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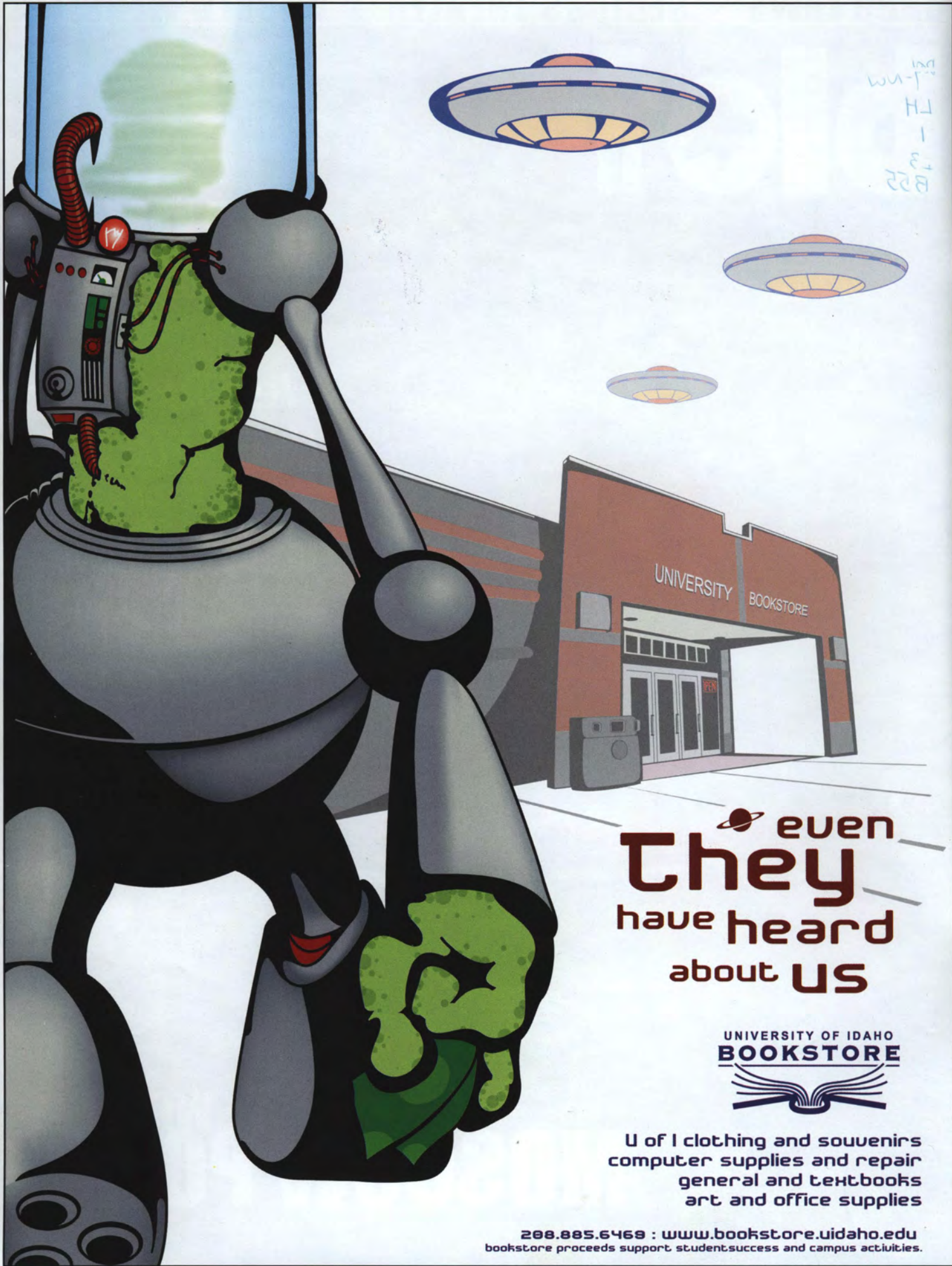
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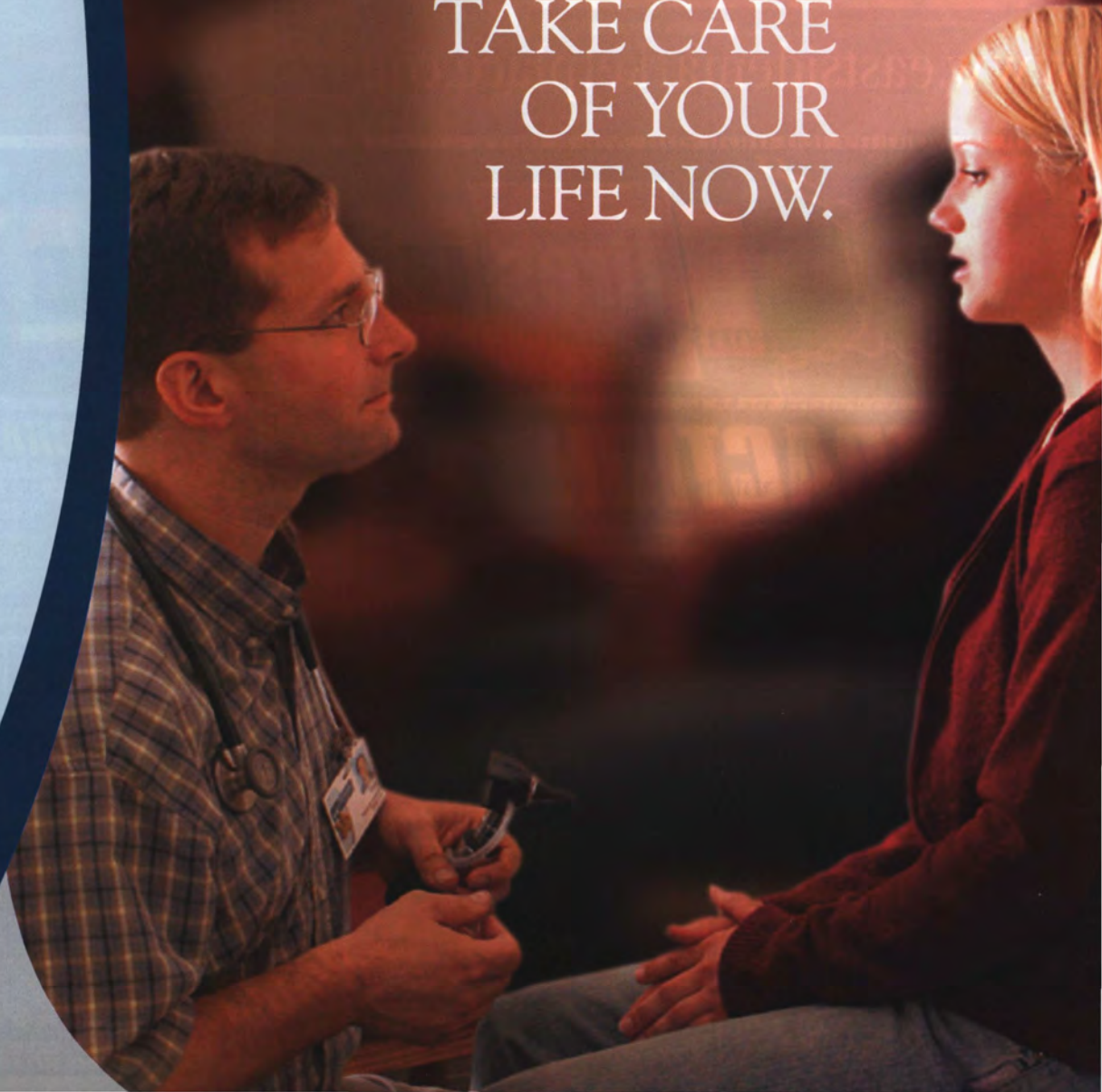
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t a b l e o f c o n t e n t s



photo by Charlie Olsen



photo by Kentaro Murai



photo courtesy of Matt Erlandson



photo by Lisa Wareham

## Features

Cover Story:

### 23 **COPS: Moscow**

*By Frank McGovern  
Photos by Charlie Olsen*

MPD's finest roll up their sleeves for the first weekend of the school year and invite everyone to tag along

### 19 **Diary of a Garden Waitress**

*By Laura Hixon  
Photos by Kentaro Murai*

With a few tips from bar employees to keep from getting roughed up out on the town

### 28 **Climbing a Peruvian Monster**

*By Kelly Crowe  
Photos courtesy of Marr Erlandson*

One could go on for days explaining the intricacies and dangers of the sport, but I do not have the time, or even the knowledge to do so

### 35 **He loves me, he loves me not**

*By Katie Fritzley  
Photos by Lisa Wareham*

Remember ladies sometimes he's just not that into you

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Home Samples Textilizer Images Bookmark Your Site

## The Bright Side

- 7 You Said it
- 7 Semester in Cartoons
- 8 Sucka Beefs
- 8 Record Holders
- 9 Drug Policies
- 10 Dorms vs. Greek

## Cahoots

- 11 Tipping Etiquette
- 12 Wicked Websites

## Perimeter

- 15 Angling 101
- 16 UI fight club
- 17 OC addiction
- 17 Forest Donation
- 18 Sirius Theatre

## Departments

- 31 Sports
- 32 Alumni
- 33 Arts
- 34 Politics



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Dear Readers,

Another semester has already passed and it's only a hop, skip and a jump until some well-earned vacation time. Blot magazine is hoping we can inject a little reading worth your while betwixt studying for your organic chemistry finals and writing papers on the diuretic effect some wild grasses have on the wild spotted toads of South America. And if you actually are doing either one of those things at this very moment, Blot sends its deepest sympathies.

Since you are reading these pages, you have probably already figured out the best new aspect of Blot in its second year of production, students now get a 100 percent discount off our cover price from last year. Despite the greedy desire for our staffers at student media to "make budget" and "pay for another magazine," Blot has convinced everyone that you, the students, are worth the money pit this magazine is likely to become and should not have to pay one measly dime for the entertainment contained in these pages, ever.

We are also introducing a new section of the magazine we are calling "The Bright Side." While Blot cannot promise you will not be offended, ashamed, horrified, frustrated, angry and possibly a little violent after seeing the aptly named section, we can promise that some of you will smile. The section features artwork and cartoons from UI grad and former top college cartoonist in the nation, Noah Kroese, as well as snippets from the twisted minds of blot staffers.

Yes, there are plenty of changes here at the magazine, but a few things remain the same. We are bringing you stories that include skinhead violence, drunken minors taking swings at the police and the elite of Moscow dancing to Y.M.C.A. (check out Frank McGovern's "COPS: Moscow"), as well as bar bathroom sex, people lighting themselves on fire and a guide to prevent jackass-like behavior (see Laura Hixon's "Confessions of a Garden Waitress"). All the subject matter (alcohol, violence and the police) is steadily becoming a staple of Blot magazine.

So kick back and enjoy the issue and look for us again in the Spring.



Sean Olson



# YOU SAID IT!

## Quotable quotes taken from a semester of the Argonaut

**"The purpose of the Idaho Open Meeting Law is to help interested citizens become informed about governmental actions by guaranteeing citizens the right to observe and participate in public meetings."** – Travis Shofner, ASUI Senator

**"The Idaho Open Meeting Law, I think it's silly."** – Travis Galloway, ASUI Senator

*Both on the ASUI debate to strike the Idaho Open Meeting Law from the ASUI Constitution. The Senate eventually rejected the idea.*

**"We're an organization that does not make decisions. We make recommendations and**

**exert influence. ... We have no ultimate power."** – Chris Dockery, ASUI Presidential Policy Advisor

*On the ASUI.*

**"I've seen more advertising for Ski Club than for this election."** – Louis DiConti, UI Senior

*On the special election called by ASUI to switch the presidential voting cycle from Fall to Spring. The measure passed with less than 100 students voting.*

**"... I write to articulate the University of Idaho's position with respect to evolution: This is the only curriculum that is appropriate to be taught in our bio-physical sciences. As an**

**academic scientific community and a research extensive land-grant institution, we affirm scientific principles that are testable and anchored in evidence."** – Tim White, UI President (in an open letter)

**"Of course it's creationism. It's just the latest flavor of Christian theology. Young Earth Creationists were the flavor in the '80s, and now it's intelligent design. It's bullshit."** – Thomas Bitterwolf, UI Professor of Inorganic Chemistry

*Both on the intelligent design vs. evolution debate that ignited when president White banned intelligent design from being taught in science courses. He said it would*

*still be offered in other curriculum, such as philosophy and theology.*

**"I was sitting in my yard one Saturday and a young man came from the apartment next door and started peeing on the side of my house. This was noon, broad daylight."** Debbie Hornbuckle, Taylor Street resident

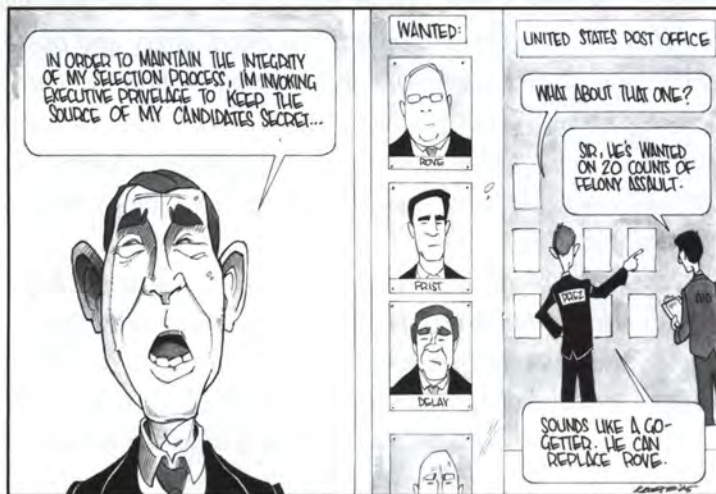
*On living in Taylor Street.*

**"I feel like we can go out and win the last six games, and go to a bowl game."** – D.J. Smith, Vandal wide receiver

*Quoted in the Oct. 7 Argonaut on the future of the football season.*

# THE SEMESTER IN CARTOONS

cartoons and illustrations by Noah Kroese





# SUCKA BEEFS

Rap is arguably the most intense American artistic manifestation of the last 30 years. Hip-hop has become so popular it now rivals rock 'n' roll as the predominate musical construct of younger generations and is producing such passion from fans its beefs, that began on the mic, have spilled blood on the street. Of course, not all beefs are created equal. Here are some of the wussier moments in the hip-hop battleground.

