

U Of I Grads, Profs Dominate Moscow Council Race

With the Moscow city elections coming up Nov. 6, many controversial issues will be on tap for the new city government. Currently, there are seven Moscow residents who have declared their candidacy for the office of councilman, each having their own views on these issues.

First to declare her candidacy is Dee Hager, a part-time student at the University of Idaho.

Working on a degree from the College of Forestry, Wildlife and Range Management, Hager believes there should be proper city planning and zoning to provide for parks and more recreational facilities.

She supports retention of the old post office and believes the building should be used as a community center.

Other issues she strongly supports are an improved water supply, the proposed bond issue and improved communication between the city of Moscow and the University.

Officer of PTA

Besides being active in Latah County politics, Hager is the past president and vice-president of Lena Whitmore PTA. She is also a leader of the Concerned Citizens for Elementary Education, a group opposing the 3-3 elementary school plan.

Hager and her husband Wayne, an associate professor of engineering at the U of I, reside at 414 S. Lincoln with their three children.

Also seeking a councilman position is Bill O'Mahoney, a job captain with Architectural Workshop, a Moscow Architectural

firm. O'Mahoney has been a resident of Moscow for the past seven years and believes there are many changes and improvements that are needed in the city.

He strongly favors the development of main street as a pedestrian mall and a regional airport to meet the needs of the people.

Improved recreation

Improved recreational facilities is also one of O'Mahoney's beliefs and he has several ideas that would help. He believes that the expansion of present baseball fields and tennis courts and a second swimming pool would benefit the young people.

O'Mahoney graduated from the U of I in 1971 and now lives with his wife and three children at 821 S. Jefferson.

Another graduate of the University of Idaho that is seeking a councilman post is Jane Goetschel, a native of Long Island, N.Y. Goetschel is in favor of better communication between the taxpayers and city hall. She believes that there should be better housing standards and that all the fire traps that are within the city should be disposed of.

She also believes that more money should be funded for street maintenance and there should be more parking space made available downtown.

Goetschel is currently president of Gritman Hospital Auxiliary and a member and past board member of the American Association of University Women. She is also a member of St. Mark's Episcopal Church.

Goetschel was an instructional assistant at the U of I where

she earned a masters in English. Her husband, Roy, is an associate professor of mathematics at the University. They live at 1721 Alstirk in Moscow.

Another graduate of the University of Idaho is Joe Walker who has been a resident of Moscow for 23 of his 25 years and also has his eye on the councilman position.

Walker, a graduate of Moscow High School in 1966, believes that much improvement is needed in the water system, street maintenance and the park and recreational facilities.

He strongly supports the traffic couplet on Washington and Jackson streets to eliminate the traffic problem on main street. Walker also believes that public funds should not be mingled with private funds.

Degree in business

Walker graduated from the U of I in 1972 with a bachelor's degree in business and is currently a Northwestern Mutual Life agent.

Jimmy Anderson, general manager of Tri-State Corporation, is the fifth person to file for the office of city councilman. Although his views are much the same as the other candidates, he has some areas that he believes need immediate attention.

Anderson favors the preservation of the central core business district. He also favors the proposed bond issue to improve long range city planning.

Anderson believes there should be greater efficiency in the city government and proper budgeting for needed projects.

Another businessman running for councilman position is Darold Bingham, a salesman for O'Meara Realty.

Bingham is a strong believer in fiscal responsibility. He also supports a new water system, the one-way traffic couplet, a regional airport, more park facilities and additional swimming other recreational facilities made available.

He is current president of Latah County Real Estate Board and a member of the Chamber of Commerce. He is also a member of the Chamber's Flying Pea Weevil, a pilots' group, and the LDS church.

Roger Wallins, associate professor of English at the U of I, is also seeking a position on the city council. Although he has thought about running for quite sometime, Wallins believes he now has adequate knowledge of Moscow city problems and what must be done.

Wallins favors an enforceable code of ethics for council members, improved quality of Moscow's water supply, the conversion of the old city post office to a community rather than cultural center and the proposed shopping center on the Moscow-Pullman highway.

Wallins was born in New York City and has been at Moscow since 1970. He lives at 1026 Harding with his wife Judith and two daughters.

The voter qualifications for Moscow are that a person must be 18 years or older, a bona fide resident of Moscow before date of election and must have registered by Nov. 3.

Death Of A Typewriter

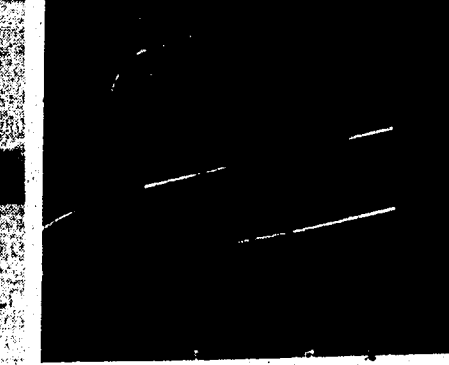
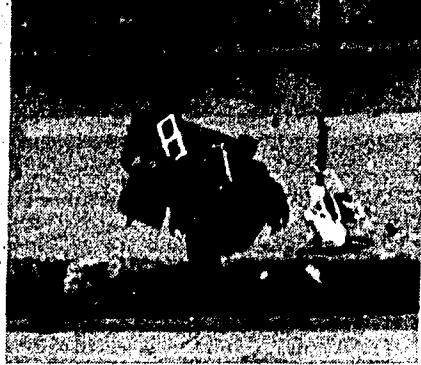
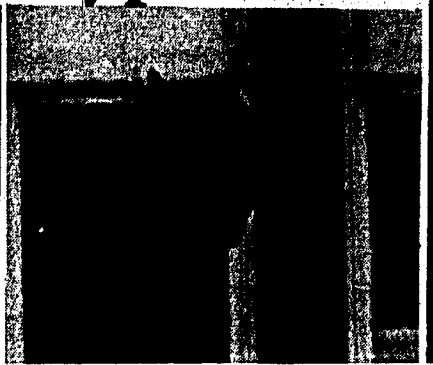


photo by Scott Hanford

THE IDAHO ARGONAUT

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Maharishi's Followers Bring Meditation to Moscow

By Kenton Bird
Argonaut Staff Writer

"The world is as you are. Develop unbounded awareness, the universe will be yours."

So says Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the man who has made transcendental meditation what it is today, gaining fame when he taught the technique to George Harrison.

Transcendental meditation, "TM" as it's called by its followers, has made inroads at the University of Idaho, too; some of its devotees here swear by it.

And tonight, an introductory lecture (8 p.m. in the SUB Galena-Silver room) will give interested students a chance to learn something about meditation in general and TM in particular.

Michael Street, the president of the University of Idaho chapter, Students International Meditation Society (SIMS), explained transcendental meditation and some of its background in an Argonaut interview yesterday.

Teaching for three years

Street, 21, a freshman in general studies from Sun Valley, has studied with Maharishi and has been teaching TM for the past three years. Another U of I student, Tom Dvorak of Moscow, will be teaching the transcendental meditation class along with Street.

Basically, transcendental meditation is a technique used by an individual to enrich his daily activity, Street explained.

"It's not a religion or a religious practice—your beliefs have nothing to do with it—it's just a technique," he emphasized.

And, Street noted, meditation isn't done for the experience of meditation itself, but rather "to give a deep rest so that the activity after meditation will be more enjoyable, energetic, perceptive and creative."

"Transcendental meditation isn't like a trance," the teacher stressed—a person is still fully alert. "It's a kind of restful alertness," he said.

Introduction, preparation

Tonight's introductory lecture and a preparatory lecture Thursday are free to anybody who is interested, Street said. The actual course in transcendental meditation, which runs Saturday, Sunday

Monday and Tuesday, costs \$45.

The course fee also includes a two-year program of "checking," through which students are regularly checked by an instructor to see if the meditation is being done properly, Street said.

After the instruction is concluded, the SIMS organization meets weekly for a program that includes group meditations, advanced lectures, and tapes and videotapes done by Maharishi.

Street himself has studied extensively with Maharishi, spending four months with him in Spain during the winter and spring of 1971, three months in the summer of 1971 at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, one month over Christmas 1971-72 and another month during the summer of 1972 at Humboldt (Calif.) State College.

A long tradition

While interest in transcendental meditation has increased in recent years, the technique itself has a long tradition behind it, Street said.

Maharishi learned TM from Swami Brahmananda Saraswati-Shankorosharya of JoytirMath, also known as Guru Dev, who was the spiritual leader of northern India for nearly 40 years.

According to Street, Maharishi decided to make the knowledge of transcendental meditation known to the rest of the world and came to the United States in 1958. Since then, he's taught the technique all over the world.

"He's just another teacher in a long line of teachers," Street commented.

The Student International Meditation Society has been an outgrowth of Maharishi's teachings and Street says it now has more than 200,000 members in the U.S.

200 in three years

Here at the University of Idaho, he says about 200 people have been instructed in TM in the last three years and right now there's about 50 members of the local organization that regularly attend meetings.

As well as students, the U of I group also includes meditators who are former students, Street added.

But, he noted, the organization is essential to the meditation technique itself—it's just there to facilitate the teachings.

Transcendental meditation is based on the utilization of three areas of the mind: activity, the thinking process and pure consciousness, Street said.

"The thinking process is at the base of all activity," Street explained. In meditation, the technique involves taking awareness from the field of activity to the field of thought, which is more subtle but more powerful.

Pure consciousness

At the base of thought is pure consciousness, also known as pure awareness or creative intelligence. This "awareness" allows the body to settle down and the mind to quiet down to allow the resting process to take place, Street explained.

This process allows the maximum creative energy to be infused to the system. And while TM is a mental technique of settling the mind down, it also has physiological effects.

Street says that scientific research has shown that during meditation, the body's metabolism decreases, often dropping to twice the level of sleep. This indicates a deep level of rest, which allows stress, fatigue and tension to be dissolved from the system, he added.

Another effect is a change in cardiac output. Street says that meditation can reduce the heart's work load by as much as 20 per cent.

Other physiological benefits include a faster reaction time, restful alertness (changes in brain wave patterns), a decrease in breath rate, superior perceptual motor performance, Street said.

Additional benefits are an improved individual psychological outlook, increased learning ability, increased stability and reduced use of non-prescribed drugs.

Wandering minds

Many people have the misconception that they can't meditate because their minds wander, Street said.

But this isn't true, he said—"There's absolutely no concentration involved in transcendental meditation."

Concentration requires effort and there's no effort needed at all in TM, Street said. "There's nothing unnatural at all," he commented, "It's easier than falling asleep."

Street declined to go into specific techniques of the transcendental process, explaining that this will be covered at the Thursday night lecture.



Mike Munn

While most types of meditation are based on either concentration or contemplation, Street says TM requires neither. "It's the natural tendency of the mind to move on to something that's more pleasant, more fulfilling."

The technique allows the mind to go wherever it wants to go and the meditator doesn't have to do anything, Street explained.

Sound whose effect is known

The key to the technique is the use of a "montra," which Street defines as "a sound whose effect is known." He emphasized that the montras aren't things that he or Maharishi have made up, but rather are traditional things which have been handed down from generation to generation.

Each student has a specific montra chosen for him by his instructor, Street said. This will be elaborated on at the lecture, he added.

Street explained that meditation involves 20 minutes twice daily—once in the morning and once in the evening. "I usually do it when I get up in the morning and then again at night before dinner, just after classes," he said.

And it isn't necessary for a person to isolate himself to meditate, Street explained. "Sometimes when I'm rushed for time, I'll just stop in the SUB, go sit down and close my eyes."

According to Street, there are seven basic steps to successful meditation:

1. The introductory and preparatory lecture.
2. An interview between the student and instructor.
3. Personal instruction in the technique.
4. A first night's "checking."
5. An explanation of practical "do's and don'ts" of the technique.
6. The mechanics of evolution (release of stress).
7. States of consciousness.

