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Montana Kaimin, March 6, 1981

Associated Students of the University of Montana

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Central Board experiences a surprise deficit

By MIKE DENNISON
Montana Kaimin Reporter

Last month, Central Board thought it had found a pocketful of untapped money for summer budgeting — Leisure Services' "forfeiture fund."

But at Wednesday night's summer budgeting session, the rug was pulled out from under CB, leaving it with much less money than it had expected.

The forfeiture account contains money accumulated from deposits made by intramural sports teams and amounts to \$6,111. Money was to be taken from the account after depositors had a chance to claim their \$10 deposit — but Leisure Services Director Jim Ball told CB Wednesday night that a \$2,945 deficit for fiscal year 1980 must come out of the fund.

Ball did not tell CB about the deficit when CB first ordered the fund spent, Feb. 11, even though he said yesterday he knew of the deficit since last July.

He said he did not tell CB about the Feb. 11 summer budget hearing for Leisure Services because he wanted to see the January accounting printout and make sure of the deficit.

"I wanted to give the accounting process the benefit of the doubt," he said, adding he saw the printout two days later, and it confirmed the deficit's existence.

However, ASUM accountant Andrew Czorny said Ball had no reason to wait for the printout: "The deficit has been on every month's printout since June. If the same figure shows up month after month after month, why should he have to give the process any benefit of the doubt?"

According to Ball, only \$916 of the forfeiture account remains available for "ASUM consideration" — and CB allocated that amount Wednesday night to go toward Leisure Services' 1981 summer budget.

Other than the deficit Ball wants

covered and the \$916 used for the summer budget, the fund breaks down into the following categories:

- \$1,690 slated for return to depositors.
- \$160 in deposits awaiting verification before being returned.
- \$400 to remain untouched in order to cover summer forfeitures.

The deficit results from a \$2,105 installation fee for eight new racquetball/handball court doors, which were put in the Recreation Annex courts last March, and a \$940 budget overrun. The money is still officially in the forfeiture account, however, and Ball must have the transfer approved by CB. He said he will present the transfer request to the ASUM Budget and Finance Committee on Tuesday.

But Steve Spaulding, ASUM business manager and chairman of the committee, said student money should not pay for the new court doors.

"People are always considering

students as a source for money... I don't think we should pay for them," he said.

Whatever the committee recommends, the transfer must be voted on by next quarter's CB, as items in budget and finance must wait a week before going before CB. This quarter's board has its final meeting Wednesday.

Issue over the forfeiture account began at CB's Feb. 11 meeting, when the board voted to set and enforce a deadline on when intramural sports teams could reclaim their \$10 deposit, which is required when registering for league play.

The fund was originally set up in 1976, so teams that forfeited any intramural games lost their deposits. Ball said Feb. 11 that about \$6,000 was in the fund, built up over the years from teams forfeiting or not reclaiming their deposits.

CB's Feb. 11 mandate ordered that all teams with deposits from years before this academic year had until Feb. 28 to claim them, or the deposits would be ASUM's to spend. Also, an annual June 30 deadline — to begin this year — for deposit pickups was established

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Friday, March 6, 1981 Missoula, Mont. Vol. 83, No. 69



SEVERAL PEOPLE gathered to hear the Rev. John Lemnitzer's remarks before he entered the Missoula County Jail. (Staff photo by Gene Mayo.)

Curtis regime praised and panned

By GREG GADBERRY
Montana Kaimin Reporter

He said he was not a politician. He said he could make student government open and respected. He said ASUM should be governed by creative minds bent on preserving the liberal arts.

He is David Curtis, and last year, he was elected ASUM president.

To Curtis, his has been a successful presidency. In an interview Wednesday, he described himself still as an outsider to

politics, an academic whose diplomacy has kept ASUM on course.

Colleagues and counterparts seem to agree that Curtis was a good diplomat... but some strongly question whether he was a good president, and if his ability to negotiate overshadowed his attempts to govern.

communicate more freely with the administration, the regents and the government.

Now, after a year of political leadership, Curtis claims he is colored with no political taint. In fact, he sees that as the major accomplishment of his administration.

"I think I managed to transcend the yearly shift of ASUM. Usually, one year we'd have a conservative here, the next, a liberal."

news analysis

To measure Curtis' effectiveness, one must measure the goals outlined in his campaign promises. This is difficult. Like many politicians, Curtis promised to deliver mostly on intangible concepts rather than concrete proposals.

For example, a major plank in his campaign was his non-partisan standing at ASUM. Prior to his presidential bid, Curtis had not served in elective student office. He capitalized on this, claiming it would allow him to view issues without political bias.

This non-partisanship, he claimed, would allow him to bring new blood into ASUM creative students from across the political spectrum.

Also, he said ASUM would

Lemnitzer gets escort to Missoula jail

More than 60 people escorted the Rev. John Lemnitzer to jail yesterday as he turned himself in to begin serving a 90-day sentence for trespassing on a military installation.

Lemnitzer was arrested last Easter at Malmstrom Air Force Base in Great Falls, along with 22 other people, in a protest against the nuclear arms race. It was the third time he had been arrested there.

Lemnitzer delivered a short speech to the group in front of the downtown Post Office before walking the three blocks to the Missoula County Jail.

"I've never been in jail on Easter before," he said, "but I can't think of a better place to be. We must show that we are willing to keep going to jail until the nuclear madness has stopped."

Lemnitzer invited everyone to join the Easter Peace Affinity Group again this Easter at the gates of Malmstrom. The group is planning a demonstration similar to last year's. "I invite you to cross the line," he said. "I invite you to get arrested."

"Hatfield (District Judge Paul Hatfield, who sentenced Lemnitzer) is going to have to deal with us again," Lemnitzer said. "He did not have the courage to acquit us. He did not have the courage to cross the line with us."

Lemnitzer will spend about a week in the Missoula County Jail before he is transferred to Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary in Kansas. He said he would conduct a fast while in the Missoula jail to call attention to the conditions there.

Jeff Dumas, Lemnitzer's defense attorney, said that he had made a motion to have Lemnitzer's sentence reduced.

Just before entering the jail, Lemnitzer, clutching a stack of books and some personal possessions, thanked the group jammed in the hallway of the jail for coming to say goodbye.

"If you're passing through Kansas, stop in and visit me," he said.

Lemnitzer should be freed in the first week of June.

Reassignment delayed on building fees bill

By BOOMER SLOTHOWER
Montana Kaimin Legislative Reporter

HELENA — A move to get the student building fees bill reassigned from the Senate Finance and Claims Committee to the Senate Education Committee appears to have been stymied for the present.

Supporters of the measure, which would give students a voice in the use of building fees, talked to key senators yesterday to try to get the bill moved to Education, which they believe will be more sympathetic to the bill.

But Sen. Matt Himsel, R-Kalispell, chairman of the Finance and Claims Committee, wants the bill in his committee. "It's a finance bill," Himsel said. "It deals with millions of dollars."

Himsel said there were two

questions that have to be cleared up before any action on the bill is taken. The first is whether passage of the bill will effect student building fees that are used to cover bond obligations.

The second question, he said, deals with the constitutionality of the bill. After students have paid the fees, he said, the money is no longer student money but state money. The Montana Supreme Court has ruled that the Board of Regents has the constitutional power over the fees, he said.

"The bill is going to be held until we have some authoritative word on what it will do," Himsel said. "It's the only prudent thing to do."

Faced with Himsel's opposition, supporters of the bill are getting in

Cont. on p. 8

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Air quality: poor
particulate level: 109



Budget error makes GOP control debatable

Republican legislators, in their haste to fulfill campaign promises, made a major blunder this week.

Announcing revenue and spending estimates Tuesday, they came up with a plan to take about \$645 million into the state coffers and spend about \$546 million, leaving about \$100 million for tax relief.

A nice, neat little plan — except for a large and fairly serious error.

The Republicans forgot to include cost-of-living pay raises for state employees, a group that includes faculty members, in their spending estimates.

This little slip-up would cost about \$40 million to \$56 million, greatly reducing the amount of money available for tax relief.

While most people would conclude they just won't be able to give all the promised tax relief, actions taken

throughout this session seem to indicate the Republicans — with a tax-relief-at-any-cost attitude — may further cut state spending.

For instance, the Republican Party announced four days into the session that it would provide \$107 million in tax relief this session, thus making good on the party's campaign promises.

And in their enthusiasm to shower tax benefits on Montanans, Republicans began approving tax-cut measures before they considered appropriations measures. The word went down to the six joint appropriations subcommittees to whittle state agencies' budgets so the tax relief could come through.

It was time to provide for the people, not the government, according to Republican philosophy.

As many Democrats like to point out, the Republicans thus began making appropriations dependent on cam-

paign and early-session promises for tax relief, rather than on the needs of state agencies and employees.

With the pay raise vs. tax cuts setback, the Republicans now have taken time to re-evaluate their proposals. The party will release its revised revenue and spending estimates today, setting the tone for the fate of appropriations measures, in which the University of Montana has

great stake.

If that revised plan reduces pay raises or needed state programs in order to provide the promised tax relief at any cost, voters will know for sure they made a mistake in November when they gave Republicans control of both houses for the first time in 28 years.

Sue O'Connell



letters

Start anew

Editor: To the Students of the University of Montana,

I wish to thank you for your support in my successful bid for a seat on the Central Board. I also want to express a matter which is of great concern to all of us here at U of M.

When I found out only 15% of the student body took the time to cast their votes last Wednesday, I was, at first, appalled. It's difficult for me to fathom that, on the average, five out of every six students I walk by every day didn't vote. After I got over the shock of such figures, I began to feel more and more perturbed at the thought that here I am, a newly elected representative whose job it is to look after the interests of the entire student body, and it seems 85% of the students on this campus have no interest in the student body-at-large. However, I am not really so naive as to think that many students have no interest whatsoever in the functioning of this University. Rather, I sense a feeling of frustration among the student body which is turning you away.

Well, I have a plan to bring Central Board out of the dark, which hopefully will ease the consternation many students feel toward government affairs here at UM. As soon as I take office (April 1), I plan to begin a series of weekly forums whereby anyone can come to question me and/or provide me with feedback and ideas which will enable me to "tap into" the prevailing opinions around campus. Without this "sense" of student opinions, the effectiveness and efficiency of my ability to act in your best interest is greatly

reduced. This interaction with students is invaluable to me as a member of Central Board. If this system of Democratic government is to work, there must be provision of the most necessary ingredient — participation, or we will end up with a lesser system of government than we had envisioned.

So, I ask that you all reconsider the feelings you have had for Central Board in the past and start anew with me and the rest of this year's representatives. Stop me for a chat anytime, come to the forums — they will be informal sessions where we can just sit and rap — get involved. With an underlying flow of energy coming from the students, our capacity to represent you will produce a Central Board unprecedented in its positive productivity on this campus.

I look forward to your input; please help take away the veil of uncertainty and frustration which has masked Central Board in the past. The forums will begin the second week in April. Enthusiasm builds great things, so let your energies go and share your ideas!

John E. Smith
junior, philosophy/economics
newly elected CB member

Congratulations

Editor: Congratulations Mr. Stuebner. Your courageous letter to the Kaimin has illuminated another earth-shaking problem here at the University of Montana. Your passionate appeal for cleaner tennis courts and your heart-breaking experience with "bureaucratic runaround" brought a tear to my eye. In fact I was so moved by your troubling experience that I fully support your demand that Campus Recreation "get someone's ass out there" to sweep the courts. So you won't ever be forced to repeat that inhumane feeling of glass going crunch under your feet again, may I suggest that "the ass" most appropriate to do the sweeping is you. I'm sure Campus Recreation will be more than happy to supply you with the broom so you can sweep to your heart's content.

I'm also sure you'll feel more satisfied for accomplishing something constructive rather than wasting your time bitching "like hell." And just think, if you sweep really hard and show some dedication, you may get the job permanently. Good luck.

Richard W. Gilbert
graduate, environmental studies

Accept reality?

Editor: Oh Christopher Gino, you are "the common man." Civil disobedience, nuclear holocaust and Terry Messman-Rucker are obviously a misconception to you.

Life goes on for Terry too, even in Boron Federal Prison and his happiness isn't lost. He is the manifestation of a man, a man of substance and fortitude, who affirms life in the face of the horrible. But he looks into the horrible. To look at it, to acknowledge its existence, is the acceptance of "the reality of present day life."