**Weird Al Yankovich vs. Coolio:** Anybody who had access to the radio in 1995 remembers "Gangsta's Paradise," Coolio's torturously overplayed, syrupy rap ballad. A year later Weird Al dissed the hell out of it - with the approval of Coolio's record company, but not the man himself - with the scathing satire "Amish Paradise." Not impressed, Coolio took a stand on MTV making it very clear that, like everyone else over



the age of 13, he did not find it very funny. Coolio chilled considerably after Weird Al hooked him up with royalty payments from the song. The beef ended when Weird Al shanked Coolio with a sharpened spoon behind a 7-Eleven.

**Eminem vs. Vanilla Ice:** The two pre-eminent white rappers of our time were bound to eventually clash. In a desperate bid for attention, Vanilla Ice told Vibe magazine Eminem "rapped like a girl" and had a "squeaky" voice. He also said something about sending him home in panties. Em rebutted by suggesting Vanilla Ice was a sad has-been. Eminem won the beef just by remaining a successful white rapper.

**Eminem vs. The Insane Clown Posse:** This beef began in 1995 when a young Eminem (so young he was just called Emin at this point), hungry for exposure, handed out a flyer suggesting the ICP would play at a party he was sponsoring. The ICP told him to "F off," and Emin never forgot or forgave. After getting big he began exhibiting his emerging taste for homoerotic verbal rivalry by suggesting the ICP were both homosexuals and could perform sex acts on him for the slight. They gayed right back at him until the

beef exploded with Eminem's friends shooting paintballs at ICP's truck. Yes, paintballs. He can be seen on the "Up in Smoke" concert DVD simulating fellatio with an ICP-looking blow-up doll.

**Eminem vs. Moby:** You may be thinking that a beef featuring men dressed as clowns is pretty wussy, but Em managed to wuss it up a notch by beefing with Moby. Moby is an unassuming sort of techno-y, artsy hipster who infuriated Slim Shady by outrageously suggesting the latter's lyrics were homophobic and misogynistic. Marshal Mathers struck back, employing both the song and music video format to diss Moby. This beef came to a head at the ultragangsta MTV Video Music Awards, where Em called Moby a little girl and threatened to punch him. Hard core. Moby ended the beef by forcing Eminem to play Russian Roulette in a shack a la The Deer Hunter.

**Eminem vs. Triumph the Comic Insult Dog:** OK, so the ICP beef is weak and Moby is weaker, but this final submission tops them both: wherein we find Em beefing on a rubber dog puppet. At the same beefy VMA's where Eminem and Moby almost killed each other, Shady was attacked by comedian/writer Robert Smeigel and his Triumph dog hand-puppet. Not wanting to be pooped-on, even in spirit, Eminem sprung into action swearing and pushing the puppet away from him.

One of Slim's entourage slapped Smeigel's notes into the air and glared menacingly. This beef concluded with Triumph pooping on Eminem anyway, breaking his spirit. Eminem has since announced his retirement from rap leaving innumerable queries unresolved. For instance, does he want to kill his mother, father or ex-wife and why he has yet to beef with Milli Vanilli? Those guys were perpetrators.



# RECORD HOLDERS WE SALUTE YOU!

## Fastest Beer Bottle Opening

The fastest time for opening 300 bottles of beer, by a team of three, is 1 min 47 sec, on April 2, 1999. In relay style, each team member opened 100 bottles and when finished, passed the specially constructed opener for the next team member to begin more bottle-opening.

## Fastest Yard Of Ale

Peter Dowdeswell of Earls Barton, Northants, England, drank a yard of ale containing 1.42 liters (2 pints) in 5 seconds back in '75.

## Furthest Cricket Spit

The greatest distance anyone has spat a dead cricket from their mouth is 9.17 m (30 ft 1.2 in) by Danny Capps of Madison, Wis. Capps performed this feat on June 26, 1998. Danny has always been fascinated by insects. He says the crickets have no flavor at all and putting a dead one in his mouth doesn't bother him.

## Most bras unhooked in a minute

Rick Canzler of Australia unhooked 42 bras through one layer of clothing in 60 seconds using one hand on 19 June 2005.

## Most Worms Charmed

Tom Shufflebotham charmed 511 worms out of the ground at the first World Worm Charming Championship on July 5, 1980. Competitors are allowed 30 minutes to "charm" as many worms as possible. Charmers can use garden forks and other implements to help coax up the worms, but sprinkling water on the ground is not allowed.

## Most Assassination Attempts Survived

Charles de Gaulle (1890-1970), president of France from 1958 to 1969, is reputed to have survived no fewer than 31 plots against his life from 1944 to 1966 (although some plots were foiled before culminating in actual physical attacks).

## Largest Cocktail

The world's largest cocktail was a 26,645-litre (5,861-gallon) margarita mixed on May 17, 2001, by staff at Jimmy Buffett's Margaritaville and Mott's, Inc. of Universal City Walk, Orlando, Florida, USA. The colossal cocktail consisted of their own brand-name ingredients of Mott's Margaritaville Margarita Mix, Margaritaville Tequila and combined with Rose's Triple Sec. The cocktail was unveiled and served to members of the public, with proceeds benefiting local charities.

# DRUG POLICY & YOU

While the Blot does not condone drug abuse at home or abroad, students leaving the country (or staying) should know a few things about international law. For your own safety, get to know the laws and customs of whatever country to which you are considering taking a trip. In that spirit, Blot writer Frank McGovern has compiled a brief primer of foreign and domestic drug legislation. He denies any wrongdoing in researching this data.



**The Netherlands:** It is common knowledge that

almost everything is legal in the Netherlands, what is less common knowledge is that absolutely everything is legal there. Even murder is perfectly legal, the thing is they're all so chill it's just never come up. During my week long cultural and historical survey of Amsterdam, I was shocked the very first day I was there when a nun next to me snorted a line. After declining her invitation to partake based on my aversion to cocaine, she informed me that it wasn't cocaine at all but a cocktail of PCP and heroin she'd dubbed "Rock-Star Killer." When we left the church a cop pulled her aside and I assumed she'd be arrested. It turned out that he was just looking to score.



**Singapore:** Singapore is not chill when it comes

to drugs. In fact, they're kind of a buzz kill, literally. I was over there for [classified by U.S. government] and I made the mistake of smiling at a policeman. He assumed that I was high and I was caned. It was a travesty. Luckily it didn't hurt at all because I was ... well it just didn't, so drop it. Singapore actually enforces a death penalty for dealers and some users. If you're just a bottom-end abuser you won't die, but will serve a VERY long prison term. This one guy I know even got caned just because he smiled at a cop while high. So if you go to Singapore ... you know what, just don't go to Singapore.



**The United States of America:** This country's

a weird one because you can't have drugs, but you can have butt-loads of guns, tons of guns, plus drug laws there are all willy-nilly. Punishment is contingent on a variety of factors. Location is a biggy. In Texas, which I call Big Singapore, even possession of a joint (slang for a marijuana cigarette) can result in as many years in prison as guns you're allowed to buy: a butt-load. Also, you get nightly visits from Sheriff Stumps Clemson who's big, mean and very lonely. If your dad's a politician there, however, just do whatever. Skin color and social status are also concerns. If you're whitish you will get arrested for cocaine possession, but you'll also get detox, free counseling and be declared "brave" when you get out of rehab. If you're darker, and the coke you have access to is rock-like, see Texas and Singapore.



**Turkey:** I was in Turkey a while back checking out

their [censored due to pending lawsuit] and I became familiar with their drug laws. If you are gay, I suggest trying to smuggle hash somewhere, because the prisons over there are like a Morrissey concert: drugs, gay dudes and weird music. However, if you're

not gay, I suggest trying to smuggle hash somewhere because you will be forced into a nightmarish prison with only your will to survive and personal fortitude to guide you. It will be a long hard journey filled with poignant losses and heartbreaking struggles to overcome, but you will come out the other side stronger, with book and movie royalties.



**Canada:** I went up to Canada last summer,

Vancouver B.C. to be precise, for their big Fourth of July celebration they have up there. (By the way, I'm not sure if you buy that, but those dicks at customs sure don't.) Well I went into a coffee shop and was shocked to find out that coffee isn't the only thing I was allowed to smoke in those places, for shame! There's tons of pot around in Canada if you know where to look (try this guy Mikey Moreux - big French guy), plus you can just walk into their pharmacies and hook it up! At least that is what the Internet has led me to believe. Next time you're there, just ask, what could it hurt? Canada's not quite as chill as the Netherlands, they'll arrest you for drugs, but are still way too polite to actually prosecute. You will get a stern talking to.



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# DORMS vs. GREEK

	DORMS	GREEK
<b>FOOD</b>	Bob's. Fried foods made with only the use of a heat lamp, yet strangely satisfying. Also, Pop Tarts (only after receiving financial aid).	Options of chicken or "other" meat prepared for 60 people in a short time. If lucky, house cook refrains from ashing cigarettes during food preparation.
<b>ROOMATES</b>	Roommate chronically self-pleasures. Suitemates both from town of 37 people, both are fascinated with your personal possessions.	Sixty people required to get along. Share a room with 10 different people first year, two are sane.
<b>DATING</b>	Three people worth dating on floor below taken in the first week. Everyone else "settles" for eight months.	Dating in form of "functions" where 120 people binge drink and wake up together. Sleeping porches should make sex out of the question. They don't.
<b>ELDERS</b>	Resident Advisors. Known for amazing ability to suck the fun away from any situation. Teach youth the "hip" study areas.	Girls help younger girls fit in and complain about quality of pledge class later. Guys rejoice in more slaves.
<b>SUNDAY MORNINGS</b>	<b>Twenty people gather in room the size of a prison cell to piece together events from night before, eat greasy food.</b>	

# In a college town bartenders and servers tend to get the short end of the stick when it comes to getting tipped. Sure, not all students are bad tippers, but let's face it, most of the time we play a guessing game when it comes to figuring out gratuity.

By Katie Fritzeley

The typical excuse in a university bar for giving a bad tip or trying to cover up one's lack of knowledge in the area is that as students, we are too poor and just can't afford to give anything extra. But bartenders and waitresses can't afford not to get tipped either.

Any given restaurant across the United States is required to report a certain percentage of the gross sales of food and beverage to the IRS for their staff, usually around 12 percent. What this means is that if a student runs up a \$100 tab at the bar, \$12 will be reported as income to the bartender. This means the server will have to pay tax on it whether the student tips or not.

Twelve percent is really a give or take number and will vary from item to item.

is not doing anyone a favor. Talk to the manager about any problems you had with the service, that way he or she can try to fix the situation. Otherwise the next person or group that comes through is just going to get the same poor service.

When you are dining out with others and are paying the bill, don't accept any offers from others in your party to take care of the tip. Pay it yourself. This saves you from worrying about them seeing the bill or stifling the wait staff.

For more information on tipping etiquette go to [www.tipping.org](http://www.tipping.org).

**For alcohol tip 10-15 percent  
For food tip 15-20 percent  
For wine tip 10 percent**

Make sure to take your server into consideration as well. If they did an excellent job, reward them.

Tip a food server  
15-20%

Tip a cocktail server  
15-20%

Tip the wine steward 10%

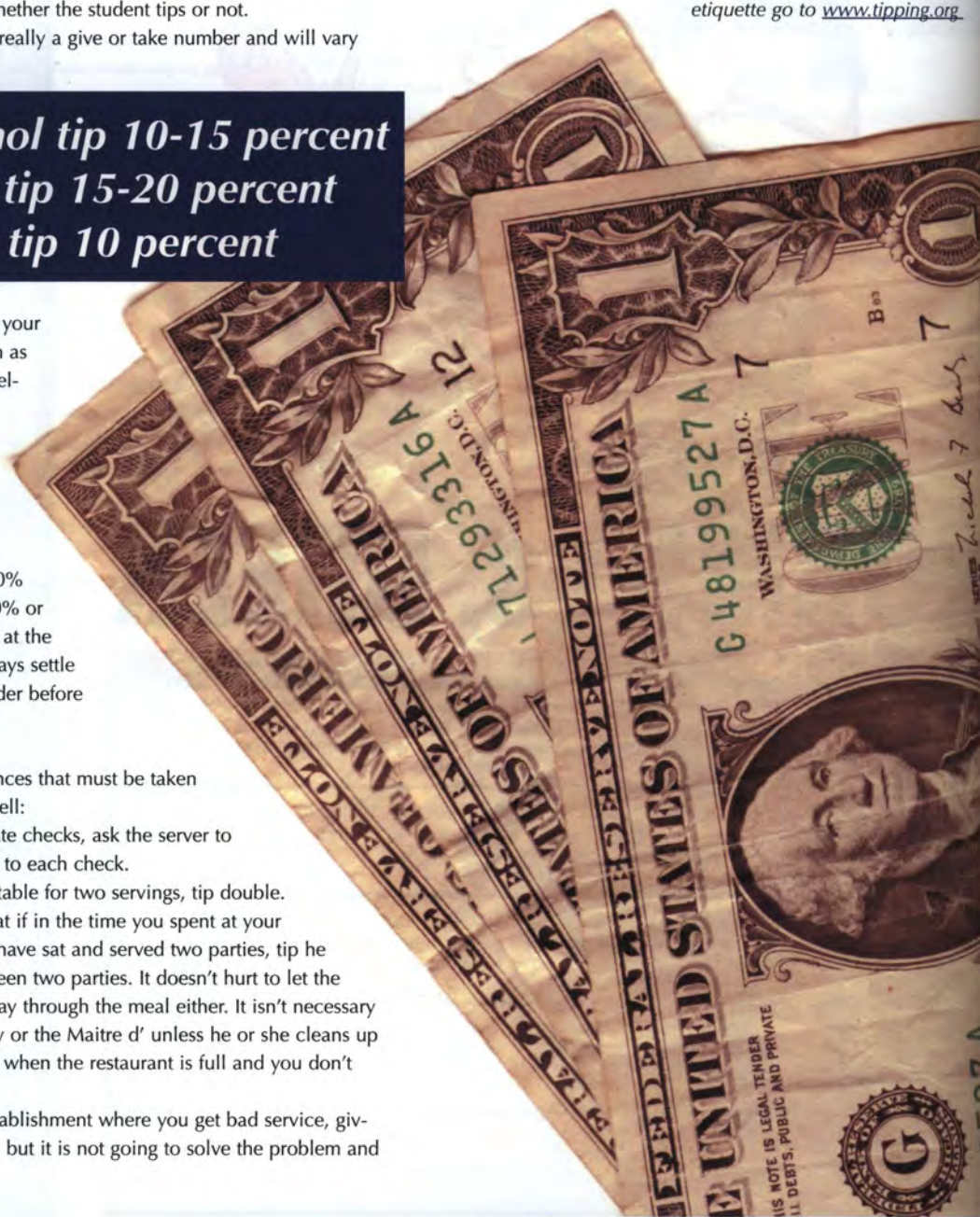
Tip the bartender 15-20% or \$1 per drink. If you are at the bar prior to dinner, always settle the bill with the bartender before going to your table.