After completion of the seven steps, a person knows everything he needs to know for meditation, Street said.

As a result of meditation, most meditators find a clear state of perception and an increased ability to solve problems. And Street says the most important benefit is the strength and stability that meditators gain.

Nothing but praise

Two meditators, a student and a former student, have nothing but praise for transcendental meditation.

Penny Goodman, Gooding, who graduated last spring with a degree in recreation, said she started meditation a year-and-a-half ago after attending a lecture session here. She said two of her brothers meditate and thought she should try it.

"I love it—it's a big part of my life," Goodman said. Meditation helped her as a student, too, because she was able to get things done easier because she was calmer.

Christy Jackson from Moscow, a junior in elementary ed, said both she and her husband went to one of the introductory lectures out of curiosity and later were initiated into the technique together.

Jackson, who was pregnant when she began the course, said she was told by the instructor that meditation would be good for her, adding that because of the increased relaxation her baby would be two weeks overdue. She was, Jackson said.

"It really relaxes me—it helps me clear my head," Jackson said. "People have the idea that meditation is strange, but it's not—it's so natural and unweird."

One of the girls said that she had tried marijuana before meditation but found that this was "a much better high."

Goodman, who hopes to become an instructor in the technique, said simply "It's something good you do for yourself." And, noted Jackson, "If the whole world meditated, it would be a lot better place."

"It's easy to do—anybody can meditate," Goodman said. "If you can think, you can meditate."



Flo Kennedy:
Black movement leader, feminist and author Flo Kennedy will be at Idaho this week. See the story on page 2.



Weaknesses:
The Idaho Vandals fell short of strength and paid one more game for weaknesses of fumbles and additional penalties. See the story on page 3.



Sports Sunset:
Charlie Spencer bids goodbye to his readers, throwing in some ripping comments about his own Argonaut associates. See page 4.



Entertaining Moscow:
Sounds, sights, words and music all come together in the weekly Arts and Entertainment special... See page 5.

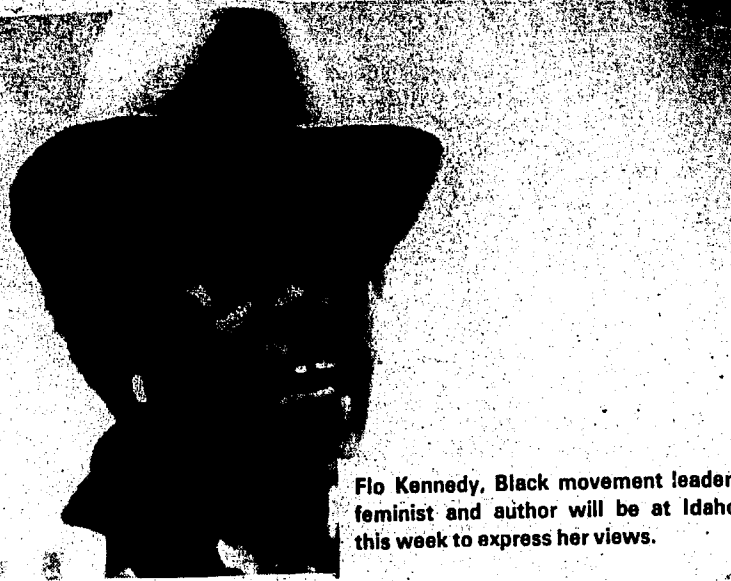
Schools Rival For Fund Drive

The ASUI and the Alpha Phi Omega service fraternity have challenged students of WSU in fund raising activities for the 1973 Muscular Dystrophy drive. The campaign entitled "Ride for Those Who Can't" culminates this Saturday with an all day bicycle relay race.

The winner of the fund drive between schools will be announced Saturday by race time.

An auction of living groups will be held Wednesday night at the SUB.

Individual contributions may be made at the SUB Information Desk and the Housing Office. Anyone interested in riding in the bicycle race should contact Steve Smith.



Flo Kennedy, Black movement leader, feminist and author will be at Idaho this week to express her views.

Flo Kennedy to Appear at Idaho

Flo Kennedy, a lawyer, Black movement leader, feminist and author will appear at the University of Idaho Thursday, to speak at noon hour and evening sessions open to the public without charge.

At 8 p.m. Kennedy will speak at the University Auditorium in the Administration Building under the auspices of the Issues and Forums Committee of the Associated Students of the University of Idaho. She will discuss the "Politics of Oppression," or what she calls the "alliance of the alienated Blacks, women, Indians, GIs and the poor," and will describe steps the alienated can take in an "establishment world."

During the noon hour, Kennedy, one of the founders of the National Organization for Women, will discuss abortion. The co-author of the book "Abortion Rap," she will appear at the auditorium as part of the Women's Center Focus series on "Our Bodies, Our Selves."

Writing in the March issue of Ms. magazine, editor Gloria Steinem noted Kennedy was one of the few women and even fewer black people to get into and out of Columbia Law School in the fifties. Steinem said Kennedy was first denied entrance

to Columbia because she was a woman, but was allowed to enter when she threatened to denounce the law school as racist.

Flo has become one of the few feminists who make humor work for change, not against it," Steinem wrote. The magazine quoted Kennedy's observations on various topics, including: — research: "If you're lying in a ditch with a truck on your ankle, you don't send somebody to the library to find out how much the truck weighs. You get the truck off."

— employment: "People always ask if a woman can be a wife and mother and have a career at the same time. Why don't they ask if she can be a hostess, chauffeur, cook, gardener, nurse, seamstress, social secretary, purchasing agent, baby machine and courtesan — and a wife and mother too?"

— oppression: "If you've been hit a lot, you tend to stay sore for a while. Trying to help an oppressed person is like trying to put your arm around somebody with a sunburn."

— and motherhood: "Being a mother is a noble status, right? Right. So why does it change when you put 'unwed' or 'welfare' in front of it?"

CHORD Helps People

By Sigrid Obenchain
Argonaut Staff Writer

CHORD is people, helping people. And helping organizations. And classroom performance.

CHORD claims its purpose to be improving interpersonal relationships, consulting mainly in the University community. The Center for Human and Organizational Research and Development has been described as an applied arm of the social and behavioral sciences, trying to apply to various interpersonal relationships much of the knowledge of psychology. It hopes to apply this knowledge in a rather personal way, to work with an individual and also, with his interactions with other people.

CHORD functions through three major activities:

Human Development; the individual. The concern here is with the development of personal skills, knowledge, identity — such as life planning, personal awareness, communications skills.

Organizational Consulting Service; the organization. This deals with organizational development, functioning, and structure. Here, CHORD works with intact groups: fraternities, sororities, dormitory living groups, and departments within the university.

Educational Consulting Service; the classroom. Improvement of teaching is the objective. Students and faculty trained in observational techniques observe, on request, the classroom performance of the faculty. Descriptions, not judgments, of the instructor's behavior are given him for evaluation. The statements serve as a basis for improving his teaching performance.

"The CHORD organization has sponsored workshops for the townspeople, faculty, students, and administration", states Dr. Montgomery, chairman of the Psychology Department. Workshop topics included, "Couples," "Life Planning," and "Student Identity." In CHORD's operation and workshops, all three areas

— Human Development, the Organizational and Educational Consulting Services — are involved; one particular area receives the focus, depending upon the subject being considered.

Dr. Montgomery observes that, "Many people are unaware of the impact they have on other people, and that other people have on them. This effect can be demonstrated, with rather simple exercises."

"Presently, the Organizational Consulting Service is conducting a workshop with a sorority in finding how the group can work better together. The educational Consulting Service is working with several faculty members in improving their classroom performance." Other faculty members are invited to inquire, about these services.

Workshops are scheduled on weekends, usually from Friday evening to Sunday afternoon.

A two-day communications skills workshop is scheduled for Nov. 2 and 3 at the KIVA. It will deal with listening abilities, understanding and being understood by others, saying what you mean, and communicating effectively in small groups.

"CHORD is a loosely-knit organization of students and faculty. It has heavy student involvement . . . proportionately more students than faculty," said Dr. Montgomery, who currently heads up the organization.

Because CHORD is for all students, it invites other students and faculty to participate actively. One can help in many areas, such as conducting workshops.

CHORD is new to the U of I campus, although organizations of its type have existed for nearly three decades. The general idea for CHORD came from the National Training Laboratories, which has been specifically concerned with this type of applied learning since World War II.



Peck's
115
Moscow

Food Facts and Fallacies

By Phyllis Lord
Argonaut Food Editor

Has your budget been stretched to the limits? Is your wallet so flat that you can barely afford a stick of gum let alone a T-Bone steak?

Maintaining an adequate, well-balanced diet may prove difficult with today's rising prices. Protein requirements, in particular, are hard to meet.

The FDA (Food and Drug Administration) recommend that a source of protein be included at every meal. Obviously, if you fall in the class of the average student...broke...you can not afford meat three times a day, every day of the week. You may be lucky to have it once.

What then, do you turn to for a less expensive source of energy? Milk and cheese supply quality protein at a moderate cost. They are also a source of calcium and the B vitamins. Wholegrain or enriched cereal products, when combined with milk, are another good, complete source of protein. (The combination contains all the essential amino acids.)

Other less expensive protein foods are cottage cheese, nuts, peanut butter, eggs, bread, beans, peas, and soybeans.

Through careful planning of daily menus, adequate, yet inexpensive protein sources can be incorporated into the diet.

The following recipe combines lentils with hamburger for a high protein, low cost, main dish.

RANCH STYLE LENTIL CASSEOLE

(Serves 8)

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 4 cups cooked lentils | 1 cup catsup |
| 1 lb. ground beef | 1 teaspoon prepared mustard |
| 1 package onion soup mix | 1 teaspoon vinegar |
| 1/2 cup cooking oil | 1 cup water |

Brown beef in oil, stir in remaining ingredients. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 30 minutes. Freezes well.

At Idaho

Today

The University of Idaho Chess Club will meet in the Blue Room of the Student Union Building at 7 p.m. All chess players are welcome.

The University Dance Theatre meets every Tuesday and Thursday from 4:10 to 5 p.m. in room 110 of the WHEB. Anyone interested in participating is urged to attend.

Political Science 153 will begin today at 9 a.m. in UCC 113.

The IFC General Assembly meeting will be held in the SUB at 6:30 p.m. All fraternities should have two representatives present.

Wednesday

College Republicans will meet at 7 p.m. at the SUB.

The University of Idaho Associated Student Wives will meet at 7:30 p.m. in the Faculty Office Building Lounge for a general meeting.

Gay Awareness will meet at 7:30 p.m. in the K-House of the WSU campus. Everyone is invited to attend.

Thursday

The Ananda Marga Yoga Club will meet at 6:30 p.m. at the SUB.

The film "How Simple Atheism Isn't" will be shown at the SUB at 8 p.m.

Woman's Swim Team will meet in room 117 of the Women's Complex at 4:10 p.m.

The Karate Club will meet at 7:30 p.m. at the SUB.

Friday

SUB Films will sponsor "Viva Max" Friday and Saturday in the Borah Theater at 7 and 9 p.m.

Campus Democrats will meet at noon in the SUB.

Book Sale Scheduled

The American Association of University Women's 18th annual used book sale will be held Oct. 12 and 13 at the Moscow Hotel banquet room.

Literary authors from Byron to Tolstoi and numerous types of literature including novels, non-fiction, textbooks, encyclopedia sets, dictionaries, National Geographic and poetry, will be available at prices from 10 to 35 cents.

