

Professor Judges Buckley's "Distortions"

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The writer is an associate professor of mathematics at the University of Idaho. He taught at three universities in Chile from 1968 to 1970. He is writing as an informed Chilean observer and not as a member of the Idaho faculty.

By BILL VOXMAN

Occasionally, William Buckley descends from his customary lofty plateau of sustained shallowness to a level replete with rank distortions and inaccuracies. Such was the case in his blatantly offensive "analysis" of the tragic overthrow of the Allende government in Chile.

Buckley quotes Chou En-Lai as stating that socialism is not midwived by parliamentary means. If Buckley had stopped there I would have little quarrel — but, as usual, Buckley feels compelled to publicly exhibit his penchant for gross misinterpretation by implying that according to Chou, socialism and repression are synonymous.

Anyone who has followed the events in Chile during the past three years is well aware that repression never formed a part of Allende's program. Contrary to what Buckley asserts the communications media were not totally ruled by the left. In fact, Chile's most prestigious paper, El Mercurio, together with a host of other provided consistent criticism of Allende's policies.

It is interesting to note, however, that during the term of Allende's predecessor, Eduardo Frei, it was "conservatively" estimated that 90 per cent of the radio, television and newspapers were in the hands of the moderately right or rightest elements of the country.

Buckley claims that Chile's universities are completely under leftist control. To my knowledge, neither the University of Chile nor the Catholic University are dominated by the left. To be sure, the third most important university in Chile, the Technical University is "controlled" (whatever that means) by the Communists — as it was for several years before the advent of Allende. I might add that for two years I taught at this university in complete freedom, despite its "Communist occupation."

Buckley asserts that hundreds of thousands of Chileans opposed the Allende Government. This is undoubtedly true, but Buckley should have gone on to say that hundreds of thousands of Chileans would be in opposition to any government. Such is (or was) the nature of the Chilean democratic process. Chile was probably the most truly democratic country in the world. Buckley also fails to note that millions of Chileans supported the Allende government and that this support had substantially increased since his inauguration as attested to by recently held elections.

Buckley concludes with his most absurd blast. "What we saw were hundreds upon thousands of men and women

demanding an end to the regime that had brought repression, poverty, inflation, chaos, and fratricidal strife." What we did see was a handful of men, armed with bombs and tanks, put an end to what perhaps represented Latin America's last peaceful hope for obtaining social justice and relief from the economic repression which the great majority of its peoples have for so long endured.

That the Allende government was repressive is contradicted by almost anyone who has been in Chile during the past three years.

Few observers deny that the average worker was far better off under Allende than under previous governments. It is probably true, however, that many of the rich were forced to reduce the number of their maids from three to two, and that they may have experienced some of the shortages that 80 per cent of the people had

always known as a permanent way of life. It should also be noted that these shortages were due in large part to the fact that the lower classes were finally able to buy goods previously available only to the upper classes.

The situation of the middle class is quite complex and one could easily devote a series of articles to its role in South America. Many believe that the existence of a substantial middle class may actually impede progress toward obtaining some sort of decent level of living for the entire population.

That there was inflation is not to be denied (although persistent inflation plagued all previous governments as well). One wonders to what degree this inflation was a result of policies of the United States. Only recently, an administration official was quoted as being very enthusiastic about our role in Chile; that it had not been necessary to use (our) armed force to bring down the government of Allende, but rather by cutting off credits, loans, etc., we were able to create economic chaos in Chile. Surely something all Americans can be proud of.

Again, it can not be disputed that during the past three years there has been considerable turmoil in Chile. However, one must realize that in South America, stability is for all practical purposes synonymous with the status quo — a situation simply intolerable for 80 to 90 per cent of the people, who have little or nothing to lose in periods of change.

To the charge that Allende was responsible for fratricidal strife, I fear that this strife is just to begin — a direct consequence of the generals' obscene intervention.

As the Lewiston Morning Tribune editorial writer Bill Hall so well pointed out in a recent editorial, tragic irony abounds. Allende lived by the Chilean constitution and was killed by those who chose to abrogate it in order "to save Chile."

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Council Picks Up Debate On Tenure Today

At its June meeting, the State Board of Education approved a major change in tenure guidelines for the four state-supported four-year colleges, a move that was seen as a "great victory" as far as students were concerned.

Now, it's up to the four institutions to come up with their own specific tenure policies consistent with the board's guidelines. At the University of Idaho, this is being done by the Faculty Council, a body which meets the board's requirement of being "a cooperative venture among students, faculty and administration."

The past two weeks, the Faculty Council has been debating, discussing, revising and hammering out a proposed revision of the University's tenure policy, based for the most part on a similar proposal passed last March 28 by the University Faculty and modified by the new Regents' guidelines.

And this afternoon at the regular meeting of the Faculty Council, the revised policy statement will be presented as a seconded motion for final action before presentation to the Regents at their October meeting. (The meeting, open to students, will start at 3:10 p.m. in the Faculty Office Building lounge.)

According to the State Board, tenure is defined as "a condition of presumed continuous employment (following the expiration of a probationary period) during which time the faculty member's service should be terminated only for adequate cause (the burden of proof resting with the institution), except in the case of retirement for age, under conditions of financial exigency as declared by the State Board of Education and Board of Regents of the University of Idaho, or in situations where extreme shifts in enrollment have eliminated the justification for the existence of a position."

The Faculty Council's policy elaborates on this, adding "Rather than being a guarantee of lifetime employment, tenure has as its fundamental purpose the protection of academic freedom in order to maintain a free and open intellectual atmosphere."

The departmental tenure-recommending/review committee would then hold a competency review on the departmental committee back to the university-level committee for evaluation and transmittal to the president.

But it's the makeup of this departmental committee that's raised the most questions and drawn the most controversy in the Faculty Council's two weeks of study.

As presently stated in the revised policy, the departmental committees would consist of the following as voting members: the tenured faculty members in the department, one untenured faculty member from the department, one tenured faculty member from another department, and (in cases involving faculty members on the Moscow campus with teaching-research responsibilities) a number of students not exceeding one-half the number of tenured departmental faculty members serving on the committee (approximating that number as closely as possible without exceeding it).

Professor Edson Peck, is one of the critics of the makeup of the committee, including the provision for voting student members. "This is not, in my opinion, a reasonable method for giving students a voice in the University," he said at the Faculty Council's Sept. 13 meeting.

But Peck said he feels stronger on other points of the proposed policy revision than on the more controversial subject of students serving on the tenure review committees.

"Personally, I'd rather have no tenure at all than a system with too many reviews," the physics professor said.

However, Peck feels a set-up with faculty checking up on other faculty members "would promote mutual distrust." And he stressed the inefficiency and the unnecessary man-hours of a committee that would have to review a fifth of the faculty every year. "This in itself undercuts the work of the administrators," Peck added.

And finally, Peck said he doesn't feel students are qualified to make decisions involved in tenure review. "I'm not running down the students — even I don't feel myself as a physics professor too competent to review a faculty member in History or English or another field," he added.

(continued on page 3)



Day care centers benefit student wives, when and if the university supports them. It would free many women with children to continue their education. This boy is really getting into the books at one of Moscow's established centers.

Day Care A Relief To Women Students

By Lynn Payne And Maryjude Woivode

The first comprehensive day care in our country was established during the Civil War. Since then, child care centers have sprung up all over the country during times of national crisis. In World War II the government paid for child care centers for over one and a half million children whose mothers were working at defense plants.

In this time of supposed peace, child care is a necessary right, not only for children of welfare parents, but for millions of working parents who want proper care and education for their children.

Next month, Santiago Estrada, assistant dean of the Student Advisory Services, will make a proposal to the Board of Regents to establish a child care center for the University of Idaho.

The most difficult problems for getting university day care are funding, space allocation, licensing, qualified teachers, program development, and parental involvement. Acquiring facilities that meet state regulations is the U of I's biggest problem. This decision rests in the hands of the Board of Regents.

The big battle will take place when the Board meets from October 9-12. They will decide the university's ability to afford a new building which will cost thirty thousand dollars.

That failing, an old building can be renovated to fit state standards for child care center. If accepted, the university would provide the bulk of funds from presently unidentified sources. Pledges will be requested from ASUI, the Panhellenic Council, and various organizations such as the Women's Center.

Estrada said the staff would consist of student teachers who will receive credit for their work, volunteers from fraternities and sororities, and volunteers who have a few hours to spare. In charge of the center will be a director with a degree in education, child development, theology, or some related study. The center will be indirectly under the auspices of the Student Advisory Services and Married Student Housing.

The center will be prepared to handle about thirty children from two and a half to five, with hours from 7:45 to 5:15 p.m., Monday through Friday. The children will be separated into age groups and have curriculum tailored to fit individual needs. There will be morning and afternoon snacks and a hot lunch.

Parental involvement will entail family buffets, play activities, and parental use of the building for evening activities. The fee for full time day care will be sixty dollars a month, and about thirty dollars for half days. Special arrangements could possibly be made for people not able to afford the fees. Students will get

preference in the center. Although the student day care center is not a reality yet, there are two other services available for parents who need them.

The first is the Cooperative Day Care Center, located on Mountain View Road and 6th Street, in the Trinity Baptist Church. Mrs. Hannaford, who works at the center explained their policy.

"The center is open Monday through Friday from 8:45 until 3:15," she said. "Since it is a cooperative center, an adult from each family must contribute one four-hour shift each week at the center. The cost is 15 cents per hour per child."

There is a limit of 15 hours per week that a child can be left at the center. A parent can bring the child to the day care center at any time during the center's working day.

The major question stands. Will the Board of Regents authorize funds for a new building for a day care center or the renovation of an older one? If they do, the university could have a child care center by spring semester. If they don't accept the proposal, the university is without a child care center for at least another year.

Estrada has taken this into consideration. By next semester, he hopes to see a part time director hired by the university who will contact parents who are interested in day care to find out their needs.



Women's Rights:

What will the Equal Right's Amendment mean to the women of this nation. See page 2 story.



Birth Control:

How does a woman in Moscow obtain a safe means of contraception? Story on page 2 and 3.



The Arts:

The Argonaut has a special arts and entertainment section in this issue. The arts section will continue each Tuesday. The first page is on page 6.



Photography:

Dorothy Lange the famous woman photographer from the depression era is featured on page 9 of the arts and entertainment section.



Barbara Meldrum

Women's Rights Proposal Viewed

By Celia Schoeffler

The momentum of the women's rights movement gained unsurpassed political and economic strength in 1972 when the U.S. Senate passed the Equal Rights Amendment by an overwhelming majority.

"Equality of rights under the law shall not be abridged or denied by the United States or by any state on account of sex." So states the single-sentence amendment which originated in 1923 as product of an alliance between the suffragists of the National Women's Party and two Republican members of Congress, both from Kansas.

The Equal Rights Amendment, ERA, requires ratification by three fourths of the states by March 22, 1979 for it to become law. If 13 states reject the proposal, it will be temporarily lost.

At present 30 states have approved ERA, Hawaii being the first to ratify. The other states to pass the amendment include Delaware, New Hampshire, Idaho, Kansas, Colorado, Iowa, West Virginia, Wisconsin, New York, Michigan, Wyoming, South Dakota, Oregon, Minnesota, New Mexico, Vermont, Connecticut and Washington.

In the past year, heated controversy has emerged over the Amendment. Both forces are made up primarily of women: those who favor equality and those feeling they would lose more than they would gain under the proposal.

The proposed amendment would prevent discrimination of women in areas of education, social security, job opportunities, military, criminal and domestic relation laws.

"The principal of nondiscrimination requires that individuals be considered on the basis of individual capacities and not on characteristics generally attributed to the group," stated the Equal Employment Opportunity Act of 1972.

"Women have it better than equality. They are a protected group who like things as they are," say the opposition groups which include the Stop ERA Committee, HOW (Happiness Of Women), and AWARE (American Women Are Richly Endowed), according to a Redbook article by Calire Safran, June 1973.

The Draft

A primary objection voiced by these groups concern ERA's platform on the draft, which states that women would be classified on an equal basis with men for the Selective Service.