Special circumstances that must be taken into consideration as well:

If you need separate checks, ask the server to add 18 percent gratuity to each check.

If you are at your table for two servings, tip double. Basically this means that if in the time you spent at your table, the server could have sat and served two parties, tip he or she as if there had been two parties. It doesn't hurt to let the server know this half way through the meal either. It isn't necessary to tip either the bus boy or the Maitre d' unless he or she cleans up a big mess or seats you when the restaurant is full and you don't have a reservation.

If you go to an establishment where you get bad service, giving a smaller tip is fine, but it is not going to solve the problem and

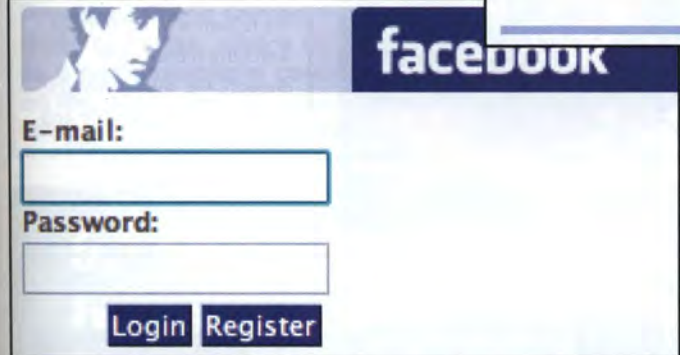
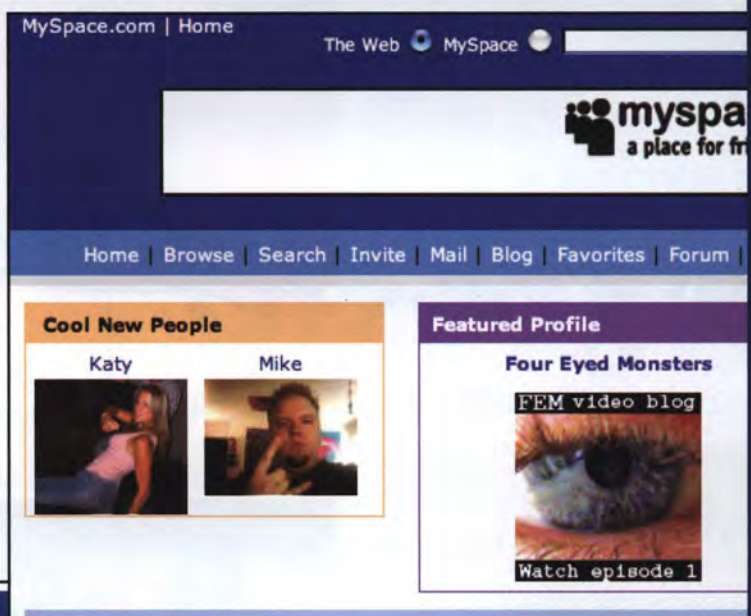


TIPPING ETIQUETTE

The internet is a beautiful thing. There is so much information out there nowadays and it is all at our fingertips thanks to the World Wide Web. But lets face it, not all internet sites are there to serve a purpose. Some were created just because they could be, and that's why we love them.

# 1. Sites that might be considered a stalker's best friend:

[www.facebook.com](http://www.facebook.com) and [www.myspace.com](http://www.myspace.com)  
 What better way to keep in touch with old friends than to stalk them on the Internet? The Facebook and Myspace are two sites that were designed specifically to interconnect college students on different levels. The facebook allows students to add people from other schools as their friends and also connects students through the classes they take, the groups they join and the high schools they went to. Each student gets their own page on the site to upload pictures, put down contact information and let everyone know what they are doing. Both sites are similar in format, although on facebook your personal profile is more protected as it can only be seen by people you have confirmed as friends or by students at your school. Myspace allows anyone who comes across it to look at your profile.



# 2. A site for the academically minded:

[www.sheppardsoftware.com](http://www.sheppardsoftware.com)  
 Everyone should know their geography. It's a sad thing when a college student can't identify a single state east of the Mississippi, which is why sheppardsoftware.com makes the list of must see sites. Their logo reads "we make learning fun," and it's true. The site is loaded with games to help people learn anything from the geographic regions of the U.S. to the capitals of the world. The best game on the site though is the U.S.A. States game where the player is required to drag any given state onto an outline of the nation. Levels range from Beginner, where hints are given about the location, to Expert Plus where the states disappear once they are correctly placed on the map.



WEB SITES

**Crying**  
WHILE  
**Eating**

Join **CwE**

[Vote](#) for the best clip...

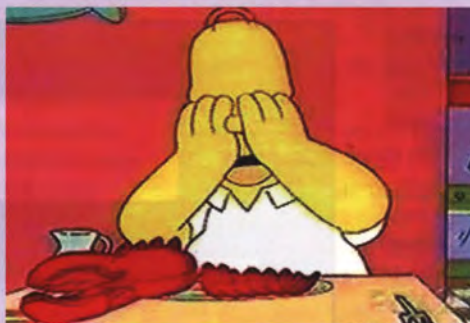
[Send](#) in your own...

last updated: 10/21/05

**Homer**

**What he's eating:**  
Pinchy the lobster

**What he's crying about:**  
Pinchy the lobster



(click for video)

**Stella**

**What she's eating:**  
Dr. Bob's chocolate ice cream in a cone

**What she's crying about:**  
Strawberry sorbet doesn't come in a cone



(click for video)

**3. This site makes you go, "huh?"**

[www.cryingwhileeating.com](http://www.cryingwhileeating.com)

Some Web sites are out there just because someone could. Cryingwhileeating.com is the ultimate example of this. The concept is a bunch of videos of people who are, duh, crying while eating with an explanation next to each as to what it is they are eating and the reason why. For example, "Robert" is eating fried chicken at his table. His reason for crying? "Babe, Pig in the City." The clip that accompanies this is a beautiful thing, but the thing that truly makes this hilarious is the reason why. And if just watching these is not enough, the site allows you to vote on your favorite and also lets you submit your own videos.

**Chuck Shepherd's NEWS of the WEIRD**

SUBMIT NEWS  
JOIN LIST

- HOME
- THE NEWS
- WEIRD MAP
- FAQ's
- PRO EDITION
- CHUCK'S BIO
- BOOKS
- SYNDICATION

**4. Always a good laugh on this Web site:**

[www.newsoftheweird.com](http://www.newsoftheweird.com)

We have all heard and read this syndicated column in some newspaper or magazine, but NewsOfTheWeird.com brings you the most recent news plus the top stories out there. One feature of this site that is particularly appealing is the "weird map" which allows the surfer to click on his or her

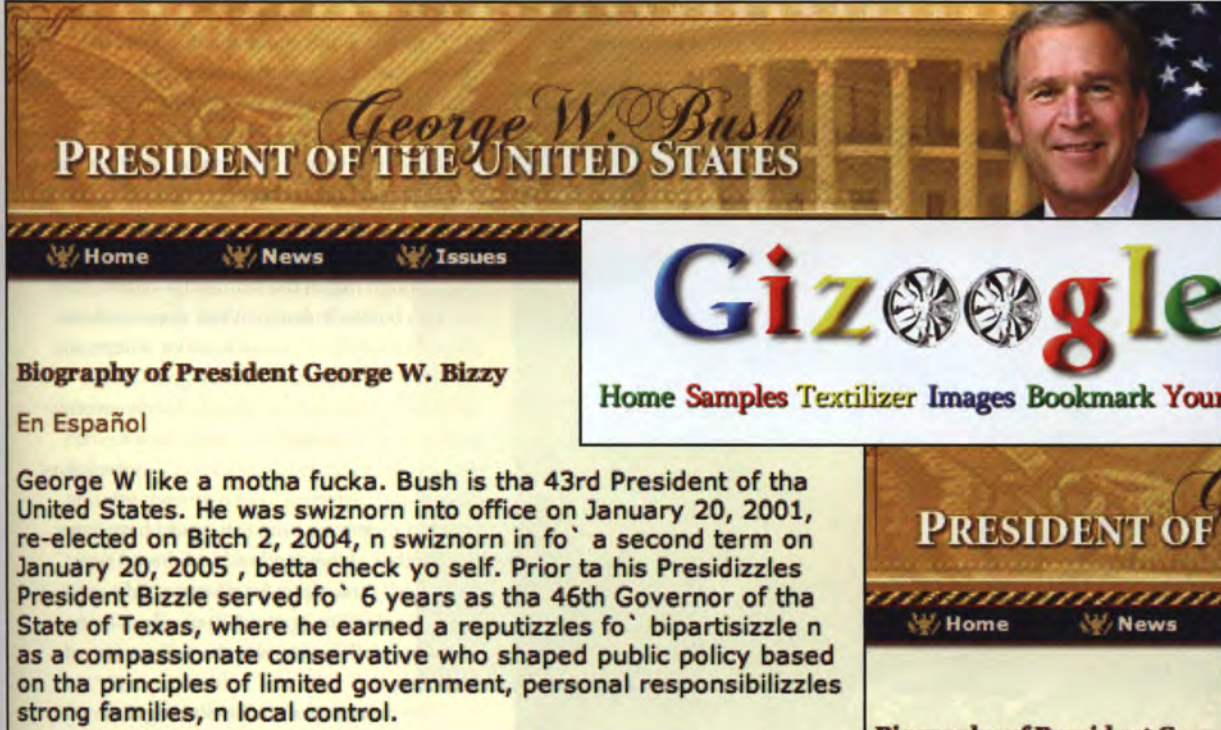
home state and read about the freaks that live next door. But the best feature on the sight is by far the cumulative register of accused and convicted murderers with the middle name of Wayne that have been featured on News of the Weird since 1995. It is impressively long.

## 5. This is fo-shizzle an awesome site.

[www.gizoogole.com](http://www.gizoogole.com)

Ah, Snoop Dogg, how we love thee. In fact, it seems people love thee so much that our friends at Google have created an entire program dedicated to you. What is Gizoogole.com you may ask? It is a site whose sole function is to translate any site you want into Snoop D-O-Double G slang. The main page allows you to enter any keywords or a full URL and "Gizoogole"

it, just like you would on the regular search engine. When the results list comes up, you find your site and click "translate" and after a few moments the entire, lets say, United States Tax Code can be tranzlizzed into ebonics. Shizzout to the person who thought up this one.



## 6. The site that exists because we just don't know everything.

[www.howstuffworks.com](http://www.howstuffworks.com)

Seriously, if you don't know about this Web site, are you even passing your classes? HowsStuffWorks.com can tell you anything you want to know about how something works. For example, you can learn the art of exorcism, or paintball. The site is divided into categories like "Health Stuff" and "Science

Stuff" to make your search easier, or you can do keyword searches that will cover the whole site. So if you would like to know how it is that you are able to access so much information at your fingertips, just look up "world wide web" on HowStuffWorks.com.



WEBSITES



# Angling 101: fishing the St. Joe

By Matt Kelly

Every eye in the car is firmly fixed on the river watching for a head, a tail, a ring in the water; all tell-tale signs of feeding trout. Fly-fishing on the St. Joe River typically gets better the further up the river one goes, presumably due to less pressure from anglers and the implementa-

early morning.

Having shown sufficient restraint, my roommate and I stop at a suitable spot outside the small town of Avery, where a gravel bar drops off into a deep pool. If we don't get into some fish right away, we can always go farther upstream. The car stops and doors immediately

drift can be much more productive than 20 frivolous ones. A well-tied knot will land fish, while a hastily tied one will not; an un-pinched barb is just as dangerous to an angler as it is to the fish.

When fly fishing, especially in the fall when the water is clear and low and fish are easily spooked, it is important to approach a fishing hole slowly while deciding how to fish it. Most beginning anglers have a tendency to clumsily wade out and stand right where the fish would be; it is best to start fishing from the bank if possible and then slowly wade into position if necessary. Kicking rocks, splashing water and slapping fly-lines can all potentially spook fish.