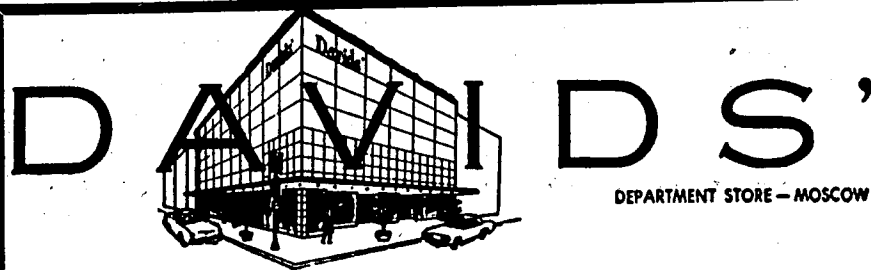
Hours for the sale are from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Friday and from 8 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. Saturday. The proceeds provide fellowships for women seeking advanced degrees according to the co-chairpersons Madlyn Tanner and Helen Zimet. Last year the sale not only netted money for scholarships but also provided a \$200 donation to the Moscow-Latah County Public Library for research materials.

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SALE

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Reg. \$18.00 to \$60.00
New Fall Selection **1/3 off**

LADIES PANT SUITS
Choose from several styles. Reg. \$22.00 to \$80.00 **1/3 off**

LADIES FALL COATS
Dress Coats and Car Coats. All-chosen from our regular stock **1/3 off**

LADIES SKI STYLE
NYLON JACKETS
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DRESS COATS **1/2 off**

SPORTSWEAR SALE
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Blouses
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MEN'S DEPARTMENT BAGGIE DOUBLEKNIT SLACKS

Young Men's—Plain colors with surface texture 24 inch bottom with 3 inch cuff. Reg. \$14.00 **\$9.99**

MEN'S JACKETS
Greatest selection ever. Suedes, wools, corduroys and nylon shells. All with pile or quilted lining. Most styles with fur collar or hidden hood. Reg. \$15.00 to \$60.00 **\$9.99**
\$39.99

MEN'S SWEATERS
Long Sleeved, V-Neck Pullover, 75% Lambswool, 25% Polyester. Machine wash and dry. 7 colors to choose from. Reg. \$14.00 **\$9.99**

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Beautiful selection plain and patterns. Choose from over 1200 shirts. Reg. \$3.00 to \$24.50 **\$2.55**
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Group of
JEWELRY
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PANTY HOSE
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Reg. \$5.95 and \$4.95 **1/2 price**

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WOMEN'S
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Women's New Fall
CASUALS, LOAFERS &
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MEN'S DRESS SHOES
by Dexter, Jarman and Rand. Reg. \$16.95 to \$24.95 **\$14.90**
\$16.90

Intramural Results

Intramural Touch Football Results October 3, 1973

LEAGUE I

Team	W-L
1. KS	3-1
2. PGD	3-1
3. LCA	3-1
4. ATO	3-2
5. AKL	3-2
6. NA	2-3
7. DSP	1-3
8. FH	1-3
9. PKT	1-4

LEAGUE II

Team	W-L
1. DC	5-0
2. BTP	5-0
3. DTD	5-0
4. SAE	3-2
5. TC	2-3
6. PDT	1-3
7. SC	1-4
8. PKA	1-4
9. SN	1-4
10. TKE	0-4

LEAGUE III

Team	W-L
1. TMA1	5-0
2. GHI	4-1
3. CHI	3-2
4. WSH1	2-3
5. GrH1	1-4
6. BH1	0-5

LEAGUE IV

Team	W-L
1. GH2	4-1
2. LH1	3-1
3. UH1	3-2
4. BH2	3-2
5. GrH2	1-3
6. SnH1	0-5

LEAGUE V

Team	W-L
1. TMA4	3-0
2. MCH2	3-0
3. TMA3	2-2
4. CCI	1-3
5. UH2	0-4

LEAGUE VI

Team	W-L
1. TmA2	4-1
2. WH1	3-1-1
3. Sh1	3-2
4. Mch1	2-1-2
5. LH2	2-3
6. CH2	0-5

Intramural Tennis Results
 B. Johnson GrH over J. Schleifarth ATO 4-6, 7-5, 6-1
 N. Rossides AKL over Trout PDT 6-2, 4-6, 6-4
 C. Lind McH over B. Day PDG 6-2, 6-3
 Nedoma FH over Sandquist TMA5 6-1, 6-0

Vandal Weaknesses Cost

The Idaho Vandals were unable to put together a strong "team" effort Saturday and consequently watched the Colorado State Rams pass themselves to a 33-30 victory in the New Idaho Stadium before a pitiful crowd of 5,720 fans.

The Rams, behind the "slingshot" arm of Jan Stuebbe, came out passing in the second half of play and overcame a 14-point deficit to win the contest.

The score that broke the Vandals' back came with three minutes left in the game when Stuebbe connected on a 13-yard passing play to one of the big Ram receivers who bulled his way in for the come-from-behind score.

Stuebbe iced the win by tossing a two-point conversion to the same receiver, Kennedy, on the following play.

The Vandals, who had led throughout the game, weren't so quick to surrender and began a long march downfield in the hopes of at least bringing about a tie ballgame.

Seefried used the running abilities of Darrell Mitchell and the good hands of Tim Coles to take the Vandals to the CSU 21 with about a minute left to go. Things were looking good for Idaho when Marshall Brantley then ran to the four yard line on a draw.

Same tune

Alas and alack, it was the same old story all over again. Kirk Dennis, who ironically played an excellent game for Idaho, was called for clipping and Brantley's game-saving run was called back.

line, Seefried's tired arm underthrew two passes before he was picked off on his third attempt by a Colorado State defender to end the Vandals' desperation threat.

Once again, as always, the Vandals beat themselves with 103 yards in penalties and six fumbles, four of which they didn't get back.

The Rams were probably shivering in their hoofs early in the game when the Vandals came up with two quick touchdowns to lead 13-0 and more than half of the first quarter left to play. The first Idaho score came on a six-yard touchdown pass from Seefried to Coles who took it on the left side for the score.

Tough defense

The Idaho defensive unit held tough on the Rams' first possession and their punt was immediately returned by defensive back Ross Nelson who churned a path all the way to the SCU 25 before being brought down.

A pass to Kasetta set up Darrell Mitchell's six-yard run off the left side for the Vandals second quick touchdown of the game.

The Rams were unable to move the ball again and were forced to punt the ball. Mitchell, who committed exactly the same mistake he enacted earlier this season, made the remarkably bad choice of trying to field the ball which was very effectively covered by Ram defenders.

Rather than be safe and call a fair catch, Mitchell tried to field the ball over his shoulder, bobbed it once or twice and finally fumbled it over to Juliana, CSU's favored receiver, on the Vandal 12-yard line.

Two successful running plays proved to Stuebbe that it was more profitable to travel through the air, and it seemed much to his liking as his next play was a pass to Miller in the end zone for the "Rams' first score of the game.

Sims intercepts

Idaho's Johnnie Sims gathered in a Stuebbe pass a few plays later but his efforts were to little avail as Mitchell made his second costly fumble of the game, this time to CSU's Cerveny at the Ram 43 yard line.

It was 12 plays and 55 yards later that the Rams got close enough for a field goal which Colorado State's Morales connected on early in the second period.

Idaho scored twice more in the second period, once on a 26 yard Tanner field goal which came about after the Rams failed to convert on a fourth-and-one situation and then again on a brilliant reverse-end around play by Kirk Dennis from the CSU 13 yard line.

The second half was an entirely different ball game as the Rams came onto the field knowing that they were going to have to pass the ball to win the

game. They got off to a good start as passes to Miller and Juliana set up an early third quarter scoring toss to Miller following a 75 yard drive.

Penalties hurt

Penalties hurt the Vandals on their next set of downs and even the flea-flicker couldn't help them out as it only netted seven of 17 yards needed for a first down.

Tanner was forced to punt and the Rams then proceeded to push 72 yards down the field in 11 plays where Morales connected on a 22-yard field goal.

The ample talents of Kirk Dennis were again displayed several minutes later when Seefried hit him on long pass. Dennis then managed to evade Ram defenders and scooted the remaining 50 yards into the endzone.

Stuebbe's tremendous passing ability was displayed on the Ram's following possession as he moved the team 77 yards in seven plays before allowing Kennedy to take a reverse around the left side for a touchdown. At that point, the Vandals were hanging on to a 30-25 lead and it was looking slimmer every minute.

Final score

It was at 3:03 in the game that the Rams scored their final touchdown and secured their victory with the conversion.

"We knew that Idaho had a good team and we didn't want to give up when we were behind. We have too much character for that," Ram quarterback Jan Stuebbe commented following the game. He added, "I think that Idaho's strong points were their defense against our running game and their blitz. Of the teams we beat, Idaho was the toughest to beat. Idaho could beat New Mexico State, I feel, but not Arizona State. They're one of the top teams in the nation. Idaho was as tough as BYU. We were glad to come out a winner."

Fencing Club

For only one dollar a semester students can join the University's Fencing Club, which provides the equipment, except for sabers. The dues are used to replace broken equipment.

Although most of the club members are students who have taken a fencing class, the club offers instruction to anyone who has not had the class. It has members in several levels of fencing, ranging from beginners to those who have been fencing for four years. There are approximately 12 club members who attend regularly.

Fencers with French and Italian foils are welcome but those with sabers must have their own sabers.

A tournament is planned here for the end of the semester, and a meet is being arranged with Washington State.

The club meets on Monday and Wednesday nights at 7:30 p.m. in Memorial Gymnasium. Individuals interested in joining or learning about the club should call Cathy Hamilton at 885 7386.



Idaho JV's Retaliate

By Mary Sochinsky
Argonaut Sports Writer

The Idaho JV's won their second straight game as well as some revenge as the Vandalbabes ripped the WSU JV's 43-20 Friday night in the 13th annual Shriner's Benefit game in Lewiston.

Both the running and passing games worked well for Idaho as the Vandalbabes totaled 614 yards in the "Little Battle of the Palouse." To Idaho fans, the victory was somewhat of a "getting-even game" after the Idaho varsity's loss to WSU last week by a similar lopsided score, 51-24.

Idaho's offense rushed for 376 yards and threw for another 238 while scoring in every quarter.

Leading the Vandals offense was quarterback Dennis Ballock who completed 6 of 9 passes for 123 yards, including a 52-yard touchdown shot to flanker Jerome Dowdy. Ballock played slightly more than a quarter but gained as impressive 68 yards on the ground.

Reserves do well

Reserve quarterbacks Ken Schrom and Jim Lindman had their share in the Idaho scoring — each throwing for TD's. Schrom completed a 10-yarder to Dowdy while Lindman tossed a 6-yarder to tight end Dave Entenmann.

Idaho's ground game consisted of the superb running efforts of running backs Monty Nash and Kevin McAfee.

 To provide a supportive and constructive opportunity for people to deal with the confusions of leaving a partnership and re-entering single life. To assist with considering new alternatives and methods of adjustment. Transition Group. Student Counseling Center, UCC 309. For information, call 885-6716 before Oct. 19.

Nash, 5-9 and 185 pound freshman from Boise, carried 22 times for 128 yards and scored two of Idaho's TD's. McAfee collected 104 yards on 17 carries on his way to scoring two TD's — including one in the second quarter that broke a 14-14 tie to put Idaho out front where they remained for the rest of the game.

Bright spots for WSU were linebackers Rocky Fountain and Wayne McDuffy and running back Dennis Bort.

Bort scores

Bort, 6-0 and 180 from Seattle, scored two of WSU's touchdowns on runs of 36 and 58 yards. He carried the ball 9 times and gathered 130 yards in the game.

All 40 of the Idaho players who suited up for the game saw action as they spoiled the WSU JV's opener in front of a crowd of about 2,000 fans.

Though Idaho came up as the victors, it was WSU who scored first on a 4-play and 64 yard touchdown drive. Idaho answered WSU by taking a kickoff and driving 58 yards in 14 plays to tie the contest.