Presently, the induction authority of the Selective Service has been discontinued as of June 30, 1973. Although no man has been drafted since December 1972, registration with the Selective Service is still required. The purpose of this is to provide the armed forces with a standby pool of draftees in case an emergency revives the draft.

A volunteer military force will undoubtedly increase the proportion of women in the services, according to a University of Michigan business economist, Professor Ross J. Wilhelm.

The changes brought about by the amendment will require a radical restructuring of the military's view of women, now a narrow, stereotypical view according to the April 1971 Yale Law Journal.

Currently women constitute approximately 1.6 percent of the U.S. military personnel. The Veterans Administration reports that since 1966 the educational opportunities of the GI Bill have been available to only 33,706 females in comparison to 3,134,496 men who have benefited.

"Under the Equal Rights Amendment," said Gutwillig, "Women could be admitted to the service under the same standards as men and could not be denied assignment to positions and training solely because they are women."

The minimum mental and educational standards required for admission to the armed forces are still much higher for women than men, but plans are being made for changes required to comply with ERA.

The amendment would require that both men and women who meet the physical and other requirements, who are not exempt or deferred by law, and who are within the draftable age group, would be subject to the draft if it was in effect.

The fear that mothers with children could be drafted into the military service if ERA is approved is completely unfounded, states the Senate Judiciary Report, which will be the chief source for determining the intent of Congress.

The report says Congress will retain ample power to create legitimate sex-neutral exemptions from compulsory service.

"There are several permissible alternatives to the deferment provisions under ERA. Deferment might be extended to women, so that neither parent in a family with children would be drafted. Alternately, the section could provide that one, but not both of the parents would be deferred. For example, whichever parent was called first might be eligible for service; the remaining parent male or female, would be deferred," said the Law Journal.

The Journal added that a third possibility would be to grant deferment to the individual in the couple who is responsible for child care.

"Women have demonstrated that they can perform admirably in many capacities in the armed forces. But, the government would not require women to serve where they are not fitted, just as men are not required to serve where not fitted," said the Senate Judiciary Report.

ERA Opponents

Opponents of ERA claim that women are physically incapable of performing combat duty. According to the Yale Law Journal, there are no facts to support this conclusion.

"Women are physically as able as men to perform many jobs classified as combat duty, such as piloting an airplane or engaging in naval operations," said the Journal. "No one would suggest that combat service is pleasant or that the women who serve can avoid the possibility of physical harm and assault. But it is important to remember all combat is dangerous, degrading and dehumanizing. That is true for all participants. As-between brutalizing our young men and brutalizing our young women, there is little to choose," it added.

The national coalitions supporting ERA, along with the Citizens Advisory Council, have concluded that equality of rights is not attainable without equality of responsibility and have specifically endorsed the drafting of women when the national welfare requires the drafting of men.

Job Equality

"America will not be able to achieve its full economic potential unless every woman who wants to work can find a job that provides fair compensation and equal opportunity for advancement," said President Richard M. Nixon in a Message to Congress in February this year.

Equal pay for equal work is a basic aim of all campaigners for women's rights. With the passage of ERA, the equal opportunity clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment, the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and other state fair-employment acts would become an existing practice rather than theory.

Employment laws which were initiated to protect the female sex would be updated or discontinued altogether if the Amendment becomes law. Laws which fall under this category are those which put a limit on overtime, night-time work or bar a woman from certain industries or occupations because of sex.

"It is difficult to imagine an occupational hazard which is based on a physical characteristic unique to one sex; if the occupation is dangerous, it is dangerous to both sexes," said the Yale Law Journal. "Legislatures which are concerned with real hazards in certain jobs will have to enact sex-neutral protection," the Journal added.

The exclusion of women from certain occupations could not be justified under ERA. Laws to protect both men and women from coerced overtime would become an individual decision for state legislatures.

Laws which impose maternity leave on employees without providing job security or seniority credits would also be discontinued under the single-sentence amendment.

"In general, labor legislation which confers clear benefits upon women would be extended to men," said the Law Journal.

(continued on page 3)

Wives wash dishes and necks and ears.



WOMEN



Shoelaces and hair ribbons.

Henderson to Deal With Contraception

By Kimi Kondo

Contraceptive information and health care is available at the U of I infirmary for all women in the university community. Best of all, the new Director of Student Health Services, Dr. William N. Henderson, 51, was a practicing gynecologist for 15 years before entering student health service in 1965. (He's also the father of two teenage girls.)

In addition to Henderson, who came to Idaho this year from the University of Southern Mississippi, there are two other

doctors on the infirmary staff. Dr. Glen O. Blaisdell from the University of South West Missouri, also new, and Dr. Robert R. Leonard returning staff member.

Low costs for exams

Most of the contraception counselling and physical examinations will be done by Henderson and Leonard. Student health insurance doesn't cover the cost of an examination, but the \$3.50 charged to students includes pap smear and pelvic exam. And if a birth control pill is prescribed, a month's supply costs a little over half of that charged elsewhere. Family planning service is also available to wives of students. This non-student rate is \$10 which includes one month's supply of pills.

A yearly physical examination is recommended for all college age women said Henderson.

Both sequential and combination birth control pills are used at the infirmary. With the sequential pill, pure synthetic estrogen is taken for the first part of the pill cycle, and then a combination of estrogen and progesterone is taken to complete the cycle. The combination pill combines estrogen and progesterone for the entire 20-21 day cycle. Combination pills containing three different levels of the combined hormones are available. Each is equally effective as a birth control method, but the doctor will recommend a particular type for each individual.

Combination pills best

According to the Boston Women's Health Book Collective, combination pills are best, in terms of birth control and safety and side effects. Discuss this with your doctor.

An IUD, or Intrauterine Device will be inserted if requested. The Dalkon Shield

is the primary device used by Henderson as it is suitable for use by women who have never been pregnant. He said though that "I don't particularly recommend an IUD," and cited a recent article in National Observer for further study.

Regarding diaphragm usage he chuckled and remarked, "The diaphragm business isn't dead, but almost is." In addition, he said the infirmary doesn't stock any "over the counter" birth control items such as condoms or foam.

When questioned as to the policy on dispensing the controversial "morning-

after" pill, he said he would "do what is medically indicated," if a girl comes in requesting it. He stressed, though that he does not use diethylstilbestrol which last spring was reported to possibly cause cancer in rats.

Abortion counselling will be done upon request, and as Henderson put it, "If there is necessity for an abortion, time is of the essence — you don't spend a lot of time talking about it."

Following up abortions
Follow up counselling occurs after any decision is made.

Although the reported rape incidence in the Moscow community is lower than at many campuses, Henderson urges a woman who has been raped to come immediately to the infirmary.

"I feel we should be the first line of consultation. The police can be contacted from here, and there is no reason not to keep it in the family," he said.

If a woman has a problem that requires a specialist, Henderson emphasized that he would not hesitate to refer the case to another physician.



Week's Events Listed

- | | | |
|------------------|---|--|
| Tuesday | 1:30 | Channeling and Career Counseling Workshop. |
| 9:00 | "Growing Up Female: As Six Become One" Film. | |
| 7:30 | Two dramatic performances by the Co-Respondents, "Fun and Games" and "Enter Laughing". In The SUB Ballroom. | |
| Wednesday | | |
| 9:00 | Child Care Workshop. | |
| 9:00 | No-host lunch with the Co-Respondents. In the EE-DA-HO Room. | |
| | Thursday | |
| | 9:00 | "The Job Situation in Moscow." |
| | Noon | No-host lunch with The Emma Willard Task Force on Education. In the EE-DA-HO Room. |
| | 1:30 | "Everything You Might Have Known About Mercy Warrep" but never thought to ask." |
| | Friday | |
| | 9:00 | Political Action Workshop. |
| | Noon | No-host lunch with The Emma Willard Task Force on Education. In the EE-DA-HO Room. |
| | 3:00 | A retreat for Women only. |

Retreat Planned

A "women only" evening retreat is scheduled to end Women's Week activities at the University of Idaho, according to Dr. Cheri Register, coordinator of the university Women's Center.

Dr. Register said the overnight retreat on the campus in old Forney Hall, will be from 3 p.m. Friday, Sept. 28, to 5 p.m. Saturday, Sept. 29. She said the retreat is planned as "a chance to get together to talk about what went on during the week in an informal setting."

Cost for the evening is \$2 for those who bring sleeping bags and \$3 for others who will be spending the night. The meals will be "potluck," according to Ms. Register. There is space for about 50 women and further information, along with a sign-up sheet, will be available at the SUB during Women's Week.

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GR-70-14	\$39.37	\$3.06
HR70-14	\$42.40	\$3.33
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855-15	\$20.80	\$2.47

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Programs Expand for Second Year

Center Slates Activities

Last fall marked the opening of a new university service, the Women's Center, located next to the President's office in Administration 100.

The University Women's Caucus had requested a room to provide a place for women from the campus and community to meet informally to discuss common interests, originally with the aim of remedying the high attrition rate among female undergraduates.

During the course of the year, drop-in attendance increased, along with enthusiasm for the center. As a result, several programs were initiated.

Brown Bag Series

One of these programs, the Brown Bag Series, was successful and has been continued this year. The Brown Bag Sessions are noon-time discussions dealing with such topics as the Equal Rights Amendment, job discrimination, women in literature, child care and abortion, and sexism in education.

In addition to the Brown Bag Series, another weekly program, called Focus, will be initiated, aiming at an in-depth study of particular topics of importance to women of campus and community. The Center will also sponsor films, lectures, and special exhibits, along with a few selected projects.

The Women's Center still operates under the auspices of Student Advisory Services, but now it has a paid coordinator, Cheri Register, who worked in the center last year, has been hired for this position. Much of the vital work, however is done by volunteers.

A collective decision-making process has been established, in which all the volunteers have a voice. The coordinator is ultimately responsible for the accomplishment of tasks, but she does not make major policy decisions on her own.

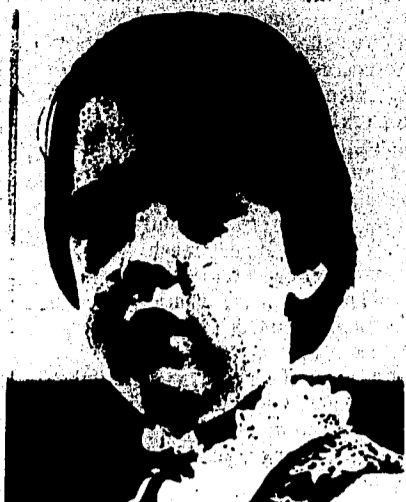
Open to Men

The Center will continue to perform the services it offered last year, and as new needs are discovered, new services will be added. The Women's Center is not a feminist organization as such, but is rather a university facility, open to men as well as to all women in the community.

The public is invited to drop in any weekday between 9AM and 5PM to have coffee and talk, investigate Center resource materials, including books that can be checked out, to sign up for on-going activities, to find out about arranging child care, and to offer suggestions or provide information that the Center might be lacking.

"It is hoped that everyone will

contribute in making the Women's Center a successful and valid expression of the women of the community, as well as a learning experience for all involved," said Ms. Register.



Women at Idaho — who are we and where can we go from here? Sisters learn to help sisters as we seek to redefine roles.

Clinics Offered

Family planning clinics are held for Idaho residents regardless of age or marital status through the Public Health Department. These clinics are held the third Monday of each month and appointments must be made at the County Health unit in the Latah County Courthouse.

Parents are not informed of appointments and the first visit consists of a class to acquaint women with various types of birth control methods.

If the pill is chosen as a means of contraception, it can be obtained in three month supplies or packets can be mailed to you. A yearly revisit is required. The nurses also give pregnancy counselling. This service is available free of charge to Idaho women.



Women View Rights

Continued from page 2

States which have already amended their fair employment practice laws to include sex discrimination as an unfair practice are California, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Vermont, Washington, and West Virginia.

In reference to domestic relations, the amendment would prohibit states from requiring that a child be given the same last name of either parent.

Persons opposing the proposal claim that ERA could abolish obligations of a man to support his family, that it could abolish rights to child support and that it could result in permitting homosexual marriage.

According to the Citizen's Advisory Council, these presumptions are based on remote possibilities.

"There are some opponents who go so far as to claim that the Equal Rights Amendment would result in loss of economic protection by homemakers," said the 1733 Council Report.

