

11-21-1972

## Arbiter, November 21

Students of Boise State College

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# THE BSC ARBITER

The Boise State College Student Newspaper

ISSUE NUMBER 13 NOVEMBER 21, 1972

BOISE STATE COLLEGE, BOISE, IDAHO 83707

## Boise State College Library chosen to receive complete Vardis Fisher Collection: movie version of 'Mountain Man' to premiere in Boise

by Ron Lundquist

Last Wednesday afternoon I had the opportunity and the pleasure to meet a woman whose husband will undoubtedly go down in the literary history of the world. This man can rightfully claim his place along side such well known authors as Thomas Wolfe, Ernest Hemingway and Jack London, to mention a few.

That fascinating woman was Mrs. Vardis Fisher who says of her husband, 'He was strong and proud and good. He loved youth and he wrote for them. He felt that they, above all, would appreciate truth and understand his books as he meant them to be understood.'

Vardis Fisher, who lived and wrote in Idaho most of his life, loved Idaho, her people, and her heritage. The history of Idaho was the substance for a good many of his novels.

In my sophomore year in high school, I was introduced to Vardis Fisher's works. I have enjoyed them immensely ever since for their stark reality, honesty and sincere warmth that they gave me. 'The Mothers', a historical epic, of the Donner Tragedy, was the first for me and in it its characters were real and living people. The story told in precise realism what happened, but with the added touch of a man filled with the warmth of sympathy and the understanding of humanity of Vardis Fisher.

I could go on and on and on but Mrs. Fisher sums it up eloquently when she says, 'His works were a labor of love,' to which I can only agree wholeheartedly.

In just a few short days Vardis Fisher's last novel, 'Mountain Man', will premiere here in Boise in the form of a Warner Brothers movie entitled, 'Jeremiah Johnson'. Of this, his last novel, Vardis Fisher said, 'It is a final farewell to the mountain man and a way of life.' This is something that Fisher was more intimate with than any other author of his time. He grew up on the western frontier and his childhood memories were of a log cabin house made from cottonwood. It had dirt floors and a dirt roof. They slept under deerskins which, during the spring thaw, were pulled up over the head for protection against the melting snow that leaked through the roof. His father and his uncles were the last true generation of mountain men, but they felt puny by comparison to the heroes of earlier times. These men who received the admiration of Vardis Fisher and his kindred were: Hank Cady, Bear Paws Meek, Jim Bridger, Kit Carson and Caleb Greenwood.

In the 'Mountain Man' Fisher's protagonist, Sam Minard, (Jeremiah Johnson) was of that breed-but unlike Boone Caudill, he was not a lout. He was a man of some background, of sensitivity, with an appreciation for music. He was an intelligent man who had left a comfortable life in the East to challenge the constant dangers, hardships and loneliness of the mountains and the frontier. He needed freedom, and those tests of manhood

that could provide intimate searching communion with himself in terms of his environment. Above all he needed the privacy of nature and God that could provide these things for him. Sam Minard was a real man and Fisher spared him none in sake of honesty and because of this 'Mountain Man' will find its place in the literary world.

One critic of 'Mountain Man' (in BEST SELLERS) said, 'Pity him who cannot escape the moil of modern life and with Vardis Fisher, lose himself in the days of American giants. Fisher has a knowledge of pioneer history, joined to a sense of the majesty of nature, the beauty and unity of self-sufficient life, and the eloquence of solitude that makes his books about the frontier West as authentic and satisfying as the literary and pictorial legacies of Ruttan, Gerrard, Catlin, Bodmer, or Miller.' Another (Frank Riley--Los Angeles Times) said, 'It is a novel of living life and ending life on the crest of the wind, in a clean way, with its wings soaring.'

Mrs. Fisher is presently planning to donate to the Boise State College library a Vardis Fisher Room, complete with all the works of Vardis Fisher. In addition she is coordinating the Vardis Fisher Memorial Foundation and Scholarship Program to aid those students and authors of the western writing fields.

Mrs. Fisher said, 'I felt confident that the youth of today would have given Vardis his rightful place in literature, even without the aid of a movie like 'Jeremiah Johnson'. The young people share a keen interest in the sensitive balance of nature and man, much in the same way as Vardis felt and wrote himself. Vardis loved the sharp interest and thinking, that young people display and many times he would tell me that he wrote for that fire and sincerity of youth.'

To Mrs. Fisher I can only say, with deep gratitude, thank you for choosing Boise State College to receive the Vardis Fisher Collection. It is a small tribute to a great and deeply feeling man, that will forever be a strong memory to all who have come in contact with him or his works. He was a man dedicated to the conservation and the freedom of nature and wildlife. Through his books he will forever share with us the heritage of those people who pioneered this state. Those who struggled through the hardships and dangers of establishing homes in the wilds; those men and women who loved the wilderness and nature so much that they became a part of it and a part of the history of Idaho. He will always bring to life the triumphs and defeats of pioneering, but most of all he recreates with honesty and integrity while bringing sensitivity to his realism thus opening up that part of each of us that yearns to experience true living and all of nature in its total splendor, the way that God meant us to. We cannot but learn from his works and from that learning feel the warmth of a man who lived and loved Idaho, and more importantly, life itself.



## For What It's Worth

Terry Francis is the new Senator from the School of Business. After receiving a number of applications, the Personnel Selection Committee recommended Mr. Francis to the Senate. He was approved to fill the seat of Dick Swift at the Tuesday meeting.

Bob Drury was appointed to the Athletic Board of Control. This board is responsible for establishing policy for the Athletic Department.

This last weekend the Skydivers went to Florida for the National Skydiver Competition. After reaching an agreement with the Athletic Department to fund half the cost of the trip, the Senate allocated \$1,748 to fund the remaining amount of the trip.

The Health Service Advisory Board has recommended a fee increase of \$5 to maintain the present health service. Acting upon the recommendation of the Finance Board, the Senate Moved to hold a Student Opinion Poll on the 29th&30th of Nov. to determine the willingness of the Student Body to accept a \$5 per semester increase. It was the feeling of the Senate, however, that the dues and travel for the American Medical Association be omitted.

Senate Committee number 1 has been reviewing the resolutions which have been passed by the 1971-72 Senate as well as the resolutions passed to date by the current Senate. The committee recommends that a number of resolutions that are on the books be deleted because they were felt to be unnecessary or dead weight.

Senate Committee number 2 is currently investigating the possible reapportionment of the Senate to include the School of Health Sciences. According to Chairman Don Miller, the reapportionment figures and the recommendation of the committee will come before the Senate at the Nov.21 meeting.

Committee number 3 discussed the possibility of a 20% discount on the activities and health services fees for part time students. They should be bringing recommendations to the Senate sometime in the near future.

According to Senator Dave Green, the policy governing the buildings and grounds on the college should be amended. The resolution he presented to the Senate called for an amendment to the policy which would place all buildings and facilities other than the CUB under the jurisdiction of the Building Utilization Board, jurisdiction of the Building Utilization Board.

NOVEMBER 19-25, 1972

LIBRARY HOURS FOR THE THANKSGIVING VACATION

November 19, 1972

Jim Hewitt Art Show, Boisean Lounge  
8:00 p.m. Movie, "The Fox," Snack  
Bar

Friday, November 24 ..... 9:00 - 5:00

Saturday, November 25 ..... CLOSED

Sunday, November 26 ..... 2:00 - 10:00

November 20, 1972

If you haven't done it by now, its  
too !&\*\$+! late!!!!

November 21, 1972

The paper comes out, read it.

November 22, 1972

If you are leaving early, we suggest  
you leave today.

November 23, 1972

THANKSGIVING DAY  
Thanksgiving Vacation (23-26)

November 24, 1972

Nothing new, but if you haven't  
left yet, you blew Turkey Day.