Though fish in the fall can be skittish, they can also be easily caught. West slope cutthroat gorge themselves in preparation for winter, and if a fish is feeding, it can be caught. Though trout on the shadowy St. Joe are hardly selective feeders in the summertime, they seem to become uncharacteristically finicky as the leaves change and nighttime lows approach freezing. Where a month ago, the fish would have eaten any number of the dry flies in my vest, I now find myself scrounging for a large caddis pupa, a small crippled emerger, a #20 mayfly spinner or anything small that rides in the surface film of the water.

The trout are cautiously feeding in an eddy line across the river on something small, as evidenced by small splashes and rings that are difficult to detect in the choppy water. I could cast to them from the shore, but it would be difficult to get a good drift. As I quietly stalk toward the rising cutthroat I see a nearby fish silently nip the surface. Taking care not to pass my floating line over the fish, I place a small griffiths' gnat about 10 feet upstream from where I last saw it. As my fly drifts down I see a silver and red flash beneath it ... a refusal. Delicately, I recast to the same spot.

Within a second, a small swirl of water envelops the fly and I set the hook. "Gottcha," I chuckle. As I look over my shoulder toward my friend to brag, I see he has a fish on as well.



tion of catch and release regulations. We know this, but reaching these spots requires more driving, more gas and more anxious "patience."

Idaho is a state known for exceptional trout fishing and the north half of the state is no exception. Though the St. Joe is farther away than local fishing spots such as the Palouse River, Spring Creek Reservoir, and the lower reaches of the Clearwater, it offers better scenery, access and, typically, better trout fishing. Students interested in fishing the Joe should plan on spending the better part of a day or camp overnight.

Our trip began in the

open. The frenzy suddenly ceases and two and a half hours after leaving Moscow, two individuals slowly emerge. A cigarette is lit as we calmly survey the water. We see them feeding on the surface, there are definitely trout here.

A year ago, it would have been a race to the water and cast, cast, cast. But we are learning. A single, well-placed cast with a drag-free



**Regulations:** catch and release upstream from the confluence with the N. fork of the St. Joe. Single barbless hook. No bait.

**Drive time:** 3 hours

**Game species:** Westslope cutthroat trout, rainbow trout, brook trout, bull trout (there are also a lot of rainbow/cutthroat hybrids)

**Suggested patterns:** Parachute adams, renegade, yellow humpy, PMD





# UI fight club not what it seems

By Jon Ross

In the movie "Fight Club" there is a scene in which two men thrash on each other like blood-thirsty demons. Both men are on the floor, hitting each other as hard as they can. Blood drips down bruised faces, and the two men are smiling. This is fantasy; this is not submission fighting.

During a meeting of the University of Idaho Submission Fighting Team, the only type of bruise members come away with is purely psychological. This happens when huge, muscular students come in and get pinned by smaller members of the club. The larger students may have visited the gym a few times — they think strength rules the mat, and the goal of each practice is to hurt people.

"We've had almost 200 people come in for one day and never come back," says coach Wesley Peterson.

Peterson says new students come to team meetings expecting to get in a fight with other members. Students with this outlook come to meetings thinking, "I'll get to come in here and beat people up," Peterson said.

Many of the misconceptions come from the team's name. The word "fight," even when attached to "submission," conjures up images of split lips and black eyes.

"We actually, statistically, have a lower injury rate than soccer," says Peterson.

No fist combat occurs during the semiweekly team practices. Instead, the three hours are spent learning how to gain control over an opponent — how to make them submit. By using various holds and techniques, members try to force a person to give up before injury

occurs.

"People tap out so they don't get injured," says Peterson. "People have a skewed view of what we do. The only time we strike is when we're preparing for a fight."

Luke Dupin, a senior computer science major, has been a member



of the club since early October. He came into his first practice expecting a traditional martial arts set up, thinking more about karate movies than "Fight Club."

"It's not the stereotypical sensei master type of thing," Dupin says.

Instead of a regimented course, Dupin found a diverse group of people who hung out as they learned submission-fighting techniques. Different body types, from small and wiry to chiseled frames, warm up together in a friendly atmosphere.

Dupin had joined other clubs at the university where members didn't like each other and were only united by the subject at hand. With the submission fighting team, he says, it is obvious the students like each other.

"I've been in a couple of different clubs, and I think these guys are generally friends with each other. I was totally hooked the first day."

While membership is small and tight-knit, Peterson and Cort Anderson, president of the club, are always looking for new fighters. Anderson says people join the team for a number of reasons — some students want to learn the discipline, while others simply want to keep in shape. The club is also alternatively pitched to women as a rape prevention program.

"We have all different types of people," Peterson says.

The group meets at 5:30 p.m. every Friday and at 12:30 on Sunday in the Memorial Gym Multi-Purpose room. For more information contact Cort Anderson at [uofisubmissionfighting@hotmail.com](mailto:uofisubmissionfighting@hotmail.com)



# Addicted to Orange County

By Megan Broyles

Every Thursday night at 8 pm, University of Idaho students, male and female, spend an hour in Orange County, California. The OC is now in its third season, and it doesn't look like viewers are getting tired of Ryan, Marisa, Seth and Summer. This show about California teenagers has become such a sensation that Thursday nights have become an event. Work and school schedules are planned around the kids from Newport Beach.

Those who have played around on TheFacebook.com website have most likely seen numerous OC fan groups like "I'm addicted To the Oc," and "My Life Stops On Thursdays at 8:00 For the Oc." Plans are made for OC Nights at residence halls, episodes are discussed, and hopes for the next episode are made public.

"Oh wow, Marissa and Ryan are soooo close to hooking back up, what up ya'all, what u think of that?" posts a fan on one of the facebook profile pages.



As many OC fans exist, there are an equal number of anti-OC'ers. Just as diverse gender-wise as the fans of the show, they as well have representation on the ever-popular thefacebook.com medium. "I Don't Give a Damn about the Oc" has 84 UI members.

A member of one of these groups states: "Okay, so in my house, we have to move events around the OC, or girls won't show up to anything. How annoying is that?"

Sophomore Greg Lyons has mixed feelings about the show, "I don't like the OC, it's just addictive."

Lyons is just one of many watchers who is drawn to the show because of certain elements rather than the plot as a whole.

"I just like Seth Cohen's humor," Lyons said. "I wear a t-shirt under all my clothes that says 'I heart Seth.' Plus there are a lot of hot girls."

Many, including those who are members of said anti-OC facebook groups, wonder why the show has become so loved by our generation. It's easy to see, really. Americans love drama shows. Soap operas, reality shows, the only reason we watch these programs is to live vicariously through someone else, whether we do this knowingly or not.

The OC is just that for us. We can relate to at least one of the characters, and we secretly root for them, week after week. OC fans aren't watching actors on television; they're watching people they have gotten to know over the past two years.

Whether you are a proud OC fan or a proud OC hater, the fan base for the Fox show remains to be avid. It is doing an excellent job of spanning our campus, including all living groups, whether it is Greek, residence halls or off-campus. Everyone is falling in love with the high school seniors from Southern California.

# Vandal Kingdom Grows

By Sam Taylor

OK, so there won't be any war games on the land owned by Dr. Herald Nokes and his wife, Donna.

But the 1,650 of prime, undeveloped forestland near McCall will serve plenty of other purposes for the University of Idaho.

This summer, the Nokeses decided to give UI the land that has been in the family since 1944 to help protect it after their deaths. As far as gifts go, the land is valued at \$10 million and is the largest present the school has ever received – both in size and dollar amount.

"We wanted to protect the land from development and have it continue to be a managed forest," Nokes says.

Graduating from UI in 1950 with a degree in range management, Nokes went on to get a medical degree from the University of Oregon. He went straight back to McCall to practice medicine with his wife, who also attended the university for two years.

While the Nokeses want to keep the majority of this gift on the DL, the university considers this to be a big deal.

Mark Hermanson in the UI College of Natural Resources says this is a one-of-a-kind

deal that will make UI programs and services available farther south in the Gem state.

Hermanson, who describes himself as the money guy for CNR, says the land will serve as an experimental forest, like the 8,000-acre one northeast of Moscow, and will also serve as a living laboratory for UI students and scientists alike.

The land will also be moderately harvested for timber to help manage the land – not a full scale timber operation – but any money will go back into the college for scholarships and faculty projects.

No, no war games in the forest, Hermanson says.

"At this point, that won't happen," he says, jokingly adding, "but you never know."

So no UI ROTC kids will get to blast grenades into Douglas firs or ponderosa pines, but professors should have a good time, UI officials say – even if it may be a long time before any hardcore projects are part of the McCall forest.

Looking around for professors who are interested in the land is difficult at this point. Nobody seems to have a clear desire to stake their claim to any portion of the land, mainly

because it could be awhile before the university is in full control over the property.

Nokes says there is a chance he and his wife will give up the land before they die, but as it stands now, the official documentation states the land goes to Vandal foresters once the Nokeses are gone.

The school seems to be fine with that for now, but they are excited to show people in central Idaho some of the same programs they work on in the larger northern Idaho forest near Moscow.

There are plenty of other places for scientists to play in the trees, dirt and water.

So for now, Vandals await with baited breath for the 1,650 acres to become theirs, and the Nokeses are happy knowing that their land won't be stripped of its beauty.

And for now, no war games.



# Sirius Theatre serious about theater

By Tara Roberts

They sound like a list of superhero secret identities—a retired professor, a librarian and a community worker.

But they're not superheroes in the common sense of cape and super strength. John Dickinson, Andriette Pieron and Pam Palmer are heroes of the stage. The three serve as the board of directors for Sirius Idaho Theatre, Moscow's newest and most serious (pun intended) theater company.

Together, Dickinson, Pieron and Palmer are trying to bring plays to Moscow that may not otherwise make it to town. They produce small plays, serious ones, controversial ones.

They speak of each production, past, present and future, with passion and excitement. They love running this company, all aspects of it, and they see a glorious and productive future.

But starting the company wasn't so easy.

After 29 years teaching computer science at UI, Dickinson retired in 2002. He knew he didn't want to keep being a computer guy, but spent about six months at home wondering what else to do, "watching 'Magnum, P.I.' and cooking a big breakfast."

A series of events led him to run for Moscow City Council. He contacted Palmer, a former council member, to help him with his campaign, which was a huge success.

How, he wondered, could he repay Palmer?

"She said, 'Try out for my play,'" he remembers, smiling. "I just said, 'I've never

been in a play, I can't memorize a four-line poem! I had three or four other excuses."

But Palmer convinced him, and he won a role in Moscow Community Theatre's production of "Proof," which Palmer directed. A few months later, they decided to team up again and launch Sirius, with Dickinson as chair of the board of directors. It's "Magnum, P.I." no more — instead, he spends his days applying for grants, painting sets and doing whatever he can to better the company.

Pieron's entry into the company took even more cajoling than Dickinson's.

Pieron, the director of Neill Public Library in Pullman, had met Palmer when she acted in a UI play Palmer directed during her graduate studies. When Sirius was launched, Palmer remembered Pieron's love of the theater, and asked her to be on the board of directors.

"I tried to tell them to find somebody else," she says, "but they wouldn't."

Though Pieron's work at the library keeps her from much of Sirius' work, she enjoys acting as a "behind the scenes person" for the company.

"Basically, John and Pam run the show, and I'm the cheerleader," she says.

Palmer stands out, naturally, as the leader of the group — though she'd never consider her co-workers sidekicks. Her story shows the longest, most difficult road to Sirius.

In college, Palmer studied geology. After graduation, she had a contract job in Moscow, but when it ended, she wasn't ready to leave

the Palouse.

"Eventually I just started doing just different kinds of jobs," she says. She was a child-birth educator and a political worker. She trained as a fundraiser and community activist. But nothing, really, was quite what she was looking for.

One summer, UI cut the budget for Idaho Repertory Theatre, a summer known as "The Dark Season." Palmer fought the cut by raising donations to save the series. Not long after, she decided to take a theater class at UI. One thing led to another, and in 2000 she received a master's degree in directing — though she didn't dive right into theater.

But Palmer's sister, Cindy, saw there was something missing. She kept asking Palmer when she was going to do what she loves.

"That's probably the main reason why I started to seriously think about starting a theater company," she said. "The only time when I was going to start doing what I loved to do was when I was doing it."

Almost two years later, Sirius is Palmer's job No. 1. After several months as a volunteer, she's now paid \$6,000 a year to be the company's managing artistic director, orchestrating all aspects of the company from finances to finding stage hands.

Together, Dickinson, Pieron and Palmer dig through piles of scripts at a friend's house to pick edgy, unusual plays. They search for eager community members to help with each production, and find them everywhere from coffee shops to theatre classes.

And of course, they dabble in Sirius beyond their roles as board of directors. Sometimes Palmer directs and all three harbor a desire to act in one of the company's productions — Palmer starred in this past fall's "The Beauty Queen of Leenane," and Dickinson has his eye on a role in a spring play.

Mostly, though, the three love to feed their passion for theater anyway they can. Their greatest hope is for the community to embrace Sirius as well.

And there's no reason to doubt these heroes of the stage.

As Pieron says, "If you put a bunch of people together with the same vision, extraordinary things can happen."



photo by Charlie Olsen



# Diary of a G

By Laura Hixon



### *It was Megin's first night waiting tables*

and, for martini night, things were going quite well. Happy customers chatting in booths, spiritous beverages, in more colors than exist in nature, sloshing on her tray, jukebox not playing country music, yes, everything was going quite well. She started another round, walking from table to table with a big smile on her face. The man in the corner had an empty glass. Picking it up, she asked him if he needed another drink.

"Yes," he says and picks up the menu.

There was something wrong here, and it wasn't just the man's bad tie-dye T-shirt. It was taking him a really long time to decide what he wanted. A really long time. And that's when she noticed; the man had his hand down his pants.

At some point, he must have selected a drink because when she got to the bottom of the stairs, Megin had an order for him. She asked another waitress, Erin, if she would take him his martini, and maybe verify what she had seen. Erin took the martini to his table and watched in horror as the man took his hand out of his pants, used it to fish around in his pocket, then tried to give her the money with the same offending hand.

