn't sleep well that night either; but then dad brought in the dried pelt of the squirrel. It wasn't so warm as the animal had been, but it was soft and didn't really seem to dead-

have not been previously informed usually fall by the wayside due to difficulties encountered with the high altitude flying requirements, weather, and the social birds who know their way to the nest of Patrician markings.

These fallen birds sometimes return to their homes because they have not been socially accepted; some of these fallen birds join the majority of the rest of the birds who plan to live in the lower nests. It is these birds who really realize the reason why they came to flying school.

**Settle Down**  
After settling down in their respective social homes, the Patrician birds begin to get adjusted to the rigid social behavior which is expected to them. It is during this time that they begin to neglect their educational training. The social life of a Patrician bird consists of drinking daily from the community bird bath.

Some of these social bird brains, after the afore-mentioned daily task, like to go for a midnight flight. Usually they fly to a tree or a mountain because they were flying a lot higher than they should have been. They should have realized the laws of flying, one of which is, "Don't fly when you feel high." The air-pollce, consisting of fast-flying American eagles, really know how to get their bird!

Meanwhile, the other type of bird, the Plebeian type, is receiving his education in higher altitude flying. These birds realize that this is the prime purpose that all the birds came for in the beginning. This Plebeian bird does not make a trip to the local bird bath every night, and thus is allowed plenty of time to make out his flight plans. He gets a maximum of flying education and a minimum of social life.

After a few semesters, those Patrician birds who are having trouble adjusting to the strains of social life are beginning to see the reason they are at flying school. Sometimes though, it is too late and they are asked by their flying instructor to fly south for the winter.

**Fly South**  
It is pointed out to them that they need time to perfect their basic flying fundamentals. Some are asked to fly South by the Patrician members because they are not drinking enough from the bird bath each day. Also, there are those who decide to join Plebeian nests because they are not able to fly high enough to reach the nests in the tops of the trees.

**Future Plans**  
In the future each higher-altitude flying school will be made lower because of too much drinking from the bird bath and not enough flying lessons. This idea can be assumed by the following: Patrician bird houses in the Eastern woods and forests are declining. Essentially these birds came to their flying institutions to be better flyers.

When these birds receive their certificate of higher altitude flying, they will need to fly by their own wings through the four winds of the earth.

**Poetry**  
**CONFLICT**  
The claws of a thought tear at my mind;  
Only the scream of conflict is understandable.  
Here a blinding crystal of compassion  
Is met by the sleek darkness of ebony.  
There stands the statue of virtue in ivory  
Balanced by an uncut mass of diamond.  
A slender point of education in processed steel  
Tapers to infinity from a dullness of raw iron.  
I choose of each, in what amount.

**HAPPINESS**  
Happiness is a vacuum from despair.  
One cannot describe emotion at seeing the flight of a bird — only the sickness at seeing the dead bird on the hot pavement.  
One cannot recapture sunshine, wind, motion at the tiller of a dinghy — only the pain at the jibe and the mast cracking.  
One cannot experience the elation of boy and girl discovering love — only the pity at seeing one walk away forever from the other.  
Only sadness is told  
And happiness is intangible, or — undefined.

# Listening

By LINDA LAMB

She closed the hymnal, and then she was deftly smoothing on each finger of her gloves. She wanted to say something, to ask, "Where is this God?" But she put the hymnal in its rack and stepped out of the pew. The congregation, moving slowly to the door, pushed her along in its momentum. She smiled at the minister, putting out her hand.

"Glad to have you with us, Miss Laverns. Nice day, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's beautiful." And again she was moving with the crowd, "this time onto the sidewalk. Her high heels clicked on the cement as she hurried to the parked car. Bill caught up to her and opened the door on her side.

"Just a minute, young lady; wait on the old man."

She was saying, sure, sure, Bill; but it came out, "I'm sorry, Bill, I guess I was kind of in a daze." She smiled, gently touching his arm as she slid onto the car seat. Absently, she flipped the glove compartment open, and closed it. Bill smiled at her as he got in behind the wheel.