Messman-Rucker isn't the ordinary man. He is a man who has put six months of his own life behind iron bars for humanity.

Christopher, when that earthquake happens it will go down in history but if the bomb comes down, the human race will be history. It is important that the reality is not reduced, through rationalization, to the attitude that "that's just the way it is, accept it and live with it."

If we, as part of the human race, don't stand up and take part in the decisions of this world, then those decisions will be made for us. Civil Disobedience is not only the acceptance of reality but the actual realization that we can change that reality. It isn't a complex or sophisticated answer to the world's problems but it has as its driving force concern, love, courage, and above all, life.

Kent Spence
junior, philosophy

Touched again

Editor: To those who served in a war of any era:

You have a special place in my heart for several reasons. You cared enough to go and serve your country, you did your best, you did what was right for that era and you came home to a country that loves you more than you know.

Last week with the events of the Vietnam veterans of Montana, I was touched once again by those who served. Touched enough to write a letter for the first time in two years. Touched enough to hope someone will read this and understand you men. I personally know what hell you've been through. I need not elaborate on my personal experiences, but let me say had I been born a male, I would be a Vietnam vet, too. As a female I now may watch my own son become a "veteran" of God only knows what war is next.

This question I asked openly after the movie "Hearts and Minds" shown last Friday, Feb. 27, 1981. How do I keep my son, now fourteen, from being drafted? The response of the Vietnam veterans present at

the discussion was supportive, objective and intelligent. These men with bitter memories and mixed emotions proved they still love their country. They did recommend that a male should register as required by law, however it is possible to do so as a conscientious objector. There are choices. Choices made on an individual basis or with the help of those who have experience.

These men of the Vietnam era said they would go and serve again for the protection of their country. But, only with their eyes wide open and their ears even more open to the truth. These men, and we women, too, were lied to by our government. You know war is profitable and people are expendable.

Well, not again, not in my lifetime. No, you may not draft my son. I am beginning a file for him as a conscientious objector. That is after I explain to him and inform him of all the choices available. This is from the advice of those who served. That is to present and inform my son of the alternatives. His father, uncles, grandfathers, and family friends served in wars. And his mother, grandmothers, aunts and female friends watched and hopefully learned.

I watched and listened then, and once again last week. I heard from the Vietnam vets who spoke from their hearts of hurts that are barely healed. One was a journalist for almost three years in Vietnam. He spoke for the first time in eleven years. He spoke with his knees knocking and a lump in his throat. But, he finally spoke. He told us of the truths that reporters were not allowed to tell during the war. It hurt his soul, it hurt mine, and it hurts a lot of us knowing how our government hid the truth.

There are many others who still hurt inside. They do their best to cope. That's the best anyone can do. You had to be there to know and see, and understand. You need to know I do feel a deep compassion for all of you.

Ellen Wojciechowski
freshman, registered nurse program

Letters Policy

Letters should be: *Typed preferably triple spaced; *Signed with the author's name, class, major, telephone number and address; *No more than 300 words (longer letters will be printed occasionally); *Mailed or brought to the Montana Kaimin, J-206. The Kaimin reserves the right to edit all letters and is under no obligation to print all letters received. Anonymous letters or pseudonyms will not be accepted.

montana Kaimin

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Officials fear more U-system cuts

By CATHY KRADOLFER
Montana Kaimin Legislative Reporter

HELENA — Hearings on the university system budget begin again today and system officials say they are expecting further cuts.

"If the (state) budget is going to be cut anywhere, this (the House Appropriations Committee) is the most likely place," Commissioner of Higher Education John Richardson said yesterday.

The 17-member House Appropriations Committee began Monday the long process of putting preliminary budgets drawn up by its six subcommittees together with plans for tax cuts to come up with a balanced state budget for the next two years.

In the week since its mid-session break, the Republican majority has had some difficulty coming up with a total of just how much will be available for the state to spend. One estimate left out \$54 million in pay raises for state employees and another \$40 million for the school foundation program.

The Republicans are revising their estimates again and will release them today, but the uncertainty has caused university officials considerable apprehension.

"There's no question the U-system's budget is the largest increase and the most likely target for cuts if the revenue estimates come up short," the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, Rep. Art Lund, R-Scobey, said recently. "They have every reason to be worried."

The man in charge of financial affairs for the university system, Jack Noble, predicted at the beginning of the session that any major cuts in the budget would be made in the Appropriations Committee.

"The subcommittee will come in with their figures; the tax cut proposal will come in. And when they total up the two ... that's when there could be real problems," Noble said.

But the chairman of the Joint Appropriations Subcommittee on Education, Rep. Gene Donaldson, R-Helena, says he thinks he can defend the budget without major problems.

"I feel very comfortable bringing this before the full committee and I don't think the apprehension on

the part of the university people is entirely justified," Donaldson said.

The governor's office has remained firm in its proposed \$160 million budget for the university system. That is approximately \$14 million less than the subcommittee is recommending.

But if the Republican leadership has any intentions of cutting the university budget to the governor's recommendation, the committee members have not been told, Lund said.

After hearings on the budget, the committee will begin work sessions to trim, add or leave unchanged the recommendation of the subcommittee. Work sessions are expected to begin early next week.

Area conservation board plans energy conference

The Missoula Valley Conservation Board will sponsor an energy future conference for Missoula next Friday and Saturday.

According to a press release, the board is taking a first step toward developing a total energy saving plan for the city. In 1979 Missoulians spent more than \$84 million on energy, the release said, adding that: "A 10 percent cut-back, easily realizable in a good conservation program, can save \$100 per person per year."

"Similar conferences in Salem, Ore., and Boulder, Colo., proved

successful in significantly reducing energy consumption and strengthening local economies," the release stated. "Goals for Missoula are expected to be the same."

The conference begins March 13 at 7 p.m. with a slide presentation on energy use in Missoula and a talk on energy planning. The events will be held in the Hellgate High School auditorium.

A full day of discussions and workshops is planned for March 14th, beginning with registration from 8:30 to 9 a.m. In addition, U.S. Rep. Pat Williams, D-Mont., is slated as the guest speaker at the noon luncheon.

weekend

TODAY

Concerts

Renaissance ensemble, noon, UC Mall
International folk dancers, 7 p.m., Copper Commons
Taj Mahal and Rambling Jack Elliott, 8 p.m., UC Ballroom
Symphonic band, wind ensemble and Varsity band, 8 p.m., UT

Coffeehouse

Sally Duff, 9 p.m., Narnia basement, 538 University Ave.

Miscellaneous

Aletheia, 7 a.m., ASUM Conference Room
"Get Acquainted" session for high school students, 10:45 a.m., UC Montana Rooms
Baha'i, noon, UC Montana Rooms
Biology seminar, 4 p.m., CP 109

SATURDAY

Film

"Across the Pacific," 8 p.m., Copper Commons, free

Concert

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, 8 p.m., UC Ballroom

Coffeehouse

Sally Duff, 9 p.m., Narnia basement, 538 University Ave.

Miscellaneous

Angeline bike trip, 10 a.m., Oval
Drill team luncheon, noon, UC Montana Rooms
Retired teachers luncheon, 12:30 p.m., Gold Oak East

SUNDAY

Film

"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," 9 p.m., UC Ballroom, students, 50¢, general public \$1.

Miscellaneous

Missoula Montana Teachers Association recital, 3-5 p.m., MRH
Gallery reception: Stephen Braun, 7 p.m., UC Gallery

MONDAY

Workshops

Service and Supply, 8 a.m., UC Montana Rooms
Head Start stress management, 8 a.m., UC Montana Rooms

Miscellaneous

Pre-registration for spring INCO classes, 8-11:30 a.m., 1-4 p.m., LA 346
Baha'i, noon, UC Montana Rooms
G & C Graduate Association, 7 p.m., UC Montana Rooms
Slides on Nols and Switzerland, 8 p.m., Outdoor Resource Center

Psychology Majors

Psychology advisors will be available for
**Pre-Quarter Advising
Appointments**

during the week of March 9-13.

Go to the Psychology Office, P114, any time this week to reserve your time slot for advising.

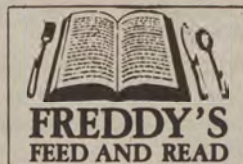
Although an appointment is not essential, it is the best way to guarantee finding your advisor without a hassle!

Spring Wine Savings

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Riunite Lambrusco 750 3.00
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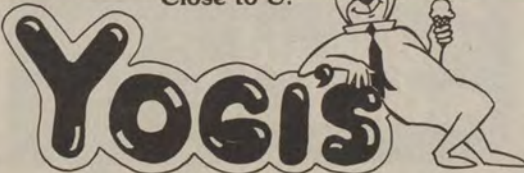
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**Ramblin' Jack
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Tonight, these two legends meet. You should be there.

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8 P.M. U.C. BALLROOM

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Has Your Job Lost Its Challenge?

The **Montana Kaimin** has two secretarial openings for Spring Quarter 1980.

Experience is helpful, but not necessary. Ability to work in surreal conditions is helpful.

Apply in Kaimin Business Office
Deadline for Applications is Friday
March 6 at Noon



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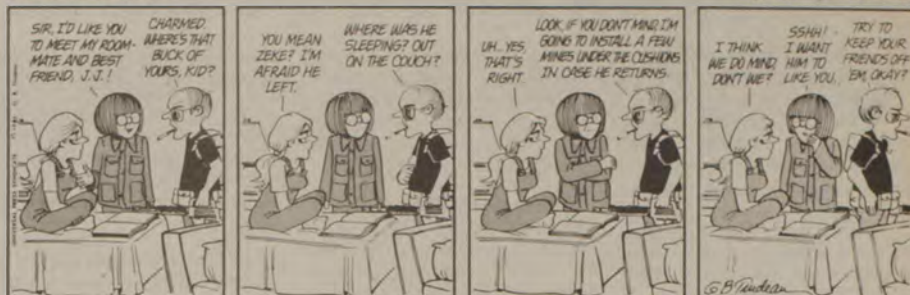
WED-TUES-MAR. 4-10
SHOWS - 7:00 & 9:15

LATE SHOW
FRI & SAT at 11:30 P.M.

MATINEES
SAT & SUN at 2:00 P.M.

DOONESBURY

by Garry Trudeau



Pre-quarter advising recommended

By **JIM MARKS**
Montana Kaimin Reporter

Spring Quarter registration is just around the corner and frustrated students will soon be saying "I've only got two hours before the registration gates close and I can't find my adviser."

But Kitty Corak, academic advising coordinator at the University of Montana, has some preventive medicine to relieve the frustration.

The medicine, she said yesterday, is pre-quarter advising.

In the schedule of classes, that will be available to students on Monday, there is a worksheet similar to the course selection

portion of the registration form. Students can work out next quarter's classes with an adviser, get the worksheet stamped and eliminate the last minute rush of finding an adviser.

"You simply treat the worksheet just like a regular registration form," Corak said.

"It really saves the students a lot of hassles because there's no guarantee that a student will be able to find an adviser on registration day," she said. The process, she said, "is much less of a problem if it's done in advance."

Calling pre-quarter advising "fairly new," Corak said, "This is only the fourth quarter we've been doing it."

She said the process was started to help relieve the pressures mandatory advising has placed on students and advisers. Under mandatory advising, all students entering UM after Fall Quarter 1979 must have an adviser's stamp on their registration forms. Eventually every UM student will be required to see an adviser.

"It's important for students to take advantage of pre-quarter advising because the number of students who are required to have an adviser is growing and there will

be more and more pressure on advisers and students," Corak said.

The Department of Interpersonal Communications and the School of Business are offering a "reservation system" for registration with students who qualify for the programs.

Eldon Baker, INCO department chairman, said students who have an INCO major or seniors whose major requires or recommends courses in the department, can sign up for Spring Quarter classes now.

Under the reservation system, students reserve a slot in a class, Baker said, adding that the students still must go through the registration process.

He said the system, which was started Fall Quarter 1978, was designed to let students get necessary classes and to prevent seniors from having to extend graduation dates because some classes were not available.

Paul Blomgren, dean of the School of Business, said the business school's reservation system is similar to the INCO department's but that it is only offered to seniors with business majors.