I'm not sure, but I think he may have gotten the drink for free, though I doubt he had time to enjoy it.

Working at the Garden is as fun as it is dangerous. Some nights it's very quiet with only Vivaldi playing softly as a few people murmur to each other, read books or the newspaper or do homework. Other nights I'm lost in the thirsty hoard, using my tray as a shield, with only the sound of my screams for company. Looking after so many drunk people can be a lot like running with scissors; you'll probably be okay as long as you don't trip and if that happens all bets are off. No one can predict how the night might go or what may be lurking outside for that matter. A bullet hole above the bar used to attest to that. Whether it is the entire upstairs bursting into battle over a girl or some guy smashing a bar glass across someone else's face, there is one thing a server, bartender, or doorman can count on: unpredictability. Not just from the clientele either, sometimes it's fire.

The fun shots are very popular with the birthday partiers and fun equals fire – well, fire or whipped cream. The Flaming Dr. Pepper is a shot lit on fire and dropped into beer. One patron celebrating his 21st birthday ordered one and took the shot. He spilled some of the shot on his hand and didn't notice that when he lit his cigarette, his hand went up in flames. Alex, the bartender was yelling at him from behind the bar. Incredibly, the gentleman continued up the stairs smoking with one hand, the other on fire.

Another popular shot is the Flaming Comet. Topped with Bacardi 151 and lit on fire, it gets a hefty sprinkling of cinnamon that sparkles and glows as it burns in the dim bar light. Bill, a bartender, poured one for a woman celebrating her 21st birthday with

# Garden Waitress

photos by Kentaro Murai

her older sister. Bill told her to blow it out just as her older sister yelled "chug it!" That night, on her 21st birthday, she joined an exclusive club – the club for people who know what it's like to have their face covered in flames.

The lesson: Start the night with the fire shots end it with the whipped cream shots. Always.

Sometimes, the fire doesn't even have to touch the alcohol to create complete pandemonium.

Adam, a former bartender was drinking one wintery night when the heat was cranked up. He opened a window to cool off. Just as the cologne soaked Adam went to light a cigarette, an errant gust of wind pushed the flame from the cigarette to the sleeve of his wool sweater, quickly igniting it. It went fast, burning most of his sweater as he slapped at the flames. Luckily the rest of his clothes weren't as flammable, or as drenched in combustible fluid. The bar smelled like burnt wool and Clinique-Happy for two days. This story is affectionately referred to by bar personnel as "The Flamer on Fire".

Never bring a gun to the bar. I know it sounds like common sense for most of us, so far outside reality that it would never occur to us in the first place. But it happened and the frightening part is the gun would've gone unnoticed had the mercenaries not decided to tell someone. And by tell someone, I mean have a few drinks, invite a fellow patron outside, threaten to kill them and then come back in for another drink.

Don't bring a gun to the bar. It's just bad karma.

Now that we've discussed liquor and violence, it's on to sex. The amorous nature of the lounge cannot be denied. The cocktails and beer, the hazy, lazy atmosphere, the cozy booths that put people face to face

and side by side, almost touching ... But let's face facts, just getting drunk makes college students horny.

Cocktail waitressing is a job based on entertainment, that entertainment is inebriation"

It seems like a good idea. You imagine it before it happens. That hot girl or guy over there, wouldn't it be fun to ... to go down to the bathroom to ... it's pretty private in there ... no one will notice.

God help you if we do. Doors get broken down over blowjobs. And that's it, if you're lucky.

Deanna, our beloved manager, has a less direct way of dealing with fornicators. (You know who you are.) One time Deanna took a trip to the restroom and discovered two people in the throws of passion. She calmly, quietly gathered up their clothes, walked upstairs back to the bar and waited. Soon enough a naked man comes upstairs holding a paper towel over his ... shame.

He probably could have used a bigger towel.

No one is immune from the drunk love bug. Ross, former doorman turned bartender was checking IDs at the door one night when, as he describes it "an attractive, hammered girl" comes over and starts flirting with him, which leads to making out. At some point she stops kissing him, looks him in the eyes and says, "I'm not 21. I won't be for two more weeks."

One more note about Ross. Ask him to do the "Truffle Shuffle." Then mark it off your list of things to do before you die.

Cocktail waitressing is a job based on entertainment, that entertainment is inebriation. Think of us as a guide along the way. The guide that picks your sorry ass up out of the broken glass, when you're so plowed you can't see straight, and gets you another drink.

## Don't be on ASS

Here's a few tips from bar employees to keep from getting roughed up out on the town

•Say hi to the doorman. You never know when you may want him on your side.

•Don't tell the doorman you can kick his ass. Same reason as above.

•Never tell the bartender the drinks aren't strong enough. The quickest way to get a weak drink is to ask the bartender for a strong drink. They're all made the same.

•Don't sleep at the bar. I spill stuff on sleeping people. I can't help it.

•Don't puke. We don't come to your house and puke on your floor. If you can't hold your liquor, you pussy, then clean it up.

•Don't yell, whistle, or snap to get the waitress's attention. Assholes get served last.

•To whoever pees on the seat in the bathrooms, heed my grammy's ancient proverb: "If you sprinkle while you tinkle, be a sweetie and wipe the seaty."

•Don't jump the doorman after work. He was only doing his job. Though next time it might be personal.

•Tips aren't gifts, they ensure service. Shots are gifts. And we welcome both.

•Go home when the bar closes. Go anywhere else when the bar closes. Just go.

•Never be sleazy to the waitress. This may come as a surprise, but we really just want to take your order. Really. (This tip applies to the lady drinkers too.)

•Take care of us and we'll take care of you (not like that, perv).







# COPS: MOSCOW

*MPD's finest roll up their sleeves for the first weekend of the school year and invite everyone to tag along*





By Frank McGovern

photos by Charlie Olsen

## *“So,” Lieutenant Paul Kwiatkowski said, “you know how to use a shotgun?”*

I knew the prospect of maintaining strict journalistic detachment for the entirety of two police ride-alongs was imperiled when Officer Kwiatkowski opened the evening with the preceding question. Admittedly, the possibility of grabbing the shotgun from the backseat and protecting the black and white from some raging psycho while Kwiatkowski sprinted after a perp was vaguely appealing in a base, infantile sort of way. However, I retained my consummate level of professional decorum, replying, “Hell yes!”

This, my first inkling of what would become a fairly steady erosion of objectivity and the first major indication that the night was going to be uniquely exciting took place around 9:30, August 27, the first Saturday after the fall semester began.

Directly after climbing into the cruiser and Lt. Kwiatkowski’s implicit show of shotgun trust, he laid out the rules. Really, there was only one rule: I was to follow him whenever he left the car and stick close, with a couple of exceptions. I couldn’t follow him under two circumstances: I had to stay with the cruiser during traffic stops (people tended to be edgy when pulled over) and if he had to bolt on someone at short notice. In the latter scenario the car would be running and unlocked. As any situation that necessitated a sudden abandonment of the squad car suggested close and urgent criminal activity, the unarmed civilian inside might be in danger, unless, of course, that civilian armed himself with the 12-gauge pump in the back seat.

My night, though, had begun two hours earlier.

### **The Video**

I was met at the Moscow Police Department headquarters at 7:30 by Kwiatkowski, the UI campus liaison officer. In the half an hour before the night-shift briefing was scheduled to begin, Kwiatkowski guided me through an economical tour of the facility. The Moscow Police Department headquarters building (called “The PD” by the five-O) is comfortable and roomy. It was converted, largely by the cops themselves, from a dairy and glass shop and accommodates around 30 officers. The guns, Tazers, night-sticks and uniforms notwithstanding, the communal climate of the MPD was not unlike any other business place. The social hub of the station was the “Pig Pen,” a conference room with several tables, a TV and white-board. (The MPD seemed fond of the word “pig,” referring to a dog pile of cops on a suspect as a “pig pile,” and Kwiatkowski’s boot-knife as his “pig-sticker.”) They talked shop, drank coffee and yes, ate doughnuts. They badgered each other and grumbled about paperwork or managerial beefs. In fact, the assertion that being a cop is just a job and that wider realization of this would do much to pare down anti-police animosity was an almost universal sentiment within the department. However, substantial differences exist; there are few other employers that require their staff to be stuck with sharpened leads and shocked.

Within the first 15 minutes of my arrival, before the end of the building tour, three different officers approached Lt. Kwiatkowski with a virtually verbatim request, “Kwiatkowski, you should show him ‘The Video.’”

The Video was a catalogue of the money-shot reactions of every member of the MPD getting zapped by a Tazer. The aim of the cop-tazing was to familiarize the civil servants with the effects of the Tazers they carried in case they were ever unfortunate enough to find themselves at the wrong end of one. Before it was previewed, Kwiatkowski insisted The Video was produced strictly for educational purposes. The tutorial merit of The Video proved to be dubious.

Once queued up, the showing of The Video drew a cluster of spectators who alternately affirmed that the tazing was indeed as

painful as it looked (though one claimed to have enjoyed it) and giggled at the reaction of their comrades. Further suggesting the shock-clips were more for the amusement of the police than for instruction was the fact that particularly funny reactions (someone screaming the f-word and writhing on the floor for instance) were looped to play two or three times. After The Video, and a relatively informal but informative briefing in the pig pen identifying big parties, likely brawl locations and the possibility of flare-ups from repeat offenders, we hit the streets.

### **Drunk Assholes (The Wandering Smashed)**

Alcohol was the focus of the evening. As alcohol is the predominate catalyst in virtually every crime attended to and every ticket given, it is the primary focus of the MPD when calculating the priorities of the evening.

Our first stop was The Beach, which was hosting a WSU fraternity party that would swell by the end of the night to 600 attendants. A good quantity of successful police work relies on a prevention rather than cure philosophy.

"Imagine a party with 600 people," Kwiatkowski said. "The best thing to do in that situation is to get to know the people there. The best way to deal with people is to communicate. We don't want to jump in and make a big splash." After familiarizing himself with The Beach staff and bouncers to grease the future wheels of interaction if anything major were to happen, we set off on an unfocused prowl.

The next couple of hours passed with little drama. We stopped six students en route from and to a party, one of whom sported a Nalgene bottle full of beer. The beer-holder was up front about being underage, appropriately respectful and adamant about not repeating the mistake. The group was sent off with a warning, minus a Nalgene of Busch Light.

From the get-go, I was impressed by two things: Kwiatkowski's respect and even-handed dealing with people who were straight with him and that cops get a plethora of nasty looks. Nearly every mobile grouping of two or more people could be counted on to shoot glares and occasionally antagonistic hand ges-

tures, though the latter only once we had cruised past an assumed line of sight.

The first unambiguous and personal display of hostility came at 10:16. A group of frat guys ("frat" is used here for brevity's sake rather than as a derogatory tag) and a couple of women were sitting on the curb outside a house on New Greek row, several with beers in their hands as we pulled up. We got out and approached them. Officer Kwiatkowski did a quick ID-less age check before informing them that drinking beer on the sidewalk was illegal and that beers had to be brought back to the private property of the house. All but one of them complied quickly, the lone dissenter grumbling and putting his behind him on the sidewalk. After another request that the beer be brought to the house, the guy put it behind him on the lawn. Well within his rights to give the violator a ticket, Kwiatkowski once again requested the beer be taken to the house itself. He consented, albeit with more grousing, and on the way toward his house turned around and yelled, "Jesus, I'm 21, motherfucker!"

"The sense of entitlement kids have nowadays ... That's just bewildering, you've got kids telling you the laws don't apply to them because they're college students," Kwiatkowski said.

My interaction with the police during my formative years in Idaho Falls ranged from merely unpleasant to near lawsuit-worthy harassment. Consequently, any experience with the Moscow PD, ride-along or otherwise, couldn't help but shine by comparison. Because of this dichotomy I found myself increasingly annoyed with those who either had no basis for comparison or didn't care, and seemingly felt compelled to hassle any cop on principle. This sentiment would intensify in the course of my cruising.

The later it got, the more alcohol was metabolized and the night amped up. At 11:35 we spotted a student swaying his way through campus. We pulled up and Kwiatkowski requested a sniff of the Pepsi bottle the man insisted was just Pepsi. He complied, but only after whiffing the solution himself, a telling sign. The drink turned out to be rum and Pepsi. As he was on campus, underage, carrying a drink and sauced, Kwiatkowski wrote him an MIC (minor in consumption). He didn't take it well.



The man's reaction to his detainment for the length of the citation creation consisted of a continuous, maudlin and wailed cycle of, "I hate my life," punctuated by a series of ground-punches. The yelling and ground assault was arrested briefly when the man attempted to grab his drink off the trunk of the cruiser and take a pull. Kwiatkowski thwarted the drinker and with a warning the rum was dumped on the blacktop. Moments after we started the car but before we pulled off, the suspect dashed to the puddle of rum and Pepsi and dropped down to lap it off the ground. This attempt too was obstructed, and the man sent on his way explaining that then, more than ever, he just really needed a drink. I absolutely sympathized.

An hour and two major noise complaints later we were back at the PD for a post-midnight briefing. My intention to quietly take meeting notes was kyboshed by someone shrieking in an interrogation room. I hustled down to find the morbidly intoxicated individual blasting insults at the cops. The man had been found attempting to semi-crawl his way free of a tangle of bushes on Taylor Street and was being served with a ticket. The ticket-writing and eventual locating of the sole, available sober friend had been completed through the man's quarter-hour harangue. The thesis of his monologue focused on the two seemingly incompatible defining characteristics of the Moscow Police as the man saw it: their pussiness and brutality.

He was eventually led outside, turning to me on the way, yelling, "Hey you! Oh yeah, look at the bad-asses. Real tough, huh... takes two of you to take me out." He was sloshed, no doubt about it, but the profound level of inebriation present wasn't entirely clear until the cops physically released him outside the PD. Mere moments from sweet liberation into the custody of the one acquaintance sober enough to drive, he started throwing punches.