**Smile**  
Smile. Go ahead, that's right, smile — one day you'll die and you won't even know why you lived — sure, smile, be happy, why worry — if you work for heaven you sin, you're selfish, if there isn't a heaven there's nothing to work for — sure, love God, and then you die and stay dead, and that was the point.

"Don't you feel good, Carol?" "Yes, fine. I was just thinking."

"You sure looked serious; what caused all that?"

"Oh, nothing. I guess I was just wondering what's for lunch."

"Just like a woman. There's nothing more serious than food."

**Big Things**  
We're not little ornaments — we think — you think of the big things, the important things, cars,



sex, space — it's the crazy ones that think about life, and meaning, purpose — the eggheads, that's what you call them, you male superiority types — you don't want to listen — I'm afraid, and I can't tell you — I'm afraid, and you wouldn't understand — it's what's coming, it's why we're here — it's whether God is caring, watching us, or whether we're only a chance in a chain of reactions — and it isn't just sitting there, Bill — do something, say something that matters.

"You sure are quiet, Carol. What did you think of the sermon?"

"Not bad, really."

"But he talks awful slow, doesn't he? I almost fell asleep. Almost as bad as Hawks in Education, if you know what I mean."

"He is kind of hesitant."

"Wasn't it funny, the hymn number being wrong?"

"I guess he should have corrected it."

**Embarrassed**  
"I was embarrassed, you know? Everybody flipping pages,

and nobody singing." You were embarrassed — it was important for those people to mumble those words, to sing low so the neighbors can't hear them — it's important that people hear words — maybe they're the only ones who hear them — pray, sing — wonder if anyone cares to listen."

"Here we are, Carol. I'll call you about two-thirty and we can go study, okay?"

"I guess. I'll try to be ready."

"Perk up, girl. I'll see you."

"Thanks for the ride, Bill. Don't bother to park; you're late already. I'll just catch up with Julie and Sue, okay?"

"Sure. Bye."

She closed the car door firmly and ran to catch the two girls going up the front walk of the dormitory.

"Hi, Carol. How was church?"

"Fine, I guess."

**The Word**  
"Did you get the Word today?" Carol turned slowly to look at each of the girls, and then she said, "I think maybe we're making fools of ourselves, trying to find hope when there isn't any."

Sometime I just don't know if there is any Word to listen for."

The two girls looked uneasily at one another. Julie opened the front door. "Guess we'd better get ready for dinner, huh, Sue?"

Say something — show me that you care, that it matters.

"Yes; goodness, it's five till. Better hurry, Carol."

Carol moved heavily up the steps, and to her room.

"Say, is something the matter?" Carol's roommate turned from the closet at the sound of the slow footsteps.

"Nothing, I guess." Carol smiled. "Just something wrong with my system." She took off her gloves, noting that there were no marks on them; she folded them carefully in a plastic bag and put them in the upper left hand corner of the top drawer, the way she always did.

## Poetry

**TO ESCAPE**

Bitter-sweet describes his tale:  
The love with no fears,  
The man's love that seems boundless,  
Can not escape his tears.  
The soundless voice of conscience  
That no man can feign  
Grants no song of solace  
Through the silence of his pain.  
"Pale horse, pale ride,"  
Quickly make his bed;  
He looks for whiteness in the love  
But it is only in the dead.  
The profundities of man  
With their quiet words  
Sing no sweeter song  
Than the bitterest of birds.

Watching your futile efforts,  
John,  
There is no doubt that  
Shaking a rug is  
A woman's duty.

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DR. FROOD'S THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: A little learning can be a dangerous thing—especially in a multiple-choice exam.

**DEAR DR. FROOD:** I have been training our college mascot, a goat. He has learned how to open a pack of Luckies, take out a cigarette, light up and smoke. Do you think I can get him on a TV show?  
*Animal Husbandry Major*

**DEAR ANIMAL:** I'm afraid not. To make TV nowadays, you've got to have an act that's really different. After all, there are millions of Lucky smokers.  
*Professor*

**DEAR DR. FROOD:** I am a full professor—and yet I stay awake nights worrying about my ability to teach today's bright young college students. They ask questions I can't answer. They write essays I don't understand. They use complicated words that I've never heard before. How can I possibly hope to win the respect of students who are more learned than I am?  
*Professor*

**DEAR PROFESSOR:** I always maintain that nothing impresses a troublesome student like the sharp slap of a ruler across his outstretched palm.