To assume that the courts and legislatures will abolish family support obligations is to assume that the courts and legislatures will act irresponsibly and capriciously, without regard to the public welfare, according to the Advisory Council.

"The Equal Rights Amendment would prohibit both statutory and common law presumptions about which parent was the proper guardian based on the sex of the parent," said the Yale Law Journal.

It added, that in regard to civil enforcement of support laws, the amendment would bar a state from imposing greater liability for support on the husband.

The courts could equalize the law by also extending to women the duty of support. This rule is already in practice in the state of Iowa, where both father and mother are under the same legal duty to support the children.

Under ERA, alimony payments would become available equally to husbands and wives.

"Similarly, the laws could provide support payments for a parent with custody of a young child who stays at home to care for that child, so long as there was no legal presumption that the parent granted custody should be the mother," said the Law Journal.

Domestic Relations

The State of Washington, after amending the Equal Rights Amendment last December, has completed an extensive revision of State laws to eliminate discriminatory treatment based on sex. One of the changes was to extend to female applicants for marriage licenses the requirement for an affidavit of freedom from contagious venereal disease; another was to eliminate from the list of grounds for divorce the neglect or refusal of a husband to make suitable provision for his family.

"Laws which vest management of the community property in the husband alone, or favor the husband as manager in any way, would not be valid under ERA," added the Law Journal.

The belief that social relationships between men and women would change as a result of ERA is another objection often raised by opposing forces.

The only kind of sex discrimination that ERA would forbid is that which exists in law," said Senator Marlow Cook.

"Interpersonal relationships and customs of chivalry will, of course, remain as they always have been, a matter of individual choice. The passage of this amendment will neither make a man a gentlemen, nor will it require him to stop being one," Senator Cook said.

ERA For Idaho

(Editors Note) The following letter provides factual information concerning questions commonly raised about Equal Rights Amendment. "It addresses itself implicitly to the question of what the amendment will mean to the women of this state and nation and what my position is in regard thereto," said W. Anthony Park, Idaho Attorney General.

January 15, 1973

Representative Frank Carlucci
88 Regency Square
Jacksonville, Florida 32211

Dear Representative Carlucci:

The Attorney General has asked me to respond to your letter of January 2, 1973. I am happy to do so.

You have asked a number of questions, some of which are quite complex, regarding to effect of the proposed "Equal Rights Amendment" to the United States Constitution. The answer to these questions would be essentially the same in your state as it is in ours. I will venture our opinion, on a shallow non-technical basis, to each of your questions. If you wish more detailed technical answers, I would suggest that you request more formal opinions from your attorney general. I will attempt to respond to your questions in the order that they are asked:

1. "Would the amendment require that women be drafted?"
If men are required to submit themselves to the draft for a period of time, the Equal Rights Amendment would require that women also be subject to the draft.

2. "Would separate restrooms be prohibited?"
Certainly not.

3. "Would rights to privacy be wiped out for both men and women?"
Certainly not.

4. "Would the amendment invalidate the Mann Act, rape and incest laws?"

The Mann Act and rape laws might require some revision so as to be applicable to forceable sexual intercourse perpetrated by a female, or to be applicable in the case of the Mann Act to transportation of a male across state lines for illicit purposes. I say might, because this is far from true, and an arguable case can be presented that would not be required. I see no basis for a required change in incest laws under the Equal Rights Amendment.

5. "Would it require equal financial responsibility for the family?"
Equal financial responsibility would be required, but ultimate financial responsibility might be hinged by law upon some element other than sex (i.e. earning capabilities of the individual partners).

6. "Would state wage and hour laws be over-ridden?"

I can only answer this question as it pertains to Idaho law. The answer in Idaho is that they would not. The Idaho laws have already been amended so as to be applicable equally to men and women.

7. "Would the Social Security System wipe out special benefits for wives and widows or provide similar benefits for husbands and widowers?"

The Social Security System would have to give you the precise answer to this question. However, I would envision that such changes as were required would involve increased benefits for husbands or widowers of qualified females.

8. "Would states be prohibited from requiring that a child's last name be the same as the father's?"

Arguably, that would be the case. However, the state would have the right to impose some uniform system for administrative and record keeping purposes, and so could require that the child's last name be the same as the father's. A definite answer to this question would have to await litigation.

To the extent that the law differentiates in its investment of privileges in male and female citizens of the various states, these sex based differentials would have to be eliminated. The method of elimination would have to be a matter of legislative discretion.

The key to understanding the effect of the Equal Rights Amendment is to understand that it would not bar distinction based on realities. Therefore, for example, separate restrooms clearly would not be in violation of that act. Failure to provide restrooms for females in a place of employment would probably amount to a violation of that act. We believe the Equal Rights Amendment will go a long way towards full equality in American society, and therefore fully support its adoption.

If we may be of further assistance to you, please feel free to call upon us.

Very truly yours,
FOR THE ATTORNEY GENERAL
DONALD E. KNICKREHM
Assistant Attorney General

Day Care

(Continued from Page 1)

The director will also try to coordinate the day care centers at Moscow and act as a consultant to the home child centers. Presently there are four child care centers in various churches of Moscow, though not enough to keep the children of students and working people in town. The question is not whether we need day care, but whether the funds will be authorized.

We have been hearing since January of this year of the poor financial condition of the country's universities, and of the overall decline of students that have registered at the U of I. The lack of good inexpensive child care is shown by the number of women returning to college only after their children are old enough to start kindergarten or school, and by the

high number of dropouts who have small children. If the University is in financial straits, providing good child care might insure more students which in turn would provide more money. So far, this fight for child care has not been a political fight, but it depends on the Board of Regents.

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Room of One's Own

By Vicki Jo Rishling

"We who like the children of Israel have been wandering in the wilderness of prejudice and ridicule for forty years feel a peculiar tenderness for the young women on whose shoulders we are about to leave our burdens... The younger women are starting with great advantages over us. They have the results of our experience; superior opportunities for education; they will find a more enlightened public sentiment for discussion; they will have more courage to take the rights which belong to them... Thus far women have been the mere echoes of men. Our laws and constitutions, our creeds and codes, and the customs of social life are all of masculine origin. The true woman is as yet a dream of the future."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton at the age of seventy-two speaking to the International Council of Women, 1888

The historical oppression of women is a fact that cannot be denied. But in tracing the crucial issues of the gradual movement of women's liberation, a surprising degree of continuity emerges between the ideas and concerns of the old and new feminism. The continued relevance of feminist writers of more than a century ago is a measure of the sad lack of improvement today in the basic status of women in this society.

The radicalism of some of present-day women liberation groups is frustration and outrage of more than a century exploding in violent reaction to the continued exploitation of women. Kate Millet, one of these radical feminists, argues in her book *Sexual Politics* that the relationship between the sexes is a political one—a power struggle in which women are sometimes idolized, sometimes patronized, always exploited—society's most arbitrary folly. Arbitrary it is, for the exploitation of women goes far beyond that. It is an exploitation of all of us, men and women, in learning the basic male dominance/female submissiveness pattern that is prevalent in our society.

This conditioning is the root of our exploitation, the continued acceptance of such a cultural pattern the "arbitrary folly." Neither men nor women can ever come to full realization of their individual potentials while we continue to structure our consciousness within these limitations.

From the historical to the present, women still struggle against basically three unsolved feminist problems. Certainly, in the struggle for identity as women, the institution of marriage has been a major instrument of oppression. Even after the issue of suffrage was won, a few individuals reminded women that the demand for suffrage was only half the battle; the whole definition of marriage and family and the women's role must be altered for the woman to ever become equal to her male counterpart. Tennessee Claflin, an important feminist at the turn of the century, wrote in 1871: "If the enfranchised woman should still be compelled to remain the servile, docile, meekly-acquiescent self-immolated and self-abnegative wife, there would be no difficulty about the voting. At the ballot box is not where the shoe pinches... It is at home where the husband, as in prehistoric times, is the supreme ruler, that the difficulty arises; he will not surrender this absolute power unless he is compelled."

It is essential for the institution of marriage to be re-examined and re-evaluated. An entirely new definition of marriage must come about, one based on the equality of each partner and the fulfillment of each individual. The male dominance and female servility of present marriage relations is a weak foundation for any lasting bond between two people and is especially self-negating for the women.

Sexual oppression in our present society goes hand in hand with the problem of inequality in marriage. The concrete facts of women's existence have undergone profound changes in the past few decades. Improved contraception, safer childbirth and abortion, effective treatment of venereal disease, have made possible women's control over her own body, physiologically. But the mental

attitudes of our society, both men and women, have not kept stride with these technological improvements. Women are still "fucked"—men are still "seduced." The exploitation by both sexes prevents a communication and union, both sexual and intellectual, that might otherwise be achieved.

The economic dependence of women relates to both the question of marriage as a degrading institution and woman's control over her own body. Although much work has been concentrated in this area, glaring inequalities in opportunities and salaries still exist in the world of business; these both limit and demote the independent woman who wishes to remain so. This economic dependence on a male-dominated society is a major factor in the slowness of change in the status of women and in the attitudes of women of and about themselves. A woman trying to make her own way is denied at almost every level in the world of competition with men; she is denied her identity as a woman, her validity as a separate entity apart from man.

This search for selfhood is the whole concern of the feminist movement today, a concern that should extend to other levels in our society. It is vitally important that women attain an equal position in family, in business, in the arts. The feminists strive for a "room of one's own," as Virginia Woolf so aptly expressed in the 1930's. The creative woman needs to be accepted as a human being, with emotions and experiences that are uniquely "woman," different but equal to the male experience. The feminist struggle for identity—"the true woman... a dream of the future..."—is an issue that cannot be overlooked, that must not fail. Once the facade of female inferiority, the "weaker sex," is cast aside, perhaps we will be able to relate to each other as human beings, with unique and valid experiences to share with one another. "The true woman" is a realizable dream for all of us, now, if we will join efforts to attain that goal. It is an exciting challenge that promises new levels of communication between men and women, between people.

Erica Jong - *Fruits and Vegetables*, Holt, Rhinehart and Winston - 1971

Sixteen Warnings in Search of a Feminist Poem

1. Beware of the man who denounces ambition; his fingers itch under his gloves.
2. Beware of the man who denounces war through clenched teeth.
3. Beware of the man who denounces women writers; his penis is tiny and cannot spell.
4. Beware of the man who wants to protect you; he will protect you from everything but himself.
5. Beware of the man who loves your soul; he is a bullbitter.
6. Beware of the man who denounces his mother; he is a son of a bitch.
7. Beware of the man who spells son of a bitch as one word; he is a hack.
8. Beware of the man who loves death too well; he is taking out insurance.
9. Beware of the man who loves life too well; he is a fool.
10. Beware of the man who denounces psychiatrists; he is afraid.
11. Beware of the man who trusts psychiatrists; he is in hock.
12. Beware of the man who picks your dresses; he wants to wear them.
13. Beware of the man you think is harmless; he will surprise you.
14. Beware of the man who cares for nothing but books; he will run like a trickle of ink.
15. Beware of the man who writes flowery love letters; he is preparing for years of silence.
16. Beware of the man who praises liberated women; he is planning to quit his job.

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A Neutral View

By Dale Uravich

Information lacking

In writing this I hope to speak subjectively as a male of the species, who has constantly been subtly bombarded by both sides of the issue in question. So... Women's Liberation. In my estimation a poor name for the equality movement. "Liberation" seems to have too radical an implication, points a finger too accusing, causes much adverse reaction. Cases in point — National Liberation Front (Viet Cong) — Black Liberation Army — Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine — etc. All three names are commonly associated with terrorism. I feel the name is too radical to reach the moderate people needed for change to come about.

Leadership too extreme

Secondly, as with most groups seeking definite change, the leadership that gets the most publicity seems too extreme. Take the poor devil in the street, he's constantly being bombarded through the media with terms like "male chauvinist pig," but the point is, he didn't cause the situation that exists today, though he may be responsible for helping to perpetuate it. The situation in question was caused by untold generations of people, all now dead.

Threat to masculinity?