Idaho scored again in the early minutes of the second quarter with Ballock's 52 yard pass to Dowdy making it 14-7. WSU promptly tied the game 14-14 with a 58 yard burst by Bort and Bob Bratkowski's second PAT.

Babes score again

McAfee's 4 yard run and Jerry Williams PAT put Idaho up by seven points with just over 9 minutes left in the first half. But Idaho was not through. The Vandalbabes scored again with Williams' 42 yard field goal giving Idaho a 10-point lead at halftime.

In the third quarter, Idaho tallied again, this time by McAfee's 28 yard run and Williams' fourth PAT giving Idaho a comfortable 31-14 lead. Schrom's 10 yard pass to Dowdy padded the 'Babes lead.

Quarterback John Hopkins, scored WSU's final TD on a 11-yard run in the fourth quarter. The final scoring of the game came on Lindmann's 6-yard pass to Idaho's Entenmann.

In the last 12 meetings between the Palouse JV's, WSU has the winning advantage 7-4-1.

Idaho JV's will close out their season at home Oct. 19 against Treasure Valley Community College.

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Engineering Student Evaluations

There is tenure business brewing at the Twin Falls Regents' meeting today. The word "tenure" is frustratingly drab and without sex appeal, it is actually as important to a student's college life as Mort's Club. It has enough importance to cause the dutiful Argonaut Editor to absent himself from his newspaper hang-out in pursuit of up-to-the-minute information (on tenure, not Mort's Club.) It has enough importance to involve Columnist Warnick, who has devoted several pages to the issue and who has likewise deserted for Twin Falls to appear today as a student faculty council member. It has enough importance to frighten 138 instructors at this institution to oppose its abolition.

The whole unresolved tenure hassle brings to mind a similar perplexity, the nagging question of whatever happens to student evaluation sheets, filled out sporadically but then with death knells for the guilty dripping off the pages like blood.

The guilty have never been executed, they have never been replaced or reshuffled, they have never even shaped up.

About three years of filling out sheets that are then rushed by special carrier to the FOB is enough to convince us that the stairs to the building's fourth floor aren't worth it. Like a student's money, our evaluations are devaluated.

One remedy, heard here and there around campus lately and proposed by those ahead of their time, goes like this. Student evaluations should be methodically conducted and collected each semester — and that means systematically in each and every class — and the results should be

published and presented to every one of us, enabling us to choose our future professors and classes like a gourmet selects fine wine, like an Idaho student orders beer — with forethought and exactitude.

Close sources in the school of engineering report that such a process is now underway there. An engineering student committee is meeting weekly to design a computer program which will include every engineering course, complete with instructors' ratings-like grades-ranging from 4.0 to zero. Results will be copied off so that every teacher and every required class are printed in black and white, followed by average ratings on 30 separate questions. Professors can be burned, professors can be praised, but most importantly, students will have constructive criticism close at hand, as helpful in deciding prospective classes a school catalog or time schedule.

There is no reason why this kind of study can't be enlarged to a University scale. Unless we have been hoodwinked, there is a staff already in employment to handle evaluations. Unless our eyes deceive us, there is a computer underneath the Administration building which could be put to student use.

This time of tenure failings and flailings presents a good opportunity for sliding in these improvements on the otherwise worthless student evaluating. It will be important to see the success of the engineering students' work — we will watch them with more than passing interest.

BALDUS

THE IDAHO ARGONAUT

Our goal is information and our message is peace.

EDITOR ROD GRAMER

BUSINESS CRAIG MARSHALL

ASSOCIATE BARB BALDUS

Dave Warnick



From the pages of the Sunday, Sept. 30, Idaho Statesman:

Editor: Broncos definitely aren't treated very hospitably in Vandal-land. After the long trip from Boise to Moscow, we finally made our way to the ticket booth only to be told that our Boise State College activity tickets were not honored in Vandal-ville for student admission prices. We were told that we would have to purchase general admission tickets in the end zone away from the Bronco section or not see the game. We didn't have long to wait, however, until we more than got our money's worth as Boise State continued to relentlessly roll over the Vandals. Thanks Vandals, the smashing victory helped make the treatment

Idaho Students Assaulted Again

easier to take. *Scott and Sheryl Patrick, Boise State College students, Boise.

The above item was only one of several which assaulted U of I students in the press last week:

— a couple of commissions recommended a raise in fees for state universities all over the nation,

— a math professor at the U of I challenged the student approach to teacher improvement, (right in the pages of the Argonaut),

— and after a bit of prodding by the press, Idaho law enforcement officials shut down several "houses of ill-repute."

Increase recommended

The first told how the Commission on Economic Development, which is primarily composed of businessmen recommended an increase in fees so that state universities would be more on a par with private universities. Such a recommendation sounds a little like suggesting that buses increase their fares since an airplane ticket costs so much more.

If in fact the difference between private and public education is not worth the difference in price, then the government should move in to insure that private college students pay less — and not charge public students more.

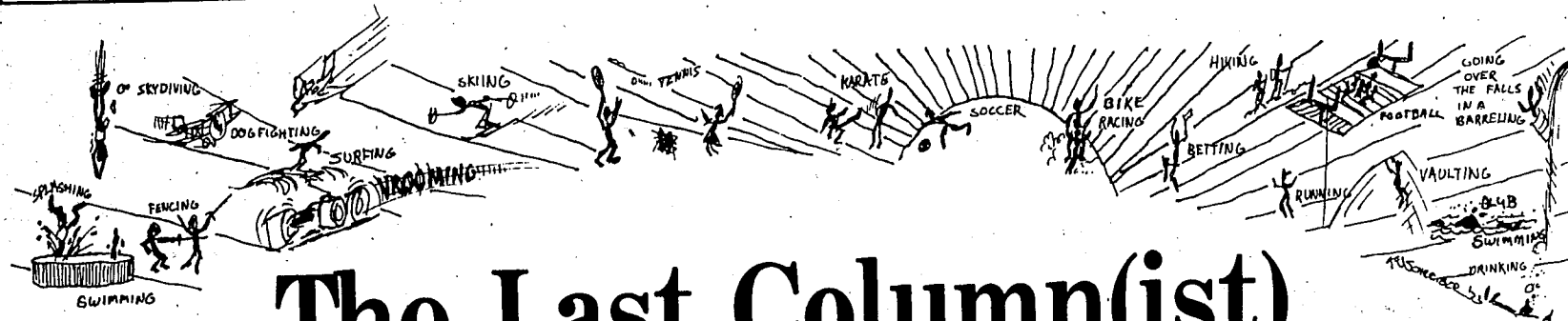
This "bad news" was countered by an interview with Rep. Vernon Ravenscroft (R-Tuttle). He believes that "in-state tuition" will get no where in the Idaho Legislature next year, partially because the financial shape of the state is excellent.

In the same issue of the Argonaut (yes, the news items in that paper do assault U of I students don't they?), Jim Calvert, associate professor of mathematics suggested that students should form a consumers' union. He suggests that classes and students should negotiate such intangibles as improving a faculty member's teaching, and such tangibles as student fees. He overlooks that this suggestion well-defines the role of the Associated Students of the University of Idaho.

It so happens that what the students are seeking, and the student government is seeking it differ from Professor Calvert's suggested course of action. So his views may be a trifle upsetting, but there is no need to worry that the student government will change its course because of a faculty member's suggestion. After all, when did a student last listen to a professor's suggestion?

But the final assaulting item mentioned cannot be easily reversed. The houses seemed to be closed for good, in fact Governor Andrus has considered suing the Idaho Statesman for daring to suggest that the enforcement of prostitution laws in the state has been lax; or that he knew about the houses at Wallace prior to the weekend of Sept. 29. The affair can be termed a scandal (there's a pun there somewhere I think) and the probably results will be stricter law enforcement.

Of course this is the year for scandals; while Nixon has his Watergate, Andrus has his Wallace. Will either of them be their Waterloo?



The Last Column(ist)

by Charlie Spencer
Former Argonaut Sports Writer

This column is written in protest. It refers to objections I have concerning this paper, its sports section, my former role of Argonaut sports columnist, and most specifically the sports section which appeared in last Friday's paper.

I hate to join the common horde of complainers, but I find myself in a position which compels me to write a last column. I must refer and retort to the elements and background of the Oct. 5 sports section.

At the beginning of the semester, I held high hopes for an improved, wide-ranging sports section. The sports staff was to be composed of a seasoned editor; a proven feature writer who fortunately happened to be a girl with, superficially at least, a strong interest in sports; and a former writer and columnist who could serve as a "sports analyst" and general clean-up man.

Fear From the First
Unfortunately, I feared from the first that the combination might not work, for several reasons. My fears were substantiated far enough last week to make me feel a need to disassociate myself, and resign as a member of the aforementioned writing trio.

To be more specific: the sports editor, though a good workhorse and adequate sports reporter, had proven an incapacity to generate many new approaches and improvements within the section since he had first started with the Argonaut. I stress this is a personal opinion, but feel many will agree.

My fears concerning him were not purely journalistic; they were mainly administrative, for he had to find effective ways to channel his two writers around his basic core of pure sports stories.

A bureaucratic phenomenon
His first writer had to be stringently guarded against the old bureaucratic phenomenon known as "conflict of interest."

This is definitely not to say that she could not be used effectively in the section, or to say that a girl cannot write about sports. It is just meant to stress that we all, especially sports writers, have boundaries to areas which we can state authoritatively. If we go beyond, we lose our credibility, our believability.

The third writer was a possible has-been columnist who was able to convince himself that he could make positive contributions, if only sporadically, to an improving sports section.

Even if that could become a reality, I feared from the first it would not happen. Last Friday's Argonaut convinced me.

In the past month I tried to learn as much as possible about the actual administration of the athletic department, and about the many aspects of running its programs and of the necessary cooperation with other University departments and organizations such as the Alumni Association and the Vandal Boosters.

Mutual trust
Throughout that effort, I tried to establish a mutual trust a respect with the people involved (and this notably includes the athletes, themselves.) I tried to stress my belief that the Argonaut's junction, like their efforts, should be devoted to promoting the University and a moral, equitable, and truthful administration of its sports programs.

I could see my hopes fading when I read the "guest contribution" entitled "Not So Dangerous Robbers" in Friday's sports section. Not only did it affect my position, but it was blatant example of poor journalism, poor sports understanding by the author, and a childish approach to the solution of a problem — if that is what was seriously sought.

When I asked Rod Gramer about the article, he said he permitted its publication for the sake of "freedom of expression" noting that it was he who, at the last moment, replaced a false pen name with true author's name. Though I am glad the author was forced to take his responsibility, I believe Gramer and Sports Editor Crompton went too far.

Water polo hassles
Another article caught my attention: the one concerning the water polo team. I had been preparing to write a column for that issue concerning the Vandal's swim team future, directly related to the substance of the article mentioned. Crompton waved me off, saying that he had enough copy and he already had a story which mentioned facts which I wanted to concentrate on. He said I could follow it up the next week, maybe.

The story was written by a person who was obviously unfamiliar with his subject, and who was, I feel, irresponsible in his assignment. Not only did the article contain multiple spelling errors in players' names, but it also contained multiple factual errors which should have been noticed both by the sports desk and the front desk — swimming 75 miles a practice? Wow! But the fault was not all the author's.

Thus I find myself unable to follow up such stories as: — the implications that Gonzaga's dropping water polo will have on the swimming picture as a whole on the U of I campus. Idaho now has no close competitors in the sport, which has become an essential recruiting and conditioning device for college swimming programs in the country.

WSU was forced to drop its whole swimming program last spring. The program's \$30,000 per year swimming budget (which included polo) was grabbed and funneled into the "major sports". The budgeting decision was made, according to WSU Swim Coach Doug Gibb, by people higher up who were preoccupied with football at the expense of the minor sports. (Sound familiar?)