**DEAR DR. FROOD:** I have calculated that if the population explosion continues at its present rate, there will be a person for every square foot of earth by the year 2088. What do you think of that?  
*Statistics Major*

**DEAR STATISTICS:** Well, one thing's sure, that will finish off the hula-hoopers—once and for all.

**DEAR DR. FROOD:** You can tell your readers for me that college is a waste of time. My friends who didn't go to college are making good money now. And me, with my new diploma? I'm making peanuts!  
*Angry Grad*

**DEAR ANGRY:** Yes, but how many of your friends can do what you can do—instantly satisfy that overpowering craving for a peanut.

**DEAR MISS:** Mask?  
*Miss Miserable*

**DEAR DR. FROOD:** Could you give a word of advice to a poor girl who, after four years at college, has failed to get herself invited on a single date?

**THE RECRUITERS ARE COMING! THE RECRUITERS ARE COMING!** And here's Frood to tell you just how to handle them: These representatives of big business are, on the whole, alert fellows. They may be aware that college students smoke more Luckies than any other regular. Let them know that you know what's up—offer them a Lucky, then tap your cranium knowingly. Remember—today's Lucky smoker could be tomorrow's Chairman of the Board.

## CHANGE TO LUCKIES and get some taste for a change!

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# Delta Sigs To Pick Dream Girl; Alpha Phis Plan Ball

**By MARSHA BUROKER**  
Argonaut House Editor

The start of spring in Moscow is again heralded by snow flurries and cold weather. Spring activities are still being planned throughout the blast of the weather. Delta Sigs will choose their New Dream Girl; A-Phis will hold their Bohemian Ball and the SAEs are planning the Olympics.

**DELTA SIGS PLAN BALL**

The Delta Sigs are busy preparing for their annual Carnation Ball and alumni meeting this week. The five finalists for Dream Girl will be serenaded April 29. This year's dance will be held at the Eagle hall, and a dinner is planned before the dance.

Delta Sig's illustrious pianist, Russ Crockett, after his recital on May 3, will be the guest of honor at a celebration.

**BLUEJEANS AT A-PHI DANCE**

The Alpha Phis are in the midst of plans and decorations for their Bohemian Ball which will be held tomorrow. The Bluejeans from Spokane have been hired to play the stomping music for the affair. Shawna Giggly is general chairman of the dance.

A recent A-Phi dinner guest was Dr. Beck, Boise, who was on campus helping with the blood drive.

**K-SIG FORMAL SATURDAY**

The annual Kappa Sig formal will be held tomorrow evening. Mr. Larry Bass, an alum from Twin Falls, gave a short after-dinner speech Wednesday on the importance of establishing a good credit rating.

Frank Odum returned from Mammoth Ski Area Monday where

he was engaged by Columbia Pictures for a short subject film on skiing to be released soon.

**LINDLEY HAS SMOKER**

Lindley Hall held an all hall Smoker Wednesday evening which was MCed by Bob Mortenson and Norm Kelley.

Dinner guest Wednesday evening was an ex-Lindleyite, Bob Harris.

**ATOS PLAN HOUSE IMPROVEMENTS**

The pledge class this year donated a basketball hoop and backboard which will be put up in the back of the house. The court is part of a \$60,000 house improvement plan for next summer.

Bill Nikola recently pledged and moved into the house Tuesday.

The ATO rush committee, led by Jeff Wombolt, toured parts of Idaho during Spring vacation. Other members of the committee are Darrel Vail, Ed Exum and John Fox.

**FORNEY FROSH SNEAK**

Twenty-six Forney freshmen and one captive sophomore, Yolanda Lewandowicz, journeyed in the back of a cattle truck filled with straw to the Lewiston Skate Land for their annual sneak Wednesday night. Later on the group invaded Shakeys for pizza. They were greeted with messy rooms and work tasks upon returning to the hall.