Thus, Women's Lib is interpreted by many males as an attack, a threat, their first instinct is that of defense. Many men are defending this real (or imagined) threat to their masculinity (a very nebulous thing at best—but very, very real to some of them) by ridiculing and making fun of the movement.

Thirdly, the movement for equality is often grossly misunderstood. Adequate information isn't available—how many of you realize what the Equal Rights Amendment will actually entail? For that matter, how many of you are even aware of whether the Idaho legislature adopted or rejected the measure?

Alarmists and spokesmen for reactionary church (and other) groups who oppose the measure cry out about the violation of the sanctity of womanhood and paint a vivid picture of women being marched to the front lines in time of war, being forced to work in the woods chopping down trees and other equally nonsensical things. Perhaps a few women will undertake such enterprises, it certainly will be only those who are suited to it.

Real Dichotomy exists

I'll agree that a very real dichotomy exists in American society today. That men are in many ways the more privileged class. Many men have a very real fear of losing their domination (no matter how nominal) over, and are perhaps even afraid of being subjugated by, women. Again this is where our often warped definitions of masculinity and male superiority come into play, along with too much ignorance and too many petty mind games.

Reasonable change predicted

In closing I would like to predict that the changes sponsored by the equality movement will come (about slowly perhaps), that these changes will be reasonable and by no means abhorrent to anyone's sensibilities. What the alarmists seem to fear is that they will be forced into what they consider self-castrating tasks such as caring for children and things which they consider to be demeaning "women's work." Anyway the changes are coming, and I for one hope to welcome them.

Sylvia Plath - Books of verse are *The Colossus* and *Ariel*.

The Applicant

First, are you our sort of a person?
Do you wear
A glass eye, false teeth or a crutch,
A brace or a hook,
Rubber breasts or a rubber crotch,
Stitches to show you something's missing? No, no?
How can we give you a thing?
Stop crying.
Open your hand.
Empty? Empty. Here is a hand
To fill it and willing
To bring teapots and rill away headaches
And do whatever you tell it.
Will you marry it?
It is guaranteed
To thumb shut your eyes at the end
And dissolve of sorrow.
We make new stock from the salt.
I notice you are stark naked.
How about this suit—
black and stiff, but not a bad fit.
Will you marry it?
It is waterproof, shatterproof, proof
Against fire and bombs through the roof.
Believe me, they'll bury you in it.
Now your head, excuse me, is empty.
I have the ticket for that.
Come here, sweetie, out of the closet.
Well, what do you think of that?
Naked as paper to start
But in twenty-five years she'll be silver,
In fifty, gold.
A living doll, everywhere you look.
It can sew, it can cook,
It can talk, talk, talk.
It works, there is nothing wrong with it.
You have a hole, it's a poultice.
You have an eye, it's an image.
My boy, it's your last resort.
Will you marry it, marry it, marry it.

Book review

Our Bodies, Our Selves

Our Bodies, Our Selves, by the Boston Women's Health Book Collective, is a book by and for women. It's merit, not price, far surpasses that of a pack of \$2.95 eye shadow. (It dispels shadows instead of creating them.)

It covers and at the same time lays bare literally every possible between-the-leg concern including a knock-out sexshun on defending yourself against men-o-paws.

Women of all ages will discover pertinent parts, among them puberty, childbearing, not bearing child, and menopause. (I wonder about that word)

Aspects of celibacy, theoretically i. exists, homosexuality, heterosexuality, and masturbation are handled with actual incidents cited and sighted.

The basic thrust of the book is an "lightening, straight-forward look at woman's changing response to her own sexuality and conception of self. It's recognition of their abilities and wants,



which for so long society has judged unrealistic and impractical. What can be more impractical than burying half the world's mental and physical talents? Do yourself a favor and open your money and mind to this book. You can't afford not to. "You have nothing to fear..." Linda J. Coates



poll results

"Do you think women's liberation has affected you? And if so how?" This question was put to men on campus last week in an attempt to discover some of the views U of I students had of the feminist movement.

The following opinions were among those collected during the at random interviews.

Senior-Forestry
"Basically, deep down inside, I think I've always agreed that men and women were both just as capable. Along with this I feel that some of the women libbers who are carrying it to extremes are closing a lot of minds to it because it is taken as a joke rather than seriously."

"I worked with women this summer for the forest service and they are good workers. They can do most if not all of the jobs men do if given the chance."

Graduate-Journalism
My wife refused to change her name when we married. She also refused to fail in "men's" field of work. At one time I thought all this was pretty heavy, but now I condescendingly feel sorry for every-one else.

Senior-Philosophy
To me women's liberation is great. No individual should be handicapped because of their sex. What bothers me is that I know very few women who seem truly liberated. Women who want equal pay should open their own doors or even open them for men. Also women should be as sexually aggressive as men and not leave up to them the burden of initiative.

Sophomore-Advertising
"The only way it has really affected me is that it changed my attitude. Before, I hadn't given it any thought whatsoever. I was brought up in a regular society trip where there were assigned roles for men and women. Now I realize that there shouldn't be these roles — that the only role should be that of the human being."
"So, I would say that I am in complete agreement of equal rights for women if they want to take on that responsibility."

Freshman-Engineering
"I think that women should have the same opportunities as their male counterparts if they are willing to carry the same weight and avail themselves to the same situations which would allow no special privileges for their sex."

Sophomore-Radio-T.V.
"I don't know."

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The Master Dies

"I will take the ring, though i do not know the way."

Frodo Baggins

reprint from Time magazine

That sentence, spoken reluctantly by a curious, home-loving small creature with furry feet and a preposterous name, is slightly enigmatic. But some 10 million passionate readers round the world will instantly recognize it as the real beginning of one of the great fairy tale quests in modern literature. Frodo is a Hobbit, three feet or so tall. The ring is magic and dangerous. It renders the good and weak who wear it invisible, but it provides both the power and the itch to dominate the world to any bad and overweening personage who may possess it. Sauron, the Dark Lord of Mordor, for instance, who has already sent his dread black Ringwraiths coursing through Middle-earth to seize it. The only hope for peace lies with poor Frodo. He must journey to the very heart of darkness, to Mount Doom in Mordor, and drop the ring into the volcanic Crack of Doom, there to be destroyed forever.

Middle-earth is very nearly as large as the United States east of the Mississippi. Frodo and some true-hearted companions endure Ringwraiths and Barrow-wights, hordes of Orcs, who are Sauron's shock troops, and much cloak-and-daggering. When Frodo triumphs, finally, and destroys the ring, it is only with the perverse collaboration of Gollum, a pitifully evil creature with froglike feet who sounds a bit like Oliver Twist's Fagin and is one of the memorable minor characters in English literature.

The white magician who made all this possible was an Oxford professor of Old and Middle English, John Ronald Reuel Tolkien, who died last week at the age of 81. Knowing that an imaginary world must be realistically equipped down to the last whisker of the last monster, Tolkien put close to 20 years into the creation of Middle-earth, the three-volume Lord of the Rings and its predecessor, The Hobbit (1938). He also equipped readers with 157 pages of history, appendixes, indexes, tables of consanguinity, and philologically impeccable notes on all the languages, including Elvish and Sindarin,

spoken on Middle-earth. In the years between 1954, when the book came out, and the present, Tolkien saw his readership spread from a handful of literate Anglophiles who savored The Lord of the Rings much as they do Grahame's The Wind in the Willows or T. H. White's The Sword in the Stone, to hundreds of thousands of U.S. college kids who made Frodo a national figure and turned the lore of Middle-earth into a way of life. In 1966, the first paperback edition of the three volumes of the Ring sold close to 500,000 copies in the U.S. Scholars and critics had at first admired his books, while tracing down literary influences that ranged from Buchan (the chases, the praise of friendship) to Beowulf. Then, with such popularity, the story was denounced as escapist fantasy, its success owlishly attributed to "irrational adulation" and "nonliterary cultural and social phenomena." Attempts to straitjacket Tolkien's story as contemporary allegory were updated too. In the '50s, critics averred, Sauron was really Joseph Stalin and funbling, heroic Frodo was the West.

A genial man with a large pipe who liked to gather with friends and translate Icelandic sagas, Tolkien bore all this stoically. He worked away at other books (Silmarillion and Akallabeth, tales about the creation and early history of Middle-earth, to be published posthumously). But he did point out that literal-minded folk who object to fairy stories as escapist mistake the wartime escape of the deserter (bad) for the wartime escape of the prisoner (necessary and good). Fairy tales represent the latter, Tolkien continued, and correspond to the primordial human desire — in a world of poverty, injustice and death — for the "consolation of the happy ending." Tolkien even coined a word — Eucatastrophe — for this happy quality. Eucatastrophe gives the reader "a catch of breath, a beat and lifting of the heart, a piercing glimpse of joy and heart's desire."

The Lord of the Rings is often pokey and perfunctory. It provides a kind of joy, and will do so as long as men read and Hobbits live in holes.

Tolkien Reviewed

by John Hecht

Tolkien's popularity made him a cult hero, a role that made him uncomfortable. He has been the subject of numerous critical reviews, including those by such luminaries as Edmund Wilson and W. H. Auden. One of the most recent books on his work, and probably the best is Paul H. Kocher's Master of Middle-earth: The Fiction of J.R.R. Tolkien (Houghton Mifflin, 1972).

Lord of the Rings is a three volume book, with the prose alone running well over 1300 pages. When it is considered from such wide areas Tolkien drew his influences, Master of Middle Earth is a surprisingly concise work.

Tolkien felt that fantasy's "Secondary World" must possess both internal consistency and "strangeness and wonder arising from their freedom from the domination of observed fact." Kocher takes this thesis statement and examines Tolkien's work to see if it was consistent in these Worlds. The Conclusion: Tolkien was.

This book, for its relative brevity, is not incomplete. It is an analysis of the Worlds and figures that Tolkien created. It is not aimed at the general audience, but Tolkien scholars. However, the book can be read and enjoyed by a person who has just read LOTR for the first time.

The chapter on the Hobbit is short. The Hobbit is a pleasurable book and well written. But it was written by Tolkien for his children, to be read out loud. It is best taken as a history of the One Ring, and the Ring's surfacing in middle Earth in the Third Age. Thus it is an introduction to LOTR.

The next four chapters are lengthy, but quite readable. Kocher first discusses Tolkien's conception of the "Cosmic Order." Tolkien has given each of his major figures a belief in a moral dynamism in the universe, to which each freely contributes, but they do not know

why. Tolkien never made the artistic mistake of allowing his characters to discourse as authorities, but as Beings with their own values. Each suspected that they might be part of a larger scheme, but could not know what it was.

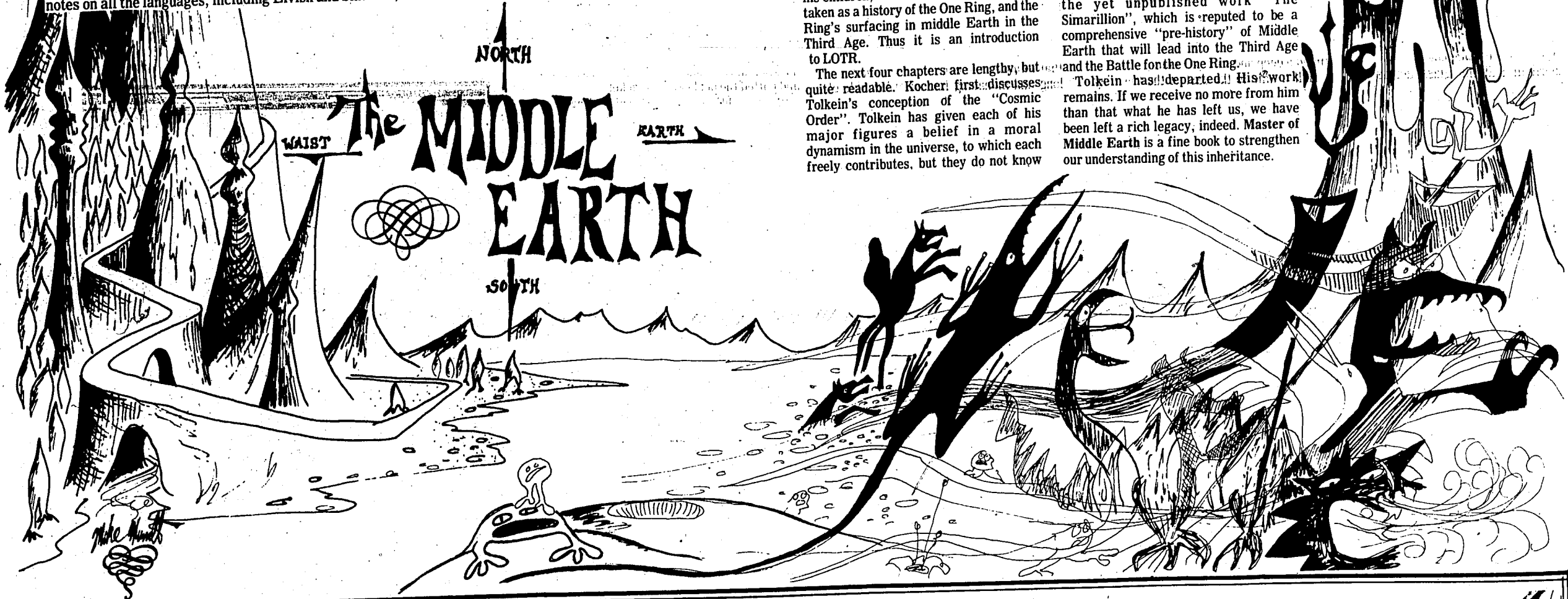
He next observes "Sauron and the Nature of Evil." The personage of Sauron is never shown in LOTR, so Kocher is regarding a shadow, a spirit of dark designs. He reminds how Sauron, the embodiment of evil, rose to power, continued his existence in a non-corporeal form when once destroyed, and how his purpose will live on.