It is worth mentioning the contrast of that budget, which enabled WSU to barely compete in its new \$1 1/2 million swim center in the Pac-8, to Idaho's \$3,000 per year budget (which also includes the polo allocation).

The Vandal polo team, second only in team winning record to the tennis team and second to none in student attendance versus available seating, was able to consistently beat WSU and be invited to the NCAA regionals.

No swimming champions

Another related story concerns the fact that, right now, less than half the Big Sky schools have swim programs, and thus, by conference rules, a conference championship meet cannot be held. The date has been set, however, and until further notice a meet is planned.

— the opportunity to bid a proper farewell to Vandal wrestling, and to wrestler and former Vandal football player Larry Bosma. One of Idaho's finest student-athletes ever, Bosma transferred to WSU to finish out his eligibility after

the program was dropped at the U of I three weeks ago.

— a chance to spotlight the discrimination involved in funding of women's athletics at the U of I. Not only is there a general discrimination and lack of recognition concerning women's sports, but closer looks at money allocation will reveal discrimination both in student fee allocations and in athletic department money use. (Last year, for the first time, someone in the Women's PE Department wrangled \$9,000 out of the department's "extra money". I wanted to find out more details.)

The May 28, 1973 issue of Sports Illustrated presented a very informative feature on how "Women Are Getting A Raw Deal" in sports. With that information provided, and with some research into the U of I situation, a journalistic heyday was presented.

— further chances to inform people about, and analyze, later developments in the U of I vs. Big Sky case, which I guarantee will have a long, drawn-out future.

— a chance to tell how Athletic Director Ed Knecht is trying to get at least some student input for the department through the recent implementation of what he termed "get-together" meetings. With representatives of as many living groups as possible, he is getting rap sessions going on a hopefully regular basis where he and students can confront each other on relevant issues concerning his department.

(I talked to several people who attended the first of these meetings recently, and they seemed pleased with the issues brought out and the discussion which resulted.)

I am saddened that I won't complete the job which I, somewhat idealistically, set out to do. I am also sorry I have accused, implicated, and chastised the people of the Argonaut, many of whom are good friends and have given me help when I needed it.

But they and I know that they are in sensitive positions; and those positions carry certain responsibilities with them. I only hope that they, for the rest of the semester at least, face up with greater care to the responsibility that the sports section deserves.

To the Editor:

This is the opinion of the writer and not necessarily that of the rest of the Tau Kappa Epsilon Fraternity.

The system by which the University of Idaho students are graded is so antiquated that it has become meaningless. We are graded on homework, attendance, classroom participation and other trivial things. The student's knowledge of the subject, his understanding of the subject are not even considered.

Imagine student no. 1, who studies every night, gets all his assignments done on time, gets to all his classes on time, but on the semester exam he gets a 'C'. His final grade is likely to be a 'B'.

Then, there's student no. 2. He rarely studies, never does homework, misses classes regularly and is invariably late to all of his classes. He gets a 'B' on the exam. His final grade will probably be a 'D'. Why?

Some one is going to say, "Well, student no. 1 was trying harder and should have a better grade. Why should a student who goofed off all semester get a decent grade. Maybe this will teach him to do his assigned work."

It's just that kind of thinking which makes the grading system so archaic. It's that kind of thinking which causes this country to be flooded with know-nothings each year, particularly in the various fields of engineering. Has anyone heard of the "Peter Principle". Look into it.

I would have given student no. 1 a 'C' and student no. 2 a 'B', this grade being based solely on the exam. This is the only grade which says anything. It shows that student no. 2 has a better working knowledge of the subject.

Homework is fine, but no grades should be given on it. Homework should be given to show the student where he is lacking. If the student feels he knows the subject well enough to forego homework, it should be his prerogative. He knows if he needs to do some studying. He's not a child. The exam will tell all.

Logic!

A slightly lesser evil is the ridiculous idea of grading on the curve, where a predetermined number of students MUST FAIL.

I believe it's time for a change.

James H. Hogsett



"DID YOU KNOW THAT IN 1970-71 I PAID THE SAME AMOUNT IN TAXES AS THE PRESIDENT?"

THE IDAHO ARGONAUT

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ARTS and ENTERTAINMENT

A Way Of Doing It

A Short Story
by Donald Bell

I'm not sure what in that laugh makes my brain writhe like this, now. Like chalk on a blackboard does it. It's funny, though, that I never noticed before. I liked it okay at first. It was always too damn loud, but it was okay. It was a laugh before it changed here under the barroom lemon light. It's a cackle now, that's it! Yes...Perhaps I shouldn't have come.

"Saaaaay...Your doin good, Smokey," she said. "Are you ready for another beer?"

"Yes. Two beers. You want another beer, don't you, Ted?" I said.

Ted rubbed a long bony finger across his temple while he leaned on a pool cue and nodded his bushy gray head at me across the pool table. The sparrow-eyed gaze above his T shirt didn't leave the green felt cover and the spattered balls there.

"Yah...Two beers, Connie," I said.

"Awright... two beers guaranteed," she said.

I wasn't going to watch her walk away but that laugh, again, compelled me to turn and watch. She had one leg forward and bent at the knee where her nylon was torn at the side. She was rocking back slightly at her waist so her springy dark hair stopped outside her white blouse by her nipples there. Her square-heeled white shoes made stature less diminutive than it usually seemed to me, and her blue shorts were a little big, I thought. She was looking up into a tall canary-haired face that must have said something very funny to make her chortle like that.

"She's getting married, huh?" Ted asked.

"She said she is," I said. "I didn't believe her when she told me but maybe it's true. Anyway I really don't care."

"What's the matter, dry loins?" He stooped to talk to me like he always did. He talked and moved like a movie version of Marlon Brando with the projector speeded up except for that stooping.

"No, it's not that," I said, trying to decide if my revelations would be appreciated. "Two months was just plenty long," I said in a conclusive tone.

"It's your shot," he said, accepting the inclusiveness of the statement. "Shine up your checkbook if you blow it, Romeo."

I finished my beer and set the sticky glass back on the round table it had rested on. Ted had sat on the other side of the table and was fidgeting through his pockets for cigarettes. He had decided to be oblivious to my shooting and concentrate instead on the table arrangement where he sat: two clean ash trays, empty glasses, Western Family matchbooks and all of this on top of a grainy dark wood texture.

"Two ball," I said. I made it and I made the twelve and three and the seven.

"Here we are," she said as loud as usual. "This one's on the house."

I waited for her to leave to shoot. Ted stood very close so he stooped his

face close to her's and suggested eloping to Hawaii.

"If I wasn't getting married I'd take you up on it," she broadcasted to at least three nearby groups in the crowded bar. I suppose I just imagined it was that loud because none looked up.

Ted laughed then. I thought it was sarcastic and I was glad he did it. "What about our future together," he said then and he still smiled a little.

"Noooo...I couldn't do that," she soothed. "Chris wouldn't like it." She strutted away after she smiled sympathetically for my benefit.

I shot some more. I remotely considered why sex involves me with people I become easily tired of. I wonder if it's like that with people? Like politics and strange bedfellows, maybe. How in the tense anxiety and apprehension of naked and sweating nights and afternoons I forget the quiet and calm control I admire in wiser and more calculating people.

Why I would be so painfully thorough to insure her pleasure even when it's sorted in my mind that revulsion and not attraction is key, puzzles me. Adulation is it, I think. I'm stronger then. Superior to her by physical strength and aloofness. Tonight when my dislike is so very intense I could go to her house and be superior again. When she would shudder I could turn away and smoke and she'd remember again her doubts.

I missed my shot and felt for my beer and realized I must have drank quickly because it was nearly empty. Thin circles and snail's tails of small bubbles ornated the inside of the depleted goblet.

"Check that blonde, Smokey," Ted said with his eyes larger than usual and nodding at a very beautiful girl in a green dress tugging at a cigarette machine near the entrance. "I think I know her from a party someplace."

"She looks like a sweetheart," I said. She got the cigarette machine to surrender a pack and joined a homely pair of brunettes three tables away.

"Don't be surprised if I get away pair of brunettes three tables away. cream tonight," he pronounced. Something like discreet recognition in her green eyes when she glanced at Ted made me believe him.

"It's your shot," I said. "I might be approaching the love of my life and you think about pool."

"Do you want another beer, Smokey?" Connie blurted in most unceremonious tones over my left shoulder. There was a thin line on her face that was a smile. In the first of the two months I dissipated so much energy on the pastiness between her legs the naive wickedness of that line had so much attraction. Naivety was gone, now, though.

"Have you met Chris," she asked. "He's here now if you'd like to meet him."

"I've met Chris three times in the last two weeks and you know it," I said. "I want two beers, please." I lit a cigarette.

"Ooooooh...I'm sorry. I forgot. You don't have to be so...you know. Touchy!"

"Beer-woman!" I commanded and she smiled and left more slowly and

(continued on page 6)



Jazz On Campus Put It Where You Want It

by Jackie Johnson

John Coltrane playing at the Dipper, Miles Davis at the Hoogie, Charles Lloyd at the Garden Lounge...? Not quite, but closer than usual for Moscow.

Last Friday night the Campus Christian Center's "Burning Stake," coffee house had a jazz concert. The center is that place across the street from the Perch that most people don't venture into 'cause they figure they have to tote a bible or be turned away at the door. Incorrect...But anyway, a group which literally has no name as of yet, packed the place. The center is small and a capacity crowd is about fifty people. The concert started at 8 p.m. but people who didn't get there until 7:45 just couldn't find a place to sit. There were people in the aisles, up front crowding the band and standing two deep in the back. A lot of people gave up and left.

Unlike rock and roll, jazz bands are not a dime a dozen. It takes considerable skill to even be an amateur. Also, there's not the kind of big money lure that rock has. Even, Miles the man, still consents to play in little, funky, clubs like the Both And in San Francisco. If you get a rock group together its possible to make a living if you're even half decent. If you get a jazz group together you'll probably end up working for the Post Office. Most club owners figure that jazz isn't lucrative. "You can't dance to it." Even if jazz truly isn't lucrative, and that hasn't been tested in Moscow, that doesn't mean that people don't want to hear it. The turn out at the Burning Stake is a solid indication of that. There was almost no publicity done; just a notice in the Argonaut, still people came and many of them stood through the concert.

So apparently there is a demand for jazz in this area. The "No Name Jazz Sextet," will be playing at Jeckle and Hydes soon. Hopefully some promotion will be done behind this so people will know they're around.

"No Name" just assembled itself a little while ago. Composed to past and present members of the Music Department each one has an extensive musical background. The group consists of piano player John Herd, electric bass player Michael Jones, drummer Ron Reagan, electric guitarist Joel Foye, cellist Rick Strickland and flute and tenor sax player Kelly Clark. In the concert, in which the group was making its first public appearance, it ran through about two hours worth of music. They played selections from John Coltrane, Freddie Hubbard, the Jazz Crusaders, Eddie Harris and John McLaughlin. I thought they were really good most of the time. Super critics may disagree, compare them to groups that have been together for years and who's members have been playing their particular instrument for another 30 years, but that's like saying that every mathematician who isn't an Einstein is worthless.

There were some problems. The electric guitarist was much to timid most of the time, barely touched the strings. On some numbers like "Put It Where You Want It," he came out of his shell and really played. The chello sounded wierd frequently, not blended. On the second set they must have turned the bass guitar up 'cause it dominated too much. The group was super on a lot of numbers like one by John Coltrane written for his daughter. In this number the drums and sax talked back and forth to each other with the other instruments plugging in all at once about every fourth beat to give a really moving syncopation. A lot of other numbers were good but I can't identify them because their names weren't announced.

Sax player Kelly Clark termed the group's music "aggressive jazz." That is pretty accurate. With a few exceptions their music was energetic, head bobbing, puff puffing, get involved music. Their last two numbers were sleepy mellow, dream music...and nice...very nice.