The flailing was alcohol-heavy enough to preclude the likelihood of his landing a solid punch, but cops were certainly being caught with the odd elbow or knuckle-bunch. He was wrestled down and hit the ground stomach-first. The impact jolted him over and he vomited up what must have been, sans hyperbole, a gallon-plus of colorful, viscous sludge. Kwiatkowski, whose ten years on the force have made him something of a vomitologist, promptly identified it as vodka and Mexican. He (the drunk guy, not Kwiatkowski) rolled around in the puke for awhile; nose blood from striking the concrete, mucus, vomit and drool blending to trickle back on his sunken, waxy cheek, and, once he sat up, ooze off his chin.

Once the suspect had grabbed a sign-post and committed to sitting position, he politely requested the cops allow him to let go of the post and stand up. When asked why he wanted to stand, he calmly explained that it was just so that he could, "Show them what's up." It was indicative of his level of intoxication that the man apparently assumed if he asked reasonably, the police would allow him to stand up and recommence attacking them. Once the ambulance showed up he dropped the pretense and resumed a level of combativeness necessary to require one cop for each limb, two sets of handcuffs and no less than six strips of webbing anchoring him to the gurney.

The two and a half hours I spent in the hospital with him is fodder enough for another article. The highlights were the placement of an I.V. drip, the penile catheter (yeah, it got bad) and the only time I ever saw Kwiatkowski even close to losing his cool when the man called him a "faggot." Kwiatkowski maintained his composure, though momentarily red-faced. I'll admit, after seeing Kwiatkowski hit several times and deluged with abuse after being conscientious enough to pat the guy on the back while he spewed, had the perpetrator been Rodney King-ed right there in the E.R., I might have turned a blind eye. We heard later the drunk guy's toxicology report came back revealing a blood-alcohol content of .29.

### Noise Complaints and Equality For All

Likely more than a third of cruiser-based, weekend police work revolves

around the issuing of noise complaint warnings, less often tickets, and by 10:15 we had issued several (warnings). At 11:06 a noise complaint a couple of blocks away summoned us to a party on Summit Street (located in what is probably the poshest subdivision of Moscow). The festivities were hosted by Vandal football coach Nick Holt and had preemptively been made known to the MPD. I expected suits, ties, martinis and elevator music.

Barely proceeding our arrival on the scene the obligatory noise complaint mantra, "The cops are here," began buzzing through the party. People hustled inside to find responsible representatives. In the interim between our appearance and that of the host, some of the most respected members of our community filtered up to sheepishly inquire, "Are we being too loud? We can turn it down." Ultimately, Coach Holt showed and asked the same. After being reassured that no one was getting tickets and that the music should maybe be turned down just a notch, the parties relaxed notably.

A more comfortable crowd gathered to talk to the cops until being distracted by YMCA turning up on the party mix. You haven't lived until you've seen the pillars of the community - lawyers, doctors, esteemed faculty and high-ranking city officials - drunkenly dancing to The Village People.

"The question you should ask is this," Kwiatkowski began when we got back to the cruiser, "do we give preferential treatment? There is no preferential treatment. We deal with them the same way we'd deal with a party on campus." Other than the first name basis hand shaking, the Holt noise complaint played out almost identically to any campus kegger.

Fifteen minutes later, (by 11:20, ten MIP's had been issued on campus) we were called to stop three kids from rollerblading on their homemade half-pipe. Virtually whenever a call is made, the police are required to respond deal with the situation, often much to the responding officer's annoyance. Though required to break up the skating session, Kwiatkowski and Green, the other responding officer, apologized for the inconvenience and requested a trick demonstration from the offenders. "There it was: the crime of the century. Today if there's a fight on the school ground, the police get called," Kwiatkowski said.

### The Ones that Got Away

Fifteen minutes after midnight we took a call on A Street, which turned out to be the most exciting noise complaint of the night (the "Four-Lawyer YMCA-Shuffle" not withstanding). The generators of the illegal noise were all underage, local and well-versed in officer avoidance. Once we were spotted approaching their party, they swiftly filed indoors, locked the door and killed the light. After a couple of minutes of ineffectual knocking, I joked that there must not have been a party as all the lights were out and we should probably leave. Kwiatkowski nodded and worked my comment into his strategy of subterfuge; I was stoked.

"Forget it, we've got bigger fish to fry, let's go," loudly enough for the people inside to hear. We walked a safe distance off before Kwiatkowski motioned and we flattened ourselves against the wall, scooted up toward the door and waited. After a couple of cautious, whispered minutes passed inside the door opened and the smokers drifted warily back out. We bum rushed and, with a chorus of squeals, they made it back inside.

"That's it, they're getting a ticket." With this, we snuck up behind the house, hopped a fence and dropped prone in the shadows of the backyard. The minors intermittently drew down their Venetian blinds enough to peep through their windows, compelling Kwiatkowski to command silence and a static position with a subtle hand-motion. When the slats of the blind snapped back up, I removed my light-color over-shirt, blending better in my black t-shirt. We crawled forward incrementally until once more nic-fitting got the better of precaution and they returned. We sprang and rushed again. Once more we were eluded.

Maybe it was the rush of crawling around with the fuzz, complying with



***"the suspect dashed to the puddle of rum and Pepsi and dropped down to lap it off the ground."***

hand signals and rushing perps (even if it was to write tickets to the denizens of a mediocre party.) Whatever the case, after a night of unremitting spiteful looks and considering the noise complaint coolness so far exhibited by Kwiatkowski, I found myself just as gung-ho about ticketing the snotty punks unwilling to do us the courtesy of interaction. The irony that five or six years ago I was one of those punks, who undoubtedly would have considered the future meta-me a fascist dick, did not escape me.

#### Race Relations and the Last Ride

My next and last ride-along was the following week, September 3, and boring by its precursor's standards. I was disappointed, but boredom signifies success for the policeman.

"I like boredom," Kwiatkowski said. "Boredom in this job is great. It means everybody believes we're doing our job." The crux of the night turned out to be the most unsettling encounter of either ride-along (the City-Councilman YMCA-samba notwithstanding). For my final roll I wasn't the sole ride-along-er; two Boise policemen were among the patrolling MPD (really good guys, despite the BPD's reputation). The first call of the night drew two cars initially; mine and the one escorting the Boise law, one of whom was African American. The call was an altercation in progress, though by the time we arrived, the alleged instigator had fled the scene with a friend.

The first officer on the scene was visibly and understandably surprised when one of the gentlemen involved in the row charged and shoved him. This



*"in the course of which a swastika arm-band fell out of his pocket."*

resulted in a speedy tackling of the suspect, in the course of which a swastika arm-band fell out of his pocket. Though the details of the scrap were sketchy, the brawl apparently consisted of one white supremacist slamming another man's head repeatedly against the pavement, then fleeing before the police arrived. Agitated and confused, the man on the less fortunate end of the fisticuffs charged the cop thinking his attacker had returned.

The African American Boise cop was introduced to Moscow on the first call of the night by watching the MPD interviewing witnesses in an apartment filled with Nazi and supremacist regalia. Before Kwiatkowski and I left the scene, the friend of the fled fighter returned to talk to the police and was promptly arrested for the glass pipe in his pocket. He was vocally disappointed with the MPD's decision to arrest him as he'd come back to cooperate and was doing a pal a favor by hanging onto his pipe for him.

The second participant in the fight was taken into custody ten minutes and several blocks later, though not before threatening to kill the arresting officer, Kwiatkowski. After the arrest we headed to the county lock-up and I was then treated to the most unsettling car ride of my life. Concerned that the suspect would attempt to bring swing his cuffs under his feet and potentially attack, Kwiatkowski left the clear plastic partition between the front and rear seats of the car open. At one point feeling eyes on the back of my head and breath on the back of my neck, I turned around to find the face of massive, tattooed Neo-Nazi suspect about a quarter of an inch from my own. It was a little uncomfortable.

I learned later, to my supplementary dismay that the man had warrants in another state for assault and some sort of "terrorist threat." The state that issued the warrants, however, refused to expedite extradition. I asked Kwiatkowski why a state would decline to extradite the man. "Would you want him back?"

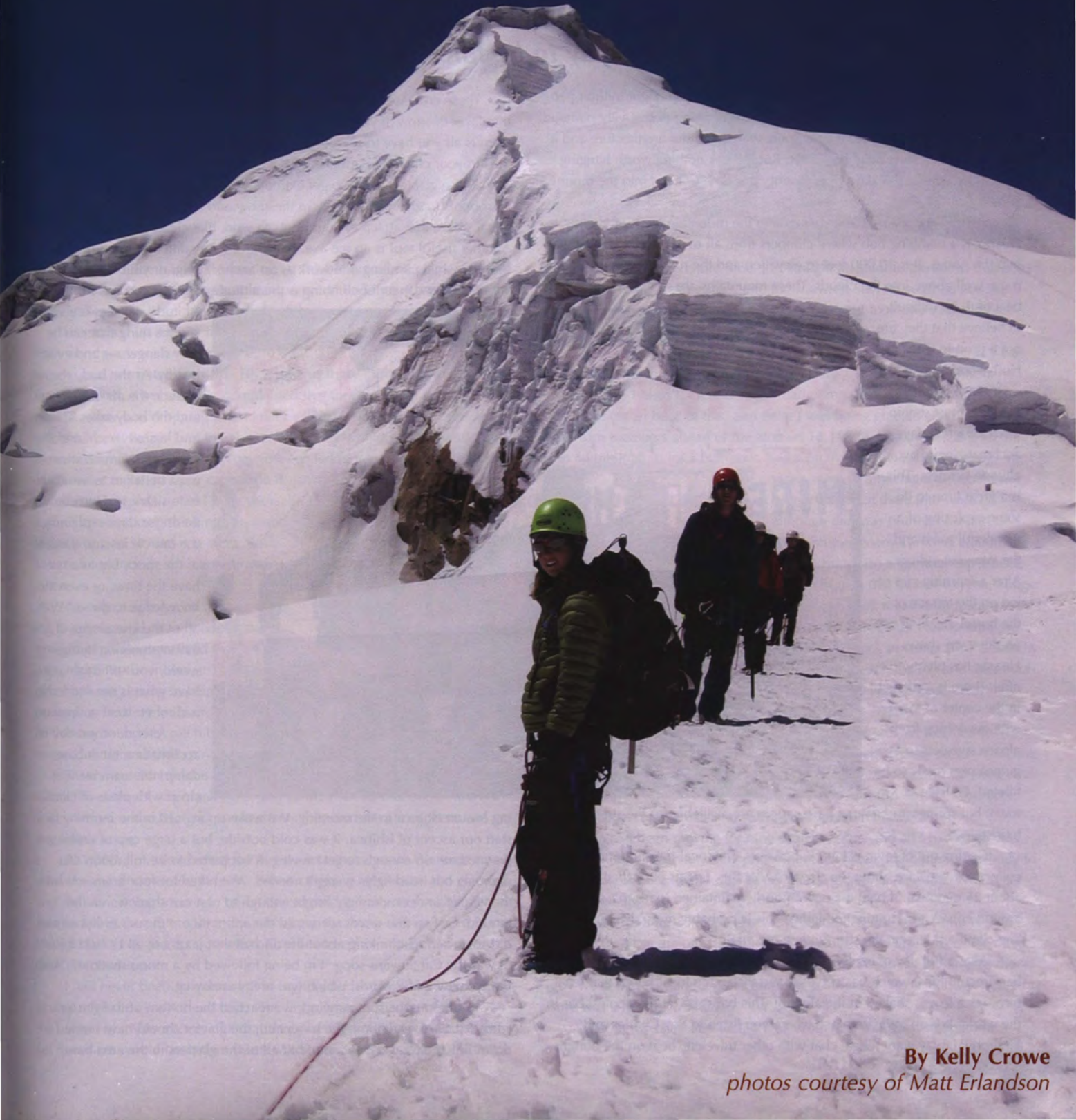
Both nights were a blast, and the appeal of police work became promptly apparent. Despite the danger and glut of paperwork involved, it's exciting. Of course, the power-trip potential is equally relevant. During the rides I was surprised at my own temptation to affect that condescending "you have any idea how fast you were going" swagger I found (and find) so annoying. Regardless of my own endorsement, the MPD are a well-respected area police force. They function as a sort of PD farm team, with a lot of cops recruited to Boise, Portland and Seattle. So be pleased you have a competent police force and treat them with respect for the sake of all involved.

As for the advice I'd offer based on the wisdom accrued after two nights and a little over sixteen hours with the MPD: keep your head when you drink, the five-second rule doesn't apply to rum and Pepsi, don't be a Nazi, know your rights and thank God you don't live in Idaho Falls.



# Such Great Heights

## *Climbing a Peruvian Monster*



By Kelly Crowe  
photos courtesy of Matt Erlandson

**W**e slowly trickled back, one by one, into base camp, still at 14,000 feet above sea level. We had begun our trek at this same site some 13 hours before and progressed to the peak of Mount Ishinca, 18,138 feet above the ground before turning around. Back at base camp it all seemed like a dream.

At once I was comfortably sitting in my camp chair in the vast grassy meadow that bordered a mountain stream, looking up at the snow and glacier covered mountains surrounding me. I was bushed. Everyone else was in the same boat. It had been a long day; the longest day some of us had had in a long time. We had come all of the way from Moscow to the middle of Peru in the Cordillera Blancas for this very reason. It was a long way to go, but it was definitely worth it.

Getting to the Cordillera Blanca is half of the adventure. A flight into Lima, Peru is the first stop. Eight million people live in the Lima, the nation's capitol. Beyond being excessively polluted and not terribly impressive, it does sport some beautiful architecture and a few small, interesting neighborhoods. But there is nothing worth hanging around for. After a few days of exploring, it is time to head into the mountains.