Next are studies of the "Free Peoples" — the Hobbits, the Ents, the Elves, and the Dwarves. Each is shown as being part of the universe, and Kocher takes this chapter to remind us that Man, although dominant now, might not always have been alone as a rational being, and may not be so in the future.

The Returning King, Aragorn, is given his own chapter. Kocher feels that Aragorn has been the least understood and least studied figure in the work of Tolkien, and sets out to rectify this error. Aragorn is shown as Man, in his rise through the ages from slyvan orientation to Civilization. It is a view that is unique among Tolkien critics.

The remainder of the book is given to analysis/synopsis of the rest of Tolkien's writing. It also includes observations on the classic lecture, delivered at St. Andrew's University in Scotland, "On the World of Faery." He excluded mentioning the yet unpublished work "The Silmarillion", which is reputed to be a comprehensive "pre-history" of Middle Earth that will lead into the Third Age and the Battle for the One Ring.

Tolkien has departed! His work remains. If we receive no more from him than that what he has left us, we have been left a rich legacy, indeed. Master of Middle Earth is a fine book to strengthen our understanding of this inheritance.



From The Secondhand Life Of Corporal J. A. Linderman, United States Army

by William Gruber

The American soldier sat in the tavern with two German men, drinking from a green liter flask of Wacholder schnapps. Linderman, the soldier, played with a tiny cloth of the starched white table cloth and listened idly as one German, the tavern keeper who was called simply Harry, talked about the dry Hessian winters and his successful architect son in Frankfurt and the character of a new lot of Mosel wine he had just bought for his cellar. Linderman knew that the old man's rambling talk was part of an elaborate ritual which had to be performed before they could begin business, and he knew that eventually one of the two Germans would introduce, almost incidentally, the main topic. He knew all this and still he found himself growing impatient with the men and their frustrating custom of first talking round a subject, as if nothing ever was important enough to be hurried. Linderman rolled his shot glass slowly between his thumb and index finger, watching the clear flat disc of schnapps move on a steady plane around the glass, and he wondered if he had enough money with him for a girl at Renata's place later that evening when he heard Harry begin.

"Someone made it through just two months ago," Harry said. "Just a kid. Your age," he said, nodding at Linderman. "He made his own mine detector out of scraps. The damned thing was accurate only to 20 centimeters."

Harry paused, as if to give this last fact time to make a sufficient impact on Linderman. Linderman, obediently, made the necessary conversion calculations — 2.54 centimeters to the inch — and then whistled low to show that he appreciated the difficulty of such a feat.

"Just so," Harry continued, indicating 20 centimeters with the spread between two of his fingers. "He had to crawl through on his hands and knees. It took him several hours. That's something, nicht wahr? Knowing all that time that just 20 centimeters stands between you and death?"

"It's not something I'd want to do every day," Linderman replied. He drank off his Wacholder quickly, then chased it with a swallow of beer. He wondered, as he always did when he listened to the old German's tales, whether or not he was being put on. The story was probably genuine enough, he

decided, although the part about the 20 centimeters could have been exaggerated. He had heard similar stories, only slightly less spectacular, from several other sources. Still, you could never tell with these old Germans.

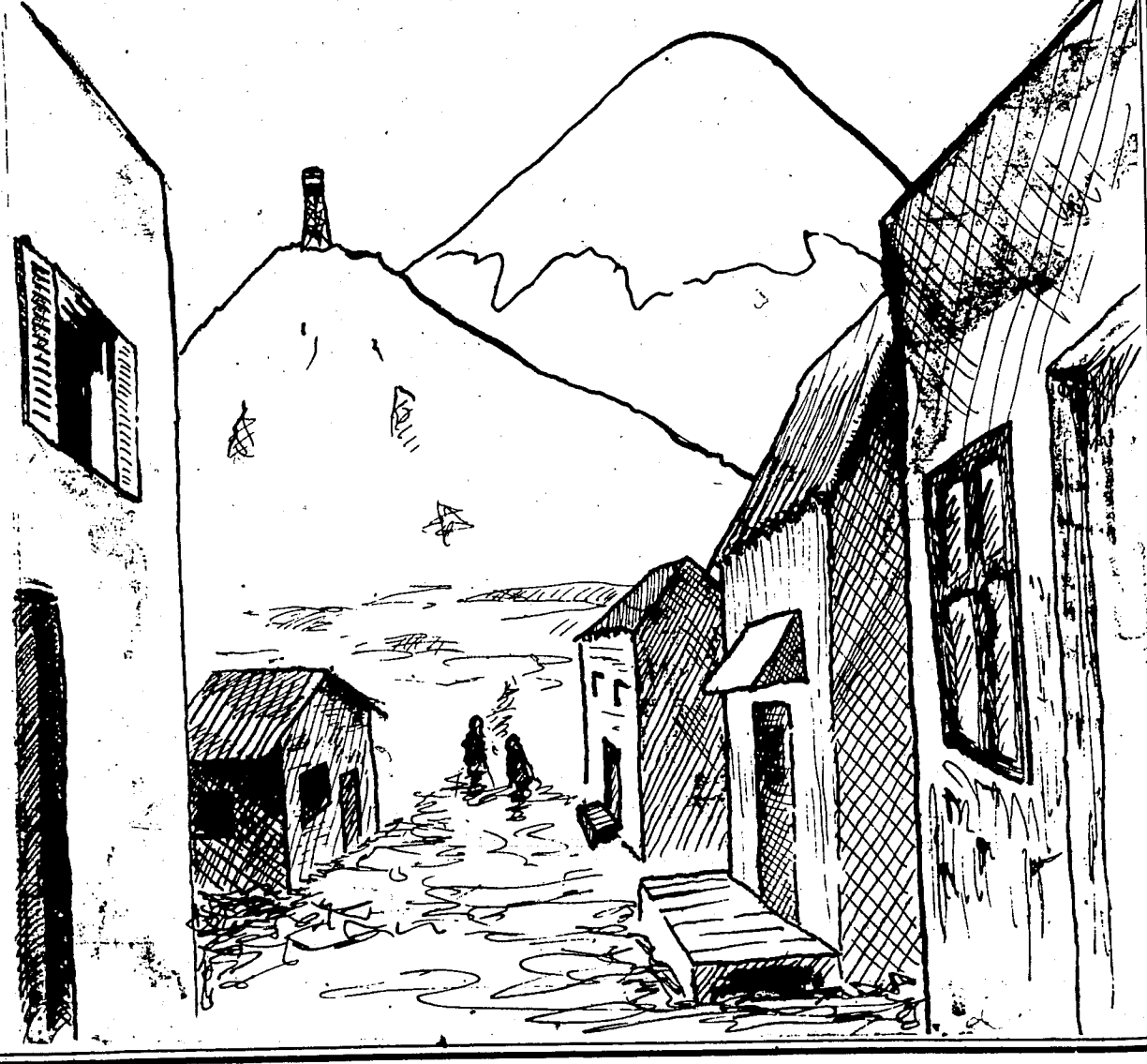
Linderman poured himself another drink. The three had been sitting at the table for nearly an hour, and the level of schnapps in the bottle now stood in the middle of the gold lion's head on the silver-and-black label. The schnapps was not a heavy, dulling drink like American whiskey. It was light, low in proof, and it was possible to drink it for an entire evening and not become brooding drunk; only conversational. Linderman drank off his new glass in one swallow, then waited for Harry to resume. He had the distinct and embarrassing feeling of being studied under a microscope when he heard the old man's voice, softer now, but abrupt:

"You're sure you can get us one, then?"

"I told you I could."

"We don't want you to take unnecessary risks. We have a delicate situation here, and your

continue to page 7



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From the Secondhand Life of Corporal J.A. Linderman, United States Army

continued from page 8

command is likely to come down on something like this very heavily. They have to protect themselves, you know."

"I said I could get one any time I wanted, didn't I?" Linderman felt his neck and ears grow warm. He sensed he was being patronized, and he felt at a disadvantage because he could not remember the second man's name. He had not expected this other man to be there; he was not in the script, as far as Linderman was concerned, and his presence upset some balance.

Now this other man spoke for the first time. "All right," he said. "There's no need to take offense. But you understand that we must be absolutely certain." He smiled. "Not for ourselves. We're not the ones who have to come across."

The man's voice was smooth and persuasive and Linderman felt his anger being drained away. Linderman wished he could place this man. He had seen him several times before, but he did not know what part he was to play.

"When do you want it?" he asked, talking specifically to Harry.

"It will be some day next week," Harry said. "We must wait until we can be absolutely certain about the weather. Can you get us one on such short notice?"

The question brought Linderman up sharply. "For the third time, yes. Yes. I can get you your fucking grenade any time you want."

"All right," the other man said, touching Linderman on the arm. "There's no need for us to argue. It's just that once the plan reaches a certain stage, it can't be stopped. So we must be absolutely certain..." his voice trailed off.

"Actually," Harry was saying, "there's going to be no real danger for us. You and I will simply create a distraction. When my brother hears our grenade explode, he will wait for ten minutes to give the East German guards time to investigate. Then he will cross over one mile to the south."

"And the mines?" Linderman asked, suddenly remembering the second man's name. It was Mohr. He had met him briefly some months before.

Harry shrugged. "He must worry about the mines himself. He knows the dangers."

"Of course," Mohr said, "if you were caught we would have a small international incident on our hands. But there's no actual danger. Not much, anyway. You will just be a...diversion." He smiled. "More Wacholder?"

Linderman slid his glass across the table. Jesus, he thought. A diversion. It simply was not real. A diversion. Listen, Jed, you speak up around these rocks and create a diversion. I'll work back down the gulch and fetch help.

"Sitting in a bar in West Germany reading from an old Hollywood script," he said suddenly in English.

"Bitte?" Harry said, cocking his head in surprise.

"It was nothing," Linderman replied, talking once more in German. "I was just thinking out loud." He drank off his

schnapps. "When will you be certain of the date?"

"Early next week," Harry replied. "Probably Monday."

"Shall I come to the bar that night?"

"No," Harry said. "I think it's better not to. We'll get word to you in some way. Perhaps by Sunday..."

Linderman waited for Harry to continue, but the old man gave no more details. Either Harry himself did not know the entire operation of the plan at this stage or, as Linderman suspected, the old man did not consider it necessary to reveal it. Harry sat silent for a short while and then began to reminisce about how, once, he had seen two German warplanes collide mysteriously above a field in France - there was no reason for it, just no reason - and Linderman knew there would be no more talk of business that evening. He pushed his chair back from the table and got up to go.

"You won't stay to finish the bottle?" Harry asked.