"No Name Jazz Sextet"



On The Road...

Gonza Ball

by Les Canards

I went to the Idaho-Colorado State football game last Saturday, and watched the "generation gap" close a little bit. Since the new policy of banning liquor from home football games has been announced, the older Vandal fans have become furtive soft-core criminals, much like their discreet pot-smoking kids. Hundreds of slightly-chilled, middle-aged Vandal boosters, covertly filling their coffee cups from hip flasks and chugging booze from thermos bottles, meanwhile keeping at least one eye peeled for the Man...I guess it brings us closer together, alright, especially since all of the kids are getting drunk too. I suppose that the announced ban on drinking just adds to the enjoyment of "getting away with it," and besides, all the honks really wanted was to cut down on the kegs and cases of bottles coming in....

Idaho scored on a flag pass from the six, with 11:50 left in the first quarter, then blew the extra point, 6-0. Before the game, a couple of Gordon Lightfoot tunes had been played over the stadium p.a., and just before the kick-off, the announcer mentioned the October 20th Homecoming concert...could this be part of the Gordon Lightfoot promotion? There was even a banner in front of the gym...they'll have to draw more people than were here for the game, if the A.S.U.I. is planning on breaking even, what with an \$8,500 price tag on Gordon Lightfoot and all...still, every little bit of promotion helps, even this....

The Vandals made a nice punt return, then worked the ball down and scored on a four-yard plunge...7:50 left in the first quarter, good kick, 13-0. Why the fuck would the A.S.U.I. consent to pay \$8,500 for Gordon Lightfoot? That should be enough to hire two or three Gordon Lightfoot...probably Ken Buxton, the onetime "chairman" of the Entertainment Committee, is a Gordon Lightfoot groupie, and got suckered into the deal by a smooth-talking booking agent...it must be like an album cover coming to life for him....

Colorado State punted, then recovered Idaho's fumble on the twelve. Zingo! A third-down scoring pass, a wide kick, and it's 13-6. \$8,500! Wow. They'd better cut expenses; maybe put Hog Heaven or the Moscow Jazz Sextet on the bill to help the draw...keep the costs down...hell, if they do it right, they could still break even, with luck....

A sixty-year-old Garden Lounge barfly slides up next to me as I lean over the concrete railing, looks around, and takes a stiff hit on his pint of Black Velvet. This seems to straighten him back out; he waddles away, Idaho punts...next play, Idaho makes a classy pass interception...the Vandals fumble four plays later, on the Colorado 45....

Cecil the Diesel Andrus is in the crowd today. Even since the Rev. Stanley Crow pulled his gubernatorial nose a little,

Andrus has shown us some real professional snivelling...I had thought that the pre-game helicopter would disgorge Andrus, but no such luck...I guess it's a little early for campaign theatrics.

Up in the press box, the University has provided free coffee for elite guests such as I, and wound-up Colorado State fan who's somehow coned his way into a press pass (like me) is making a drunken ass of himself...Colorado State kicks a field goal from the eight with 13:32 left in the half, and it's 13-9. The CSU fan is alternately getting high, getting discouraged, and pulling away with remarkable zeal on his fifth of Old Crow.

There's a lot of fucking around, out there on the field...fourth down stands, penalties...a nice run by Idaho, a blown play, a field goal by Idaho from the nine, with 5:13 left in the half...16-9...WOW! Idaho scores on a flashy flanker reverse from the 13 with twelve seconds left, and converts, and it's 23-9. Looks like the jolly press box gang gets free food at halftime...the Spurs are setting us all up...there's the gun.

This is all right. Two pieces of chicken, baked beans, a Bama Pecan Pie, more free coffee...outside the tax-supported womb, in "the undomed stadium," it's sprinkling...the half-time band sounds just like Muzak...there's just nothing like a free ride.

I'm munching away at the press counter, wedged in next to the drunken CSU fan, and all at once I realize that I'm getting off pretty good on the windowpane that Ron gave me just before the game...just then, my tipsy neighbor leans over and fills my coffee cup with Old Crow. "Here ya go, buddy," he croaks, and I get all doughy inside. The age of Aquarius...Colorado's gonna kick ass next half, you just wait and see," he continues, and takes another snort. Outside, the band plays "Here We Have Idaho," and a few spectators join in...nobody in the press box bothers to sing. Everybody's mouth seems to be full...here we have the taxpayers of Idaho, by the balls...this place is really high above the stadium.

The Bama Pecan Pie seems to be talking to me...a windowpane fantasy, no doubt about it...I ignore the talking pie, and try to talk football with the benevolent Colorado State outpatient, but soon decide that he's not going to be good for any more Old Crow. The Colorado State Rams troop back into the stadium...very psychedelic...I'm tempted to call this article quits, but I must be faithful to the basic concept of gonzo...WRITE EVEN IF IT HURTS...there's another promo spot over the p.a. for Gordon Lightfoot...here come the Vandals...the light rain seems to have stopped...there's the kickoff...after moving downfield, the Rams score on an eight-yard pass, convert, and it's 23-16, with 12:01 left in the third quarter....

Something primitive deep within me is yodelling for a hotdog, so I mumble goodbye to my sodden cohort and wend my way down the press box steps to the concession stand...suddenly, standing there, I realize that I'm in line right

behind Cecil Andrus! "Hey, Cecil," I shout, as reality snaps and tears, "listen, I've got the goods on Stanley Crow! I mean, I've got some shit on that hollow bastard! You'll love this..." I'm tugging on Cecil's sleeve, and gassing him with Old Crow fumes, and I can tell that the old boy is a little startled, as he begins to gently disengage himself and softly float away...one of the gov's aides, however, is on the ball, and begins to interrogate me.

"What's your name, friend," he croons, "did I hear you mention something about Stanley Crow?" He takes my arm, and gently steers me towards the relative privacy of the men's restroom....

I jerk my arm away. "This is too hot, man," I whisper. "This is for Cecil's ears only! I'll talk to him, and nobody else..." I head for the security of the press box. He surely won't follow me there.

I sip coffee, and watch Colorado pass the Vandals crazy. The Rams finally kick a field goal from the five with 6:49 left in the third quarter...23-19...it's getting close...Bingo! Idaho scores on a sixty-eight yard pass play, converts, and it's 30-19, with 3:32 left in the third quarter...suddenly, there's a tap on my shoulder. It's him, the aide.

"May I introduce myself? I'm John Hough, from the governor's office...I was really quite interested in what you were saying downstairs...."

"Les, John, Les Canards...what do you think of this game, my man, those damn Vandals are all offense, no defense, eh what?...here, then, let me run it down a little for you, then...I can prove that Stanley Crow is different than the rest of us...not that there's anything wrong with being different, you understand, I'm not against sexual peculiarities, but what with the realities of American politics...what I'm getting at is, I have some rather compromising photographs of Stanley and a twelve year old child...I'm sure that Cecil or Tony Parks would be interested in seeing them. They're a scream."

Hough's eyes are lighting up like the nickel machines at the Corner Club. He's cautious, though... "That's hard to believe...I don't think that the governor himself would be interested, but I know that I myself would certainly like to see those pictures..." Pow! The Rams score on an end-around from the thirteen-yard line, with 1:25 remaining in the third quarter, pass for a two-point conversion, and close it up to 30-25....

"Sure, John, and I'd like to show you those pictures. And, since I'm a good Democrat, I'll tell you what I'll do...I'll only charge you five thousand fucking dollars for those pictures. That seems fair to me..." I clap Hough on the back, and begin to lurch away. "And, I'll throw in the negatives, just to prove to you that I'm a good guy."

Outside, in the fresh air, things are scattered, and I'm flashing uncontrollably...I must try and follow this game...Colorado scores on a nifty pass from the fifteen, passes for another two points, and leads the Vandals by 33-30, with 3:03 left on the clock...Idaho tries hard to come back, but throws an interception with 54 seconds left, and Colorado runs the clock out. Bang. (The

(CONTINUED TO PG. 7)

A Way of Doing It

unconcerned than I would have liked.

The blonde girl and Ted were doing an innuendo of quiet talking and smiling so I sat down and smoked and felt a little sick to my stomach for inhaling so hard. The lights seemed to be lower then, the lemon becoming chalky. Under the brighter more illuminating rays above the pool table the birch panel walls had seemed less confining, the elk's head eyes mounted above my head had not seemed so impersonal, and the suddenly sad cowboy music less remote. Even so, I don't mind all that if the foolish bitch would stop making life so irritating here and now.

Guiding the blonde apparition across the golden essence of carpet, Ted was speaking softly and precisely into her ear. "Smokey, this is Karen," he said. "We're almost old friends."

I nodded; smiled. "Almost!" she laughed. "What kinda jive is all that." And she sat at the little table, facing me and the birch panel and two elk eyes and Ted sat next to her. "Remain calm and it'll work out," he told her.

Ted rose to shoot and the cackle came and rolled and flowed and settled in shivering puddles on the quivering carpet. It dripped down the walls, too, and seeped on the green felt tables on both sides of the infant ache beginning in my head. I started to stand and turned to look but I staggered a little and sat there stupidly, instead.

"Here's your beer, Smokey," Connie incanted with much nodding and bobbing and above all, with much noise.

"I know," I said, "I heard you coming forty feet away." I gave her some change on the table.

"You're not very nice tonight. What's the matter. Too drunk, again?" she said with mock seriousness.

"I'm sorry, interposed Ted quickly, "to interrupt such a warming domestic scene but can we have a pitcher and a glass for this young lady." He nodded to Karen who was looking a little confused.

"Sure Ted," Connie said as she squirted away.

I gulped my beer while Ted expounded innocent propositions to smiling blonde Karen.

"I'm goin' to piss," I said while I pulled to my feet and they looked at me dubiously while I said it.

Walking to the john I heard a very white-looking man tell an Indian he was one-eighth Cherokee. Pool balls whispered like cracking egg shells while I walked deliberately straight and slowly by. I must look very stiff and funny, I thought. To open the bathroom door I leaned on it and it revealed a crowded and cluttered stage. Two men were urinating and two others were waiting. One of the waiting men had a crew-cut and was swearing to the other that he was an ex-Catholic priest. The man he was speaking to was shorter, fatter, red-haired and seemed uncomfortable and worried that he might be beat out of his turn to piss next.

I should go someplace else. Why not some place else? I always come here and to change now would be to say she can push me around. Wouldn't it be like that, I thought.

I'm a man and I've always called

the shots and that's the way it's going to stay. When I'd planned to call it off, she knew somehow. That's why she made it look like it was her idea, too. She didn't fool me, though. I know better than to believe her. Especially when she came with that getting married bullshit. I knew she must be lying. I know the truth. I know the way its been and the way its going to be and that screeching cackling witch isn't going to change a damn thing in me. She'll see it, too.

When I looked up the crowd and clutter were gone and I was alone in there with the writing on the wall. That was all that was left; that and a flushing noise, so I washed my hands. I'll settle it now, I thought. My jaw and neck grew stiff.

Outside the door the clamor had grown with dull laughs and frenzied movement hanging smookey shadows. I glared at bodies that moved aside before my approach and I filled an alley bordered with hectic performances until I hovered above the engrossed and comic faces of Ted and Karen.

"She's decided she loves me," Ted stated with a grinning shrug. The girl laughed.