From Lima it is a 10-hour bus ride to the mountain town of Huaraz. Huaraz is a climbing hub where climbers from all over the world go to get into the Andes. It is 10,000 feet in elevation and the mountains surrounding it rise well above into the clouds. These mountains are so massive and beautiful, it's difficult to believe that they are not a prop in some Hollywood backdrop.

Once in Huaraz, climbers must stay in town for a few days acclimatizing to avoid altitude sickness. This is a great time to do some exploring of a wonderful town and the Peruvian culture. After a morning cup of joe on the terrace of the hostel, heading out on the town shows Huaraz has plenty to offer. There is a market in the center of town with everything from alpaca sweaters to live guinea pigs ready to be filleted. Outside of town, hot springs and natural cave saunas are available for the stressed tourist.

Getting out of town is a trick, however. The local transportation, called *collectivos*, are vans about the size of a VW Bus. Locals pack them full with about 25 people and haul ass down poorly maintained roads, passing cars around curves and running red lights. This is probably more dangerous than any climbing done in the surrounding mountains.

After a full day of exploring, thirsty tourists should check out the local bar, Trece Buhos, which has *cervezas* and *Pisco*, the local liquor that features coca leaves soaked in the alcohol. This bar is by far the coolest bar in the world. It is an intimate place where you listen to Ray Charles and Jamiroquai, play giant Jenga, chat with other travelers, beat on the bongos

with the bartenders and write your mark on the wall.

While in Huaraz you can also do your last minute shopping for supplies and food you will be eating for the tenure of your stay in the mountains. Avoiding the oatmeal is always a wise move.

After all of the arrangements have been made, you can catch a ride to the trail head of the Ishinca Valley, load your gear on mules and begin the hike into base camp, preparing for a pilgrimage to the summit.

Mountaineering is an amazing sport. Climbing a mountain may seem like just a pure physical task, but there is much more to it than most would imagine. It requires planning, trust, teamwork, physical ability, and overall, mental ability. When climbing with a team, they are your lifeline. Every member is tied into a rope to save each other from disaster.

One of the major dangers of snow and ice travel is crevasses. A crevasse is a huge crack in a glacier that is seemingly bottomless. These crevasses are sometimes visible, but are usually covered by a thin layer of snow. If you step into one you could easily fall in and your team is all you have to rescue you. This requires a substantial amount of trust in your climbing partners.

These glaciers can also get extremely steep. Wearing crampons on your boots to give you stability in the snow and ice. Crampons are large metal spikes that attach to your boots to work like cleats in the snow. Another useful tool is an ice axe. Axes have many different uses. They give stability while climbing and work as an anchor if you or your teammate fall.

Another danger of climbing is the altitude at which you are working.

Altitude sickness is a very serious thing that can be very dangerous and even deadly. As the body rises in altitude the air gets thinner and the body takes in less and less oxygen. Careful steps of acclimatization must be taken to avoid altitude sickness. One could go on for days explaining the intricacies and dangers of the sport, but I do not have the time, or even the knowledge to do so. With all of the knowledge of mountaineering in the world, you still might not have what is needed to be a climber: steel willpower.

After our third day of acclimatization at base camp, the team went to sleep with plans of climbing

Mount Ishinca in the morning. We woke up at 1:30 in the morning to start our ascent of Ishinca. It was cold outside, but a large cup of coffee warmed me up enough to get moving. It happened to be full moon that night, so our head lights weren't needed. We hiked for four hours toward the glacier under moonlight bright enough to cast our shadows on the ground. Only a few words were said the entire time. I'm sure everyone else did some serious thinking about life and all that jazz, but all I could think of was the Cat Stevens song "I'm being followed by a moon shadow." And I only knew a few words, which was pretty annoying.

Just before the sun came up, we reached the bottom of the glacier. From what we read about the mountain, the glacier should have come down much closer to our camp, but all of the glaciers in the area have

***"There is a market in the center of town with everything from alpaca sweaters to live guinea pigs ready to be filleted."***





greatly receded due to global warming. At the bottom of the glacier we had a few bites of food, strapped on our crampons and tied into our rope with the team leader, Mike Beizer, in front to lead the way.

We started up the glacier on a very steep grade. Right away, two of our team members were having trouble. At elevations that high, you can barely breathe and every step feels like 10. It took us thirty minutes to get up the first steep pitch. One member complained that they were not going to make it and another was dropping to his knees every 10 steps. I wasn't sure if he would make it. Beizer kept telling them that they would be alright and that they would make it to the top. They just needed to tell themselves that. It is much easier to just say you cannot do it than it is to just shut up and push yourself to the limit. You keep thinking you want to just stop and sit, but you can't. You have to keep moving no matter how bad it hurts.

We kept moving with the two wanting to turn around. Slowly one of the struggling members realized that we were going to climb the mountain and complaining wasn't going to help. We trudged up the mountain, finally reaching the ridge that we would follow all the way to the last pitch before the summit. Once again we took a break, noshed a little and then moved on.

Slowly we climbed the ridge with one member still struggling with the climb. "Fuck this! I can't fucking go any further," he said at one point. We were all tired and cussing in our heads by then and the atmosphere was getting a little tense.

At 10:00 a.m. we reached the last push to the summit. We were running short on time and needed to hurry. When climbing mountains and glaciers, it is of the utmost importance to be off the summit as early as possible. Storms usually roll in the afternoon and if it is sunny, the snow softens and it is more likely to fall through into a crevasse. One last breather and it was time to push on to the top.

I had never been so exhausted in my life, and we still had the most difficult part of the climb ahead of us. The last pitch was the steepest one yet. At the bottom of it was a sheer cliff that dropped a few thousand vertical feet. A fall from here would be certain death. We started moving, slowly. I didn't

look up or down the entire time. Just straight ahead into the snow. Beizer had the toughest job kicking steps into the snow. At 50-years-old, he had the hardest job and was still kicking all of our asses. I took one step at a time with nothing on my mind except for the next step.

I felt like absolute shit. It was a feeling I had never had before. I was exhausted, nervous, hungry, nauseous, thirsty, hot, cold and confused. Surprisingly, I liked it. It was what I had come all of this way to experience.

Almost an hour of this, and there I was being greeted and hugged by my team members ahead of me atop an 18,138-foot mountain. We sat on top taking it all in for a half hour. Being up that high was breathtaking. The

views were so amazing that I could not even try and put them into words, although that was not the best part of being on top. Many climbers claim the summit brings on a spiritual experience, but the truth is that lack of oxygen, hunger and fatigue work together to force a surreal euphoria that doesn't let up until the climber gets back to camp. It's a dream by the time you reach the top and after hoofing it up 4,000 vertical feet, everything

feels spiritual.

After we caught our breath and took some photos we decided to head down. The route we had come up would have been a pretty sketchy descent, so we decided to go down the opposite side of the mountain. We took turns being belayed off of a cornice, and then began our trip down. Most accidents happen on the descent, so we were far from finished.

We had been moving for nine straight hours, and all I had eaten was one Cliff Bar. It is an amazing phenomenon what you can push your body to do. It took us about two hours to get off the glacier and another two to get back to camp.

I was running on empty. As we strolled back into base camp we were greeted by all of the other climbers sharing our camp. There were the three Swiss guides, the guys from Montana, the Scots, the funny Italian guy, the guy we called Portland and his climbing partner the Aussie that we were not sure was a man or woman.

I sat in my chair and took a look around. It was good to be home.

***"Many climbers claim the summit brings on a spiritual experience, but the truth is that lack of oxygen, hunger and fatigue work together to force a surreal euphoria that doesn't let up until the climber gets back to camp."***

# WACky slogan does Vandals no justice



By Keanan Lamb

What were they thinking?

In its inaugural year in the Western Athletic Conference, the University of Idaho athletic department hired Advantage Advertising to come up with an ad campaign that introduced the Vandal sports teams with confidence, fanfare and guts. Instead, Advantage came up with the slogan, "Crashin' the WAC."

Think about it: When you "crash" something, particularly an event or organization, isn't it usually a party? And those people who "crash" the party, aren't they usually unwelcome? Again, what were they thinking?

As asinine as that slogan may be, most Vandal teams have played as if they weren't invited or, at the very least, went to the wrong party. Of the three fall team sports (football, volleyball, soccer), so far they are a combined 14-31 (as of Oct. 28).

Like all major universities, the athletic department relies on one or two money-making sports to bolster the budget for the remainder of the programs. Athletic Director Rob Spear said earlier this year that with the right coach in place (Nick Holt), the football program was headed in the right direction and in turn would help the rest of the sports.

"The WAC will give football more opportunities for national exposure," he said, adding, "They have more bowl games, bigger TV contracts ... Overall it provides coach Holt with the chance of showing boosters and fans alike what we're all about."

Owen Wilson and Vince Vaughn might have characterized the situation the Vandals currently find themselves in with a movie that came out this year called, "Wedding Crashers."

The WAC – married to perennial conference favorites Boise State, Fresno State, and Hawai'i –

dealt with the divorce of Tulsa, UTEP, and SMU last year and, in doing so, opened the door for "crashers" Utah State, New Mexico State and Idaho.

In the movie, Wilson and Vaughn's characters show up to weddings with little or no familiarity with who are receiving the nuptials, with their sole purpose of scoring with those turned on by the romantic setting. Problem with the analogy is that with those three football teams, not much scoring has actually been done.

Football isn't the only Vandal team struggling, and as John Beckwith (Wilson) pointed out as the first rule of crashing: "Never Leave a Fellow Crasher Behind." Coach Debbie Buchanan's volleyball team has also stumbled, but under far different circumstances.

Of the 16 varsity sports, volleyball was the only one where moving to the WAC may have been detrimental prior to the season. Coming from the Big West conference – which featured powerhouses Long Beach State, Pacific, and UCSB – Buchanan's squad finished 9-9 in conference and still went on to the postseason last year.

"We finished sixth last year and still made the NCAA tournament, which says a lot about the Big West," Buchanan said before the season. With the WAC being considered a weaker conference due to its lack of depth, much was expected from an experienced team picked to finish third in the preseason.

That expected success has not come through, even though they currently are the only Vandal team above .500 at 11-10. With a 3-5 conference record, and tough losses to San Jose State and New Mexico State, the team will need a strong finish and good showing at the WAC tournament to even be considered for the NCAA tournament for the third straight year.

For those who haven't seen the movie, Wilson resorts to crashing funerals after losing his wingman.

"I crashed a funeral today. It wasn't my idea; I was basically dragged along ...," Beckwith said. Is that what is next for the UI? The rest of the athletic department being dragged along toward its

inevitable death?

For all the criticism Spear and Co. might receive, mostly from those who said the move to the WAC was premature, those involved in the decision really should be commended.

Sure, none of the teams have been competitive as of yet, but shouldn't that have been expected? WAC commissioner Karl Benson doesn't consider the conference as a mid-major, but one that should be compared with the Pac-10, Big 12 and ACC. As completely inaccurate as Benson is, he does hit on the fact that the WAC is a good conference, better competitively than any other conference UI has been a part of.

Those who thought for some reason that the university had turned the corner already and that the move would bring national attention and prominence, are just plain dreaming.

It is possible for the university's athletics to develop winning programs, but the expectations should be minimal given it is only the first year.

Spear readily admits that winning will fix everything; a statement that resonates throughout sports at all levels.

Granted, the sooner the Vandals start winning, the more likely they won't be crashing; they'll be hosting the party.





# Lt. Gen. James Amos



By Sean Olson

Although many UI grads go on to lives filled with power and influence, only one can boast wielding the power to take over most countries in a weekend. Three star general and 1970 UI graduate James Amos, with 50,000 Marines at his beck and call, can make that boast.

Amos has proven what most students in Moscow already know, this university breeds the coolest of the cool. Graduating with a finance degree, Amos, who was Navy ROTC and a member of the TKE, immediately went into the service and starting living every boy's wet dream: the life of a fighter pilot.

Amos said he still gets up in the air these days, some 30-odd years after flying the F-4 Phantom (and later the F-18 Hornet) for various Marine Fighter Attack Squadrons.

"I'm the senior guy in the Marine Corps that's still flying," he says.

But Amos has more important duties than flying – he calls it "goofing off" – since the United States went to war in 2003. Amos was sent to Iraq in August 2002 to head the Third Marine Aircraft Wing and stayed at the post until 2004. Although back in the states himself, Amos still has 23,000 Marines fighting in Iraq.

He says bringing home most of the men he commands is his proudest achievement thus far in the military, but maintains the work they are doing is worth some risk.

"I really, truly believe in what I'm doing," Amos says. "I feel pretty strongly about the war on

religious extremism."

As a soldier, Amos has been highly decorated. His highlights include: the Distinguished Service Medal, the Defense Superior Service Medal, two Legion of Merit awards, the Bronze Star, the Meritorious Service Medal, the Joint Service Commendation Medal and the Navy and Marine Corps Achievement Medal. He has served as Deputy Commander of NATO and coordinated the air strike campaign over Kosovo. In other

words, this guy has been around.

Even so, Amos says he still holds Moscow in high regard. Amos remembers the town being quite striking, especially when the streetlights highlighted the snow on the ground. He even went as far to say he wouldn't mind a visit to his alma mater.

Sadly, he wouldn't have the pleasure of dropping in at his old hangout, Mort's (a former downtown bar), but he says he would make the best of it.

The lieutenant general would find the building where Mort's used to be located to start. Then, "I'd have a

cold beer on the sidewalk and try not to get arrested," he said.

Amos might even dish out a little advice for students here at UI. He says it's important for everyone to make sure they have found the career they really want to spend their life doing.

"You should be doing something that really makes you smile on the way to work," he says. That, apparently, is the key to everlasting happiness.

Easy for Amos to say, he still gets to take a fighter jet up a couple miles and, you know,



# Know Aqualung? You will

By Abby Anderson

When Matt Hales describes Aqualung's music as slow, emotional, tuneful and atmospheric, he purposefully leaves out one word:

Coldplay. It's not that he doesn't appreciate their music, it's just that they're the only band reviewers compare them to after hearing to their state-side release, "Strange and Beautiful."