"Not tonight. I've something else to do."

The old man looked at him strangely. "You Americans are a funny people," he said. "Always in such a hurry. Well...so be it. Macht's gut, Junge."

"Macht's gut," Linderman replied, snapping up his jacket.

II

The town was a random cluster of gray houses with red tile roofs set near the basin of a small river valley in the Rhon Mountains some 150 miles east of Frankfurt, and from the narrow dirt sidewalk of the one main street you could look across the valley to the smooth bald crown of the Wasserkuppe, the highest mountain in the area. Summers when the big white cumulous clouds piled high above the peak of the mountain, rich sportsmen from nearby Fulda and Hersfeld and even from as far away as Frankfurt brought their gliders to the town to take advantage of the dependable hot updrafts that spiraled up and away from the mountain, and on a clear day it was common to see half a dozen or more frail red and blue and yellow sailplanes circling slowly and noiselessly above the valley floor. Now in the winter the cumulous clouds and the updrafts were gone, and so the gliders were gone too, and the days were short and uniform overcast gray and the tanned and short-sleeved sportsmen of the summer had been replaced by pale and cold-eyed vacationers who wore glossy black boots and quilted vinyl parkas and goggles tinted a deep and smoky green.

Half a mile to the east of the town lay the border zone between East and West Germany. The guard barracks was set up high on a small mountain to the south, some distance in from the border. A detachment of about ten Americans had been stationed there permanently since the end of the war, more for form's sake than actual need, along with a smaller number of Canadians. The French had been there too some years ago, but now they were gone and came to the area only for annual summer NATO maneuvers and

it was rumored in town, but not officially recognized by the military command, that soon the Canadians would be leaving as well.

Now, walking back to the barracks, Linderman wondered how long it would be before the Americans were gone too. One year, two, ten, perhaps? And would Harry live to see it? Harry, who'd seen it all up until now. Old Harry the ex-SS trooper, Harry with the brother in the Eastern Zone, not ten kilometers away, whom he had not seen in 20 years. Harry with the brother who wrote letters regularly, when he could, and who for 20 years had planned someday to cross, somehow, those ten kilometers. Old Harry the florid-faced innkeeper, with his polished bald head and sagging belly and blue eyes that, actually, literally twinkled, the perfect German innkeeper, framed in his bar by the heavy timbered ceiling and thick lead glass windows and scattered tables all covered with starched and spotless white cloth. Meeting Harry in his bar on Linderman's first day in the town:

"Na, denn, Junge, wie geht's?"

"Gut, danke, he had said, speaking for the first time a language he had practiced only with textbooks. And then he ordered - what else? - a beer, and Harry had immediately corrected pronunciation - You must learn to roll the R's, Junge - and it had been like that ever since: Harry correcting, prompting, leading the way.

To what?

"Where is the border from here?"

"You haven't seen it yet?"

"No, I just got to town."

"It's just down the road. Ten minutes, maybe. You want me to show you?"

So on that first day he and the old innkeeper had walked down to the border. They went out the rear door of the bar and across the rectangular courtyard and through a sagging wooden gate, down the narrow dirt alley past the stacks of garbage cans and broken fences and embarrassing cluttered piles of backyard household debris that main street passers-by were never meant to see. The houses stopped after several hundred yards and gave way to open meadow, and then Harry and he had picked up the main road which narrowed, became rough from disrepair and dropped swiftly to the bottom of the valley and ran along with the creek. Up ahead Linderman saw the red and white striped gates, looking like a country railroad crossing except that no trains ran there, and so the gates were an unexpected eyesore in the gently rolling summer farmland. They drew closer and Linderman saw the coils of barbed wire that followed the contour of the land in a long and menacing line on either side of the road, and he read in disbelief the huge threatening sign that towered above them and said simply Lebensgefahr: Minenfeld.

"Something to think about, eh, Junge? All that death lying there, waiting. It's been like that for 20 years now."

Linderman was strangely moved. He gazed across the broken field and wondered precisely where the mines were buried. How many? and how often and how regularly were they spaced?

Standing there, the hidden rows of death spread out before him, he had a strange desire to see one of the mines explode.

"We'll have to come down here some day next winter, Junge. We'll see if we can't set off some of those mines with snowballs. Have us our own private war."

And so then they had turned around and gone back to the tavern and Harry opened a bottle of wine and told Linderman about the war.

In the war. Always the talk came sooner or later around to the war. In the war. There was always that barrier. Linderman had enlisted in the Army to rid himself of a growing sense of inertia, of sameness, and he had been willing, abstractly, to risk much for the sake of a new experience. Now, six months later, he felt the sameness inside himself again. The

grenade from his pocket and held it close to his body as he hung his jacket on a tree branch just above him.

"Lay it on the snow," Harry said simply. "Unless you want a jacket full of holes."

Linderman looked at Harry, realized he was not joking, and then took his jacket from the branch and laid it gently in the snow. He transferred the grenade to his right hand. Then he considered it for the first time.

The grenade was too heavy a thing for its size. The shape and feel of it in his

now, he would be just the diversion. The main event was going to be staged some miles to the south. Linderman lit a cigarette and walked on and listened to his thick rubber boots crunch and squeak on the hard packed crust of snow.

III

He met Harry in the courtyard behind the tavern at 11:30. The sky was blacked out by a thick cloud cover, and a fresh layer of snow lay on the hard winter ground. Harry looked at Linderman questioningly. Linderman merely nodded and patted the pocket of his jacket.

"Dann geht's los," Harry said. "They're off."

They walked quickly through the darkened town and then crossed the main street to the north where two deep ruts of a farm path crossed the creek over a packed dirt and galvanized-pipe culvert. Harry stood on the culvert, listened briefly, then took hold of the sagging wood railing and swung himself easily into the creek. "No footprints in the water," he said, and he motioned for Linderman to

follow.

Linderman touched the grenade in his pocket to make sure it was secure, then took hold of the railing, too, a deep chilling breath, and swung himself into the water. The creek was not deep, and the water came no higher than his calves. Still, he could feel the cold immediately begin to work through his boots. He tightened the draw string of his hood and started to move slowly down the creek bed, following the shadow of Harry.

Linderman could not believe that the night was so impossibly black, so impossibly quiet. As he felt his way slowly along the loose stones of the creek bed he winced at the seemingly crashing noise his boots made slogging in the water. It seemed to him that he could not have made more noise if he had driven along in a motorcycle. Harry, no more

Not unless we get help. Somebody's got to sneak through their lines and get help from the front.

You're the only man alive who knows the country good enough, Jed.

I know that, Cap'n. I know. It's just...it's just...

"This way," Harry's whisper sliced through the night. "Over here, hurry, Jesus. Linderman thought. Jesus, what a country he had grown up in. His brain worked through with Hollywood's colorful frank. A childhood and a world based on the unassailable experience of dimensionless projections on a screen. And which had come first, then? The movie, or the fact? The thing, or the act? And was it still possible to distinguish between the two realities?

Up ahead, he heard Harry stop. "Here," the old man said. "Take off your jacket. You can throw better." Linderman removed his jacket, then look



than five feet in front of him, was simply a deeper, indistinct patch of blackness in the night. Their extreme caution seemed to Linderman too elaborate, too painstaking, and in his mind's eye the whole concept became slightly comic. As Linderman groped his way down the creek bed he found it hard to believe that he was not merely watching some bad western movie.

-What's it look up ahead, Jed?

-Looks bad, Cap'n. Four, maybe five hundred Comanches.

-Think we've got a chance?

the grenade from his pocket and held it close to his body as he hung his jacket on a tree branch just above him.

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The grenade was too heavy a thing for its size. The shape and feel of it in his

continue to page 8

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The Call Of The Wild

Dear Argonaut:
 This letter, hopefully, will serve as the receipt of your request concerning an outdoors life column for your newspaper. I find myself somewhat puzzled that the renowned Vandals and Vandalettes, being rugged Idaho types, should require information of this sort.

I would like to point out now, Argonaut, that any outdoors information I may possess has to do with hunting and fishing; sports designed to keep one from starving, as opposed to faggoty things like hiking, camping, and mountain

department is composed of some very, shall we say, stupid people. Most "in the know" Idahoans consider the latter to be the case and retire to their bullet proof bedrooms when hunting season starts.

Curious Vandals would wonder why such an insane policy was written into law. It was felt that many hunters, particularly those from out of state (and we all know what state they're out of) would have difficulty discriminating between a man and a deer, or even a man and a pheasant. The actuality of this case has become that Californians are such poor hunters that the only thing they can find in the woods is you in your sexy red shorts.

Personal honesty requires that I amend this slightly. Seven years ago in Salmon, Idaho, a seven year old girl was shot by a Californian hot-rodder while standing on a state highway waiting for the school bus. She was not wearing a red coat but the out-of-stater was still able to find her and recognize her as a deer.

The lesson here is obvious. I recommend that all Idahoans intending to hit the hills in this, the year of the beef shortage, wear Army camouflage outfits (Vietnam leftovers) which can be purchased at any surplus store. I also suggest that the Idaho Fish and Game keep the bright red clothing rule in effect only for out of state hunters. Per-

haps we of Idaho can do what the great earthquake has so far been too chicken to attempt.

Depending on when this letter gets published, the bear, mourning dove and unlaid game bird (except pheasant) season should be open. Remember your

own skin. A bear would just as soon have you for lunch and a Californian would prefer to mount you on his wall.

Seriously, hunt safe. In Idaho they usually call it involuntary manslaughter and you get to spend a lot of time in Boise (A fate worse than death) if convicted.

J. Puntington Boone, Esq.

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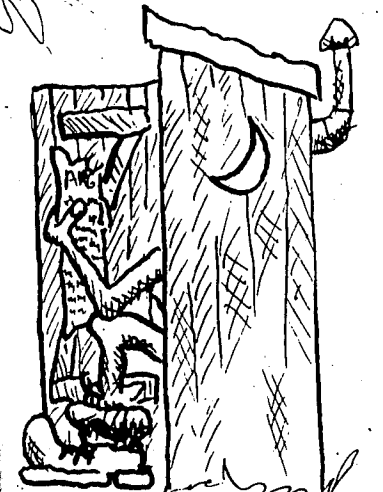
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climbing "sports" designed to make one cold, uncomfortable, and in some cases, dead.

While we're on the subject of dead, let's talk about camouflage or the lack of it while hunting. The state of Idaho requires that all sorts of weird colors, none of which coordinate, be worn while hunting. The theory here is, of course, that other hunters will see your reds and oranges and refrain from placing bullets into your personal space. Alas, as is the case with most social theories, the practice bears no resemblance to the theory.

Research shows us that the vast majority of hunters shot in the field are wearing those bright colors designed to keep them from getting that way. This indicates one of two things, or possible, 1. Your state Fish and Game Department doesn't like you and wants to see you dead; or - 2. Your fish and game

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Septemberfest

Starts At Low Ebb, Finishes At Walsh High

By Craig Marshall

For the first part of the show, promotional snags and technical difficulties were as rampant as the vodka in a half assembly run bordello.

The rookie antics of the sound crew, resulted in a forty-minute delay. This and the fact that B.W. Stevenson cancelled due to illness, began to distract significantly from an overall first impression of the nights expected direction.

Before the Stories band came on stage, there was ample time to take a red-eyed glance around the structure itself. The edifice of which I speak, is inappropriately called the Performing Arts Theater. Inappropriate because it resembles more of a coliseum than a theater. The seating in the building goes in a complete circle, encompassing the stage with all possible angles available to access. It has the potential of housing 14,000 screaming maniacs, with a sliding spotlight grid, the likes of which you have to see to believe.

One last blurry look around assures one

that there is no more than five or four thousand people in attendance. Listing the numbers in reverse order to signify that the amount of people was decreasing rather than increasing, due to the fact that many a person, it was rumored, had asked for their money back.

Amid all the confusion and delay, a disc jockey from KRPL appears on stage to announce that there will be no smoking during the concert. Seems that the surface of the theater will withstand the mating of a buffalo herd, but not the hot ash of a cigarette.