**SAE HANGS MODERN ART PIECE**

The SAEs returned from vacation to find a new addition to the formal room, a wrought-iron piece of modern art. The work, entitled "Bird of Morning," was presented by Zeta Chi Alpha, Moscow Alumni Association.

Girls pinned to SAEs will be guests at a pin dinner to be held Sunday.

A serenade was given to the Tri-Delts Tuesday evening in honor of Van Nelson's pinning to Billie Sommers.

April 29 has been chosen as the date for the Sig Alph Olympics. Ken Albertson is Olympic chairman.

Recent dinner guests have included: Mrs. Coleman, house mother; Pat Matheny, Violet

Queen and Virginia Slade, Alpha Phi.

**SIGMA CHIS HOST SWEETHEARTS**

Guests at the annual Sweetheart Dinner this week were Karen Sasser, Tri Delt; Norma Pomponio, Gamma Phi; Nancy Holcomb and Genevera Oster, Theta; Jeannie Walker, Alpha Phi and Nancy Yount, Gamma Phi, Sweetheart of Sigma Chi.

Twelve of the better Sigma Chi singers and other house delegates will be journeying to Spokane for the Province Conference and a Songfest to be held at the Davenport Hotel tomorrow.

**Breakfast On For Students**

Former ASUI President Bruce McCowan urges all Idaho living groups to get their fill on pancakes and sausages Saturday at the Kiwanis Club-sponsored pancake breakfast.

He said the club will present a cup to the living group registering the largest attendance at the annual feed.

Proceeds from the breakfast, which will be served from 6:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. at the Grange Hall, will go to the youth activity work sponsored by the organization.

In the past they have contributed to the Opportunity School, city recreation facilities and underprivileged children of the community.

**Knights Tap 60 Freshmen**

Sixty frosh men were tapped by Ball and Chain Chapter of Intercollegiate Knights, sophomore service honorary, Monday night. Membership basis is scholarship and extracurricular activities. Election of officers will be held Tuesday evening.

## Rings N' Things

### ENGAGEMENTS

**NIELAND - EVANS**

Sharon Nieland, Pi Phi, blew out a white, decorated candle to announce her engagement to Bill Evans, Delta Chi, at a fireside Monday night.

**HELLER - ROBERTSON**

At a Gamma Phi fireside Sunday evening, Cherry Allgar danced to the "Hawaiian Love Song." At the conclusion of the dance she made the surprise announcement of Dianne Heller's engagement to Chuck Robertson, Delt, by placing her lei over Dianne's shoulders.

**BROWN - DAU**

A mock wedding party crashed a fireside Monday night at Forney to claim a candle to announce the engagement of Brenda Brown to Gary Dau, Willis Sweet.

**SWANK - PATTON**

Gerry Swank, Forney, announced her engagement to Kenneth Patton, Kappa Sig, by blowing out a candle at dinner Monday night. The ring was set among pink and white carnations on a pink candle.

### PINNINGS

**HAFER - DERHAM**

The engagement of Pauline Hafner, Ethel Steel, to D. W. Derham, Weipie, was announced by Dwen Anderson as she read part of a sonnet from "The Portugese."

**Dames Hear Sam Glidden**

Dames met at the Faculty Club, April 19, at 8 p.m. to listen to a talk on the care and feeding of house-plants given by Mr. Sam Glidden from Scott's Florist.

Dames held the elections for the national officers, as the University is national headquarters for Dames this year. Elected were: Shirley Post, corresponding secretary; Bonita Shearer, recording secretary; Karen Johnson, treasurer; and Doris Jeanroy, year book editor.

Local officers for the fall semester were also elected and will be installed May 10. They were, JoAnne Abrahamson, president; Elaine Robinson and Kathy Preswick, vice presidents; Joy Irving, corresponding secretary; Dolores Pollack, recording secretary; Danielle Schmitt, treasurer; and Janene Berry, historian.



**JUNE IN APRIL** — June Christy, featured vocalist with the Si Zentner band, lends her musical talents to Idaho next weekend, when she appears for the Junior-Senior Prom, Saturday, April 29.