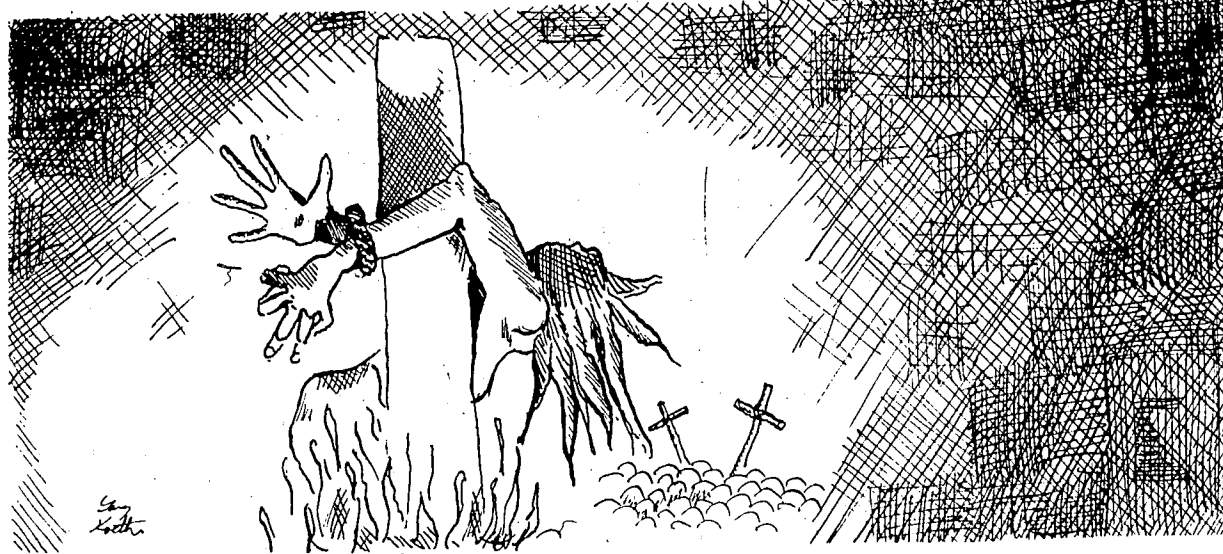
"Dannit, where's my beer," I said. "Champagne for the house," Karen giggled.

"I want my beer."

"Connie must have thought you left. She took it a few seconds ago."

I whirled and searched the confused grounds. There, at the bar speaking to a monkey-faced bartender with a beard. There she stood — laughing and loud and obsolete. I walked through people and tables that no longer chose to part for me and

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The Crucible

U of Idaho Drama

is a lie; and at last, the drum roll at the foot of the gallows.

Paul Gussenhoven, a sophomore, is cast as John Proctor and Megan Richman, a junior, will play Elizabeth Proctor. Others in the cast include: Richard St. George as the overbearing deputy-governor of the colony who presides over the trial; Peggy Meed as the slut whose lies launch the hideous persecutions; and David Rogers as a minister who, panic-stricken, whips up the orgy of bigotry to save his own position.

Because of the brief two-night run during Homecoming, and the limited seating of 80 in the Studio Theatre during its revived run, advanced ticket reservations are recommended. Tickets

are on sale at the SUB Information Desk and at Carter's Drug in downtown Moscow. Tickets for non-student adults are \$2.00 and University students may pick up tickets for free on presentation of their ASUI cards.

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Three Dog Night You Asked For It

by David Devcich

If you were anywhere but at the Three Dog Night Concert, Friday night, you blew it. The concert held at Washington State University was "the activity" worth going to.

A group called Texas opened up the evening and almost closed it. If it wasn't for the fact that Three Dog Night was playing next, the audience would have probably walked out. According to one spectator "the group Texas is something like the state, big and dry".

Well, Texas played until nine and then there was the thirty minute bla's until Three Dog Night came on. During this period of time a paper airplane contest was initiated. The handouts for the Gordon Lightfoot Concert and programs for the Three Dog Night gave the audience ample ammunition to play with. Even a frisbee entered the festivities but made only one flight, never to be seen again.

Then came the group that packed the coliseum with wall to wall people. No single word can really describe the concert, but a few I heard were: great, fantastic, unbelievable, ... Some of the songs heard were "Joy To The World", "Black and White", "Shambala", and "Never Been to Spain". Their music is not the type to be here today and gone tomorrow. It's smooth clear and easy to listen to. The audience made up of young and old really got up and moved with the music. Almost at will, Three Dog Night made the audience jump or made them mellow.

The varied backgrounds of the singers and musicians, seven strong, give the group that certain something. That certain something happens to be three singers: Danny Hutton, a contemporary going through changes; Chuck Negron, a basic rock and roller from way back; Cory



Wells, a graduate from the school of sensible blues; plus four musicians: Mike Allsup, lead guitar; Jim Geenspoon, keyboards; Jack Ryland, bass; and Floyd Sneeds, drums.

After a few initial songs, Three Dog Night faded out while the Wizard did his thing on the keyboards of an electronic organ, and piano. About the only thing he did for the audience was to keep them in suspension.

Returning to the stage, all made up for trick or treat was Three Dog Night. As it turned out the audience was in for a treat. A new act made up of excerpts from musical groups in the fifties really turned the audience on. The excerpts included

only the best: greased hair, be-hops, yeh-yeh's, ...

With things going quite well, technical problems developed. The group used some pretty strong language in letting the lighting crew know that they were really screwing up. They called them shmucks.

After approximately an hour and one half of music and comedy Three Dog Night retired, only to be recalled by the audience with a standing ovation.

In concert many groups act like they're doing you a favor, not so with Three Dog Night, they love to entertain. It's no wonder that when you're on top of it all, the audience just can't get enough of a good thing.

Coffee House

With Words That Tear And Strings That Rhyme

by Charlotte Noble

With words that tear, and strings that rhyme, I found that the coffee house entertainment was still in existence. What I found that night was a mixture of both good music, and talkative spectators. Being a musician of types myself I looked at the situation with a sad feeling knowing how it is to entertain over gossip. With the same sadness I remembered when the idea of coffee house entertainment started and the hopes of those same people for it to continue.

I recall the original candle light concerts that were started by private individuals. These people such as Bob Houghtain, wanted a chance to share their talents with people who appreciated folk and blue grass music, as well as jazz. On their own, they used the Dipper for this purpose, bought candles and set up their own PA system. There was a small cover charge at the door to help pay for the expenses of putting it together and to profit the time of those entertaining. As many of the good ideas progress on this campus it happened that the U of Idaho Entertainment Committee realized that the coffee house idea shouldn't die.

In the committee's hopes to continue the idea they changed the name of the Dipper to the Filling Station and made it known that this room would be open to the use of musicians until 3:00 in the morning. Unfortunately the idea was well and fine, but there seems to be two types of poor people on this campus, students and artists. Contrary to the beliefs of most, musicians are artists, and playing for free until the wee-hours-of-the-morn doesn't pay the rent, or feed the body. All considering, the idea folded as the end of the year 1969-70 ended.

The following school year a special committee was formed for Coffee House. They changed the name of the room back to the Dipper and obtained funds for both the entertainment equipment needed. Forming a selection committee they went in search of talent on campus that would be appropriate for

such a function. When all seemed organized the concerts were more frequent, and the attendance was fantastic, it seemed the original hopes were coming true.

The fulfillment of just this much of the idea showed so much more potential of what coffee house could be eventually become. As many things at the U of Idaho the potentials were never fully developed. They stayed the same from that point on until the end of 1971-72.

Old man time has a way of effecting things that stay the same for any amount of time. So seemed the plight of coffee house as a general decay became very much apart of what was happening. The sound equipment became very inadequate and in some cases the quality of the entertainment chosen as well. The funding for musicians was cut down and the amount payed to those who played was a mere drip in the bucket. Even the way the entertainers were announced became very slipshod, until it was very confusing when one wanted to know who was playing.

This campus has a lack of entertainment for the student who hasn't enough money to go down to the bars to get drunk and/or those who can't drink. There is a definite need for coffee house and all it should entail. I am just a little disenchanted with the lack of progress anyone has made in this field. It also seems that I am not the only one in this state of mind concerning this subject, as many conversations with fellow students have shown.

In what I have observed the beginning of this year and my reflections of the past, my hopes and the hopes of others seem to dim memories that have floated away in the wind. Music, fine music is hard to find and when it is found it should be acknowledged in it's presentation and cheer'd on.

This year's coffee house got off to a bit of a bad start, I hope that it can get on it's feet, for if it can it can be a fine trip.

Music Review

"Brothers And Sisters"

by Gayle Blackburn

The new Allman Brothers album effectively combines guitar, piano, drums and vocal to produce a light, easy rhythm. The overall effect is one of refined bluegrass and what the group lacks in depth and richness, they make up for in smooth, flowing harmony.

This is the second album to be produced after the death of their lead guitarist Duane Allman and the first after supporting guitarist Berry Oakley's death.

The Allman brothers were organized in 1969 by Duane Allman-said by Eric Clapton to be "The best guitarist in the world" - and originally contained six members; a drummer, organist, three guitarists and one vocalist. They played at numerous concerts and rock festivals and produced two albums: "Live At The Fillmore East", released about four months before Duane's death and "Eat A Peach" which came out 8 months later, both highly successful. Many feared the deterioration of the band after Allman's fatal motorcycle accident in 1971 and again after Oakley's motorcycle-bus collision in the later part of '72 but, with

the addition of two new members, they have managed to keep their sounds together as a unit, which this album clearly proves.

In nearly all songs, the major emphasis is on guitar with light use of drums, vocal, and percussion for accent. New member Chuck Leavel's piano adds melody and fills out the sound.

Some of the songs include: "Ramblin' Man" - a melodic solo with a country tinge, "Come and Go Blues" reminiscent of some of Traffic's earlier works; a dreamy, wandering song with a slight touch of jazz; "Jelly, Jelly" - a fine example of the Allman style of blues; "Jessica" - mainly instrumental; a good representative of the group's still-excellent technical guitar work.

I think that most people will find this album worth their while to look into. In the words of a contemporary music critic, "Ain't no bad cuts on this album brother."

continue from page 6

End.) 33-30. Colorado State University.

As I amble out of the stadium with the other disgruntled spectators, I see John Hough waiting to talk to me. "A real brown-bagger, wouldn't you say, John?" I comment, and shake his hand. "Gotta look ahead, though..."

"Listen, Les, about those snapshots you say you've got..." he begins.

"You heard the deal, John. Quid pro quo. Five thousand bucks." I walk off, and Hough stares holes in the back of my head. The Vandals are limping off the field, and it looks like another losing season ahead for Idaho....



Preview '73

KUOI FM radio is airing a feature album nightly at 10 p.m. They play a current album in its entirety with as little interruption as the law will allow. The following are this week's features.

October 9, (Tues.) An album called "You Busted Your Jaw," by Eddie Hendricks.

October 10, (Wed.) Various artists contribute to the album "The Progressives."

October 11, (Thurs.) Manfred Mann's Earth Band in "Get Your Rocks Off."

October 12, (Fri.) An album by Uriah Heep called "Sweet Freedom."

October 13, (Sat.) Blood, Sweat and Tears' album "No Sweat."

October 14, (Sun.) Album "Eric Clapton's Rainbow Concert," includes various musicians.

October 15, (Mon.) Artist Slade in an album named "Sladest."

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Homecoming Concert

October 20, 1973

University of Idaho



Saturday 8:00 p.m. Memorial Gym

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• WSC CUB Listening Lounge
• LMC Student Union

TICKETS: \$3.00 Advance \$3.50 Students (at Door)
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GORDON LIGHTFOOT

The Call Of The Wild

by Jim Rennie

One reason there are not more people in the woods is that there is a common fear of bears and pumas lurking behind every bush. For people born and raised in an urban environment it is natural to be leery of the unexpected in the natural environment. Particularly when the press is full of stories in the summer about people being mauled in Yellowstone, and maimed in Glacier.

It reminds me of a story about a private in the army who found a skunk and made a pet of it and brought it with him to live in the barracks. Naturally the other men were a bit upset over this skunk coming to live with them so they cornered the private one day and said 'look finklebust what about the smell?' To which the private replied 'he'll have to get used to it just like I did.' Similarly the bears are accustomed to making tracks in the other direction when man enters upon the scene. While you might have a problem with tame type bears in Yellowstone, most the time you are lucky to see one in the wilds.