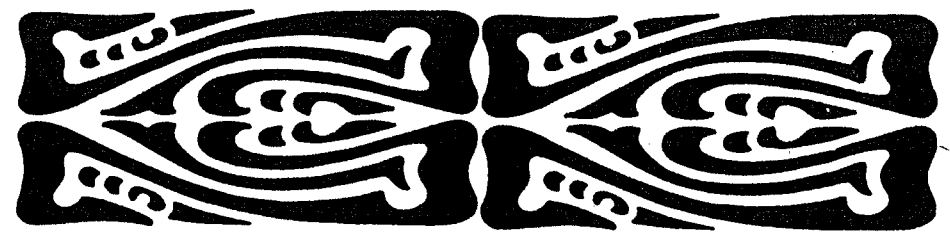
November

November 25, 1972

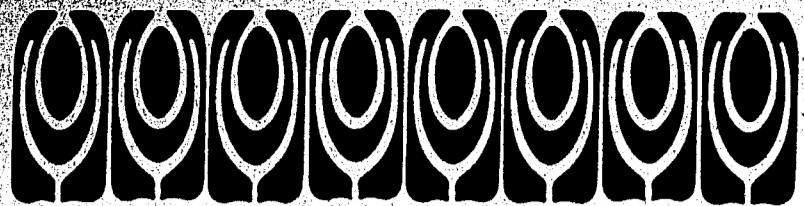
1:30 p.m. BSC/U of I Game  
Bronco Stadium  
9:00 p.m. - 1:00 a.m., TKE  
Dance, CUB Ballroom

The folks that work in and around the College Union Building, have been spreading strange rumors lately: that is to say, that certain permanent fixtures don't grow older with age, they just mellow out like a good dark wine.

We hold no strong opinion either way, but think that perhaps Dyke Nally or Fred Norman just might have something to say on the subject, as they both had birthdays last week. Any way, Happy Birthday Dyke and Fred, we hope that you both have many more to come.



**GET YOUR TICKETS before  
someone else does!!!!!!**



# Opinions & Letters

## Editorial

All of us who follow the news are aware of the violence at Southern University in Baton Rouge, Louisiana that resulted in the deaths of two students.

The authorities are still investigating, so we cannot say who is responsible.

We can definitely say that no building on any campus in the nation is worth killing two students to repossess.

If our system has degenerated to the point to where we use buckshot to clear people from buildings then we better hang it up.

## Guest Editorial

This week the Arbiter is beginning a policy of asking prominent individuals from the campus community to comment on controversial subjects that concern us all.

The following guest editorial was written by ASBSC President Tom Drechsel.

As an elected official of the ASBSC, it is my duty to speak out when an important issue comes to the surface. The existing issue focuses on the question of Student Health Service fees and, to some extent, the Student Health Insurance Program. Dr. Taylor, Director of the Student Services, and Dr. Matthies, Medical Director, have recommended that the students accept an increase in Student Health fees. The recommendation includes an increase of \$5.00 per student for each semester or a total of \$10.00 for the collegiate year. Tack this onto the existing fee structure and each student finds that he (she) is paying a total of \$30.00 for Health Services and/or \$394.00 in total fees per collegiate year. The additional fee increase will apparently be used to salary a larger number of medical personnel and will allow for the purchase of more medical supplies and equipment.

In line with the above recommendations, the ASBSC Senate has passed a resolution establishing an opinion poll to be taken on November 29th and 30th. The Associated Students should be informed that the poll will last an additional 2 days in duration so as to cover a larger segment of the full-paying students. It would certainly be desirable to poll at least 3,000 students and it should be perfectly clear that if a noticeable majority vote 'one way or the other' then that majority opinion will be submitted to the State Board of Education for subsequent action or approval. However, if the students vote in favor of the existing program or if there is not a sufficient number voting pro or con then naturally, nothing will be submitted and/or no action will ensue.

In reality, we are both fee paying students and individual taxpayers. We should all have a voice in determining types of programs and services and should, likewise, have the opportunity to determine the degree of taxation (or the amount of student fees). With this in mind, the following options will appear on the ballot which will be distributed November 27th thru the 30th.

Your ballot will be as follows.

MARK ONE AND ONLY ONE OF THE THREE (3) CHOICES BELOW. IF A SIZEABLE MAJORITY VOTES FOR THE INCREASE OR THE DECREASE

THAT MAJORITY OPINION WILL BE SUBMITTED TO THE STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION FOR SUBSEQUENT APPROVAL.

I desire to increase Student Health Service fees from the current figure of \$20.00 to \$30.00 for the collegiate year (or from \$10.00 to \$15.00 for each semester). I understand that the increase will enable the Associated Students of Boise State to salary additional medical personnel and provide for more medical supplies and equipment.

I want the Student Health Services to remain as they are now and I also want the Student Health Service fee to remain at \$20.00 per collegiate year (or \$10.00 per semester).

I desire to eliminate the Student Health Services completely and would subsequently desire to eliminate the \$20.00 fee associated with the Student Health Service. I understand the State Board of Education could possibly eliminate the Health Services fee if the majority of the students desire not to fund this program.



## Easter Seal project praised

Dear Mr. Yerby:

In this day and age when the media places so much emphasis on the seamer side of student activities, I think it is most refreshing and heart warming to report a recent happening. A short time ago a group of Boise State College students representing the residents of Morrison Hall called upon me. This delegation made up of Jay Knowlton, Nancy Legerski and Kurt Zaiman, told me that they would like to raise funds for the Easter Seal Society's programs for crippled children as a group philanthropic project.

Their enthusiasm and dedication was outstanding. Every resident of Morrison Hall cooperated in staging a variety of events which netted a total of \$300 for the Society within a period of less than two weeks. On Behalf of the Easter Seal Society for Crippled Children and Adults of Idaho, and the handicapped children we serve, I want to thank each and every resident of Morrison Hall for their efforts on our behalf. May I also thank the other students of Boise State College whose generous contributions help make this project such an outstanding success.

Ray E. Larson

## Thanks

Dear Sir:

I would like at this time to extend congratulations and thanks to all the organizations involved in Homecoming. Without your support the activities could not have succeeded as they did.

I would also like to commend the Intercollegiate Knights for their outstanding participation and support for nearly every Homecoming activity. They were an integral part of the Toilet Bowl, Mardi Gras Dance, concert and game, as well as service project participants. The IK's supplied all the help the committee could require.

Again, my congratulations to the students as well as the organizations for making Homecoming 1972 a success.

Shannon McDonald

## and Congrats

Congratulations to Pat Large and those members of I.F.C. and I.D.C. who aided him with the Halloween U.N.I.C.E.F. Drive. The success of the drive and party have placed one more feather in the cap of BSC. Many thanks to all who participated in the drive. Hopefully they enjoyed themselves enough to make the U.N.I.C.E.F. Drive an annual affair. This fine effort collected \$487.00, nearly one-fourth of the funds collected by U.N.I.C.E.F. in this year's drive.

## apathy-its wonderful

In the recent general election, 56% (the lowest figure since 1948) of the electorate turned out to vote. The last student body election in this school produced a turnout of about 20% of the eligible electorate.

In the last student elections, twelve individuals competed for twelve positions.

Organizations designed to assist needy individuals and causes advertise all over this campus for help, and remain very much in need of help.

Only one member of the student senate (regardless of his personal motivations) continually questions the opinion of students and challenges them to examine the institutions on this campus.

Have any of the candidates for Homecoming Queen complained that their fees were used to campaign against them?

The office of this paper, and presumably the Student Senate, have no lack of visitors each presenting their own complaints, for their own specialized areas of interest. This is as it should be, but the voice of the student body at large (if they have one) is missing.

One of the most frequently used devices of the current state of affairs in this nation is that nobody cares. You can probably get agreement on this point from at least half of

the student body (the other half might end up in the "no opinion" column). Yet, it would appear that those same students are at least as uncaring as the rest of the general population.

There are individuals on this campus who have taken a drop in their grades to take part in service organizations, there are others who take hours off from work for the same purpose, incurring a notable monetary loss. These individuals are few in number, but possibly too few.

Is it the purpose of the educational system to produce people who are willing yes-men, old both in attitude and body, by the time they are 25 years old? I think not, but the evidence suggests otherwise.

That this newspaper should have to plead for help, or a member of the Senate should have to ask for student opinion is almost unbelievable.

If a teacher makes a mistake, he knows about it instantly. If someone purchases a product or service which is faulty, he complains loudly. What in the world is so sacrosanct about the services which our money pays for on this campus that protects them from the slightest comment? You may preach about getting involved all you want, but unless you do, it means nothing. In fact, unless you do, you are cheating yourself, as well as assuring your own inability to function once you leave here. Here is the place to learn how to function within an organization, to do, to accomplish.