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Energy workshop scheduled

A workshop designed to show the homeowner ways to save energy will be held tomorrow.

Marc Williams, an organizer of the workshop, said it will cover how insulating curtains and shutters can save people money.

The workshop is part of a public demonstration project funded by a Department of Energy grant for passive solar-conservation remodeling of the Bernina Sewing Center.

Williams, who remodeled the sewing center, said it has been made energy efficient by in-

cluding:

- "outsulation" — insulation from the outside.
- jet fans which blow rising heat to the populated, lower part of the building.
- insulating curtains and draperies to prevent heat loss from windows.
- a thermostat which automatically lowers temperature by 10 degrees at 6 p.m.

The workshop will be held from 9:30 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. in the north auditorium of the Montana Power Company building, 1903 Russell.

NIGHTLY AT 7:00 & 9:15 • 3 ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATIONS!

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— Rex Reed, Syndicated Columnist



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classifieds

lost and found

LOST: JEAN jacket in the oval late Tuesday afternoon. In the jacket was key, student ID, and \$8. If you have it, please, return it. No questions asked if everything is returned. Call me at 243-4155. 69-4

FOUND: JEAN jacket in the middle of the oval. Late Tuesday afternoon. Must be able to identify type of jacket and size. Call 243-4155. 69-4

FOUND: A COAT on Evero Hill. Call Tara and identify. 721-5570, 8:00-5:00, 549-4062 after 5:00. 69-4

STOLEN — LE Tour III Schwinn 27" men's ten-speed. Orange color, serial #8K00014, 243-4327. 68-4

LOST: SAT. during or after Geology field trip, a Kodak trimline instamatic camera with the initials CHC on it. Sentimental value. Reward offered. Contact Cathy 243-4749. 68-4

FOUND: MEDIUM size black female dog w/ tan markings. Looks like Collie mix. Found around University and is very friendly. Call after 5, 728-8740. 68-4

LOST: To whomever "borrowed" a Levi's jean jacket Friday p.m., from the party on Cornell, please call Joyce (721-3833). It was on loan to me, please return it! 68-4

LOST: A pair of "Hot Fingers" leather mittens. Beige or light tan color. Call 721-3777 and ask for Jim. 67-4

LOST: A HIGHLY sentimental scarf. Light beige/brown with small checks. Three or 4 feet long, wool. Please return. Call Mike, 549-8078 or return to LA lost and found. My neck is freezing. 67-4

LOST: CHECKBOOK, green. If found call Ken Stein, 543-3019. Reward. 66-4

LOST: RUST billfold — reward (need I.D. ckbook). Lg. plastic-rim Geoffrey Bean eye-glasses. Call 549-8170 or 251-3897, Alicia. 66-4

LOST: BUSINESS Analyst II calculator. Believed lost in Student Lounge of U.C. If found, please contact 251-2185 or Student Lounge desk. 66-4

LOST: FORESTER JOHN. I left my green day-pack in your green Saub on Sunday, when you gave me a lift down from Snow Bowl. Please call 721-4278 around dinner time! Thanks! 66-4

STOLEN: WILL anyone knowing information on the theft of 3 bookbags from a Bozeman van on Friday night (2-27) please call 721-3209 or leave information at the Kaimin office; no questions asked! These packs contained notes for the entire quarter, so show some consideration and at least return the notebooks. Thank you. 66-4

LOST: A green check book. Please return to Ken, 543-3019. 65-4

FOUND: ON Higgins: History of Christianity textbook. Pick it up at the Lounge Desk. 65-4

LOST: 2 LIBRARY books on Naturalism. Left in the Commons Feb. 25. Please return to Library where they belong or call 721-4498. They're too boring for words anyway. 65-4

personals

THE TIME, Missoula's favorite rock 'n' roll band — Friday and Saturday night. Free sandwiches. The Forum, beneath the Acapulco. 69-1

SALLY DUFF — guitar and vocal. Friday, Saturday 9-12 p.m. Narnia, Basement of the Ark, 538 University. 69-1

SPEs — SAW the door. Sorry to see you've lost your touch. 69-1

SPEs ARE my favorite fascists. American justice needs a few blind pawns. J.W. 69-1

GRADUATING SENIORS (any major): you may pre-register (reserve a space) for any Interpersonal Communication courses you need (especially Inco 111) to graduate. Pre-register March 8-13 (Mon-Fri) LA 346, 8-11:30, 1-4. 69-3

INTERPERSONAL COMMUNICATION Majors: You may pre-register for all Interpersonal Communication courses March 9-13, Mon-Fri, in LA 346, 8-11:30, 1-4. 69-3

ACCOUNTANT POSITION open starting spring quarter for the Kaimin! Apply in the business office — Journalism Bldg. 68-6

SAE WINTER qtr. finals survival kits. Send one to a friend. Call 728-4548 or 721-3985. 67-3

TEST STRATEGIES Workshop: Objective Tests. Thurs., March 5 at noon; Essay Exams, Friday, March 6 at noon. Both Workshops at the CSD in the Lodge. 66-4

VINTAGE CLOTHING available at Dove Tail. Fashions from 1828 thru 1950's, over 800 items of clothing and accessories. Open 10-6 Mon-Sat., 612 Woody. 66-10

UNPLANNED PREGNANCY options, call Marie, 728-3820, 728-3845, 251-2513 or Mimi, 549-7317. 47-27

NEED A friendly ear? Come to the Student Walk-in. Special entrance east end of HEALTH SERVICE. OPEN 8 a.m.-5 p.m. and 8 p.m.-11:30 p.m. weekdays; Sat. 8 p.m.-12 a.m.; Sunday 8 p.m.-11:30 p.m. WE CARE! 44-30

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help wanted

TEACHERS AIDE. Assist with tutoring, feeding, and dressing handicapped pre-schoolers; classroom data collection; and other assigned duties. Requires experience working with handicapped children; ability to interact and communicate with staff, students and parents. Prefer familiarity with behavior principles and data collection experience. Position available 20 hrs. per week (mornings), mid-March thru June 1981. Salary: \$4 per hr. Apply at Personnel Office, U of M by March 12, 1981. An EO/AA Employer. 69-1

POSITION OPENING spring quarter for Kaimin bookkeeper! Pick up applications in the business office. 68-6

ACCOUNTANT POSITION open starting spring quarter for the Kaimin! Apply in the business office — Journalism Bldg. 68-6

EXPERIENCED BICYCLE mechanic with bike shop experience. Apply at Big Sky Cyclery, 2025 S. Higgins. 67-3

OVERSEAS JOBS — Summer/Year round. Europe, S. Amer., Australia, Asia. All fields. \$500-\$1200/monthly. Sightseeing. Free info. Write JCB Box 52-MT-2 Corona Del Mar, Calif. 92625. 51-22

services

FREE ASSISTANCE in resume writing, info on interview skills and job search techniques. Come to Career Resource Library, basement of the Lodge, 4711. 66-4

RACQUET STRINGING — 8 yrs. experience. On campus. 243-2085. 63-11

NEED A professional RESUME? Call 251-3649. Student rate of \$12.00 includes writing AND typing. 59-10

typing

EXPERIENCED TYPIST will do term papers, etc. 721-5928. 66-8

TYPING, REASONABLE, after 4:30, call 728-7799. 66-8

EXPERIENCED DISSERTATIONS, thesis, terms. 543-6835. 66-7

TYPING 75¢/per page. Pica type. Call 549-9741. 53-21

EXPERIENCED TYPING and editing. 251-2780. 53-21

TYPING, Editing. 728-6393. Sandy, after 5. 51-22

PROFESSIONAL TYPING, Berta Plane, 251-4125 after 5. Campus pick-up, delivery. 44-30

THESIS TYPING service. 549-7958. 40-34

IBM RUSH typing. Lynn, 549-8074. Professional editor and thesis specialist. 38-36

transportation

RIDE NEEDED to Denver. Can leave after 10 a.m., March 20. Returning March 28 or 29? Call Greg, 549-0640. 69-4

RIDE NEEDED to Billings Friday, Mar. 6 — Sunday, Mar. 8. Share fuel cost. Call Jannel, 243-2530 or Kerl, 243-2547. 68-4

RIDE NEEDED to Phoenix, Ariz. area over break. Will share driving and expenses. Contact Tom, 243-2139. Can leave 3/20. 68-4

HELP! TWO girls desperately need a ride to and from Seattle for spring break. Can leave Friday around noon. Will share expenses and Dr. Pepper! Please call 243-4645. Keep trying!! 68-4

ONE SMALL girl once again desperately needs a ride to Helena after 4 on Friday, March 6. Please call 549-5916 evenings and ask for Leslie. I'll help with gas. 68-2

NEED RIDE to Great Falls OR Lewistown, Mt. Mar. 18th — will pay gas — call Bill, 243-2307. 68-4

TO COEUR d'Alene. Ride needed for March 6th or 7th OR March 12th, 13th, 14th. Will share expenses. Contact Janis, 243-2125. 68-4

TWO ADVENTURERS need ride to Calgary, Canada on March 20th — will share gas and driving. Call Rory at 728-9700. 67-4

3 GIRLS looking for ride to Billings over spring break. Can leave 3-19 or 3-20, return 3-29; call 243-2285. Share expenses. 67-4

RIDE NEEDED spring break to Tacoma — can leave 20th. Desperate. 243-6541 — 542-2637. 67-4

RIDE NEEDED to San Francisco over spring break. Call 549-0496 after 5 p.m. 67-4

RIDE NEEDED to Ohio for spring break. Contact Patty, 243-4248. 66-4

RIDERS NEEDED to and from Banff, Alberta for spring break. Leave March 21 and return March 28. Contact Brad, 549-8098. 66-4

RIDE NEEDED from Seattle for two March 29, 243-5044. 66-4

RIDE NEEDED from Great Falls or Conrad to Missoula Sunday, March 7. Help with gas. 549-5416. Keep trying! 66-4

RIDE NEEDED on weekends to Plains area. Will share expenses. Please call 543-7588. 66-4

RIDE NEEDED to Sioux Falls, S.D. for spring break. Will help with expenses. Sandy — 243-2405. 65-4

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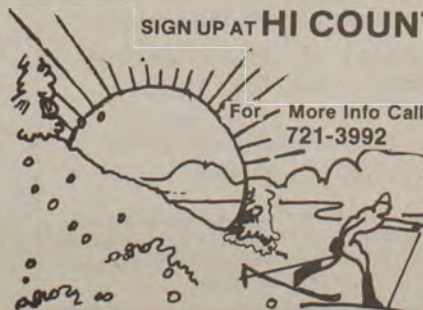
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sports

Freshmen pair aid Lady Griz success

By RENATA BIRKENBUEL
Montana Kaimin Contributing Reporter

It's hard to imagine two people teaming up after watching them engage in a fierce rivalry throughout their high school athletic careers. But it makes sense to put both on the same college women's basketball team and sit back to watch a winning team emerge from the combination.

That is exactly what Coach Robin Selvig did this season.

Selvig succeeded in recruiting freshmen Cheri Bratt and Doris Deden, who seem to be two of the reasons why the Lady Grizzlies are billed as a box office hit this season. Montana posted its best record ever, 8-3 in league and 20-7 overall, with last Saturday's 52-48 win over Washington State University.

Last Friday night, the Lady Griz wrapped up the Mountain Division championship by defeating Eastern Washington University 61-54, on the Eagles' home court. The win also gave UM the right to host the Northwest Women's Basketball League tournament March 14 and 15.

Bratt, who was highly recruited

and 10.8 rebounds per game, was a first team selection.

Bratt is a 5-foot-10 starting guard for Montana. She gathered seven assists, six steals, 17 rebounds and 18 points for both games last weekend. Earlier this season she broke the school records for steals and assists, giving her an average of 3.0 and 4.12, respectively.

Bratt said she had not thought about breaking any school records and had not realized what she accomplished until reading the program one night after a game.

Deden, a 6-foot forward, is a recent starter for the Lady Grizzlies. She was high scorer against EWU with 16 points and pulled down 15 rebounds in the same contest.

The state's AA Most Valuable Player as a senior at Sentinel High School, Deden was also chosen for the All-State team her junior year. To date, she has scored 254 points and 182 rebounds as a Grizzly, second on the team only to Greenfield.