## Groups Schedule Retreats, Visit To Children's Home

Church groups are planning retreats and a visit to St. Joseph's Children's Home in Culesdec as events for the coming week.

**CANTERBURY HOUSE**

Last weekend about 100 Cantaburians attended a Northwest Regional Conference at Menucha Conference Center just out of Portland. Mrs. Imogen Walcott joined the delegates of many other universities and colleges of the Northwest for the three day meeting of campus Episcopalians. A resume of what took place there, and a supper will be held at Canterbury House, 5 p.m. Sunday.

**ATTIC AUCTION**

Attic Club will hold an art auction Friday from 7:30-11 p.m. in the Art Building.

**NEWMAN CLUB**

This Sunday, the Newman Club will serve coffee and donuts at the Newman Center after 9:30 Mass. They will serve a dinner at 5:30. The car wash for this week has been cancelled. April 30 the club will make its spring visit to St. Joseph's Children's Home in Culesdec.

## SOCIAL NEWS and features

### Chinese Art Is On Exhibit In U. Art Bldg; Prepared By WSU

An exhibition of 25 scroll paintings by the staff and students of the fine art department of New Asia College Hong Kong, are being displayed through Friday, April 21, in the University Art building.

The exhibition was prepared by World University Service Hong Kong Committee for US centers abroad as a contribution to mutual understanding between East and West through cultural interchange.

Many styles are represented in the exhibit—from traditional Chinese painting, emphasizing the use of brush and ink as related to calligraphy, to simple but forceful brushwork showing strong influence from western modern art.

Excellence in calligraphy, the secret of the traditional Chinese painting with brush and ink, indicates that the artist is learned. A list of Chinese painters would be a list of eminent men of letters, according to the brochure accompanying the scrolls.

The Westerner, since his art tradition is different, must have some understanding of the whole Chinese cultural background if he wishes to go beyond a surface appreciation of Chinese art.

In New Asia College, the tradition of combining art studies with general learning is continued. A special two-year art course was begun in 1951 and has since expanded into a department of fine art including three sections — Chinese painting, Western painting, and industrial design.

**Idaho Team To Enter Race**

It'll be four to one tomorrow when Idaho's finest takes on four and possibly eight challengers in a special, speed on wheels, bed-push from Pullman to somewhere.

Despite official Moscow city council disapproval of the plan to push on into Moscow, the bed pushers plan to race from Pullman to at least the state line. The council felt that any further penetration into Idaho territory could lead to serious problems.

"It would be too much of a traffic hazard in such a congested area," the Moscow chief of police explained. "In fact, it might reach riot proportions."

An appeal from the decision is expected.

Slated to begin at 1 p.m., Idaho's lone entry is the famous Lindley Hall crew, pushing "Stoup's Folly."

**Afghanistan Topic For Cosmopolitans**

Color slides of Afghanistan will highlight the Cosmopolitan Club program tonight at 8. Location for the meeting, originally the SUB South Ballroom, has been changed to Conference Room A.

M. H. Alief, graduate student from Afghanistan and president of Cosmopolitan Club, will narrate the slides and lead a discussion on "American Foreign Air to Afghanistan."

All interested persons are invited, reported Elizabeth Hoffmann, off campus. Refreshments will be served.

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## Varsity Theater

**FRI.-SAT.-SUN — (Outside)**

**"ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S 'PSYCHO'"**

Not recommended for children, just you that thrill to a chill. Please see it from the start at 7:00 and 10:50

Plus at 9:10 only

**"WALK LIKE A DRAGON"**

J. Lord N. McCarthy  
Cartoon at 9:00

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6:30 P.M. THURSDAY

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# Thinclads Face Cougars Next

The Vandal varsity and frosh clads, yet to find a victory in their young season, jump across the state line tomorrow to meet the Washington State cindermen.

Idaho's chances of an upset victory are centered around the sprint events, where Phil Steinbock and Pete Luttrupp will face the Cougars, Dave Kerrone and John Chaplin.

The WSU frosh team is undefeated this year, but the Idaho yearlings should give the Cougabes a close fight.