Look at the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, whether you agree or disagree with their methods, it cannot be argued that they have wasted their time. They have made considerable advances, created a national organization, and developed abilities which cannot fail to help them upon re-entry to a full-time, everyday existence. They have expressed themselves, served a cause in which they believed, and added to their talents in one operation.

This is not a call to arms, or to revolution. The Psych types tell us that it does not work, and can prove it. A few ounces of 00 buck in what appears to be the right place seems to create more problems than it solves.

Unless everyone does get involved you can look forward to reading, in about 30 years,

The generation that was able enough to dominate a major political party, didn't care.

The generation that bled all over Southeast Asia didn't care.

The generation which had it in its power to make this world a much better place in which to live, in the final analysis, didn't care at all.

Henry Fitzpatrick

## Phil Yerby



## Decrease instead of increase

There is only a couple of days left to pick up tickets to the BSC U of I game.

The Vandals will be looking for revenge after the shellacking BSC gave them last year (42-14) so it should be quite a ball game. Get your tickets and your booster buttons in the lobby of the College Union Building.

One of the more vocal ASBSC Senators created quite a scene in the Varsity Center awhile back in the presence of several high school coaches, and two state board of Education members.

His actions were so embarrassing to the college, that the ASBSC President, Tom Drechsel, was obligated to send letters of apology to the various individuals.

It seems to me that with all the problems we are facing with the State Board over in-state tuition this individual (who is currently in the ASBSC Senate) could help BSC a lot more by passing petitions against in-state tuition instead of showing the State Board how immature some of the students really are.

More about money... when I first enrolled at Boise State College in 1970 the fees were \$160 per semester, in 1972 the fees are \$178. Various people on the campus are pushing for a \$5 fee increase for health services which would increase the fees to \$183. Is there no end in sight?????????

The argument being presented that the U of I and ISU students pay a larger fee than BSC students just won't hold water. Boise State is primarily a commuter college and the U of I and ISU are not. Many of us don't think we need the health services as much as they.

Another point, a large portion of our students are married. Perhaps we should forget the increase and instead DECREASE the Health Service fee by \$5 and take the other \$5 and start a DayCare Center. Since the fee increase proposal was unveiled (Monday last) I personally have not talked to ONE repeat ONE student who was in favor of it.

Last week I wrote about a 10 yard penalty against the Bronco Bench (courtesy of Bob Kreuger) during the Portland game. That was not a misprint, the official indicated a 15 yard penalty and then stepped off 10 yards. All of you who still don't believe it check with anyone who viewed the film at the BAA luncheon the Monday after.

After going to the Northern Arizona game and seeing their student section with about 200 students present (10,000 students attend Northern Arizona) it sure is great to attend Bronco Stadium week after week and see our student section packed..... lets all pick up a ticket in the lobby of the Union and go Saturday and watch our Bruising Broncos give the University of Idaho their licks....



# TELL IT LIKE IT IS

This column is to express through poetry and different literary works how I think Black and other minorities feel in general.

## Let America Be America Again

Let America be America again  
 Let it be the dream it used to be  
 Let it be the pioneer on the plain  
 Speaking at home where he himself is free  
 (America never was America to me.)  
 Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed--  
 Let it be that great strong land of love  
 Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme  
 Than any man be crushed by one above.  
 (It never was America to me.)  
 O, let my land be a land where Liberty  
 Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,  
 But opportunity is real, and life is free,  
 Equality is in the air we breathe.  
 (There's never been equality for me,  
 Nor freedom in this "homeland of the free.")  
 Say who are you that mumbles in the dark?  
 And who are you that draws your veil across the stars?  
 I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,  
 I am the red man driven from the land.  
 I am the refugee clutching the home I seek--  
 But finding only the same old stupid plan  
 Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak.  
 I am the Negro, "problem" to you all,  
 I am the people, humble, hungry, mean--  
 Hungry yet today--O, Pioneers!  
 I am the man who never got ahead,  
 The poorest worker bartered through the years.  
 Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream  
 In that Old World while still a serf of kings  
 Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,  
 That even yet its mighty daring sings  
 In every brick a stone, in every furrow turned  
 That's made America the land it has become.  
 O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas  
 In search of what I meant to be my home--  
 For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,  
 And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,  
 And torn from Black Africa's strand I came  
 To build a "homeland of the free."  
 The free?  
 Who said the free? Not me?  
 Surely not me? The millions on relief today?  
 The millions who have nothing for our pay  
 For all the dreams we've dreamed  
 And all the songs we've sung  
 And all the hopes we've held  
 And all the flags we've hung,  
 The millions who have nothing for our pay--  
 Except the dream we keep alive today.  
 O, Let America be America again--  
 The land that never has been yet--  
 And yet must be--the land where every man is free.  
 The land that's mine--the poor man's, Indian's, Negro's, ME--  
 Who made America,  
 Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,  
 Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,  
 Must bring back our mighty dream again.  
 O, yes,  
 I say it plain,  
 America never was America to me,  
 And yet I swear this oath--  
 America will be!

By Langston Hughes

This is the way I see America as written in this poem by Langston Hughes. He tells it like it is whether we accept it or not.

By H. RoseAnn Jones

## Golden Z's and Esquires cop trophies

The alumni panel of judges met in the Minidoka room at 12:00 noon, November 10 to decide who would receive two trophies to be given in conjunction with homecoming activities. The one trophy, the president's trophy, was initiated by the Alumni Association, 1969, and has been awarded annually at this time to the organization that has contributed the most toward the success of homecoming. This year the award goes to the Golden Z's in recognition of their efforts and assistance to the homecoming committee.

The service project award was initiated for the first time by the Homecoming

Committee. Its purpose was to promote an ongoing spirit, continuing beyond Homecoming week and involving the community as a whole. The first recipients of this award are the Esquires.

The Alumni Association of Boise State College extends its congratulations to the winners and wishes to acknowledge the efforts of all the organizations who participated. The projects were all worthy and involved a great deal of dedication on the part of many students. We wish to thank all those who appeared at our meeting, or who submitted projects for our consideration.

**TO BE BLACK IN A WHITE MAN'S WORLD  
 IS TO BE AT CONSTANT WAR  
 WITH YOURSELF AND YOUR SURROUNDINGS  
 BECAUSE BLACK IS THE TOTAL  
 OPPOSITE  
 OF  
 WHITE  
 AND THE WHITE MAN IS  
 AT TOTAL EASE WITH WAR  
 IT MAKES HIM MOVE AND TICK  
 LIVE AND LOVE  
 FIGHT SO HE CAN DIE**

Are you offended? Are you upset with the things that have been said? Perhaps because it is the truth; but they say the truth can set you free or at least give you a running start before the war starts. The longer people are oppressed and ignored in America, the bigger the war will be. Do you have things to say about all this? How do you think the war should be fought, or should it be fought at all? Here is your chance to take part in the strategy. On November 21, 1972 at 7:00 p.m. there will be the first in a series of Lecture and Rap sessions on the history, attitudes, and feelings of Minorities in the United States. The beginning sessions will be on "Black Identity" and will feature guest lecturers. This will be held at the Minority Culture Center, 1005 Euclid Avenue. We encourage the public to attend and gain knowledge about the Black People. For ignorance is prejudice.

**campus news**  
**CAMPUS NEWS**



## Fraternities and Stuff ....

by Terry Fitzgerald

The Greeks

Included in this week's column may not be all of the news fit to print, but it is all of the news we have.

Alpha Kappa Omega will host a prefunction for the U. of I. game, the 25th of this month.

Alpha Omicron Pi lent a helping hand to the UNICEF drive this last All Hallow E'en. For the past week, Ms. Margaret Hook has been assisting A. O. Pi. Ms. Hook, from Ocean Springs, Mississippi, is the National Traveling Consultant for the national office, and is one of those people invaluable in getting a new organization not only started, but moving in the right direction.