"I kind of wish they could think of something else to say," Hales says.

"There are many worse bands to be compared to ... it will do for now."

But no matter what, don't think that they're named after a Jethro Tull album.

"We aren't—it's just a word that had an atmosphere to me," he says. "It's about some undersea alien place and mysterious place and slow moving shapes and it seemed like an appropriate name."

And now that Aqualung is as essential to Brits as a good cup of tea, there's no way they'd make that mistake. After hearing a clip of their song "Strange and Beautiful," a song that served as a backdrop for a 2002 British Volkswagen Beetle TV commercial, the British public called in radio stations demanding to hear the unknown and unsigned author's entire song. A month later the single reached the UK Top 10 and by December 2003 their self-titled freshman release sold more than 100,000 copies.

Aqualung, fronted by pianist and vocalist Hales, broke through American borders on a year-long U.S. tour and "Brighter than Sunshine" was featured on the "A Lot Like Love" soundtrack. After previous musical attempts, Hales finally achieved lasting success by collaborating with his song-writing wife and guitarist brother.

Even if Aqualung's music hasn't already wooed America over, Hales' voice has.

"I suppose that the weirdest thing is that I'm British and speaking in my voice had an amazing effect on people here," Hales says. "There's a fondness for Brits in the states and all over, and it makes life easier."

And now that fans recognize him on British and American streets alike, his life is about to get even easier.

"It's really quite strange being famous," he says. "I love the idea that in different parts of the

world that have the music that they like—that the songs are famous is very cool. Being stopped on the street is a very odd business, but it's a risk I'm having to take."

He believes more and more people are attracted to Aqualung's music for a fundamental reason.

"It seems to be, from what people say to me, the same thing that's always attracted them," he



says. "There's something very appealing about sharing an emotional experience with someone. They're quite heavy with feelings and atmosphere. Sometimes musicians can express what people find hard to get out."

From British releases "Aqualung" and "Still Life," their love-centric songs are non-fiction and gently explore the subjects of relationships and falling in and out of love.

"Sometimes they're my brother's or they're my wife's, they're mine and sometimes they're ours," he says.

Ironically, it's Aqualung's "lack of ambition" that has shot them up the charts and across the Atlantic.

"We're unusual in that it seems to be something that brings us all close together," he says. "There are points where there is a potential to disagree. It's a great thing ... because we know each other so well. It seems to work."

Born above his parents' independent record store, Hales has never questioned his career choice. The best thing about success for Hales was relief.

"It would have been hard to conclude after 30 years to find that it wasn't right and wasn't what I was going to do with my life," he says. "The best thing was to finally have some external sign ... that there was an audience for the songs I write. I like to write for me and it's even better when people want to hear them."

Conducting his first symphony at the age of 17 to a 60-piece orchestra, it's an understatement to say that Hales feels at ease on stage.

"The minute I get there I feel at home," he says. "It's an odd personal trait to feel at home while people are watching your every move. It's a place where I relax and enjoy myself."

Returning to the studio to work on their next album, Hales isn't sure where their music is headed.

"There's really no particular limit on where it can go," he says. "But exactly which direction to go, I'd like to make a really good record and stretch myself, draw more kind of drama and unexpectedness out of what we do."

With the birth of his son last year, Hales won't be struggling for song ideas. Although he isn't sure in what form fatherhood will take

on his work, he knows things have already changed.

"In some ways I'm more comfortable and sure of myself," he says. "There's something about being someone's dad that gives you a firm sense of purpose. Also, it's an incredible magical awe-inspiring experience. It makes you think of everything differently."

But after all of his professional and personal achievement, Matt is worried. It's not that he's superstitious—he just has been so successful that sometimes he fears that some negative karma is coming his way.

"I feel like I've been lucky several times," he says. "I feel like there must be some really big dose of bad luck to even things out."

Despite this, Hales says he belongs to the school that believes good things happen in life.

"Opportunities are around but you do have to have your eyes open," he says. "I've always been a very positive individual but you can't presume good things are going to happen—you have to put good energy into life and work and be conscious of opportunities around you."

# ASUI Senate marred by factions

By Brian Rich

ASUI Senate members have been accused of pandering to Greek students and ignoring student interests regarding Vandal Taxi, an on-campus pub and ASUI salaries; some of the accusations are legitimate, others not.

ASUI President Autumn Hansen said students need to wake up and realize that ASUI is not representative, and most students would agree that when the senate is roughly 75 percent Greek and representing a student body that is 13-15 percent Greek, it raises some severe representation issues.



With only 15 members in the senate, a problem occurs when five of the members could potentially vote together on every piece of legislation, especially when these five members are from the same fraternity and are combined with the other Greek students in the senate.

Hansen said ASUI has seen a trend toward voting by general living arrangements, such as Greek, residence hall and off-campus students voting together. But the voting blocs have recently gotten more focused than they once were and it is beginning to hinder progress.

"I don't want to give the impression that this is an issue that plagues us, that we're constantly having to fight these voting blocs, but when we're considering major pieces of legislation, we're also having to battle those party lines," she said.

ASUI Sen. Travis Shofner said there was little truth to Hansen's accusations.

Shofner said he thinks Hansen's problems with voting blocs revolve around events last semester that are no longer issues.

Sen. Travis Galloway, from the fraternity Sigma Alpha Epsilon, or SAE, said it's silly to assume senators would vote alike simply because of where they are from.

"People, no matter where they're from, are

going to have varying opinions," he said. "Just because they're from the same place doesn't necessarily mean they're going to always vote aligned with each other."

Though the SAE's have five members in the senate, more than any other living group, Galloway said they haven't voted on any heated issues this semester other than eliminating Vandal Taxi, which was approved by all but one senator, making it difficult to accuse members of biased voting. He pointed out that Idaho's senators don't always vote together, even though they are both from Idaho. Still, one could argue they would sacrifice their country's best interest for Idaho's best interest, if forced to choose.

Statistically, these five senators compose about 31 percent of the senate, while their house composes only .06 percent of the student body. Should they choose to vote out of self-interest – putting their house first and foremost – it would result in an extreme minority controlling one-third of the student government.

If the student body was the United States, this would be like Nevada having 31 senators. The other 49 states get to share the remaining 69 senators. Now do away with the House of Representatives, since UI doesn't have one, then ask someone from Florida if they feel represented.

This level of representation in student body is unacceptable. The university has no way to guarantee equal representation under the Greek-controlled senate, and with Galloway running for president, the situation could become much worse than it currently is. Unfortunately there is no proof that bias is taking place, since heated issues have not come before the senate this semester. However, the idea of one specific

group of students controlling ASUI is enough to draw attention to the problem.

The majority of the senators were voted into office almost exclusively by their Greek buddies, since most off-campus and residence hall students don't participate in government, and unless something is done, it is only going to get worse.

"It's the Greek students that keep stepping up. They're the ones coming forward to serve in these positions," Hansen said.

Citing complaints about Greek bias, she said many residence hall students won't run for an office because Greeks immediately have backing from their fraternity or sorority, while no organized groups are there to support independent candidates. Such a phenomenon is similar to political campaigns in the U.S., where a person needs a bank account the size of Germany's gross domestic product to get elected.

Still, Shofner said he thinks the senate does a good job representing general student interests.

"I don't think we focus on one particular group or another," he said. "I think we're not even bias towards on-campus and off-campus. A lot of things that we do affect on-campus and off-campus equally."

Even if the senate is currently representing students accurately, the fact stands that senate seats are virtually unapproachable for residence hall students. Greeks get elected without campaigning out of their own house, and residence hall students, even though they are the majority, are forced to work twice as hard for half the votes. This kind of procedure cripples the legitimacy of student government and must be changed to ensure student participation in the future.



# He loves me,

# he loves me not

By Katie Fritzley

*I had seen the book around for months before I finally broke down and read it. It was in the bookstore, the trendy coffee shop and all the other usual locations where pop culture phenomenons wind up and are discussed over an incredibly overpriced form of coffee.*

*The book and all it embodied were things that I loathed and tried not to associate myself with. Someone mentioned to me one day that it was written by a couple of writers from HBO's "Sex and the City," a show I refused to watch out of principle. Another person told me it was the new "Pink Bible" or set of rules for women, and the last thing I wanted was a female lexicon telling me what I was and was not allowed to do.*



photo by Lisa Wareham

I probably would have picked it up sooner if those women had just gotten the concept right. Though its title can be a bit misleading, "He's Just Not That Into You," a book by Greg Behrendt and Liz Tuccillo has only one goal: to help women understand that there is no reason to put up with men who treat them badly, because a man who is too tired, too busy or too afraid of commitment is really just too cowardly to say, "I'm just not that into you!"

Published in September of 2004, the book's concept was bread in the writers'

**"It's the most liberating thing I have ever heard," Miranda said. "Think of all the time and therapy I could have saved over the last 20 years if I had known this."**

room at "Sex and the City." Behrendt coined the mantra when the predominately female staff was discussing their love lives in a meeting he was consulting. One by one the ladies went around making up excuses for why the men they were seeing were blowing them off.

Behrendt listened carefully and at the end of the rag-fest he had only one answer for the ladies: He's Just Not That Into You!

Eventually the phrase was turned into an episode of the show in which Miranda is perplexed as to why her date wouldn't come up to her apartment and Carrie's boyfriend Jack Berger tells her that it was nothing more than the fact that he "just wasn't that into her."

"It's the most liberating thing I have ever heard," Miranda said. "Think of all the time and therapy I could have saved over the last 20 years if I had known this."

Judging by the book's success, there are apparently millions of other women out there who have also felt liberated by the concept. We like the fact that even though the book tells us guys don't always love us, we should still have enough respect for ourselves to move on. After all, the momentary sting that comes with the realization the guy you've been seeing doesn't like you is much better than the grief that comes with unbearable hours of agonizing and contemplating, "does he like me?"

"It makes a woman feel and know that she doesn't need a man who just isn't that into her," my friend Val said as she tried to convince me to read it. I responded by letting her know that I had no desire to read a

book that was constantly telling me I was unloved and undesirable. If I wanted that feeling I could just take the book and hit myself over the head with it.

"They're not feeding you a bunch of BS, though," she said. "They're just telling you like it is."

After that I decided to give it a chance and quickly became a convert to the preaching's of Behrendt and Tuccillo, who, as much as I hate to admit it, actually know what they are talking about. And what makes it even more aggravating is the fact

that they are funny about it and make it so easy to pinpoint a potentially bad relationship that there are no excuses for the reader to get into one.

It's hard to argue that one could misunderstand the point of the book when 11 out of the 16 chapters begin with the title. A few of my favorites included, He's just not that into you if he's not asking you out, not calling you, if he only wants to see you when he's drunk, or if he is a selfish jerk, a bully, or a really big freak.

On "Sex and the City," Carrie's man Jack Berger who first spoke the sacred words "he's just not that into you" ended up breaking up with Carrie using a post-it note, which makes us wonder why we took his advice so strongly to heart.

And Miranda? She applied the "he's just not that into you" advice to a date who ditched her after an Indian meal. Unfortunately the poor guy had a bad case of the runs, which proves we must not be overzealous in our convictions.

And ironically enough, Carrie's on-again off-again boyfriend, Mr. Big, personified almost every one of the excuses used in the book and yet despite his "I'm just not that into you" actions, he still ended up with the girl in the end.

So what did I learn from all of this? With the exception of the contradictory "Sex and the City" finale, it is safe to say that any guy who ignores me, or cheats on me or just plain treats me bad, is just not that into me. And that's okay, I know now that I can just dump him and move on. His loss, not mine.

Greg Behrendt says that a guy "would rather be trampled by elephants that are on fire than tell you he's just not that into you." Blot wanted to know if this was true, so we pulled some guys around campus and asked them their thoughts on the comment.



**Steven Zylstra;** Junior, English major - "It depends on the guy. But for the most part, yes, that is true."

**Jon Romberg;** Mechanical Engineering - "I think some guys are afraid. I am personally not though."



**Joey Broemmeling;** Senior, Business Management - "Most guys? Yeah!"

**Charles Harding;** Junior, Mechanical Engineering - "I don't think it's that hard - there are worse things that could happen."



Greg did some unscientific polling and recorded his results at the end of each chapter. We asked these guys the same questions to see if men around campus agreed with the men surveyed in the book. For the most part the answers were the same, but there was one question that had surprising results.

100% of guys polled on campus and in the book have never had a long-term relationship where the woman asked them out first.

100% of guys polled on campus and in the book have never been too busy to call a woman they were really into.

100% of guys polled on campus and in the book said they have never vomited in the bed of a woman they were really into (refer to the chapter titled "He's just not that into you if he only wants to see you when he's drunk" for more information).

100% of guys polled on campus and in the book agreed they would have no problem marrying a woman he was positive was the love of his life.

100% of guys polled on campus and in the book never disappeared on a woman they were really into.

75% of guys polled on campus said that a fear of intimacy has stopped them from getting into a relationship as opposed to 100% of men polled in the book who said it has not. Greg says that fear of intimacy exists in so few guys that it should be considered an urban myth. Guess he didn't anticipate college guys would be so afraid of sex.

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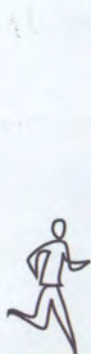


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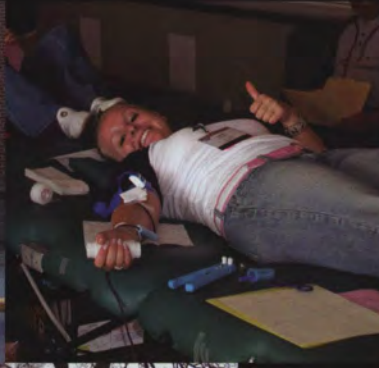


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