Deden said her goal this season has been making the adjustment from center to forward. She was a team reserve until a home game against Alaska-Anchorage, when she first earned a starting position.

"I never thought about starting," Deden said. "I just wanted to work my hardest to get playing time."

Selvig said he feels that Bratt and Deden have had "a great year" as freshmen.

The Lady Grizzlies take on Montana State University this Saturday at 2:30 p.m. in Dahlberg Arena. MSU won its last four games and is in second place in the division behind UM.

"I expect it to be a very tough ballgame this weekend," Selvig



DORIS DEDEN

said. "I don't anticipate blowing them out like we did over there."

Last month, MSU fell to a hot-shooting UM team, 73-53.

Deden said that Saturday's game would not be too hard for the Lady Griz. "MSU doesn't worry me that much," she said. "We can handle them," she added, smiling with the confidence usually seen only in veterans.

For a tournament berth, Griz, Cats renew battle

The rubber game of the match is tonight. Montana State won the first time, and Montana won the next. Now, with a berth in the NCAA or the NIT tournament on the line, the Grizzlies and the Bobcats square off again.

This time, the scene is a neutral court — the Kibbie Dome on the University of Idaho campus in Moscow. With no home court advantage, this 211th contest between the two teams should come down to whoever is best prepared mentally.

The UM-MSU game gets under way at 10 p.m., following the Idaho-Idaho State game at 8 p.m. The Grizzly game will be broadcast

on KYLT-AM radio with a pre-game show at 9:45 p.m.

The winners of Friday night's games will advance to the championship game Saturday at 8:30 p.m.

The team coming out on top will be given an automatic berth in the NCAA's prestigious 48-team tournament. But the losers may not be entirely out of the running in the playoff picture.

If Idaho loses, the Vandals may still be in contention for an NCAA spot because of their current 23-3 record. However, if the NCAA were not interested, the NIT almost assuredly would be.

And the NIT might also be interested in one of the Montana teams. If the Grizzlies were to win their first game and lose their second, they would be 19-9 and might qualify.

The Bobcats, if they finished second in the tournament, would be 17-11 and might also have a chance at additional post-season play with the NIT.

Should Idaho State fail to win the tournament, the Bengals, at 12-13 currently, would be out of contention for any berth.

The Grizzlies will be led by their senior guard tandem, Blaine Taylor and Craig Zanon, the top two scorers on the squad. Other probably starters for UM include: Rod Brandon, Derrick Pope, Craig Larsen and Marty Green.

If one is to be called a liar, one may as well make an effort to deserve the name.

—A.A. Milne

To hate and to fear is to be psychologically ill... it is, in fact, the consuming illness of our time.

—H.A. Overstreet

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Mud wrestling oozes into Missoula

By C. L. GILBERT
Montana Kaimin Reporter

"How do you like your mud wrestlers?" the master of ceremonies shouts at the crowd. And they respond with the cheer he has just taught them: "ON YOUR KNEES."

It is female mud wrestling time at the Trading Post Saloon and the place is packed to the rafters. "Boom Boom Jackson," a buxom young lady to be featured soon in Penthouse magazine, and "California Cutie," whom the emcee describes as "lean but wiry," kneel

business is not easy," Jenkins said. "It's a strange business. It's a sleazy deal." In spite of those statements, Jenkins said he gets "beautiful" women on his show. "We can make more money on the road than at home," he said. "Therefore I can afford to hire classier acts."

Jenkins said the women of one mud wrestling outfit in Wisconsin, called the Milwaukee Knickers, were "real dogs." He said a few of the women in his show were going to appear in the June issue of the Japanese Playboy.

The show is not all wrestling. In

by applause from the audience, not the number of pins. "You try to get the audience on your side before the match starts," she said. Marcia is tall and lean and has excellent muscle definition. She gave away kisses and collected dollar bills for over 20 minutes before her bout, which she won.

Jenkins admits that the show is more than wrestling. "Sure we're selling sex but so are 'Charlie's Angels' and Chanel perfume." He said he does not think the women are being exploited through the wrestling, and all his "girls" agree with him.

Jeannie goes by the stage name of "Bronco Brandy." She comes on stage in chaps, a cowboy hat and twirls a lariat. Her bikini bottom sticking out of the chaps looks very un-Western. Jeannie said the show gets very little protest from feminists. "They usually change their minds after they see our show," she said. "Most protest comes from these heavy-set ugly girls."

Jeannie started mud wrestling after watching a friend do it once. "This is out of the ordinary," she said. "It isn't nine-to-five. I started doing it and found out I was an exhibitionist. Besides, my mom never let me play in the mud."

Jan or "California Cutie," studied dance for 12 years and was a stage dancer in Las Vegas before beginning mud wrestling. She said mud wrestling is "a lot more fun and a lot better money" than dancing in Las Vegas.

A different Jan goes by the stage name of "Pochahontas." The emcee informs the crowd that she is called "Pokie" for short.

"We're not a bunch of dumb sleazy women," Jan said. "Most of us are from good families and have good reputations." She said she has a real estate license.

Even the kissing to get tips is not exploitive, according to Jan. "It's just a way of saying you appreciate them being there. You don't have to kiss those guys if you don't want to."

She became worked up and explained this all very loudly and defensively. "We are professionals and damn good ones. We are actresses. The whole thing is an act, a fantasy. The characters aren't real. If somebody wants to think differently about us, that's part of the fantasy."

Life shouldn't be printed on dollar bills.

—Clifford Odets



down in the "mud" facing each other, growling and swearing. The whistle blows and they grab each other, flipping and flopping, twisting and turning, grunting and groaning, in an attempt to pin one another. Biting, scratching, hair-pulling and pushing the face in the mud are not allowed. Most anything else is.

The show is part of a national tour produced by American Concert Co., which normally promotes music shows. Last year American Concert produced the Chuck Mangione concert at the University of Montana.

"The concert scene is getting kind of slow right now," Alan Jenkins, promoter of the show, explained, "and this is good business." Jenkins said that mud wrestling establishments in Los Angeles were charging as much as \$7 at the door and were "packing the house." The Trading Post charged \$3 and 425 people paid to see the show.

"Getting broads for this

fact, out of a three-hour show, only 13½ minutes are wrestling. There are three "bouts" of three 1½ minute rounds. The rest of the time is spent psyching up the crowd.

The women come on stage and dance for 10 to 15 minutes before the wrestling begins. Each one portrays a character with a costume to match, and the dancing involves the shedding of the costume down to the bare essentials in a vague attempt at striptease.

The women make some extra money during this process. If you hold a dollar bill over your head, your buddy's head or your husband's head, the women will dance over to you and reward you with a kiss on the mouth. No touching is allowed and there are five security people on hand to enforce the rule.

One of the wrestlers, Marcia, who goes by the stage name of "Sweet Savage," said that the dancing is at least as important as the wrestling. The bouts are won

Local ladies have their say

Reactions from some women in the crowd:

"No way in the world are they selling sex."

"I just think it's a dumb act. It could be done a lot better."

"If I had a better body, I might get out there and do it myself."

"I think it's great to see women out there doing something like that."

"I wouldn't be interested in seeing men do it."

"Women should have a better impression of themselves."

"I wouldn't do it for all the money in the world."

"I like to wrestle, myself."

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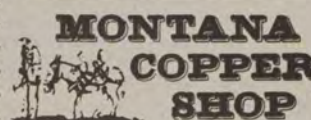
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The winning entries of the "WANNA TRADE BLUES" Contest

When I get the blues I grab my surfboard and surf the big outsiders on Flathead Lake's north shore, or shoot the tube on the vicious south shore.

Mike Noble, President of the Polson Surfing Assoc.

When I get the blues I eat bean burritos.

Amy Dittmaier

When I get the blues you can dress me up, but you can't take me nowhere!

R. R. Sixbey

The winners receive a ticket for tonight's

"Once In A Blue Moon" Concert

Taj Mahal and
Ramblin' Jack Elliott

TONIGHT 8 P.M.
U.C. BALLROOM

Cont. from p. 1

for teams that had made deposits the previous year.

Once the Feb. 28 deadline had passed, any amount over \$2,000 left in the account was to be spent by CB. Ball warned CB Feb. 11 that a "run on the bank" could occur, thus depleting much of the fund—but he made no mention of the \$2,945 deficit he wanted covered by the fund.

Wednesday night, Ball said he

sent a memo dated Aug. 21, 1980, to Czorny, requesting the money be transferred. Ball also said yesterday he had mentioned it to Czorny in July.

Czorny said he remembers Ball mentioning it to him "only in passing," and that he never got Ball's Aug. 21 memo. Czorny said he first saw a copy of the memo on Wednesday.

But Czorny added that even if he had received the memo requesting

the transfer of funds, he could not have transferred the money without approval of CB.

Ball also said the bill for the new racquetball/handball court doors was higher than he had expected. He said he placed the work order with the UM Physical Plant and asked for no price estimate, because he expected a lower price. The Physical Plant then sent him the bill for \$2,105 last spring, and he said he knew then it would cause a deficit.

Building . . .

Cont. from p. 1

touch with bond counselors to try and clear up the bond question. ASUM lobbyist Mike Dahlem said he has talked with a Helena bond counselor, and Max Weiss of ASUM Legal Services has talked to another.

Dahlem said he has received no word from Minneapolis bond expert William Johnstone, whose opposition to the bill was at the center of the controversy. Last month, Johnstone said that passage of the bill could jeopardize payment on bonds, possibly impairing contract obligations. However, his opposition was muted somewhat by the addition of amendments limiting student involvement in the use of the fees

to the money not guaranteed to bonds. Dahlem said Johnstone has not responded since the amendment was added.

Dahlem said all the other senators involved in the reassignment of the bill seem to support the move. Senate President Jean Turnage, R-Polson, who sent the bill to Finance and Claims in the first place, said it made no difference to him and left it up to Himsi, Dahlem said.

Sen. Bob Brown, R-Whitefish, chairman of the Education Committee, would like to see the bill sent to his committee, Dahlem said.

But until the bond question can be cleared up to the satisfaction of Himsi, the bill will stay in Finance and Claims, he said. It is possible,

but very unlikely, that a bill would be moved from one committee to another over the protest of one of the chairmen.

Sen. Ed Smith, R-Dagmar, one of the co-sponsors of the bill, said "it will be tougher" if Himsi opposes the bill, but it will still be heard in Finance and Claims and, as a co-sponsor, "I'll defend it."

That feeling was echoed by ASUM lobbyist Steve Carey. "It belongs in Education," he said. "It's obviously political shenanigans (to put it in Finance). The questions about the bonds were adequately answered in the House. We think we'd have a better chance of winning in Education, but we think we have the best arguments and we'll fight for it in Finance and Claims."

Curtis . . .

Cont. from p. 1

ministration, he admits many students still look at student government negatively, if at all.

And the glut of "creative people" he hoped would be recruited to ASUM under him did not materialize. Although he blames Lang for her failure to recruit, especially for committee posts, Lang defies his assessment. "Students just weren't interested in committee," she said. "We had to take who we could get to fill spaces."

Curtis' administration was plagued by two major crises, both which may have been avoided. First, there was the attempt to impeach Lang, and second, was the near-failure of the faculty evaluations program.

The so-called "Lang Affair" came when a group of disgruntled CB members attempted to oust Lang last fall, citing as their reason as her failure to staff committees and to finish student faculty evaluations.

And while Curtis said he negotiated between parties to

clear up the problem, one ex-CB member, Dan O'Fallon, claimed Curtis was aware of the impeachment attempts, yet did nothing to stop them.

"He knew what was going on," O'Fallon said. "And if he wanted to, he could have stopped it. But he didn't. They would have stopped if he put his foot down."

O'Fallon sees this as an example of Curtis' failure to administer policy.

The fiasco surrounding faculty evaluations also leans heavily on Curtis and his failure to administer the program until it was almost too late. Curtis described the process—which includes the creation of student-faculty evaluation committees and the distribution and tabulation of evaluation forms—as being ungainly when his administration inherited it. Yet he did little to change the system, and in the fall of last year, handed its control to Lang.

Lang said she could not handle the extra load. And her failure to complete the program led to the call for her impeachment.

"He didn't help me with the evaluations. He didn't leave me with any written instructions," she said.

But most importantly, O'Fallon and Lang question what accomplishments Curtis has left ASUM.