Members of Alpha Kappa Psi hosted members and alumni from the I.S.U. chapter after the overwhelming victory on Homecoming day. From the turnout this time, it is evident that more room will be needed for the celebration next year. At the weekly meeting, A.K. Psi voted to censure ASBSC President Tom Drechsel for non-appearance at two meetings at which he had agreed to speak. The membership was able to hear guest speakers Phil Yerby and Ron Lundquist who were subjected to the almost-traditional "roasting". Both escaped alive, but not completely unscarred, to a standing ovation.

THE CSU \*

It has been said that this paper is not responsive to the students. One of the most blatant examples of this is the refusal of the editor to print the news of the CSU. These people, a peace-loving group, have sponsored such remarkable activities as shrimp fishing contests, vino consuming races, gator cave dynamiting, and a seminar held to collectively cussout all those damnyankees up in Schreveport!

It has been said that our editor was 15 before he was told that damnyankees was two words, we know for a fact that he was 14, and can prove it.

Don't be misled, the CSU WILL rise on this campus. UP with anarchy, (not to mention down with pants), and the world will be changed for the better/worse (pick one).

\*Cajun Students Union



November 21, 1972  
The paper comes out, read it.

November 22, 1972  
If you are leaving early, we suggest you leave today.

November 23, 1972  
THANKSGIVING DAY  
Thanksgiving Vacation (23-26)

November 24, 1972  
Nothing new, but if you haven't left yet, you blew Turkey Day.

November 25, 1972  
1:30 p.m. BSC - U of I Game  
Bronco Stadium  
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Dance, CUB Ballroom

LIBRARY HOURS FOR THE THANKSGIVING VACATION

|                       |              |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| Friday, November 24   | 9:00 - 5:00  |
| Saturday, November 25 | CLOSED       |
| Sunday, November 26   | 2:00 - 10:00 |

### 'Feral animals in the city'



The plight of wild dogs, cats, and other "Feral Animals in the City" is reported on by noted naturalist Roger Caras in the October issue of RANGER RICK'S NATURE MAGAZINE, published by the National Wildlife Federation. The work "feral" refers to domestic animals, such as cats and dogs, that have reverted to the wild, whether a rural wilderness or an urban jungle.

As with exotic pets which are released to the wild, domesticated animals have difficulty in caring for themselves, engaging in activities which are not only harmful to themselves, but to man as well. By tipping over garbage cans, they make dirty cities dirtier, and aid rats in their quest for food. They can spread diseases to other animals, often valuable pets, and when roaming wild, will bite people, including children who are intrigued by the familiar appearance of the dog or cat.

Aside from starving off starvation, these animals must also beware of the death traps which have congested city streets. And, unlike a pampered pet roaming "wild" dogs and cats do not get the benefit of treatment by a span veterinarian for any illness they contract. Thus, the average life span of the domestic pet, 14 to 15 years, is reduced to about one year for these animals when running wild.

Caras offers some solutions for the problems he reports. First, "no dog or cat should be allowed freedom to wander in or near the city." Secondly, "unwanted pets should not be abandoned, but taken to an animal shelter like the APCA." And lastly, animals not being used for breeding purposes should be "fixed" to prevent them from having young which might be homeless.

### Meditations

Melancholy, depression, boredom, the blues—any of these will melt away as by magic when exposed to the warm radiations of the world's most inspiring "Meditations," selected and illustrated in his inimitable way by Peter Max (MacGraw-Hill, \$3.95).

Paper of many bright colors carries memorable, brief messages from the likes of Mark Twain, Dag Hammarskjold, Cicero, Tennessee, Martin Luther King, Jr., Thoreau, Benjamin Franklin, Dante, Pablo Picasso—more than 100 memorable quotations—enlivened by Peter Max's interpretation of the spirit in which they were made.

"Enlightenment is man's only and ultimate goal," writes Peter Max, who spent much of his youth in China and Tibet. "Many great sages and saints, philosophers, wandering monks and scientists have guided us through history with their words of wisdom, inspiring to enlighten us to a path leading to the supreme goal of life. I hope that this book will further enlighten readers toward the golden path."

Peter Max is one of America's most popular illustrators. His work is as familiar to the average person as it is to the art community. It is found in galleries and museums and in postcards, novelties, and books. His work has been sold and even used as "Meditations" when drawn in his own style. A beautiful miniature poster in

## 'Estuary-What a crazy place'

Without counting all of the bays, sounds, and inland waterways, the American coastline stretches for more than 88,000 miles. For most of us, our shorelines only mean beaches to play on and oceans for fishing and swimming. The vast wetland areas that lie adjacent to our coast are oftentimes seen as little more than marshy, sandy wastelands, with plenty of strange sounds and dreadful aquatic creatures.

In their natural state, wetlands have often been perceived as useless swamps and thus just right for commercial picking. Connecticut has already lost almost half of its coastal wetlands, while San Francisco Bay, which once teemed with wildlife, has suffered an 85 percent loss of its marshland to reclamation. Thousands of other wetland areas have been drained, filled, built over, and polluted. What remains is meant to us and why they may become most valuable, vulnerable tracts is explained in a new, free 20-page booklet by Lee D. Salber, published by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, National Wildlife Federation.

Salber, a major biological segment of wetland areas and one of nature's greatest natural resources, are explained in "Estuary-What A Crazy Place." An

estuary is seen by Salber as an edge-aborder between land and sea, the boundaries of which can't really be accurately set. Salber follows the estuary and its fertile life as its waters move back and forth with the tide. "Like a huge perpetual motion machine," the usually unseen riches of estuarine waters are detailed from the vitality of the sand bars and mud flats to the abundant sea of the tidal marshes and ocean edges.

The "craziness" of the title is attributed to the variety of diverse meanings that an estuary holds for beachcomber, photographer or systemian—and to the incredible ecological changes that are constantly at work in an estuary.

Although Salber emphasizes that estuaries are a complex, complicated environment with a host of problems related to their existence, he also draws attention to the status of our Nation's estuarine systems and gives some sound, practical information on what citizens can do to improve them.

Salber's "Estuary-What A Crazy Place" is available free by writing the National Wildlife Federation, 1412 Nicholson Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004. All other copies are 20 cents each.

## Study trip planned

In January 1973, a small group of Boise State students will leave here for an extensive collecting and study expedition. This will be the last major expedition to leave the Idaho higher education system. The students will travel to the Gulf coast of Yucatan and begin a series of short comprehensive collection and study trips throughout the province. Biological specimens, archeologic searches, sociologic research, language tapes will be some of the many objects and studies that will be returned to the college the following year.

This same procedure will be followed in Campeche, Quintana Roo, and Caper, Tabasco provinces. Following this the expedition will follow the Usumacinta and Chixol Rivers to nearly 700 miles of largely uncharted jungle. This route approximates the successive waves of Mayan civilization. Guatemala city will be the destination of this trek. Collections will then be continued along the Pacific coast of Guatemala. The return trip will include Oaxaca, Acapulco, Guadalajara, Mazatlan, and Baja California to the U.S. border.

Many of the supplies are being donated by local merchants and the remainder of the expense is being born by the students themselves. Throughout the trip we will carry our own equipment packing in and out of the accessible regions and living largely off the land. Some special jungle equipment and general camping gear will be tested under the most rigorous conditions as well the students themselves.

Dynamic physiologic and psychologic experimentation will be carried out along the route. All in all the expedition should yield a staggering sum of material and information for the disciplines represented and should be highly beneficial for the college and the students.

There are a limited number of spaces available for a one-year research and exploratory expedition to lower Mexico and Guatemala. We will leave the first week in January and return approximately at the same time in 1974. The openings are for female and/or male students over 18 years of age who are willing to work and enjoy field studies. The cost for the entire year will be \$500 per person inclusive of equipment.

The areas of study and collection will be in Biology, Anthropology, Sociology, Language, and Psychology. Dynamic studies will be carried out in Physiology and Psychology throughout the year.

If you are interested please leave a 3 x 5 card in the Arbitrator offices with your name, address, phone number, age and sex. Please include your major and a picture if available and any other pertinent data that you would like to add. All applications will be reviewed without consideration to sex or major field of study. We are interested in enthusiastic, hard working people only.



## Lo, I have lost my mind.

When the morning was come, the teacher drew her children about her to teach them, for the time was late and there was much for them to learn.

And she said to them, "Lo, today we must study our reading, and our spelling and our number work, for Christmas vacation is nigh at hand.