**Six For Frosh**

Paul Henden, Bernie O'Connell, Louie Olaso and Nick Wetter give the Vandal Babes a strong distance team, with the strength in the short running events coming from Bob Johnson and Nick Carneff.

Idaho will still be hurting by the absence of sprinter Ed Jacoby, half-milers Gary Michael and Charles Smith and distance star Dick Douglas.

WSU varsity runner, Chaplin is a JC transfer from Pasadena.

**Kenworthy**  
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**"All Hands On Deck"**

**NUART**  
TONITE THRU SATURDAY  
7-9:30

**AUNTIE MAME**  
TONITE THRU SATURDAY  
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SUNDAY THRU TUESDAY  
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**AUDIAN**  
PULLMAN  
TONITE THRU SAT.  
7:30

"GONE WITH THE WIND"

SUNDAY THRU TUESDAY  
7-9  
Ingmar Bergman's  
"LESSON IN LOVE"

**CORDOVA**  
PULLMAN  
TONITE THRU SATURDAY  
7-9  
"THE GREAT IMPOSTER"

SUNDAY—All Next Week  
"ALL IN A NIGHTS WORK"

**Big Sky**  
MOTOR MOVIE—PULLMAN  
TONITE THRU SATURDAY  
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in  
"ICE PALACE" In Color  
—Plus—  
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# INTRAMURALS

By ROD HIGGINS  
It seems that no sooner does softball start than we are the receivers of an ever-welcome snow storm. For what more could one ask? Despite the cold and adverse weather, a few softball games were completed.

In League I Shoup Hall had an easy time beating Lindley Hall, since the latter didn't show up. It was the same story as McConnell won from Upham, and Gault Hall defeated the Town Men. In the only completed game in the league it was Chrisman Hall over Campus Club, 11-6.

**Close One**  
Attendance was only slightly better in League II play as the Town Men 2 beat Shoup Hall 2, and Gault Hall 2 beat Chrisman Hall 2, both games being forfeits. In completed action, it was Lindley Hall 2 over McConnell Hall 2, in a close one 14-6. A real pitchers' dual pervaded as Campus Club 2 lost to Willis Sweet, 17-10.

League III should be up for some kind of medal since all four scheduled games were completed. The Lambda Chis squeezed by the Sigma Nus 10 to 9.

The Kappa Sigs had a tough time putting away the Phi Deltas, 16-6. The FarmHouse surprised the Fijis, 12 to 11. And finally, the Delta Sigs came from behind to beat the Sigma Chis 6 to 5.

# Huskies Here Today For 'Division Opener

Preliminary play is over for the Vandal baseball team and first round of the main bout starts this weekend. Northern division play opens at McLean Field with a pair of games with the University of Washington today and tomorrow. Idaho baseball coach Wayne Anderson terms the games a "tough opening," as the Huskies are considered improved over last season. Today's game starts at 3 p.m. and tomorrow's action at 2 p.m.

The Vandals closed out a 16-game pre-league slate with a 11-5 mark getting three full route performances in the final four games. Strongest man on the staff is senior right-hander Steve Hinckley, who has a string of 23 scoreless innings. Hinckley will probably get the nod for the opener.

The Preston veteran has pitched 37 innings allowing 20 hits, only four earned runs, struck out 40 and walked but eight. Two early season losses mar Hinckley's record but who can quarrel with a .972 earned run average despite a 3-2 won-loss mark.

Left Denny Grant, a junior from Wenatchee, Wash., is tied with Hinckley in the win column with three. He has yet to lose in four appearances. The other two hurlers with unblemished records are Darrell Woofter (2-0) from Las Vegas, Nev., and Tony Burke (1-0) from Fairfield, Wash.

The Huskies, who finished one spot ahead of the Vandals in fourth place last season, have five veteran chockers back from last year. Leading the staff is Phil Swinley, a six-foot right hander, who posted a 3-1 record last year. Other Husky pitchers are right-

handers Earle Irvine, Rick Menti, and Casey Thompson and left-hander Jim Stjerne.

Leading the Vandal hitters in pre-league play is senior catcher Ted Knivilla from Grangeville, with a .423 mark in ten games. Junior Key stoner Dick Mooney from Elk Grover, Calif., has collected the most hits, 19, and scored the most runs, 13, and is tied for basestealing honor with six. His .339 batting mark is second only to Knivilla among the regulars.