About this time, the American band Stories drifted on stage, immediately striking some gross abortional chords, much to the dismay of many individuals. As the Stories waded their way through the first deafening song, I wished I was less than enamored, and wished I was doing something else. When the first song ended, lead singer Ian Lloyd put my thoughts in precise perspective when he mentioned in passing that everyone here tonight should realize they're missing

Barbra Streisand on television." Aha, that's what I'd sooner be doing.

To say the least, the Stories, were by first impression just another hyped, drag band, trying to make a buck in a highly competitive business. Unfortunately when they finished, that was still the impression they gave. The lead singer did his best to mimic Rod Stewart. His best wasn't good enough though. At one point this garden variety vocalist, doing his utmost to fidget and gadget about the stage, decided to add some extra flavor by reeling around in circles, only to end up by accidentally kicking the lead guitar player in the knee. You've got to know that 8 inch elevator shoes gotta hurt. The two exchanged nasty glances, played a few more vulgar notes and the end of the third or fourth song, I forget which. They began to bore me more than floor me, so I went to take a piss. As I started to walk out, I glanced back on stage only to notice that the organist had encountered a faulty cable, which caused the audience to act pretty negatively.

Intermission was in progress when I returned. I gazed in awe as a frisbee flies from one part of the Theater to another. Suddenly the lights dim, and the more than lethargic crowd comes to life. Someone appears on stage, announces that Joe Walsh and Barnstorm are coming aboard. The fragrance of the atmosphere starts to change considerably, as Joe tunes his guitar, and motions to start the first tune. Needless to say, Joe Walsh and Barnstorm are a good act, but to be quite honest, Joe Walsh is Barnstorm. The ex-James Gang famer, suddenly takes the reigns of the guitar and starts to ride. As good as his music is, you can't help strain your eyes trying to find Jimmy Fox and the rest of the Old Gang, jamming right along with Walsh. You don't see them, but Walsh tries to make you feel as though they are present. They do about an hour of



Joe Walsh, formerly with the James Gang, was one of the few better moments at WSU's Septemberfest concert.

shit from their new album, and then decide to call it quits.

Out of Moscow; On The Road

by Les Canards

Linderman rocked back on his rear foot (he was on camera now, the World Series: and it was a long fly ball to center field)"

continued from page 7

business with the grenade was to have solved all that. But now, as the event moved closer to him, Linderman found it difficult to grasp the actuality of it. The theft of the grenade, the plotting, the small taste of action existed for him only as an abstraction, a loose strip of pictures in his mind. It was impossible to fit himself into the reality of it.

"You'll have to come down here in the winter. We'll throw a couple of snowballs into the mines and make some noise.

Was the whole thing in the old man's mind then, already? Impossible to tell, Linderman thought. Walking back to his barracks he was aware of unseen shades of meaning, and of a range and depth of experience forever out of reach. Even hand suggested more a small orange, or an old baseball. The trigger mechanism sat atop the ovoid shape of metal, and seen from that one aspect it looked like a tiny hat on a cruelly mutated egg. Or like a pineapple. Linderman thought suddenly. By God, exactly like a pineapple. Just what they called them in the movies. And was it really possible, then, to pull the pin with your teeth? Wayne did it easy enough. And Audie Murphy, too, dozens of times. Linderman took off his gloves and put his index finger in the ring and cautiously tested its resistance. The mechanism did not give. He tugged harder, but still there was no yielding. At least that part of it was staged, he thought. Break your teeth for sure, trying it. Well, that was something they hadn't taken from him. He had caught them in one lie. Or had he?

"Go ahead," he heard Harry say. "Pull it. Put the ring in your pocket. But don't milk it. Just hold it firm and don't squeeze."

Linderman yanked the ring free with his left hand. He held the grenade tight, forcing himself to remember the pressure he applied so as not to change it unconsciously and thus trip the firing mechanism. He felt the cast iron casing quickly draining the heat from his hand. He held it and looked out across the field, straining his eyes at the snow and scattered patches of grass and he wondered again just where the mines were, and was a chain reaction possible? and then he saw Harry look at his watch and then the German's rough voice was filling his head. "Now," Harry said, "Now!" and Linderman saw the old man drop flat on his belly, his hands covering the back of his neck.

Linderman rocked back on his rear foot (he was on camera now, the World Series: and it was a long fly ball to center field) and fixed his eye on some invisible target far into the field (the runner tagged up at third and threw hard (and there's Mantle's throw to the plate, it's going to be close, it's going to be close!) and as Linderman's arm completed its long swinging arc he found his body following his arm's motion down to the ground (take cover! take cover!) and then suddenly his face was half buried in the snow and he realized for the first time that the snow had an actual, real, distinct and almost tangible smell and he thought it odd that he had never noticed it before.

Linderman squeezed himself

into the earth and waited for the explosion. He lay pressed close to the ground, felt the cold beginning to work its way into his body, felt the vibration of his heart and the heaving of his lungs, and he felt his own unconscious internal cadence of time falter, break, and then race crazily in some strange neutral gear. Just when he was considering raising his head to see if anything had gone wrong a blast of light from above pierced his eyelids and he felt the ground tremble beneath him and the night was suddenly full of a roar of incredible violence. Jesus, he muttered, Dear Jesus did I throw it far enough? and he pressed closer to the ground and sensed the blast take shape and move toward him, an actual, menacing presence, slipping over the ground toward him with the silent chilling swiftness of a drifting shadow on a summer day. Linderman felt the thing move over him, hot dry, lingering, almost, searching wickedly for a target, finding none, and then just as quickly it was gone and he heard the diminishing echoes move away and up the valley. Then there was nothing but the dry rattle of the branches as they rocked above him in the wake of the explosion and the gentle sound of blasted pine needles falling slowly to the earth, the sound soft and wet like the rain. He felt Harry tugging at his arm, pulling him up and back and he grabbed his jacket and

stumbled back up the creek and they had nearly reached the road before he noticed that his legs were trembling uncontrollably.

IV

They sat in the bar and drank kirsch with beer chasers for warmth and Linderman wondered exactly what it was that had happened to him. Harry looked at his watch.

"He should have started by now," he said.

"How long will it take?"

Harry shrugged. "Fifteen, twenty minutes. Maybe more. It's hard to say. Let's hope ours was the only explosion tonight."

Linderman drank off his kirsch and poured another. He set his hearing for the outside and braced himself so he could accept the distant whump of the yet unexploded mine. Artistically, he knew it was necessary for the successful conclusion of the night's plot. He expected it, and to his surprise and horror found that he actually wanted it. They would be sitting in the bar, drinking kirsch and smoking black foreign cigarettes, not speaking. Then from the outside there would be the sudden thin rattle of automatic weapons, followed by a single chilling whump of a mine. Then nothing but the silence, broken now and again by the bark of a dog roused from sleep. The old German would pour another drink with shaking hands, and the camera would move in as the American, ever cool, Bogart or maybe Mitchum, would tip the glass gently to let some of the liquid spill over onto the floor, saying softly and with practiced reverence: "The dead also thirst."

But Linderman heard nothing. At twelve-thirty Harry said abruptly "Well,

that's it. He made it. Go get yourself some sleep, Junge." Linderman felt the excitement swiftly being drained from him, like water swirling from an opened sink. He felt suddenly sick, and cheated.

V

Linderman and a second American soldier, whose name was Eliot, sat at a table in the bar and drank beer. They had been sitting in the bar ever since their guard shift ended late that afternoon, and they still wore the green utility shirts and high-topped boots and heavy flannel jacket liners they used for protection from the cold when they were on duty.

"This is a piss of a town," Eliot said. "How long do you think they're going to keep us here?"

"Who knows?" Linderman replied.

Linderman tolerated Eliot whenever he felt the need for mindless company, as he did now. "It's hard to say."

"Two months here and I've about had it. I'm going crazy for something to do. Frankfurt was all right. Or Berlin. I wish they'd send me to Berlin. You know there's one place there where all the tables have telephones? You go there and if you see a girl you like you pick up your phone and call her."

"Is that right?" Linderman asked.

"A fact. Listen," Eliot said, "do you want to go on down to Renata's later tonight?"

"They're all fat down there."

"Sure they're fat. Who wants to get in bed with a skeleton? Anyway, you can't get them any better in this town."

"I don't know," Linderman replied.

"Maybe later on. Hey, Harry!" he called. "Two more beers."

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Western Ballet

by Mary Ellen Noble

It is always enjoyable watching people do what they like best, and that is what I had the privilege of doing Saturday night. Ballet Folk came home to perform for us, and a good time was had by all.

The stage in the university auditorium is at best inadequate and under the circumstances I think they did a remarkable job. It would be interesting to count how many times we use a football stadium and compare that with how many times we will use a performing arts center, if it ever opens, that is. Counting community concerts, University productions plus now our very own ballet company, I have a feeling, that as a university, our value system is slightly off center.

Meanwhile back to the Ballet Folk people. The costuming was outstanding. Technically, however, I think there could be some improvement. The rear flat for Shone Nacht was so busy and poorly done it detracted from the above mentioned excellent costuming and dancing that was going on in front of it. The remainder of the sets were well done. The lighting was excellent except that the timing in "Celebration" needs some firming up. I am well aware of the perennial problems road companies have with sets and lighting due to the very fact that they are on the road and must deal with circumstances above and beyond the call of artistic duty. A few more performances will probably work out the remaining bugs.

As for the dancing itself, in the main it was good to excellent, there were places where timing was not what it should have been and there were a few lifts that could

have been a little steadier. But as I said previously a few more performances will make a vast difference in the quality of the dancing.

The performance consisted of five numbers starting with "Shone Nacht", a medley of waltzes by Franz Lehar and Richard Strauss. This was followed by "Celebration", a modern ballet in three parts, choreography done by Judith Paulson. Frankly, I had difficulty handling the first part of this ballet, it reminded me of poorly done warm-up exercises. They warmed up alright and by the end they were right on, so much so in fact that the audience was clapping to the music. By the way, the music for Celebration was written by Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway. Next came excerpts from the "Nutcracker", music by Peter Illich Tchaikovsky. This fantasy has delighted the world for years and continued in that tradition in this performance.

The major offering of the evening was "Ceremony on the Open Plains", music by Aaron Copland, choreography by Jeannette Allyn. This is the story of Calamity Jane and her adventures in the early west. It was great. It is an original created by and for this group, and it shows. "Hoe Down" was the last offering of the evening. Without costume or set change "Ceremony" followed into this foot stomping, hand clapping "square dance" pulling the audience right into the mood. Clapping our hands and stomping our feet we were all right there with the dancers.

Writing Roughshod

by M. K. Schoeffler

Lets get things straight right from the straight-shooter, The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing, playing at the Kenworthy, is not a musical, as the title might seem to indicate. It is a western. Cat Dancing is the name of an Indian woman, played by Sarah Miles. Burt Reynolds is cast as the man, aside, who loved her but didn't pussy foot around when he found her in bed with another man. Meaning he shot...well...When he got out of prison, he found he hadn't accounted for a Cat having more than one life. This time the lady's name is Katherine ("My friends call me Cat.") Crocker. Running away from her husband, she runs into a train robbery. When robber Reynolds sees her horse, he orders it be brought along. But his horse stealin' gets him more than a dappled gelding, as the fourth partner rides up with the reins, jokingly explaining, "It weren't my fault she wouldn't fall off."

Now I don't know 'bout the 'hostile Indian country and getting lost in the hot

sun-beaten desert, but it seems apparent immediately that Sarah Miles has reluctantly chosen to ride in company more dangerous than the country. Four desperados and one refined lady spell rape...or at least attempted rape...for at least two-thirds of the show, i.e. approximately every other scene. The director really got alot of miles out of it. So don't prod your date to stay awake if the first scene is missed, you're still bound to catch one of the half-dozen that follow. One begins to wonder if Sarah Miles walks that way from so much horse ridin' or...

Seems as though Burt Reynolds has merely gone through some sort of time warp since his role in Deliverance. He's still fighting guerilla-minded backwoods apes and he's still got dialogue some script writer composed from a box-top plus contents of one alphabets cereal carton. Talk about a man of few words! I have, in other words, calculated, my words about his words number greater than his words.

"Hey, Eliot," Linderman said, 'do you ever think of yourself in the third person?'"

continued from page 8

"All I know," said Eliot, "is that I'm going to go 'crazy in this town for something to do."