And the decree went out from the principal that inasmuch as it was the last day of the school month, as attendance report must be sent in by each teacher. And further, since the superintendent needed the summary report at 12:00 the teachers must get in their reports by 10:00.

And the teacher sent forth the students to their seats and gave them busy work to do, and she began to make out the attendance report. And one student held his hand up and cried, "I have brought twenty-five cents for Christmas seals."

Then did the teacher lay aside her attendance report and say, "Will ye who brought money for Christmas seals come hither?" and behold, all the children came forward and many began to lay their money on her desk. And she turned to one and asked, "Dost thou bring Christmas seal money?" And he shook his head. And the teacher cried in a loud voice, "Why dost thou come forward?" and the student said in a small voice, "Because Billy did."

Then did the teacher sell the Christmas seals and when she had finished she had a quarter more than was needed. The teacher went.

Then did the door open and the messenger from the cafeteria entered to get the lunch tickets. If he had been told that if lunch money was not taken from the children early, they did not eat. And in the messenger from the cafeteria, the teacher took a child did cry about "I gave my money to the teacher." Then she believed him, not because last year she had his brother, who was dead, but because she was afraid about money.

But the teacher, being dead did not let his touch, because he was that of face. And the door opened and the messenger came with 95 cents for a picture of a child that they had all had their picture taken in the school. But not precisely 95 cents was in the envelope, because it was a two dollar bill, and the wise mother had gotten thereon, "The change of this is for Christmas seals." Moreover, the big brother, who was dead, did not want a dollar bill, because he wished a nickel for his won upper grad Christmas seals. Then did the teacher err indeed for she took but her own pocketbook to make change and she became utterly lost.

But she returned to her attend in a quiet and did complete it, and the two pink slips did equal the monthly yellow slips. And the teacher lifted up her eyes to heaven and was glad and rejoiced thrice, and she took the attendance report to the principal.

And the teacher returned to the room and a child came to her and said, "I am sick," and did prove that she was. And the teacher sent forth one child to find the janitor and did herself go with the child to call her mother and send her home. And when this was done, the teacher thought, "This changes my attendance report," and she went to the principal's office and changed the report.

And behold, when she returned, a boy said, "You have not heard our reading class read." And he spoke the truth, for the teacher had not heard any classes at all. She drew the children about her to read.

And a decree went out from the PA man, the principal that all those in ACE ONE for the Christmas play should come to practice in the auditorium to practice. And anger waxed in the teacher, but she spoke her word and sent ten of her number home. (Although three of which she sent one home were in ACE Two.)

And as they departed a boy entered the room and said, "Hate anyone but a nation?" And the teacher cried, "Why dost thou come here, for thou knowest that thou should take matters to the office." If he had known him, and his work, and what manner of boy he was, "This did not leave in thine heart to return the matter to a helpful owner but only to take pleasure there around this, our school, and get out of thine phy number work."

And the boy spoke not a word but departed. And after he had left, and did say in a small voice, "It was my nation." Then did the teacher dash after the boy and get the nation. And as she returned, the teacher believed.

And the teacher was glad, and she said in a loud voice, "Do not run! Neither push nor crowd any of your little friends! But get ye from your ski pants, even into the snow, into the legs, and get into your shoes. Moreover, do not get into any trouble in the city, and, for verily, I am going to be down in the teachers' room for my heart is heavy. I was called to teach you, and I have not taught you."

Then did a child say, "Lo, I have lost my lunch ticket."

And the teacher cried, "Lo, I have lost my mind!"

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## BOISE STATE COLLEGE INTEREST SURVEY

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## SPRING SEMESTER 1973

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Boise State College  
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# BLACK STUDENT UNION

## MINORITY CULTURAL CENTER

by ron lundquist

I guess the toughest decision to come to, after deciding to go to college is deciding which one it will be. One of the biggest over-all factors is money. After that comes the question as to whether or not the colleges on your list offer the curriculum you desire. And last, but not least, by any means, is the personality of the college.

Yes, I did say the personality. By this I mean the amount of changes one has to go through to get by in the particular college community. For a good majority of us, this is not really so difficult. We come from communities all around Idaho and somehow "fit" into the college in a relatively short time.

But what about those who come from out of state? And even more so, what about those whose cultural, ethnic, or religious background may be totally different from the college or university they attend?

It is hard enough to break into a new community with a cultural, economic or ethnic background akin to what we are used to. The security of familiarity is already there, so one hurdle is taken care of.

But can you imagine, going to a city, where everything is greatly different than what you grew up with? One would experience insecurity, suspect rejection, lose identity and familiarity, and quite possibly remain alone or indifferent.

And so, in the course of your stay in this "new environment" you would naturally gravitate towards those people who were your "kind" so to speak. This we all do in some way or another every day. But tend to forget it, and blast other who openly exhibit preference, without thinking of our own ways of exhibiting preference.

Such is the basic reason for the Black Student Union/Minority Cultural Center at Boise State College. That those people who come to us from the many different cultures in these united States, may have a place to meet in common unity to discuss these problems and solutions on every subject that has direct influence on their lives. To form the nucleus for self expression and the development of personality characteristics within the familiarity and security of a place that they can identify with. So that in the end, they can feel more at ease within the structure of the college community, and in effect, become an asset to the community, with active participation, instead of forgotten ideals that the lack of acceptance can cause.

The purpose of the Black Student Union (B.S.U.) of Boise State College is to promote understanding of the Black community of Boise State College and to sponsor those programs and events which will help in that understanding. To speak out clearly and concisely on matters that are important and relevant to the members of the Black Student Union at Boise State College. To promote and encourage higher education among our members and help secure education for those Brothers and Sisters who seek and want higher education.

The Black Student Union/Minority Culture Center, had its beginnings in the Fall of 1970. Lee Mercy, Associate Registrar, Dwayne Flowers, BSU President 1970, and Bill Barnes, BSU President 1971 and 1972, spearheaded its formation and introduced its constitution. Since its early days they have done much to bring together the minority cultures in a working coalition so that they can be a part of the whole college community.

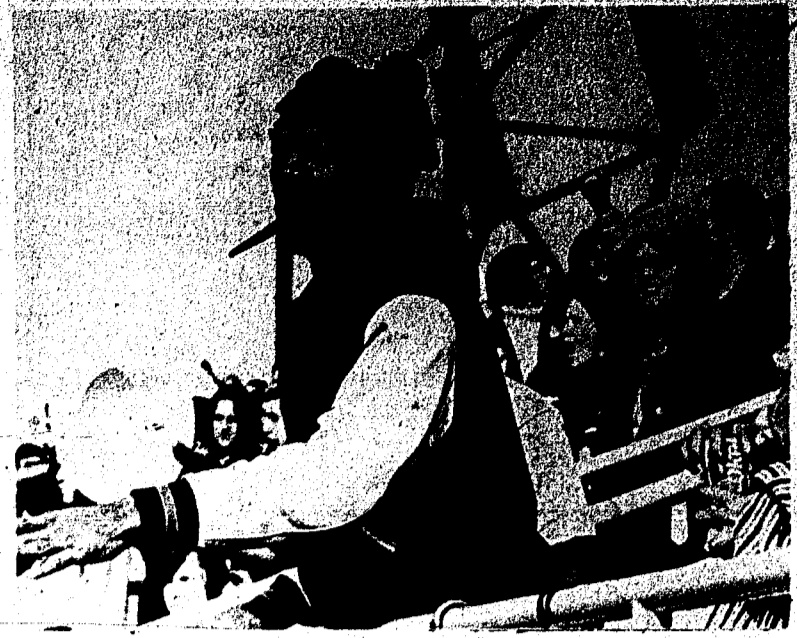
Bob Stephenson and Bill Hancock are presently giving swimming instructions each Saturday afternoon from 1:00 to 3:00 p.m. at the Boise State College Pool. They are instructing the youth in the community who might not otherwise have the chance to learn to swim. There are presently 16 kids in the program, but both Bob and Bill encourage more participation from the community.