Cliff Trout, who is hitting .308, and Terry Boesel, who is hitting an even .300, are tied with Mooney in the base stealing department. Shortstop Bill Johnson is leading the team in runs-batted-in with nine despite a .208 batting average. Johnson is a senior co-captain from Richland, Wash.

Bob Vervaeke, junior left-handed swinger from Baker, Ore., topped the team in extra base hits with two doubles and three triples for a .400 slugging average. Chuck White, a sophomore outfielder of basketball fame, is tied with Johnson for the rbi lead with nine and leads the club in home runs with two.

The Huskies rely on first baseman Fred Hilpert for their power. Hilpert, the only Husky to hit .300 last season is a left-hander from Centralia, Wash. Pitcher Swinley was Washington's number two hitter, slugging away at a .294 clip.

# WSU Swingers Pound Netmen

The University of Idaho tennis team opened the 1961 campaign on a rather dismal note, losing the first match of the year to WSU. The Cougars swept all the matches, and rolled to a 7-0 victory.

In singles play, Howard Sealey, top man on the Vandal ladder system, turned in top performance. Sealey pushed WSU's number one man, Dallas Edward, to the limits, but dropped the match 7-9, 6-8.

Vandal netter Bob Hansen, after losing the first set 6-0, against Dave Ringer of the Cougars, came back strong in the second set, even though he lost it 7-9.

The other Vandal entrants in the singles play did not fare as well. Jim Paulson lost to the Cougars' Joe Kleitsch 3-6; Norm Johnson, bin 0-6, 1-6; and Idaho's John Ferris fell to Cougar Tom Buchanan 1-6, 3-6.

In doubles competition, Vandals Hansen and Sealey lost 2-6, 4-6 to Kleitsch and Norland, WSU, while the team of Ferris and Paulson dropped their match to the Cougar contingent of Ringer and Johnson.

The Vandal crew returns to action on April 29, when they face the Oregon Ducks at the University courts.

# P.E. Dept. Hosts Steak Fry Tonight

The third annual steak fry for all men and women interested in physical education is being put on tonight by the PE department.

The steak fry is between 2:30 and 6 p.m. this evening in the Arboretum. Tickets at \$1.25 per person may be purchased at the men's and women's gym offices or from members of Phi Epsilon Kappa, the national PE fraternity.

**Jim Herndon On The Bench**



# Vandal Stickers Hopeful; Eye Northern Division Spots

The Northern Division cellar-holder meets the challenger to open the ND play at Idaho this season, this afternoon.

Last season, the Vandals, after a fine 14-2 pre-season record, slid to a 3-11 performance in the ND to occupy last place.

The Washington Huskies, batting at a .467 clip, were pushing on the door with a 7-3 record.

This season both teams are tagged as "much improved" — even though Idaho slipped a notch to an 11-5 pre-season tally.

The Vandals, under the direction of coach Wayne Anderson in his third full year, are stronger in both the pitching and hitting departments this spring compared to a year ago.

The Vandal mound staff behind three-year veteran Steve Hinckley offer depth and variety. Hinckley, whose 40 strikeouts and a string of 23 scoreless innings to his credit, has an earned run average of .972 for 37 innings.

Behind Hinckley are lefties Tony Burke (1-0), Denny Grant (3-0), and Pat Townsend (2-1). Also with some throwing action under their belts are southpaw Craig Feenan and Darrell Woofter (2-0), and John Dreps, both right handers.

On the sticking side the Vandals have Chuck White, Andy Johnson, and Bob Vervaeke to hit the long ball. White and Johnson who are tied for the rbi lead with nine, are just reaching their top playing form, and should improve as the season progresses. White, 6-4 right fielder, leads in home runs with two. Vervaeke is the leading slugger at a .400 percentage.

Little second sacker Dick Mooney, Cliff Trout and Terry Boesel show that they have speed to burn with six stolen bases apiece. Coach Anderson keeps the Vandal team running. Idaho has averaged a stolen base an inning in pre-season play.