Harry brought two new beers to their table and set them down without speaking. Linderman paid for both, sucked the creamy head off his own beer and then drank half of it in two long swallows. He could feel his head growing light, and he relaxed and let his mind wander.

It had been one week since he had thrown the grenade, and a feeling of unreality about the entire night had settled inside him. There was the usual confused flurry of investigations whenever something went wrong in the barracks, a few brief formal questions, and then the incident had blown over. There had been nothing to connect him with the explosion. Harry had spoken to him only briefly since then, and Linderman accepted this as mere prudence on the old man's part. He had met Harry's brother only once: a simple exchange of names, a few shared drinks, some light conversation. Now the brother was in Frankfurt to visit other relatives and to clear his own political status.

Linderman had expected the events of that night to grow inside his mind, to acquire new layers of meaning like the annular growth rings around the heart of a tree. Instead, though, he found that the experience was drifting away from him; the scenes that made it up broke apart, floated away and so lost any internal connection. For Linderman they were nothing more than a number of still life pictures he could bring to focus in his mind, study abstractly, and then have dissolve into nothingness once more.

"Hey, Eliot," Linderman said, "do you

ever think of yourself in the third person?"

"How do you mean?"

"Like you're watching yourself do things instead of actually doing them? Like you're *he* instead of I. And you know what *he* is going to do before you actually, do it? Sort of like being on camera."

"Sounds like some kind of a split personality."

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe I've just seen too many movies."

The door of the tavern opened and a man Linderman had not seen in town before stood in the doorway. He brushed the snow off his cap and arms, stamped mightily on the floor to shake the thick clumps off his boots. His motions were queerly mechanical and out of step, slightly out of tune as if the balance mechanism in the semicircular canals of his ears was defective.

"That's Willy," Eliot said. "That's old crazy Willy."

"Who?" Linderman asked.

"Don't you know? Old Willy, the village idiot?"

"I've never seen him."

"Hey, Willy," Eliot shouted. "How's the weather?"

The old man caught the words. "Weather?" he squeaked. "Weather? Let'er snow. Let'er snow, I say. I say let'er snow."

"Jesus," Linderman said. "What's wrong with him?"

"Something to do with the war, I guess," Eliot replied. "Hey, Willy, come on over here. Tell us about the war."

The old man approached the soldiers with a wobbling, rolling gait. When he got closer Linderman saw that he was thoroughly drunk.



St. George, Utah. 1953 by Dorthea Lange

Working Women

A selection of the work of one of the greatest U.S. photographers is currently on display at the Student Union Bldg.

Dorthea Lange has had her work circulated probably more than any other photographer. The dominant theme of her pictures is poor, working people. Many of the pictures were taken during the depression and are strongly reminiscent of Steinbeck's Grapes of Wrath people.

The theme of the SUB exhibit, which runs through Oct. 5th, is women and their such titles as: *Black Slave with Long Memory* or *Mother Caring for a Scared Child*. Lange herself only talked

in her last years about the impetus that sent her into photography, then not a woman's field. She noted that photography and especially lasting photographic work threw light on an area of life and was the result of involvement.

"Dorthea recognized about herself that she had much more iron than those around her. She liked the process of work and doing things where when you are finished there is something that exists. Her paradox was that to be deeply involved in her work she had to become invisible to the work photographs. She did not direct action, she recorded.

"Sure," Linderman replied.

"Thanks. Take it easy."

"Sure," Linderman said, snapping his jacket. "You too."

Outside, Linderman felt better. The snow that had been falling most of the day had changed to a fine misty drizzle that froze as soon as it touched the ground. There was no one in sight on the streets. Linderman walked to the edge of town and then, instead of heading back up the mountain, continued to follow the road to the border. When he reached the row of battered fence posts and tangled curls of concertina wire he stopped and looked around to make sure he was alone. *You're the only man alive who knows the country good enough, Jed. Linderman bent down and scooped up a big handful of wet snow and patted it into a hard ball. I know, Camp'n, I know. It's just...it's just...* He took a deep breath, cocked his arm, and hurled the ball as hard as he could into the mine field. He lost sight of it almost immediately in the mist, and then, several long seconds later, heard the soft vague pop when it fell many yards away. Just the pop, then nothing. Linderman made another snowball, and threw it in a slightly different direction, and then another. Both times nothing.

"Ah, shit," he said out loud. It was the vague general curse of the veteran serviceman. It meant nothing, it meant everything. "Crazy old men." Then he turned and began the long walk back up the mountain to the guard house barracks, treading carefully on the hard and treacherous ice.

End

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Spirits Dampened

In the second week of collegiate baseball action in the Palouse, the Vandals were rained in no more ways than one. The Vandals dropped a close 9-8 contest to Washington State University before suffering a 7-2 defeat at the hands of the Lewis-Clark Warriors.

The games, which were part of the Harvest Baseball Classic between the three teams, were played in Pullman under cloudy skies.

In the first game of the tourney, the Cougars had to rally in the ninth inning to pull out their win over the Vandals.

Lewis-Clark led Idaho 7-2 in the sixth inning of the second game before it was finally halted because of rain.

First baseman Mike Ruscio was one of the bright spots for Idaho as he had three hits in the two games.

"These are just a series of fall scrimmage sessions that we play so that we can have a chance to look at what we got," head coach John Smith commented yesterday. "We planned on playing Sunday also but couldn't because of the rain," he added.

Approximately 39 players turned out for the Vandal team this season and Coach Smith feels confident that Idaho will be fielding a strong team this year.

A few of the top returning veterans who he singled out include Mike Ruscio, Alan Head, Mike Clements, and Tim Kampa.

The Vandals will have a strong pitching staff this year which includes veterans Steve Williams and Tim Kampa, along with Grangeville star, Ken Strom, and Pocatello's Dave Comstock who will be reporting to the team after finishing up the football season.

Coach Smith commented that he expected the Vandals to be a strong hitting team this season with a good defense.

"We really did have a good, strong team last year, but we had some trouble fielding the ball. We just gave Gonzaga four games. When you make eight or nine errors in a game, you just can't expect to win it," Smith stated.

The Vandals will be playing against both the Cougars and the Warriors later this week if weather permits.

Sports & Recreation

Idaho Twisted In Third Game

Not particularly surprising anyone, the up-and-down Idaho Vandals were demolished by the premiering Iowa State Cyclones, 48-0, in last Saturday's contest played at Ames.

So overpowering was the Iowa State defense, that they didn't score their initial first down until late in the third quarter when Rick Seefried connected on a nine-yard pass to receiver Collie Mack.

Not aiding the Vandal cause in the game were six fumbles by Idaho, most often in Idaho territory.

The Cyclone's sophomore quarterback, Wayne Stanley, who was starting in his first varsity performance, acted like a pro as he effectively combined both the running and passing attack to keep the Idaho defense busy most of the day.

The Cyclones finished the game with 251 yards rushing, compared to 62 for the Vandals, and 207 yards passing while the frustrated Idaho squad could only manage 88 through the air.

Lopsided game
An additional view of how lopsided the game really was showed up in the first down department where ISU held an atrocious 29-8 edge.

Despite the nasty sound of the score and other events that occurred that day, there were a couple of good points for the Vandals.

The Cyclones longest run from scrimmage was 12 yards, but Vandal miscues and Stanley's aerial display left the opposition in good field position throughout the entire contest.

Idaho didn't wait long to start losing as a Seefried pass was intercepted on the second play of the game at the Idaho 36 yard line by cornerback Randy Bozich. It

took them 12 plays to do it, but the twisting Cyclones finally moved into position and drew first blood with a field goal.

Idaho fumbles
The Cyclones scored on their next possession of the ball and the Vandals got off to a second bad start by fumbling the ball at their own 19 yard line the next time they had possession.

Mike Strachan, who led the Big Eight Conference in rushing as a sophomore last season, made the controversial touchdown when he unsuccessfully pushed his way through the Vandal defensive line and finally stretched his arm out so that the football would be inside the goal line for the score.

Another bright spot for the Vandals was the stout defensive line with standout tackle Lorne Sherbina and Lloyd Grimrud, who allowed little if any inside running by the Cyclone running backs.

Also, Randy Hall aided the Vandals by intercepting a Cyclone pass deep in Idaho territory. Place-kicker Steve Tanner had been downed on the Vandal 18 yard line after a low snap from center had kept him from booting the ball on a fourth down play.

Fail to score

The Vandals, who hadn't been shut out since 1969, moved to the Cyclone two yard line late in the third quarter on three long gains by Chaddband and Brantley to threaten for their first score. But, once again, things weren't going right for the Vandals and a pitch on an option play fell behind both running backs with an Iowa State linebacker covering the ball to frustrate Idaho's only chance to score.

Intramural Officers Elected

The Intramural Athletic Program managers met last Thursday night and elected this year's officers.

Reid Brown of ATO was elected President; Wolf Hellriegel (TMA No. 1), vice president; Wendell Robinson (Grham Hall), secretary; and Tim McCanta (SAE) was elected treasurer.

Other business included planning the Co-Rec Softball Program. Entries of the teams by the team managers will be due Sept. 24 at noon. The teams consist of five boys and five girls. Games are scheduled for 5:45 p.m. with only a five minute forfeit time allowed due to the lateness in day. Schedules of these games will be mailed out Tuesday the 25th and the first game will be on Wednesday the 26th.

Tennis team entries will be due at noon Monday as well, with schedules being mailed to team managers Tuesday and the first game being Wednesday at 5:45.

GOLF

One hundred and forty golfers battled high wind and rainy weather Saturday afternoon in the Annual Intramural Program tournament.

Bruce MacButch of TMA No. 5 fired a four over par 75 gain medalist honors and lead his team to the championship.

Despite the weather, scores were excellent as G. Collins of PDT scored just a stroke behind MacButch with a 76 and eight other golfers scored in the seventies.

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INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL

September 17, 1973			
BTP	over	PKA	8-7
PKT	over	FH	Firstdowns 7-2
DC	over	SN	8-6
DSP	over	AKL	40-2
DTD	over	PDT	12-6
SAE	over	SC	12-6
ATO	over	LCA	8-6
TC	over	TKE	38-12
PGD	over	NA	

September 18, 1973			
TMA1	over	WSH1	26-0
SH1	over	MCH1	7-6
TMA2	over	CH2	21-0
CC1	over	UH2	Penetrations 6-0
GH2	over	GrH2	4-0
LH1	over	UH1	4-0
CH1	over	GrH1	8-0
WH1	over	LH2	18-0
GH1	over	BH1	6-0
TMA4	over	TMA3	27-6
BH2	over	SnH1	Firstdowns

Week's Honors

Jim Leid, senior defensive tackle from the University of Montana, and Boise State quarterback, Ron Autele, have gained the honors of Defensive and Offensive Players of the Week.

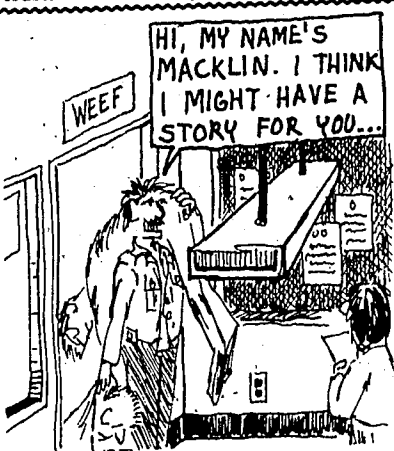
Leid, from Waitsburg, Washington, had 13 unassisted tackles and 7 assisted in Montana's 31 to 10 loss to North Dakota. Those Big Sky players getting honorable mention for their defensive efforts over the weekend include Boise State junior linebacker, Loren Schmidt, and Idaho State's senior middle linebacker, Joe Mattie.

Autele helped power the Broncos past the Idaho Vandals by a 47-24 score. He completed 10 of 19 attempts for 139 yards and one score. He also carried the ball 13 times for 24 net yards and one score.

Honorable mention offensive players were J.C. Chaddband from Idaho who carried the ball 17 times for 77 yards and two scores. The other honorable mention player was Boise State's quarterback, Jim McMillan, who was four for eight in passing for 70 yards and three touchdowns.



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