This year the BSU has sponsored several programs of interest to all college students. One very successful program was the Black Poetry Reading, in the College Union Building Lookout Coffee House. And they have had two nationally known speakers: Curtis G. Oler, formerly of Idaho, who was the leading figure in Human Rights for Idaho; and James Farmer, from HEW nationally, to speak on Human Rights and Welfare. Most recently, the BSU sponsored, an Open House on Friday, November 10th, to get all the students involved in togetherness.

In addition, Bill Romero, the Student Assistant to the Minority Center, has started a volunteer tutoring service to help these students in need, especially the disadvantaged or handicapped students.

There is a Committee on Special Student Services to investigate institutional problems of minorities, the disadvantaged, and the handicapped students also, that meets every Monday at 3:00 p.m. in the Clearwater room of the College Union Building. Everyone is invited to attend and participate in their discussion. This committee is planning a brochure for the Spring semester, "How to Survive in College," giving information on Financial Aid, Placement Services, and Health Services, to aid all college students on questions of general information.

Finally, the BSU/MCC members meet every other Sunday at 6:00 p.m. in the BSU, and invite all students to come talk and learn, and get involved. *Tuesday night, at 7:00 p.m. at the BSU there is a panel discussion set that should offer some insights to the problems of racism in Boise. It is open to any one who is interested—so—hope to see you there.*









**LIKE WE SAID,  
MORE**



**WHAT TYPES OF ART EXHIBITS DO YOU PLAN ON?**

"We plan to have art exhibits from those groups I mentioned before and also we are now researching into travelling art exhibits from institutions like the Smithsonian Institute of Art. There will be one man shows and group shows in every media."

**WHAT EXHIBITS HAVE YOU HAD?**

"Dave Darraugh - student drawing, watercolors, and acrylics, October 18 through November 2.

Jim Hewitt, students drawings and photography, November 3 through November 18.

We change student group shows in the Snack Bar every two weeks. Permanent showing of professors' work in second floor halls and some offices and in the main dining room."

**WHAT ARE YOUR CURRENT DIFFICULTIES?**

"We have had only two difficulties - that is, that we do not have enough people on our committee to instigate all the programs that are needed and wanted as soon as we would like to. The second and more important difficulty is we have to put up with some college students' childish games and vandalism, we have had three drawings stolen from one of our one-man shows. Students who think it is fun or are broke and can't purchase works will one day be looking once again at blank, stark walls or in the mirror for any visual environment if such inconsiderate actions continue. The art shows are not just for art students but all students who use the CUB facilities. Those few who are doing this are jeopardizing the appreciation or enjoyment of the majority of students.

Message to students: please don't handle or steal the works. It shows good taste but very poor class."

**IF A LOCAL ARTIST WISHES TO EXHIBIT, CAN HE, AND IF SO HOW?**

A local artist can get in touch with me by calling the program office in the CUB or reach me at home (376 0886). We are currently engaged in sending out as much information about the art committee as possible to the community of Boise and surrounding areas. We will hopefully be able later this year to do this all over Idaho and parts of Oregon, Washington, Montana, and Nevada."

**HOW ABOUT SIZE LIMITATIONS?**

"Size limitations are: No more than 60 inches long and no more than ten inches high.

**WHAT ABOUT SCULPTURE, LARGE STUFF...**

Sculpture is fine.

**IS THE PURPOSE OF THIS PROGRAM TO EXPOSE STUDENTS TO AS MUCH ART AS POSSIBLE, OR JUST GOOD ART.**

"The purpose of this program is to expose all of BSC and the community of Boise and surrounding areas to as much of good art as possible.

**WHERE DOES BSC STAND ART SCHOOL WISE WITH THE REST OF THE STATE...HOW ABOUT NATION WIDE?**

"BSC as an Art Department stands within the top five of the colleges and institutions in the Northwest. We have a very highly qualified faculty. The problem now is to create or generate enough interest to develop a highly interested student body and community.

**WHAT KIND OF REACTION HAVE YOU HAD TO THE PROGRAM SO FAR?**

"Reactions to our programs so far are very favorable. People just can't figure out why this wasn't done earlier, and by the way, we welcome suggestions"

**ARE YOU FUNDED, IF SO, WHERE FROM?**

"We are funded by the ASB funds through the appropriation of the finance board and approval of the student senate."

**ANY GOAL IN MIND, OTHER THAN EXHIBITS?**

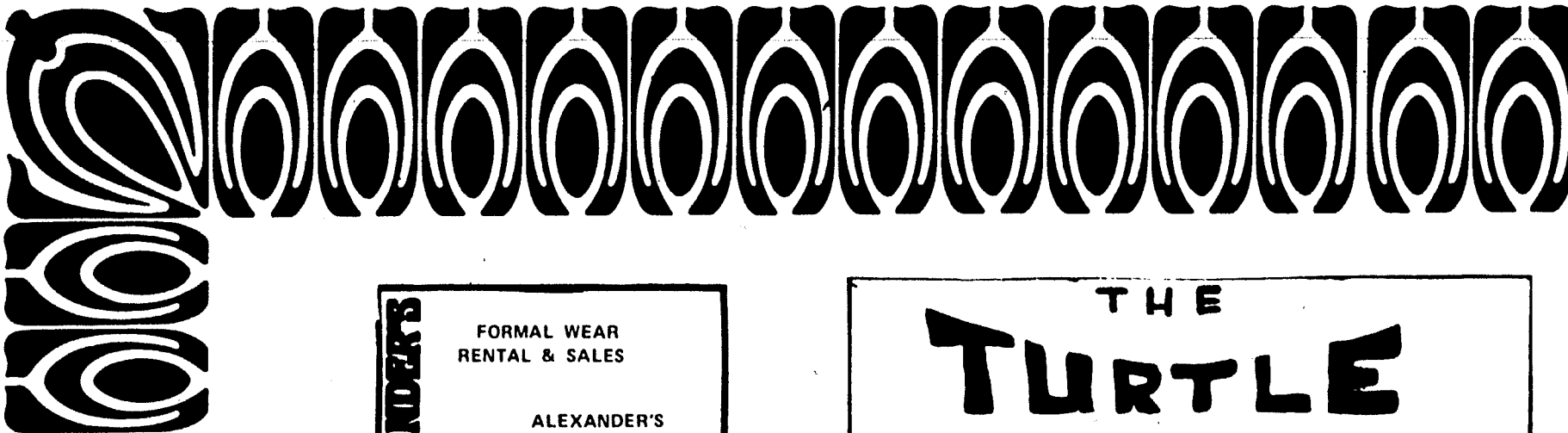
"There are many programs besides exhibits which we would like to try in the future. One which should start next semester is that student activities will be used as motifs in the commercial art area classes.

Also I am working on setting up a workshop for next fall in which advanced students and professors will work side by side on an independent study basis concentrating in a specific area.

I would eventually like to see cooperatives spring up from the Art Committee where a group of students interested in the same field would work with each other in a workshop situation. And later maybe a cooperative gallery and crafts shop run by a combination of student cooperatives for the exclusive sale of the works and also art supplies at a 10% over wholesale cost or at wholesale cost."

**HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT A PERMANENT ART GALLERY FOR THE COLLEGE?**

"Hope this is what the CUB halls and lounges will become."