"I don't think our administration

did very much this year, as far as any major accomplishments," Lang said.

"What can he point to as an accomplishment?" O'Fallon asked.

During his interview Wednesday, Curtis said he was considering a unique project, perhaps his final one in office. He said he wished to create a book, a legacy of his presidency.

And considering what is apparently his off-balance administration—strongly based in diplomacy, weakly based in administration and the creation of projects—it may be the only way Curtis will be remembered in years to come.

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Weather or Not

It was a dark and stormy night—scattered rain or snow showers, with partly cloudy skies, a high of 45 and a low of 25. Suddenly a shot rang out. The maid screamed. A door slammed. A pirate ship appeared on the horizon.

Chris passed Lisa the popcorn. "It was a great idea of yours to duck in here to hide from the police," he said.

"Mmmm," Lisa answered, taking a handful.

"Alan, I'm confused," a woman said.

"Be quiet and watch the movie, Marsha," Alan said.

"I've been thinking," Chris said. Lisa nearly choked in surprise. "Have you noticed how the weather keeps popping up? I think that's a clue. If we follow the weather reports, we can find whoever is responsible. Let's go!"

To be continued.

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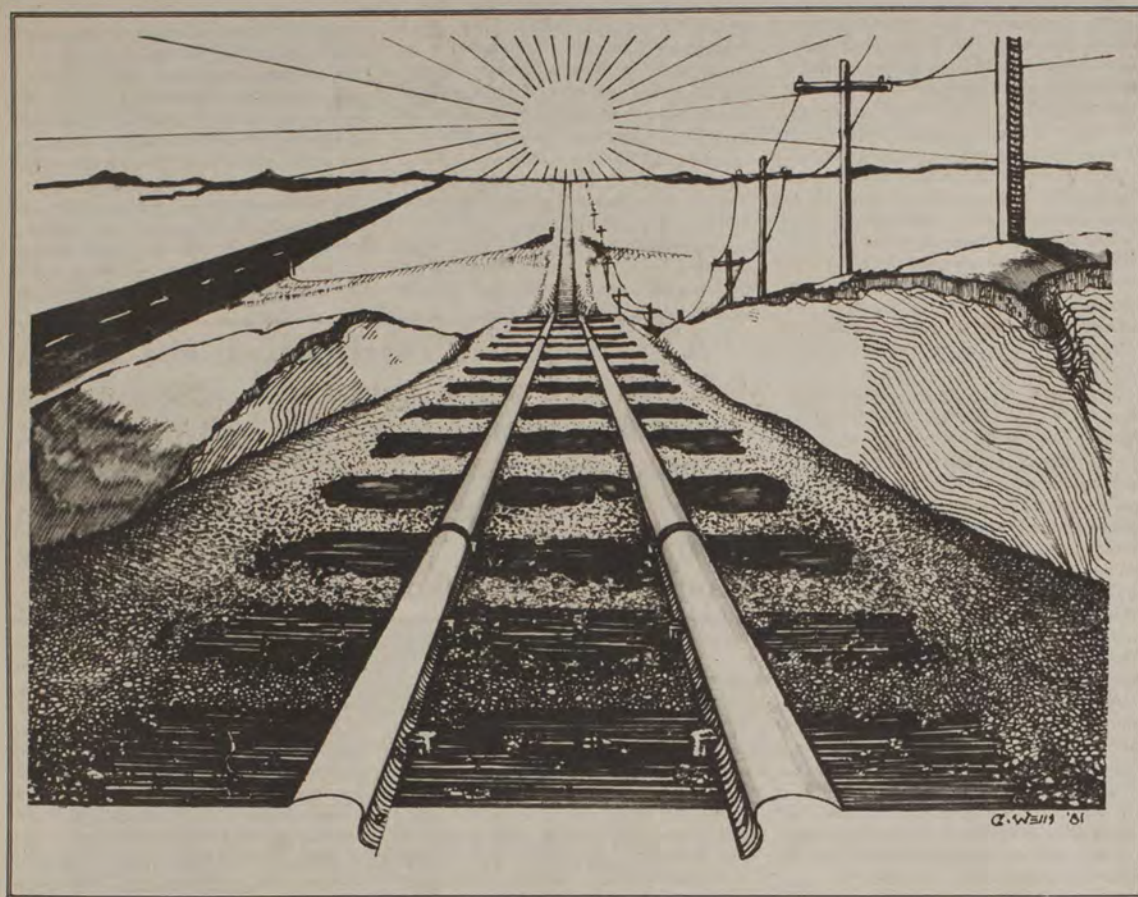
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TRADING POST SALOON



Those Who Trespass

"But then strange dreams about places mostly. We live by accidents of terrain, you know. And terrain is what remains in the dreaming part of your mind."

—Richard Cantwell

Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.

—Lord's Prayer

DAWN

Early September, on the highlands of northeastern Nevada, is still very much summer. Already hot and dry, the morning

short story by John Russell

reaches painful brightness as a dawning fireball sends its slanting new rays across this wide land of alternating valleys and ranges. Huge shadows, like silent, stalking animals, take indistinct form at the first touch of sunlight and slowly begin to retreat toward their sources—

A bug splats with a dull sound against the center of the angled windshield. It leaves a long yellow cone there for you to look through, its penalty on you for its little murder.

the bare hills and boulders and desert shrubs, the greasewood, creosote, sage and bunch grass. The elongated patterns blur and merge with other shadows—at first muting visibly, minute-by-minute, but slowing as the white sun climbs free from the glaring eastern horizon and gains a few degrees of elevation. Tiny bits of dew left by the night evaporate, and the valley of the upper Humboldt River begins to bake under another relentless summer sun.

That Dutchman, Ogden, would still recognize the arid landscape. What would surprise him now are the wide expressway, not busy at this early hour and occupied only by a few speeding heavy trucks and even fewer passenger cars, and the high steel lines of a railroad. Down the valley, in a series of long tangents connected by gentle, banked, high-speed curves, sweeps the Southern Pacific's main track between Salt Lake and San

Francisco. Rail traffic, too, at this early moment, is light: here, the heavy steel is empty, although several miles off in the brightening east a short freight is leaving Wells. It glides down the broad valley like some large, purposeful red racer, its speed quickly increasing to the legal limit.

Away in the north, cattle herds graze on sage-dotted alluvial slopes. Great brown dumb heads bend and yank at the bunch grass.

DRIVING

The slots at Wells took thirty-six of your precious dollars last night. Your wife did not speak another ten words to you during the evening.

You left Wells—that busy, dusty, transient-filled crossroads town in the midst of a great dry nowhere—about thirty minutes ago, just before sunrise. The glowing pre-dawn was already warm; the day promises to be blistering when the sun, now an intense, white glare just above the eastern horizon, gets higher. You aim the throbbing car along the monotonous interstate, west toward Reno. Before Reno you'll see nothing but sun-dried little towns and the

glasses. Miles away, over the Independence Mountains, there seem to be a few flat, featureless velvet clouds; otherwise the entire hemisphere of burning sky is bright blue, almost white. You see you're driving too fast and ease up on the accelerator. Your wife is turned in her seat slightly away from you, looking out her window, and silent.

THE CROSSING

From an old paved road paralleling the expressway, the dirt road starts at a right angle. It departs northward; within fifty yards it rises slightly to cross, at grade, the Southern Pacific's streamlined right of way. Again, the angle between each leg of the crossing—rails and road—is precisely ninety degrees. Heavy planks fill in the roadway between the rails, enough space being left to allow passage of flanged steel wheels, and two or three more thick planks are imbedded outside each rail. The rest of the road is dirt and gravel. But in direct contrast to the lowly construction of the little-used road, the tracks and roadbed intersect as are heavy as any in the country: the rail, weighing over 150 pounds per yard, rests on broad tie plates which in turn are spiked to new ties bedded in fine rock ballast. Beside the dirt road—on its right, approaching the track from either direction—whitewashed poles bear weathered signs in the form of a flattened X; one axis of each X announces "railroad crossing," the other warns, "stop look and listen." There is not nearly enough road traffic to warrant any sort of more sophisticated warning devices—gates, bells, or flashing red lights. The view for either road or rail traffic is generous here, anyhow, the shortest outlook being over a mile, along the tracks east until they make a slight bend; down and across the valley, west and north, the vista for miles is unobstructed, gently rolling desert.

The isolated crossing is unremarkable; there are thousands like it.

The isolated crossing is unremarkable; there are thousands like it.

Although the sun is still quite low in the brilliant east, it has already warmed the black ties of the railroad enough that there is a faint smell of creosote from them. The low sun outlines distinctly every bush alongside the road, every pebble on its pocked surface. This road, from its crossing with the shining

rails, unreels in a straight line across the Humboldt's wide valley flatness. It goes out of plumb only once, dropping and jogging slightly for a better river crossing angle. Then the straightness resumes, now on a slight climb, for the remainder of the road's four-mile existence. Its terminus is indistinct, the

graphics by Charles Wells

road simply petering out among several brown ranch buildings and maze-like holding pens which congregate at the base of juniper-topped foothills.

BILLY

At the ranch, a cloud of dust is born and moves the only way open to it, directly across the desert according to the dictates of the unbending dirt road. In the cab of his roaring, ten-wheeled Kenworth tractor, Billy Sheldon ignores the dazzling morning, the hot diesel smells, the pungent bittersweet odor of sage, the bawling sounds of restless cattle in the trailer behind, or anything else in the wide, bright physical world before him. Billy's gloved hands instinctively guide the jostling rig while his mind curses his personal world.

Bitch bitch bitch. BITCHbitch. Goddam woman, keeping a man up so late, half the night arguing her annual argument about visiting her relations on the coast, if we don't have the money this year you'd better find it on a tree someplace then because I'm going. I haven't seen my mother in seven years and every year you say next year and this is it. And on like that she goes until two-thirty in the morning until I finally go to bed because I've gotta get up for work in three hours,

what does she care about that. And minutes later she comes to bed and in the dark you can still almost feel the steam coming off her, and when I mutter something about Well, maybe we'll see if we can't work something out some way, and reach out and put a hand on a hip I goddam near get a



broken wrist for my trouble son of a BITCH she can have the money to go, alright, let her find her own way back. Shit who needs that stuff.

Barely two hours sleep and I coulda died but I've been late too much, and MISTER Snider has told me, Late one more time Willy (but like a fat old nigra he says it Weely, Christ he knows I hate that, I could punch the bastard) and that's it for ya. Then where's a guy with a ninth-grade education go, especially around here. But my GOD I'm tired, I'm gonna sleep a week tonight if she starts in again she'll wish she hadn't, that's all. A man can only put up with so much.

Billy Sheldon keeps his right hand on the big wheel, brings the left up in a fist and rubs one scratchy, bloodshot eye, then the other. The blazing sun streams directly into his face through the left window of the cab. (Bad enough I'm near dead, somebody turn off that mother searchlight.) Tiny beads of sweat form on Billy's forehead and trap loose strands of his uncombed dark hair, and with a day-old beard he looks even more tired and haggard than he feels. Sweat pops out, too, at his armpits and one tickling drop rolls down his ribs inside Billy's loose shirt. He slaps at that side with the opposite hand. (Shit hotter than hell's kitchen already and the sun's barely up.)

On the jolting rig's western side its long shadow forms a jerky, irregular caricature, a pacing phantom that leaps bushes and drops into hollows without effort. Behind the slow-moving truck and trailer, the dust its passage creates lifts high on a fitful breeze, then carries east, against the solar pressure, to sift down on the monotonous wastes.

THE TRAIN

Railroad companies mark their scheduled freight trains with a regular number; extra runs simply take the number of the engine pulling them. Extra 5399 West was born in the Southern Pacific's sprawling yard at

Ogden — at night in blackness eye-hurtingly starred by dozens of bright tower lights. Twenty-three freight cars, a caboose and a single diesel roadswitcher. There are several cars of rough lumber, four of grain, and some others; nine are empties. One car is packed, carefully, with the antique furniture collection of a rich elderly woman from Philadelphia. She is moving to Modesto to spend her last years near her only niece. The carload has been insured for \$185,000.

Through the dark morning the short train droned past the Salt Lake and across upper Utah's desolation; the Ogden crew was relieved at Wells just before a sun which had promised day for over an hour finally came out of hiding.