People have been spending a fair amount of time in the wilds lately, courtesy of the Outdoor Program Center. One group of people took a hike to Anthony Peak on September 29. There were no bears or pumas in evidence. We did see one wolfy looking dog though. Anthony Peak has a lookout, or rather had one. In line with the questionable Forest Service policy of burning down anything they don't need, Anthony Peak Lookout has long since been reduced to rubble. Lookout hikes are some of the most enjoyable day trips that can be taken. If there's a lookout it means there will be a good view. Some people even take pleasure in looking at those funky little

buildings that the fire guards used to set in. The Outdoor Program has been taking a number of hikes lately and a dozen or so people have been on each one. The fall of the year between the summer rafting, climbing season, and before the skiing, snow camping season, is the best time to take day hikes. There is a tremendous amount of country to be explored near Moscow and for those with a day free the Outdoor Program office can fix you up with a trip.

On other fronts kayaking is proving to be the new rage. Of course at this time of year with low, cold water there are not many people on the rivers. A number of people who do own boats are getting in the swimming pool on Saturday mornings. Actually the rapids in the pool are kind of tame, but it is an ideal environment to practice eskimo rolls, that's the maneuver where you come back up after being dumped upside down. I have the first part of the roll mastered, the part in getting upside down. The rest is proving more difficult. Usually I just fall out of the boat. Once everyone who has a boat gets trained in the proper maneuvers there will be some pool sessions for those who don't have boats but are interested in trying out kayaking.

My apologies for those who came to see "The American Wilderness". We got cancelled out at the last minute. However I have it on good authority that on Wednesday October 10, that we will have another movie. This one is entitled "Glen Canyon" and is put out by the Sierra Club. The Outdoor Program has movies and slide presentations scheduled each week for the rest of the semester, so if you are not getting out in the woods on weekends, stop by the student union on Wednesday nights and see a free movie.

have. You think 10 or 12 years ago, they were still doing stuff on two-track machines and now they've got 16 and 72 tracks. They've got all these things — a lot of toys to play with and a lot of people used a lot of it. But it's getting back to the point that I'd like to think that people can participate in it because they can use their imagination more, and that's the approach we try to take — something people can identify and associate with — they're just very simple songs —

At The Union

October 9, (Tues.) Basic Outdoor Course sponsored by Outdoor Programs
October 10, (Wed.) "Grand Canyon and Glenn Canyon," 8 p.m., Borah Theatre, sponsored by Outdoor Programs.

October 11, (Thurs.) Issues and Forums presents, Flo Kennedy, 8 p.m., Ad. Auditorium.

October 12, (Fri.) SUB film "Viva Max," 7 p.m. and 9 p.m., Borah Theatre.

October 13, (Sat.) SUB film "Viva Max," 7 p.m. and 9 p.m., Borah Theatre.

October 15, (Mon.) Film Society's "The Golem," 7 p.m., SUB Ballroom.

Jim Croce

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through the first couple of things on it without looking at the date, and then all at once you realize you know that and put it away. But it is important where it wouldn't have made the impression that it did.

Argonaut: Where do you think music is going?

Croce: Right now, I think it's going in a lot more directions than one. I think sometimes if you look and see a rootsy kind of thing happening. The blues bands had it a few years ago; they're more like acoustic type of blues things like what you had in the 60's. When guys like Mississippi John Hurt, and Ferry Lewis all those guys were being dug out of the South. There's a big emphasis on lyrics and lyrical content in music, because everybody's been through the last five years, and there's been a lot of musical changes in those five years, from very heavy acid music to soft things, and then just the changes that have been brought about just by the new recording techniques that they

delicately intimate, known only to me. The whole suddenly musical event was a delicious kind of purge.

Monkey-man's huff-puffing breath on the back of my neck above his arms that pressed into my back was a very bad breath. He sounded so upset I thought he might cry.

"Hey. Hey. Sorry about my friend. Too much to drink, ya know?" Ted bellowed, stooping into the scene. "C'mon Smokey, let's go."

"Get out now. I don't want to see you again tonight," the bartender said, relaxing my neck and back and stepping away.

I felt very good walking to the door to leave. If anyone watched I didn't notice and outside it was warm and smelled like it would probably rain. When I looked into the lights outside I could see inconstant warm drops hanging there.

"Well Tarzan, that was certainly emotional," Ted grinned with his arm around the pretty girl.

"What was that all about," she asked me while we walked to my car.

"I cut my hand," I said, feeling it begin to sting my finger and throb in my palm. "I want to go home and wash it." I felt moist drops begin to tickle and wash my heated face. "As soon as I wash my hand I'll be great," I said and believed. "Can I drop you off some place?"



Book Review

When All The Laughter Died In Sorrow

by Kristen E. Reed

Lance Rentzel is a professional football player for the Los Angeles Rams. His book "When All Died In Sorrow," Saturday Review Press, 1972, is a true story of triumph and failure; it is the story of his life.

Lance Rentzel is from a wealthy family that could afford to give him the very best of everything. They sent him to a private high school and in that school he first learned about football. After graduation he went to the University of Oklahoma. His introduction there was not so good. He arrived at Oklahoma in the new car that his father had given him for high school graduation. The entire back seat of the car was filled with awards and trophies he had received while being a football star in high school. It took him quite a while to live that down, and even longer to live down his overly protective mother. He was knocked down during a game and his mother ran down from the bleachers to make sure that her "baby" was all right. Perhaps his mother's over protection led to the problem he had a little later in life. He was an exhibitionist. On two separate occasions he was arrested for exposing his genitals to ten and eleven year old girls. Maybe it wasn't just "mother" but also the great emphasis placed on being a "man". Being a lady-killer was stressed as was being strong. It took him quite sometime to realize that there was more than just that to being a "man."

He lettered in football his first year at Oklahoma. This made him eligible for membership in "O" club. He then had to submit to the "O" club initiation. This ritual was a grueling, terrifying occasion that defied the imagination. It lasted for one entire day and things that happened to

the men that day were unbelievable. I'll give you just one example. At the start of the day, all the initiates had to dress in the uniform of the day. The uniform consisted of a burlap sack, a pencil, a pad of paper, and a long piece of string. The burlap sack was pulled over the head and served as the shirt and pants for that day. The pad of paper was attached to the sack so that it covered the man's chest. Attached to the pad was a pencil. The pencil was in fact, dangling over the front of the pad. One end of the string was tied to the pencil and the other end of the string run underneath the sack and was tied to the man's "dick". Then the man had to go to classes and ask people to take the pencil in hand and sign their name on the pad of paper. Some people got positively brutal swinging the pencil around causing extreme pain and discomfort.

That was just one of the things done to the initiates by their fun loving friends and team mates. This ritual lasted all day.

After college, Lance went out for professional football and was signed up with the Vikings. After he signed with the Vikings he did well in professional ball and was traded here and there and ended up on the Los Angeles team.

I think his story is a good one. The book is well written for good reading for everybody. I think that football fans will be interested in the way the game is looked at from the inside. Romantics will probably enjoy reading about the courtship and eventual marriage of Lance Rentzel to Joey Heatherton. All in all I think that this book has something for everybody.

stale and half-empty schooners by his right hand. "There's hardly anything left in it."

He took one and set it irreverently in front of me. My hand took the glass, then, and crashed it down on the bar top and shattered it to pieces of unlimited shapes and sizes. In a dumb second before the monkey lurched around the soaked and defiled counter his careless face grew bewildered and angry and so hilarious. Connie, startled, moved back and looked splashed and uncomprehending. She was speechless. It was ecstatic to see her so. The white blouse and blue shorts dripping and messy and unable to make those loud and scratchy noises.

The warm and sticky pain between my first two fingers and on the heel of my palm when I mentally registered the red drops soon forthcoming was

A WAY OF DOING IT

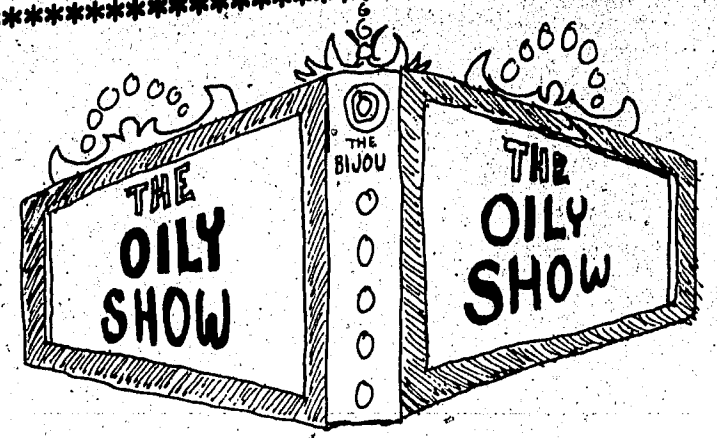
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slobbered treacherously around them.

I stood very straight and tense beside her at the bar, there, and felt my neck bulge again and my fingers press hard into my palms. My shoulders were drawn back and were very stiff. My mouth, I'm sure opened only a little when I spoke and my teeth moved even less.

"You took my beer," I clipped evenly. "I wasn't finished with it." "Monkey face is sure I'm a trouble-maker. now, I can see.

"Ooooph," Connie blurted. "You want that little bit of beer." "There Mike — that glass there, that's his," she said, pointing to a cluster of four



MOVIE REVIEW

by M. K. Schoeffler

All is not well with Oklahoma Crude, as a wildcatter female (Faye Dunaway) attempts to bring in her oil well before big company interests take it away from her. She is aided in her endeavors by her gentle father (John Mills) and a tough drifter (George C. Scott). It's with reluctance and ungratefulness that she accepts their help though, fighting them almost as much as the big oil companies. The directors direct moralizing about people needing people comes off too blunt, as we watch this hardy feminist go independence crazy, with the other characters coming off stock and predictable, too. Even the shows lustiness is a half-hearted try, passed off with a few body comments and a lady running around in her underwear (long underwear).

Faye Dunaway has developed a new acting style; I'd call it a la Jane Fonda. So convincing was her impersonation, I had to check the credits twice to be sure it wasn't Fonda. But then again, perhaps it wasn't Dunaway that looked so much like Fonda as it was the character Lena being so similar to Cat Ballou.

George C. Scott will turn down no Oscar this year for his adequate role as Mase. The only thing interesting enough about him to turn your head, would likely be what's on his head — a 1910 haircut, a far cry from the bald Patton.

John Mills, another recent Oscar winner, is not likely to find himself before the Academy Awards audience this year either. He won his last award in Ryan's Daughter, for his role as the village idiot. His role in this show is so mediocre, it doesn't even make a fool out of him.

However, the fault lies not in the stars, dear fans, but the screenwriters — with too few laughs to make it a comedy, and with the director — whose action sequences are neither suspenseful nor dramatic enough to make it an adventure film. Crud is without complexities. A film about searching for fortune, but remaining itself, not very fortunate.

		KENWORTHY THEATRE—MOSCOW		OPEN 6:45
M	TONIGHT THRU SATURDAY	GEORGE C. SCOTT—FAYE DUNAWAY		
O	7-9 P.M.	"OKLAHOMA CRUDE"		
S	PG PARENTAL	DIAL THEATRE BILLBOARD 882-3013		
C	GUIDANCE			
O	ALL SEATS \$1.50			
W				
		NUART THEATRE—MOSCOW		OPEN 6:45
M	TONIGHT THRU SATURDAY	LEE MARVIN—ERNEST BORGNINE		
O	7-9 P.M.	"EMPEROR OF THE NORTH"		
S	PG PARENTAL			
C	GUIDANCE			
O	ALL SEATS \$1.50			
W				



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