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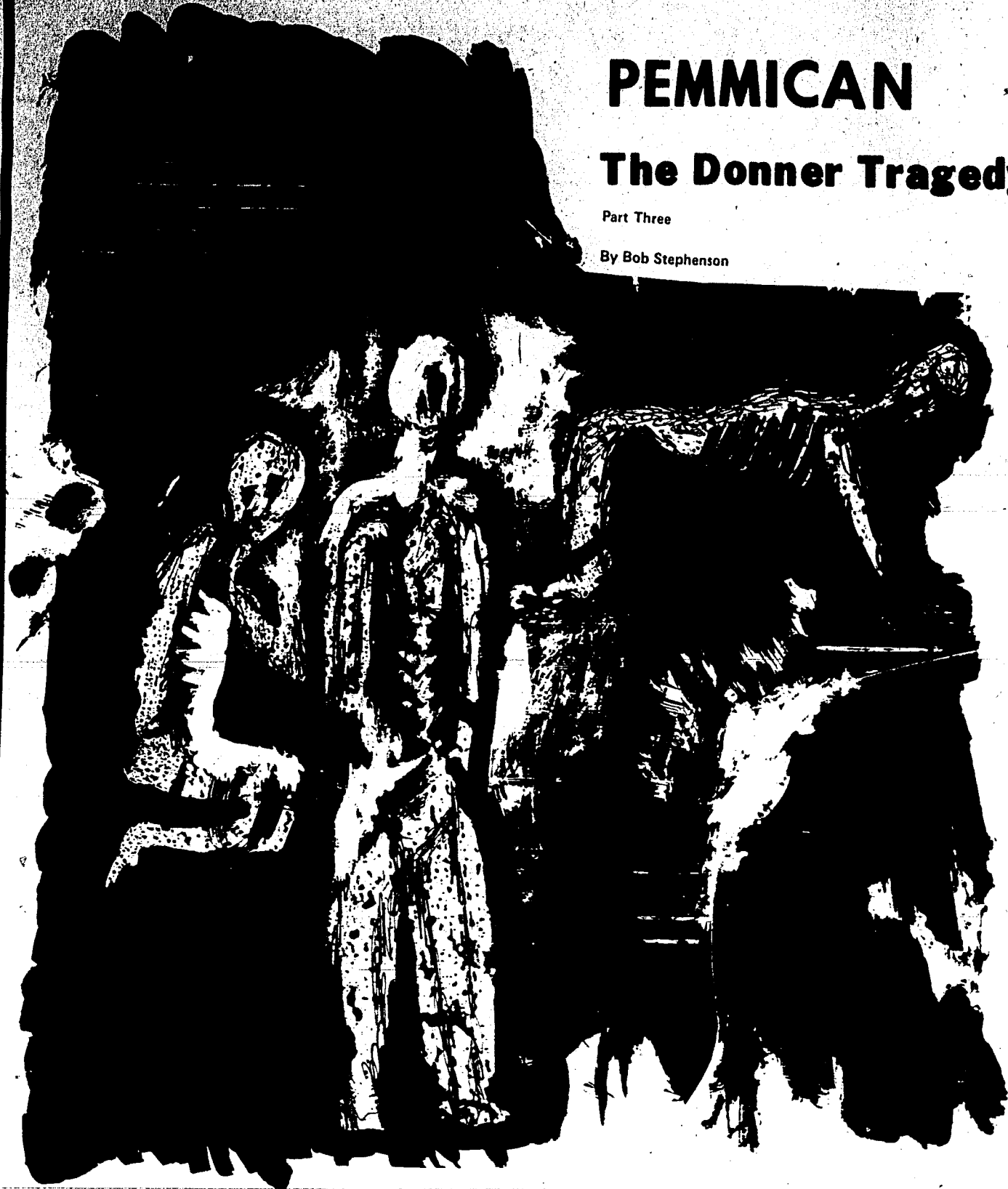
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# PEMMICAN

## The Donner Tragedy

Part Three  
By Bob Stephenson



In the middle of December, the weather cleared for a couple of days, and the several camps were in touch with each other again. It warmed up enough to be almost comfortable, and each camp sent their strongest members to each of the other camps. It was found that nine of the men still had enough strength left to attempt an almost hopeless trip to get help. Someone suggested that some of the strongest women should go along too, adding to the chances of getting through. There is a certain amount of hope in numbers, and the idea met with immediate approval. Five women and a young lad were found who were strong enough to try. The people who would try to make it would thus number fifteen persons. They were in seriously weakened conditions themselves, but they determined to set out in a body and try to make it to some outpost of civilization for help. Whatever happened in either case, stay or go, they knew that everyone was doomed if they stayed. If they perished trying to get help for others nothing would be changed. On the other hand, if by some stroke of miraculously good fortune they made it, then some of the stranded victims could perhaps be saved too.

On the sixteenth of December they said their last goodbyes. None of them really felt any assurance that the venture would meet with success. The goodbyes were tearful and heart splitting and it took a force of will for each one to give his last farewells. With their heads and hearts determined and steadfast to win out over the impossible odds they set their faces against the elements and struck out through the snowpack. From the very first it was a battle of sheer human will against the unrelenting elements. They pushed each other forward. They dragged each other on. They prodded and poked and prayed and swore at each other. They praised each other and the blessedly clear weather. They cursed each other and the numbing cold. But they moved forward. Step by aching step they moved forward. They were fifteen living dead, but they were determined not to surrender that final breath of life until every last spark of hope had burned out from deep inside them. They made about five miles the first day and about six the second. They spent the second night in a cold camp, and got up to plod forward for another five miles on the third day. They were slowly putting miles behind them, but they were doing something even more significant. They were making great strides in self confidence, and the spark of hope flared a little brighter inside them with each step they took.

At about the noon hour of the third day, some of the little party began to go blind because of the constant glare of the unending expanse of white snow. The despair of the blindness was almost a physical pain to those who suffered it, but it struck a fear of urgency into the others. Those who could see led those who could not and all tried to quicken the plodding pace. On they went in a stumbling, staggering, reeling chain of fighting humanity. On and on forward, somehow.

The fourth morning dawned brittle cold but still clear. They struggled to their feet again, each one numb to the pain that should have driven all of them long ago. One of the men sank back down almost as soon as he had gotten to his feet. His head drooped in exhausted despair. The others started on, plodding slowly past him in painful, butchered jerks. When the last one in the line passed the pitiful wretch who slumped forlornly in the snow she asked him if he was coming. "Yes," he told her. "I just want to rest for another moment or so. Don't worry about me. I'll be along shortly." They all continued, and he never got to his feet again. The column of wretches who went on never glanced back at him, knowing that it was the way he wanted it.

The clear weather gave out after a week, much to everyone's dismay, and another storm descended upon them. The fourteen remaining people dug a hole in the snow and prepared to wait out the storm. A few of the stronger ones dragged a supply of wood to the new camping place and someone miraculously started a fire. It was not a fire designed to provide warmth because nobody could tell whether they were warm or cold anymore. The little fire was built purely and simply for the small amount of cheer that it might somehow provide. It didn't afford much cheer, but they kept it burning anyway. For awhile they attempted to engage in idle conversation trying to stall off the insanity and madness that loomed in each pair of eyes. The madness would have reaped supreme in those haunted eyes but for the determination that remained alive there. After awhile they dropped into a blessed oblivion of sleep, but one of them awakened now and again by some unspoken appointment to feed fuel to the fire.

After a day or two in this camp they were all startled to hear a noise like someone moving toward them in the storm. Hope stirred in every heart, and someone looked over the shield of snow that they had built. Immediately their spirits were killed again because he reported that the two Indian guides were coming. Just the two miserable, half-starved Indian guides who had been with them since the Donner party had camped near what is now Reno. The Indians had been attracted to the flickering dance of the fire, bringing their own terrible woe to add to everyone's despair. They came on up to the camp and slumped by the fire, cringing in fear. No one said anything. They neither welcomed the Indians nor discouraged them. Perhaps misery loves company. Perhaps not. There was no reason to really care. The Indians seemed to have an urgent message, but they remained silent while the youngest member in the party sobbed hysterically. He clung madly to his older sister, begging to know if help would ever, ever come. He became silent after awhile, burying his face in his sister's bosom.

The Indians sat silently for what seemed to be an eternity. One of them finally volunteered information about the camp back at Truckee Lake. It was an explosive revelation that would have struck horror and disbelief into the very souls of any other party of human beings, but the Indian's words fell on ears so dull and numb with misery that what he said didn't register. It didn't register for a long time, but all of a sudden realization dawned upon them like a shock. What was it that this damned, red fool was saying? They were going to eat who? Who was going to cook who?

A hoarse scream sounded out above the Indian's guttural manner of speaking, and the man who screamed fell upon the poor fellow as if to kill him. He was too weak to even hurt the poor red man, who simply croaked the astonishing news over and over again. The damned fool white men were going to eat each other. The Great Spirit in the sky would turn an angry face upon all humanity! At last the man who was trying to beat the Indian gave up the futile attempt. The fearful guide sat there with the horror of primitive, superstitious fear in his face. He repeated his message over and over, pausing now and again to fall into some kind of a rhythmic religious chant.