Ten minutes out of Wells the new engine crew of Extra 5399 has settled into an accustomed pattern. All three men are seated, relaxed; nothing is required of them for the moment except for the engineer's need to remain casually aware of the track before him and to keep an eye on the load indicator in the engine's control panel. Without consciously thinking about it he is grateful to be headed west at this hour, not to have to look into the glare, the bright new sun directly behind. The roadswitcher's cab fills with the racket of its 2400 horsepower diesel and the high whine of electric motors.

Across from the engineer the seats on the cab's left side are occupied by the fireman, whose face is in a newspaper, and the head brakeman. Above the windows on either side is stencilled the cryptic order, "Keep Feet Off Windows." The brakeman has read the words a thousand times. He raises one leg, braces a foot on a forbidden window sill and eyes the passing scenery, bright but lined yet with huge shadows, and thinks of nothing except the hot trip ahead. A moment later he brings his foot down, straightens and slides open the window on his side of the cab; the rushing of hot air overcomes some of the engine noise. Vern lets his left hand

dangle outside the window and begins drumming the cab side near the top of the last white "9" in the painted engine number. The final jukebox song from last night's bar stop begins playing again in his head, and the drumming accompanies the silent melody.

"Close that window a little, willya Vern," says the engineer. "It's damn windy in here." The arm withdraws and adjusts the window, leaving a five-inch opening.

The half-shout, "Thank yuh," Vern waves his right hand without looking across the cab. The interrupted tune starts up again but

too small for them to start a world war over. "I suppose you were," she says flatly.

In the opposite lanes of traffic a dirty oil tanker roars past, followed by a cattle truck. Both drivers have their sun visors down full against the hot, low sun spraying directly in their faces. At least, you think, I don't have to fight that, too.

A low billboard catches your eye. On its left half is a shiny gold cross, painted rays extending from it, with the half-messages, "Christ died for . . ." and "Prepare to meet . . ." The other half has been covered with a sign proclaiming "Slots

A low billboard catches your eye. On its left half is a shiny gold cross, painted rays extending from it, with the half-messages, "Christ died for . . ." and "Prepare to meet . . ." The other half has been covered with a sign proclaiming "Slots — Games — at the Apollo Trading Post, Elko, Nev."

without the finger-accompaniment.

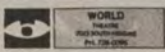
DRIVING

You glance at the mirror once then begin edging your car into the fast lane to get by an older Mercury station wagon ahead. In it, you see from behind, are an abnormal number of little head-silhouettes, and as you pull alongside you make a rough count of at least ten ragged kids, plus two weary-looking adults in the front seat. But you see the old driver make a quick, toothy smile your way. You keep both hands on the wheel but your wife hesitates briefly then waves at him as you pull away. A few seconds later she says, "Heck of a friendly fellow, aren't you?" Your eyebrows lift a little under the sunglasses. "Well crap I was driving wasn't I?" Jesus when they get on the rag there's nothing

— Games — at the Apollo Trading Post, Elko, Nev." Below that is a colorful characterization of a slot machine with smiling mouth, wide, honest eyes, and a handle waving at motorists.

Looking around the unexciting landscape, now you spot a train far to your left, a half-mile or more away, on the rail line which since Wells has shadowed the expressway, sometimes parallel, sometimes out of its sight. The distant train has just come from behind a low, rocky hill; briefly, the track over there points almost at the road, then bends to the west. You catch a quick view of the freight nearly head on before its engine reaches the curve and the line of cars begins stretching out again behind it, looking like a huge, fast, segmented serpent. In only a





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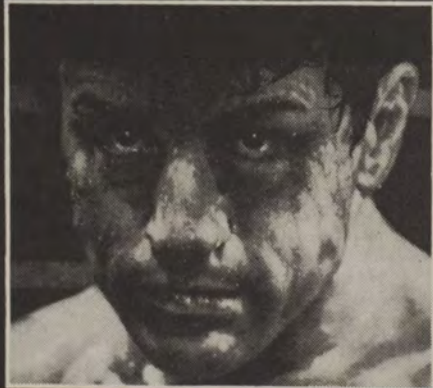
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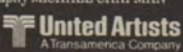
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So does the blade of a knife.



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moment the caboose is through the curve and the complete train is in sight. It's too far off for you to count the cars exactly, but it's a small train, no more than maybe twenty-five, it seems to be pulling away.

"Boy, that thing is really scooting along over there, isn't it?" you say to the woman, hoping some small talk will straighten her out and not ruin the whole day. In a second she replies, "Yeah, I'll say," but the sentence is too short for you to catch the inflection; you can't tell whether she's still being sarcastic or perhaps is trying to match your conciliatory mood. Then you comment, "You know, I thought those trains had speed limits on them, just like highways," but all she says is, "Uh-huh, they should," and again you can't decide.

In a handful of minutes the distant train definitely has pulled ahead of you and has

disappeared through an underpass beneath the freeway ahead. You can see where the road climbs, there, then drops from sight to the left side of the railroad. From the way the landscape runs, you guess that shortly both tracks and asphalt will share the same bank of the Humboldt beneath more low, barren hills.

Where the road meets the skyline, directly ahead though still over two miles away, vehicles appear like crawling ants passing each other instinctively on a smooth path. Each is outlined for a moment on top, then either moves this way and blends with the distant pavement or goes the other way, dropping from view.

You open the air vent wide. Christ for air-conditioning. Get it next car for sure.

THE TRAIN

The railroad engineer, desiring to stop his

train in an emergency situation, may do little other than give his air brakes full application. He may, conceivably, throw his engine into reverse — but he had best be prepared, later, to justify that action to an angry superintendent. Reversing a rolling engine was common practice in the days of steam locomotives; it did no harm except for the little burns sometimes left on the rails themselves. But suddenly throwing a diesel-electric into reverse probably will burn out its incredibly precious traction motors. Don't, says the operating rulebook, except in the direst of emergencies.

That engineer also may pray or curse, depending on time and personal inclinations.

But unlike the driver of an automobile, he cannot dodge or maneuver, or accelerate quickly to avoid trouble. Of course, his train is confined to the rails on which it rides; the engineman is simply in command of too many hundreds of tons of rolling weight. At speed, the momentum of even a short train renders it a powerful force—unstoppable in any distance much under three-quarters of a mile.

DRIVING

Shortly you slow down as the hood of your car points up. The expressway climbs, first to pass over the EsPee's black mainline, then to go higher yet to follow the Nevada terrain. Not far to your left a hillside displays a speckled light-and-shadow aspect as the low sun's rays fall across ranks of dry sagebrush. One great, rough, protruding boulder lends variety to the desert diorama.

You reach the top of the rise, and ahead the highway drops, then levels and runs straight west — in two separated routes with two lanes each for traffic in each direction — for miles, toward the next grey range of hills. The Southern Pacific's twin rails parallel your highway into the hot, shimmering distance.

The train you saw moments ago has already traveled far down the straightway. It's rolling so fast, you notice, it has kicked up a sizable cloud of dust off there, in the distance. From this elevated point on the highway, momentary perspective gives you a wide view of hundreds of square miles of northern Nevada. The warm new day's heat waves give the radiant panorama a faintly surreal appearance, almost like viewing a soft, slightly out-of-focus and

overdeveloped photograph. Now, though, something in it disturbs you vaguely.

In the last thirty or forty seconds, as you drove down the hill and onto the straight, it has seemed to you the train, far ahead, has not moved much relative to two indistinct shapes that bracket the track up there.

And that dust — earlier, you think back, the fast-moving train was making no dust cloud as it sped across the desert. But it could have been just a whirlwind, too; you've seen plenty of them out here yesterday and today. You remove the sunglasses and squint into the distance, but can make no better sense from the remote, dusty scene. You put the glasses back on.

Your wife has been sitting back in her seat, relaxed, looking out her window at the passing desert. Then she glances ahead, and begins to take on an expression of curiosity, of puzzlement. She tosses her long hair and straightens in the seat, but neither she nor you can yet discern much, at the distance.

To your left the mesa pulls back to the south, away from the highway. The west-facing flanks of the hills fading to the left are in shadow and occasional gullies make dark lines on them but mostly they are the same dark brown everywhere except on some of the topmost ridges which are brightly lit. A solitary tree on the rim takes on an irregular haloed aspect from the backlighting.

Then the hills marched past you and the valley expands limitlessly on both sides as you motor down the long racetrack-straight stretch of Interstate 80. One hundred and fifty yards to your right lies the railroad main, gleaming rails atop dark-stained ties and ballast atop elevated earth embankment. A bug splats with a dull sound against the center of the angled windshield. It leaves a long yellow cone there for you to look through, its penalty on you for its little murder. Between the rails and the Interstate run a wire fence and frontage road (probably an older highway) which is asphalted but not used much, you guess, from the way the desert sands in places have attacked its edges.

Without thinking you have lowered your car's speed by ten miles an hour, and the sweep hand of your watch slowly makes one circuit while you roll, wordlessly, closer. Your joint



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apprehension grows, building silently toward outright concern and fear. You can see cars pulling off the highway on either side, ahead, as though there has been an accident. But you cannot distinguish anything on the road, at least. At under a mile you think you can make out figures crossing the road, all going to the right side, and some seem to be crawling under and over the fence on that side.

You drive on and after several more seconds have ticked past on your watch you know you are closing the gap with the freight train on the track ahead. It barreled by you on the desert only minutes ago; now it obviously has stopped dead. In the train's wake but still ahead of you, a dirt road leaves the other and crosses the tracks and heads away into the flat desert. Near the dirt road on either side of the rails are two ragged, distorted objects which, even at this distance, look somehow out of place. You can't make them out yet.

You slow down further as two cows lope past you, just inside the fence and sometimes brushing its barbs with their hides. Over on the frontage road you see several more cattle, all running away from you, past you. One, flecked with red, limps badly. You nearly are abreast of the first parked car on your side of the highway before the grotesque realization hits you. At almost the same instant your wife suddenly brings one hand to her mouth while grabbing you near the wrist, hard, with the other. Her puzzled expression has changed instantly to a reflection of twisted horror.

"Oh, God."

THE TRAIN

On the left side of the throbbing diesel cab the fireman has finished his newspaper and like a kid in a car is counting telephone poles. But when he reaches the hundreds it takes him too long to say mentally each number and the train's speed makes his tally fall behind quickly. He steadily turns his head toward the train's rear, trying to keep up, at last leaning out a ways in tracking his poles as long as he can, knowing

he will have to give up in seconds but determined like a child at play to keep his game going as long as he can. He shades his eyes against the sun as he is forced to look farther back and east.

"What the hell you doin'?" Vern asks him. "Oh — checkin' something," says How, reddening slightly but not noticeably in the heat and sunlight.

"Umh." Vern takes up How's discarded paper, shuffles through it until he finds the comic strips. How's eyes fall on the dancing line of telephone poles again but he does not try counting them now. They remind him of Orthodox Church crosses.

From the south a small ravine comes out of the hills, etches its way to the tracks, then turns and follows them. The streambed is dry except for occasional damp, green spots. Then it ducks beneath the rail line in two wide concrete culverts and heads toward the highway and the



river beyond. Through the opposite cab windows How glimpses, in the streambed, a good-sized pool. Green rushes are gathered at the sides of the unmoving water. A light breeze starts to bend the reeds down, into the pool, then the bank cuts them from How's view and he sees only the dry desert floor, with a few sage bushes nodding to the moving air.

Shortly the roaring diesel leans into a right curve, then slams through an underpass. For one or two seconds the thunder in the cab multiplies enormously, and the crew smells the noxious blue fumes from its engine. Then the roadswitcher is in space and daylight again and the noises and stinks return to normal levels. The train follows a broad curve to the left for a moment and again is pacing the interstate highway but now on the highway's right, or north, side. From where the track has bored under it, the road climbs a ways further, makes a little bend of its own and drops to about the same level as the rails. Ahead lies a long, ruler-straight stretch for highway and railroad, both.

Heat waves boil off the forward hood of the steadily throbbing diesel. John's experienced hand notches his throttle higher. He takes passing note of a thin, brilliant dust plume crossing the desert far ahead.

"Be home in record time today, boys," he tells the men across the cab. Whether in the constant roar they hear him or not is unimportant; they are thinking the same thing.