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# Sports

# Unscathed Golfers Match WSU, Bulldog Teams Next

The undefeated Idaho linksters, fresh from a 14-1 stomping of Whitman, have rounds slated with Washington State tomorrow, and the Gonzaga Bulldogs, Monday.

The Vandals who support a 3-0 record meet the Cougars on the University course tomorrow afternoon and play the Bulldogs on the Indian Canyon course at Spokane. Both teams are "much improved" over last year and could give the Vandals trouble.

Idaho defeated both clubs at the Banana Belt tourney earlier this year.

**WSU**

Pacing Washington State are Denny Johnson, Denny Duerden, Joe Hill, Mike Lefell, Jerry Crossler, and Sonny Meek.

Gonzaga sports an exceptionally strong team, according to Idaho golfer Don Modie. The Zags also will have the advantage of playing on their home course, rated one of the best municipal courses in the nation.

Leading the Bulldogs are Randy Fossee, Bob Erickson, Mike Bowers, Craig Gage, Dick Coles, and Kermit Rosin.

**Same Team**

Idaho will continue with the same team that crushed Whitman last Tuesday.

The second season win over the missionaries was scored during

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**On Campus** with Max Shulman  
(Author of "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf", "The Many Loves of Dottie Gillis", etc.)

# THE DEAN YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

Now in the waning days of the school year when the hardest heart grows mellow and the very air is charged with memories, let us pause for a moment and pay tribute to that overworked and underappreciated campus figure, your friend and mine, the dean of students.

Policeman and confessor, shepherd and seer, warden and oracle, proconsul and pal, the dean of students is by far the most enigmatic of all academicians. How can we understand him? Well sir, perhaps the best way is to take an average day in the life of an average dean. Here, for example, is what happened last Thursday to Dean Killjoy N. Dampier of Duluth A and M.

At 6 a.m. he woke, dressed, lit a Marlboro, and went up on the roof of his house to remove the statue of the Founder which had been placed there during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.

At 7 a.m. he lit a Marlboro and walked briskly to the campus. (The Dean had not been driving his car since it had been placed on the roof of the girls dormitory by high-spirited undergraduates.)

At 7:45 a.m. he arrived on campus, lit a Marlboro, and climbed the bell tower to remove his secretary who had been placed there during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.

At 8 a.m. he reached his office, lit a Marlboro, and met with Dorther Sigafoos, editor of the student newspaper. Young Sigafoos had been writing a series of editorials urging the United States to annex Canada. When his editorials had evoked no response, he had taken matters into his own hands. Accompanied by his sports editor and two copy readers, he had gone over the border and conquered Manitoba. With great patience and several excellent Marlboro Cigarettes, the Dean persuaded young Sigafoos to give Manitoba back. Young Sigafoos, however, insisted on keeping Winnipeg.

At 9 a.m. the Dean lit a Marlboro and met with Erwin J. Bender, president of the local Sigma Chi chapter, who came to report that the Deke house had been put on top of the Sigma Chi house during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.

At 10 a.m. the Dean lit a Marlboro and went to umpire an intramural softball game on the roof of the law school where the campus baseball diamond had been placed during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.

At 12 noon the Dean had a luncheon meeting with the president of the university, the bursar, the registrar, and the chairman of the English department at the bottom of the campus swimming pool where the faculty dining room had been placed during the night by high-spirited undergraduates. Marlbors were passed after lunch, but not lit owing to the dampness.

At 2 p.m., back in his office, the Dean lit a Marlboro and received the Canadian minister of war who said that unless young Sigafoos gave back Winnipeg, Canada would march. Young Sigafoos was summoned and agreed to give back Winnipeg if he could have Saskatchewan. The Canadian minister of war at first refused, but finally agreed after young Sigafoos placed him on the roof of the mining and metallurgy building.

At 3 p.m. the Dean lit a Marlboro and met with a delegation from the student council who came to present him with a set of matched luggage in honor of his fifty years' service as dean of students. The Dean promptly packed the luggage with his clothing and Marlbors and fled to Utica, New York, where he is now in the aluminum siding game.

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