THE TRESPASS

Your car is barely rolling now as you watch a fat man in loud shorts with two cameras dangling from loops around his red neck squeeze himself, puffing, through the wire fence. Then he holds the strands apart for two tweedledum children while kicking a tangled bunch of tumbleweeds aside, and his shiny face seems to be urging the kids to hurry, let's go see. You touch your brake once to let two teenagers, coming from the other lanes of traffic, cross the highway in front of you. You idle past a parked old Buick with Kansas plates.

In it sit a black man and woman; they are observing the scene with interest, but stay in their car. Across from you now, in the eastbound lanes, ten or twelve stopped cars have heads leaning out windows or adults standing beside open doors, looking over the highway.

Over by the railroad a middle-aged man with a bald spot is walking away from the crossing, carrying something — it looks like a broken-off mirror.

Still ahead on the tracks a man is standing just behind the caboose of the parked freight, looking back. Another man in coveralls is running, back from the engine, along the train on this side. A brown steer with a white rump gallops toward him on the ballast and the man is forced to step between two cars for a moment to avoid being run down, then resumes his dash back along the train.

Your wife rolls down the window. You pass an excited young couple, walking fast. "Jeezis christ," you hear through the opening. "Right in two!"

The window is rolled back up and the woman, trembling, looks at you.

"Please. Let's get out of here."

THE TRAIN

For a second or a lifetime the engineer's mind becomes absolutely, thoroughly petrified: the cattle truck, after stopping at the crossing ahead, incredibly has started again. John stares in infinite disbelief through the vertical windshield, past guardrails, louvered hoods and handholds of his engine, at the sudden unfair nightmare-in-life that he can't relate to, at the irrational event that he knows can't be occurring.

Then his mind lets him act while he shouts simultaneously to Vern and How (on the diesel cab's blind side), "Get back, get down, Christ that fool stupid bastard!" at the same instant with quick motions shoving his throttle to idle,



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hitting the sanding switch and yanking the AB handle to full EMERGENCY, John knowing in complete frustration even as he does all this that it is totally futile and nothing now can much alter what will happen.

Full application of the air throws the caught-unawares enginemmen violently forward and Vern and How scuttle around and brace themselves, unknowing, but half-comprehending from John's panic some impending disaster. Behind, the slack of twenty-four sets of drawbars bunching suddenly makes an immense, staccato crashing. The conductor in the caboose is thrown off his chair, the rear brakeman's nose is bloodied on a shelf. Their coffee pot overturns from its holder, spilling grounds and smoking brown water.

Two longs, a short and a final long note is the whistle signal for a train approaching a crossing. John just had sounded the second long note on his air horn when the truck unbelievably had begun to move again.

Before he joins his crew on the cab floor John sees the truck's turning drive wheels straddle the crossing with the cattle-filled trailer still lumbering behind and just before his view is blocked off he sees the driver look up at the train for the first time with the purest look of astonishment in the world. John braces himself staring back at three panels each of which reads "danger 600 volts" thinking WHY DINT THE

SONABITCH HEAR THE WHISTLE while the horrible shriek of locked-up steel wheels bearing tons of dead weight sliding on smooth rails increases to a frightening, profane, world-filling scream.

(The old lady collected sixty-five dollars insurance money: one of her precious chairs was found to have a loosened back. It always had been that way, but she insisted with the high-pitched vehemence of the aged that in Philadelphia it had been as solid as new.)

BILLY

Billy Sheldon bends his neck to the left to view his face in the truck's outside mirror. Two wide, hurting, bloodshot eyes look back. Boy if I don't look fine. O god for some sleep, I'm telling ya bitch don't start in again tonight or I'll kick yer ass to Oakland or wherever that yer goddam relatives hang out.

Be a cheap way for her to go alright. Billy takes a hand from the wheel and downshifts his rig for the gentle bend and the drop of several feet where the road becomes a bridge. The semi combination roars over the quiet green Humboldt, climbs and turns again and levels off. In quick steps Billy gets back his former gearing. Half a mile ahead is the railroad track, then the old highway. (At least there I'll get to turn west and get that fuckin' bright sun out of my eyes.)

After the last shift Billy moves his hand up to

the truck's radio, switches it on and finds his favorite C-W station. (Goddam last guy had his tractor left it on that shittin' acid-rock place.) Billy cranks up the volume until it drowns even the blaring engine. (Keep me awake, at least. Fine music.)

At the crossing Billy downshifts again, stopping from sheer habit as he does at all railroad tracks. (Waste of time anyway, they run lotsa trains here but never this time of the morning.) The following dust begins to pass the truck. Billy glances east but sees only the glinting twin rails and suspended just above them a great blinding sun, impossible to look into or even near. Blinking furiously he stares the other way a moment, where the track is clear to infinity, then savagely twists the lever of the protesting gearbox and begins to let out his clutch. (No more late, says that bastard Snider, I'll show him who can wheel a rig around here.) As Billy's big front wheels roll onto the rails a mournful western song is reaching its wailing, heart-broken climax on the too-loud radio.

DRIVING

Your wife looks straight ahead trying to see nothing. Without speaking you begin to ease

the car's speed up again as a young man running across the road is forced to halt for you. His hand slaps the rear fender as you accelerate by, and in the mirror you see he's not even looking at you but is running again, eyes ahead. "Christ," you say quietly, "what Goya could have drawn from that."

"What? What?" the woman asks, her white face turning toward you. But you don't repeat your remark.

You draw alongside the stopped train's engine now but neither of you wants to look over. The exhaust from the idling diesel has turned black; it curls in the breeze and begins drifting across the highway, while peripheral vision gives you an image of dented metal and a black hood crazily sticking out somewhere like a great broken wing. You hear, faintly through the closed car windows, an alarm bell ringing.

Your wife turns your way and gives you a weak smile. Finally. You raise your right arm once, then let it drop. You grin back at her.

Ahead in the powder-blue western sky is a tiny pale half-moon — a suspended broken wafer, whitewashed, transparent, nearly invisible — is lowering, seeking its night behind the hot Nevada range.

John Russell graduated from the University of Montana in 1973, with a bachelor's degree in English. He now works as a technical writer for the UM social work department and plans on writing more fiction in the future. He hopes to begin work on a novel in a few months.

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TIRED OF REGISTRATION DAY DELAYS?

Take time now before the end of the quarter to meet with your Advisor and secure a stamp, and avoid the need to do so on the day you register!

You can get your Advisor to stamp the worksheet in your copy of the "Spring Schedule of Classes" which you can obtain in the Lodge (at Registrar's windows) first thing Monday morning, March 9th. Save that worksheet and on the day you register, that, plus your registration form, will admit you into the Fieldhouse to section into classes. Remember, if you are a freshman, sophomore, or transfer student who came to the University anytime beginning Autumn Quarter, 1979, you will have three asterisks ("**") on your registration form. This means you must present an Advisor's stamp either on the registration form or on the "Schedule of Classes" worksheet before you can section into classes.

DECLARED MAJORS: Call your departmental Advisor and make an appointment to meet before March 20th. If you have forgotten his or her name, call your department chairman and ask (see campus directory).

GENERAL STUDIES (EXPLORATORY) MAJORS: If you have been assigned to a General Advisor during this academic year, your name will appear below with your Advisor's name adjacent to it. Make an appointment to meet before March 20th. Don't forget to take a "Spring Schedule" with you and to have its worksheet stamped before you leave! If you have questions about this process, call Kitty Corak, Academic Coordinator, 243-2835.

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Adams, Jennifer—Oelz
Adams, Lisa—Townsend
Ahrlich, Steve—Lott
Ahouse, Von Esser—Brozovsky
Alcock, Sally—Oelz
Allen, Allison—Lott
Allen, Marjorie—G. Cochran
Amren, Mark—Johnson
Anderson, Charles—Federman
Anderson, Deland—C. Lee
Anderson, Donald—Lindsay
Anderson, William—Higgins
Andrews, Elizabeth—G. Cochran
Armstrong, Christopher—Mills
Armstrong, Jerold—Field
Arnold, Laurie—Mayhew
Auld, Linda—Lott

Backus, Thomas—Lawry
Backus, Timothy—Manis
Bagnell, Scott—Fraser
Banks, Barbara—Elison
Barkley, Jason—Simmons
Barnwell, Theodore—Williams
Barry, Paul—Evans
Beck, Brian—Elison
Becken, Sheri—Madden
Benson, James—Miller
Benton, Robert—Johnson
Bergquist, Drea—Lott
Bernie, Dorothy—Schiff
Bestgen, Patricia—Madden
Bestwick, Diane—Lawry
Bishop, Marion—Lommasson
Blaine, Jill—Miller
Blakely, Thomas—Madden
Blanchfield, Gregory—Malouf
Blank, Kris—Todd
Blotkamp, John—Townsend
Bohrmann, Erich—McGaughy
Bolger, Ann—Lewis
Bossler, Karol—Cestnik
Boyd, Helen—Allen
Bozich, Michael—Manis
Bratt, Cheri—Dinkel
Braun, Stephen—Todd
Breen, Thomas—Raoul
Brinkerhoff, Gregory—Horton
Brockman, Beth—Fraser
Brooke, Yvonne—Elison
Brown, Jeffrey—Allen
Brown, May Eve—Manis
Brumberger, Timothy—Taylor
Brumfield, Ronald—Schiff
Buck, Deborah—Higinbotham
Buck, Sarah—Elison
Bulger, John—Allen
Burch, Susan—Lindsay
Burkhardt, Kerrin—Wood
Burlingame, Shari—Cestnik
Burt, Thomas—Cuff
Burton, Vernon—Cestnik
Byington, Robert—A. Harris
Byrnes, Betsy—McGaughy
Cantrell, Theadora—Wood
Caraway, Herbert—Rose
Cardwell, Carlee—Allen
Carlsen, Jane—Todd
Carosone, Rico—Lommasson
Carrington, William—Manis
Cassidy, Patrick—Woodbury
Caster, Evan—Madden
Cecile, Gloria—Lindsay
Christensen, Michelle—Fraser
Ciliberti, Tony—Mills
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Collins, Bradley—Manis
Collins, Tim—Dulaney
Colyer, Kenneth—Maloney
Comber, Bonnie—Pepon
Conley, Maureen—Maloney
Cooper, Brian—Maloney
Cooper, Craig—Zimmerman
Copeman, Charles—Cestnik
Copenhaver, Mark—Elison
Corette, Lorrie—Schiff
Cornelius, Kathy—Loveless
Costelloe, Kevin—Loveless
Counsell, Marlene—Unger
Cox, Gail—Johnson
Crain, Lloyd—Maloney
Crane, Kathy—Field
Creedy, Rebecca—Lawry
Cross Guns, Mabel—Pepon
Crossland, Kimberly—S. Lee
Cummins, William—Horton
Cunningham, Mary—Loughran
Curtis, Richard—Allen
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Doherty, Timothy—Rose
Donahue, Kathleen—Porter
Donahue, Scott—Purl

Dozier, Lorraine—Dunn
Dragos, Alison—Lindsay
Dragos, Robyn—Lindsay
Dreo, Diane—Dunn
Dufner, Dan—Rose
Dunkle, Valerie—Malouf
Edin, Mark—Madden
Egli, Katherine—Townsend
Ellard, Debbie—Oelz
Engleson, Timothy—Brozovsky
Erickson, Mark—Malouf
Erickson, Jill—Schiff
Erickson, Thomas—Haggerty
Esmoil, Brian—Miller
Everett, Christine—Evans
Falldorf, Daniel—Riekana
Fehrs, Daniel—Rose
Felke, Patrick—Lott
Fellin, Marco—Federman
Felster, Brian—Elison
Felstet, David—Mills
Flicher, Mary—Zachariasen
Fisher, Mark—Mullen
Fliger, Kathleen—Allen
Foley, Elise—Allen
Foley, Thomas—C. Lee
Forman, Elizabeth—Loughran
Foster, Daniel—Brozovsky
Fraser, Kevin—Fraser
French, Albert—Riekana
Fuge, John—Brozovsky
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Gaul, Joan—Elison
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Geer, Leslie—Lommasson
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Grothen, Michael—Lott
Grover, Vicki—Higinbotham
Gruber, Paul—Kunz
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Hagen, Trudi—Faust
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Hagfeldt, Michelle—Maloney
Hahn, Tamara—Maloney
Haling, Randall—Raoul
Halverson, Thomas—Purl
Halvorson, Daniel—Lawry
Hannan, Rebecca—Cestnik
Hansen, Joseph—Purl
Hansen, Leo—Jeppesen
Harding, Jeannine—Purl
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Harper, Kathryn—C. Lee
Harris, Mark—Dinkel
Hartman, Todd—Allen
Hartse, Caroline—Horton
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Hauch, Jane—McGaughy
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Henry, Lucinda—Brozovsky
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Horton, Paul—Maloney
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Jeffries, Matthew—Mullen
Jelsing, Corrine—Riekana
Jensen, Mark—Card
Jermunson, Melaine—Todd
Johns, Kathryn—Cestnik
Johnson, Marcy—Cestnik
Johnson, Nancy—Mattina
Johnson, Sheryl—Elison
Johnston, Jamie—Allen
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Jordan, Shirley—Lommasson
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Lake, John—Manis
Large, Keith—Malouf
Larrick, Andrew—Higinbotham
Larsen, Tonja—Johnson
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Larson, Nanette—Maloney
Lasky, Barbara—Williams
Lauderville, Tawni—Kunz
Le Cain, Ronald—Fraser
Le Pard, Lee Ann—Allen
Leegan, Timothy—Federman
Lemmon, Howard—Dunn
Leonard, Steve—Manis
Lewis, Christopher—Madden
Lewis, Michael—Williams
Lewis, Patricia—G. Cochran
Lichtenhan, Richard—Todd
Lind, James—Lott
Lindsay, Margot—Allen
Lipski, Mary—Brozovsky
Lockwood, Monti—Dunn
Long, Carol—Federman
Long, Robert—Lawry
Lopp, Daniel—Dunn
Loucks, Bradley—Malouf
Lucero, Gary—Manis
Lueck, Barry—Madden
Lueders, James—Elison
Lund, James—Horton
Lund, Russell—Federman
Lundberg, Ernest—Miller
Lundberg, Renee—Zimmerman
Luttschwager, Dan—Malouf
Lynch, Russ—Todd
Lynes, Marcia—Malouf
Mac Donald, Deirdre—Zimmerman
Mac Kay, Kathy—Riekana
Maeda, Satoru—Brozovsky
Magnuson, Swen—Horton
Maier, Donna—Dinkel
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Masteron, Richard—Raoul
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McFadden, Dennis—Miller
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Millatt, Dean—Zimmerman
Millhouse, Stephen—C. Lee
Milward, Lori—Todd
Mitchell, Mark—Evans
Mitchell, Patricia—Mullen
Mitschke, Gretchen—Elison
Mockler, Richard—Madden
Mohland, Cy—Lott
Moon, Bettie—Cestnik
Moos, John—Rowe
Moran, James—Dinkel
Morigeau, Cheryl—LeBeau
Mostad, Julie—Raoul
Moyland, Thomas—Lindsay
Muchmore, Gerald—Evans
Muldoon, Timothy—Riekana
Murray, Patricia—Fraser
Mash, Laura—Lommasson
Neidigh, Reggie—Riekana
Nelson, Deirdre—Raoul
Nelson, Jaye—Oelz
Nelson, Mark—Manis
Neuhardt, Rodney—Lawry
Newell, Gregory—Woodbury
Nichwander, Richard—Riekana
Nisbet, Jerri—Corak
Noel, Shelley—Fraser
Norberg, Terri—Haggerty
Northrop, Janet—McGaughy
Nowell, Robert—Maloney
Nyman, Nicholas—Allen
O'Brien, Josephine—Madden
O'Rourke, David—Loveless
Oliver, Rebecca—Lindsay
Olson, Bonnie—Townsend
Olson, Cara—Stark
Onstad, Paula—Oelz
Palmer, Warren—Johnson
Pancratz, Robert—Cestnik
Parker, Dana—Rose
Parker, Sheila—Loveless
Parks, Gary—Cestnik
Parry, Alexandria—Woodbury
Patton, Gary—Madden
Patton, Timothy—Lindsay
Pedraza, Carlos—Madden
Peltier, Carin—Cestnik
Peterson, Charles—Riekana
Peterson, Eileen—Madden
Peterson, John—Manis
Peterson, Lee Ann—Lewis
Pettit, Laurie—Cestnik
Phillips, Leslie—Todd
Pike, Tracy—Oelz
Piskals, Andrew—Dinkel
Plenger, Robert—Lott
Pomeroy, Glen—Cuff
Powell, Tamala—Madden
Prentice, Katherine—Todd
Price, Ian—Riekana
Proctor, Julie—Rose
Prothero, Mark—Loveless
Pry, Dennis—Dunn
Pugh, Michelle—Oelz
Pugh, Steven—Higinbotham
Purcell, Patrick—Federman
Radcliffe, Harold—Porter
Rains, Cynthia—Zimmerman
Raisl, David—Manis
Ralph, Allison—Hayes
Rasmussen, Anchor—Kang
Raymer, Beth—Dunn
Rebich, Sheila—Hayes
Rector, Michelle—Wood
Reveles, Gregorio—C. Lee
Reynolds, Chris—Mills
Rhine, Paul—Schiff
Richard, Grant—Loveless
Riley, Kelly—Lindsay
Rittel, Christine—Malouf
Roberson, Frankie—Mills
Roberts, Rick—Stark
Rodgers, Mary—Walton
Rogers, Jon—Higinbotham
Rognas, Liza—Allen
Roland, Janice—Zimmerman
Rolandson, Michael—Lommasson
Rominger, Gary—Faust
Root, Ronald—Evans
RossMiller, Michael—Lott
Rost, Page—Lutes
Rouse, Kevin—Evans
Rudio, Shawna—Dunn
Runkel, Richard—Malouf
Russell, Jane—Simmons
Sager, Lyndia—Card
Salak, Terrance—Loveless
Sandau, Rex—Manis
Santiago, Licia—Loughran
Sauerbier, Lona—Fraser
Schaan, Joseph—Higgins
Schilling, La Vern—Hayes
Schmidt, Kristi—Elison
Schmidt, Kurt—Schiff
Schroer, Miz—Lindsay
Schwarz, Susan—Higinbotham
Schwegman, Donna—Todd
Schwend, Ronald—C. Lee
Scott, Michael—Lawry
Seidel, Lonnie—Riekana
Seitz, Michael—Allen
Sergeant, Lisa—Lommasson
Severns, Jennifer—Lewis
Shanks, Leo—Zimmerman
Shelton, Shayne—Cestnik
Shockley, Cindy—Allen
Shular, Jeffrey—Lommasson
Siberling, Jacqueline—Raoul
Silver, Daniel—Federman
Simmons, David—Faust
Simmons, Deirdre—Porter
Simmons, Mark—Zimmerman
Simons, Robert—Pepon
Simpson, Gary—Fraser
Skiles, Daniel—Oelz
Smith, Laura—Loughran
Sol, Dirk—Malouf
Solvie, Douglas—Dinkel
Sonnega, Timothy—Brozovsky
Sorenson, Joseph—Manis
Sorenson, Larry—Unger
Sorrell, Malcolm—Johnson
Spencer, Aaron—Lindsay
Spofford, Andrew—Manis
St. Claire, Tina—Wood
Stalcup, Gregg—Higinbotham
Stark, Gordon—Elison
Stephens, Andre—Oelz
Stergar, Carolyn—Purl
Stern, Robin—Hayes
Stewart, Janna—Allen

Strobe, Rita—Corak
Suhr, Bradley—C. Lee
Sullivan, Callie—Rose
Sutton, William—Riekana
Swagerty, Shawn—Madden
Swanson, Peter—Manis
Swans, Jeffrey—Unger
Symons, Walter—Mullen
Syskowski, Jane—Porter
Syvud, Susan—Allen
Templeton, Neil—Field
Tennant, Christine—Madden
Thaggard, Joseph—Lott
Thomas, Julie—C. Lee
Thompson, Ann—Cuff
Thompson, James—Mullen
Thompson, Laura—Lommasson
Thompson, Sandra—Mills
Thompson, Janice—Ganz
Tinnian, Raymond—Mullen
Tolman, Timothy—Allen
Tompkins, Patrick—Lommasson
Tower, Thomas—Lindsay
Tramelli, Brett—Higinbotham
Trenary, Jean—Oelz
Trone, Tina—Cestnik
Trout, David—Hayes
Trush, Paul—Lott
Turnbull, Scott—Zachariasen
Tyacke, Lynne—Lawry
Ulrich, Raymond—Rowe
Unthank, Amy—Brozovsky
Valentine, David—Zachariasen
Vallie, John—Fraser
Vance, Wendy—Evans
Vandiver, Jana—Loughran
Vant Groenewont, Douglas—Lindsay
Vereyken, Jill—S. Lee
Vermillion, Ed—Schiff
Veyna, Lisa—Cuff
Wade, Judi—Field
Walker, Paul—Purl
Walseth, Bradley—Lommasson
Walsh, Graham—Allen
Ward, Bayliss—Brozovsky
Webb, Rebecca—Evans
Weber, Jay—Malouf
Weber, William—C. Lee
Webster, Jacqueline—Woodbury
Webster, Judith—Cuff
Webster, Timothy—C. Lee
Weier, George—Oelz
Weil, Dee—Maloney
Welch, Daniel—Lindsay
West, Chris—Lommasson
Weyer, James—Riekana
Wheeler, Charles—Rowe
White, Carl—Hayes
White, Richard—Brozovsky
White, Roylene—Madden
Wilkins, Kenneth—Brozovsky
Williams, Cary—Brozovsky
Wilson, Robertine—Rose
Wilson, Scott—Allen
Winningham, Dawn—Loughran
Winslow, Jeanne—Madden
Withycombe, Jeffrey—Riekana
Wivholm, Mary—Rose
Wohlfiel, Benjamin—Federman
Wolpert, Joseph—Rose
Worlan, Joan—Lommasson
Worthington, David—Madden
Woy, Martha—McGaughy
Wurster, Gregory—Cuff
Yerkes, Mark—Tibbs
Yobst, George—Riekana
Young, David—C. Lee
Zachary, Pam—Lommasson
Zeiler, Lorraine—Cochran
Zimmerman, Ken—Schiff
Zimmerman, Van—Peterson
Zumpli, Michael—Lindsay

GENERAL ADVISORS

Advisor	Office	Phone
Allen	PM 2	2391
Brozovsky	LO 148	4711
Card	HS 510	5972
Cestnik	LIB	6810
Cuff	LO 148	4711
Dinkel	FH 212	4211
Dunn	LIB 321	6731
Elison	LIB 102	6771
Evans	SS 324	4681
Faust	HS 507	4792
Federman	LO 148	4711
Field	CP 304	6374
Fraser	LO 148	4711
Haggerty	LO 148	4711
Hayes	VC 205	6181
Higgins	LIB	6861
Higinbotham	MG 102	2681/4191
Horton	MG 102	2681/4191
Jeppesen	SC 129	5179
Johnson	LIB	2053
Lawry	LA 424	2281
C. Lee	LO 148	4711
S. Lee	LO 148	4711
Lewis	WC 210	4562/4841
Lindsay	LA 252	5102
Lommasson	LO 148	4711
Lott	LA 152	2721
Loughran	LA 317	4321
Loveless	LO 148	4711
Maloney	LA 328	4801
Malouf	SS 221	2971
Manis	MA 301	4273
Mattina	SS 213	5851
Mayhew	LA 129	5383
McGaughy	724 Eddy	6293
Miller	LO 148	4711
Mills	LIB	6800
Mullen	LIB	6861
Oelz	LIB	6800
Patton	BA 301-A	5023
Pepon	740 Eddy	5032
Porter	LO 148	4711
Purl	LA 155	2138
Raoul	FA 203-A	2291
Riekana	LO 148	4711
Rose	LA 326	2101
Rowe	LO 148	4711
Schiff	LIB 512	6811
Simmons	MU 102	6880
Stark	LO 148	4711
Taylor	HS 410	2975
Tibbs	HS 305	5823
Todd	FA 303	4181
Townsend	LA 428	6233
Unger	LA 414	4655
Williams	LO 148	4711
Woodbury	CP 305	6332
Wood	LO 148	4711
Zachariasen	MG 102	2681/4191
Zimmerman	LO 148	4711