The silence of horrible disbelief struck the rest of the party dumb. The impact of the Indian guide's revelation soaked into their comprehension slowly, but when it was there it rendered them speechless. Were their friends back at Truckee Lake really turning to cannibalism in a final, desperate attempt to survive? Were they really eating the flesh of their own friends? The thought that they were doing such a thing surged through the entire rescue party like a shock. It was unbelievable. It was something that simply could not happen. Not to them. To someone else, perhaps. But not to them. A shocked silence hung over them all like a shroud of death, and the shivering that quaked through their bodies was not entirely a result of the dreadful cold.

They were quiet for a long, long time. Only the soft chanting of the two Indians broke the silence, but it was a sound that none of them were even aware of. This dreadful news from the people at Truckee Lake coursed through their thoughts like a consuming fire, and their consideration of what the Indian had told them spurred all into many different directions. Cannibalism was a thing that repulsed all of them. It was disgusting. Under normal circumstances it was such a revolting thing that none of them would have allowed more than a fleeting thought of it to pass through their minds. Would anyone really be able to stoop to eating his own kind? Was it possible for civilized men to eat their own friends if it meant survival?

"If they are doing this we can't think too harshly of them," someone said. The voice rang through the stillness of the camp like a harsh bell. "A dead man is a dead man," the voice continued, trying to strengthen his statement. "Bury a dead man and he never again does anyone any good at all. He simply returns to the dust that God created him from. But if a starving man eats the flesh of his dead friend, the strength that he receives might save him." The speaker looked all around the camp, trying to stare down the withering looks that were turned upon him. And the wisdom of what he had said seeped into the understanding of his fellow travellers. One by one the harsh stares softened. One by one the members of the rescue party found themselves unable to look into his eyes. His apology for what might be happening back at the lake had been a revolting suggestion for them to consider as a solution to their own problem of survival. But it was a solution. Each member of the party found himself wavering under the gaze of the man who had spoken those ringing words. Each one in his turn looked back at the flickering fire, defeated. Now and then someone nodded his head. It meant survival. It was a way out.

"If one of should die the others might eat his heart and liver," another man said. "Just his heart and liver." In the sound of his voice was a plea for forgiveness and understanding. Around the campfire the glances of his friends turned upon him, and they were forgiving glances. Many heads were nodding in agreement.

(to be continued)

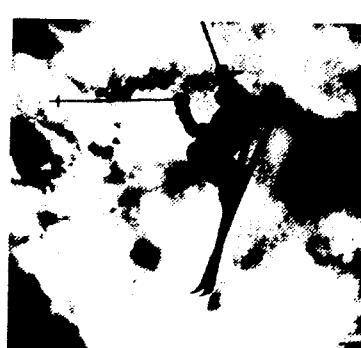
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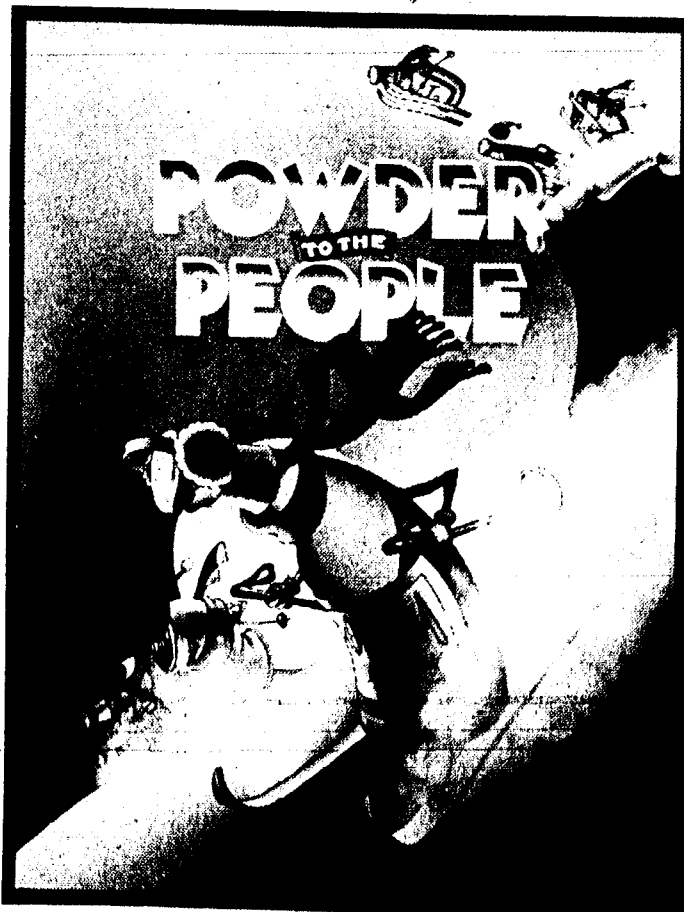
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ACOG is an outgrowth of the former Ada Development Council (ADC), ACOG is an agency that was formed in 1971 and consolidates ADC and the planning staffs of Boise and Ada County. Why is this regional approach to government needed? A region is a group of neighboring local communities whose residents are joined as a unit, economically, socially, and geographically but lack governmental unity. A regional approach is an effort to construct an intergovernmental system which relates to these new regional communities and their challenges.

The rapid growth and modernization of our nation has resulted in the emergence of a mobil, highly demanding public which is involved with many domestic problems that cross city, county or township boundaries. These regional problems can only be solved on a broader geographic basis. Such problems include transportation, economic development, environment control, law enforcement, health control and many other activities. The increasing cost of these public services have made it practical for local officials to pool their resources on a regional basis to meet common problems and needs. Currently there are about six hundred regional councils in the United States. These councils involve eighty percent of the nation's population and fifty-five percent of its land area. ACOG is nothing new; many other areas all over the United States have found it a satisfactory and economical solution to many shared problems. The first regional councils were established in 1958 in the metropolitan areas of Washington D.C., Detroit, and Seattle.

Robert R. McAbee, the executive director of ACOG, worked with the Seattle group from its origin in 1958 until 1962, and again from 1968-70. The Seattle group encompasses four counties and sixty-five cities. It will be noted on the organizational chart that Larry Sale, the county planning administrator, Mike Wardle, city planning engineer (Boise), Russ Carter and Harry C. Lower are staff members to ACOG. ACOG has no legislative or taxing powers; it does make recommendations and to date, ninety-five percent of its recommendations have been acceptable. At present, the antagonism of some subdividers has been expressed by Dale Duffy; it should be stated that many real estate personnel have disavowed any connection with Duffy and his expressed opinion.

In terms of staff, ACOG has thirty-one members with twelve full-time highly qualified planners. Previously under the three separate staffs of ADC, Boise and Ada County, there were twenty-six employees with three qualified planners and one full-time member in planning research. It will be noted, that this increase in professional staff skills has been accomplished even though the local financial costs were reduced. This result was accomplished through streamlined administrative procedures, reduction of strictly administrative personnel, higher utilization of federal funds which produced a lesser need for local funds. Savings for the residents of Ada County were accomplished during the first year of ACOG's operation. In 1972, ACOG was provided a unified budget, and staffing is supplied by ACOG for both regional and local planning. Prior to the consolidation of ACOG in 1971, the combined budgets of ADC, Boise, and Ada County planning in local dollars was \$53,972 more than for the consolidated ACOG budget of 1972.

The Policy Board is composed of two types of memberships with voting power. Special memberships are the Board District with two votes and the Boise Independent School District with two votes and these votes can only be cast on projects or studies that fall under their particular jurisdiction. General memberships on the Policy Board allot two votes to the Boise City Council, three votes to the Ada County Board of Commissioners and one vote each to the mayors of Boise, Eagle, Kuna, Meridian, and Garden City. The Governor of Idaho and the State Planning Director are ex officio members and have no vote. Advisory to the Policy Board is the Regional Planning Commission whose membership is drawn from the local planning commissions, on the same ratio as the members of the Policy Board.

A three-year program of goals through the year 1974 has been established and these goals have been approved by the relevant elected officials. These program goals cover a span of activities from a variety of physical, economic, and social studies. The program included analysis and projections on both economics and population, planning on hillside development, urban areas, housing, transportation, and environmental quality and possible studies on manpower, health and welfare, education, law enforcement, intergovernmental coordination, management, and program development. ACOG does coordinate with the efforts of the Greenbelt Committee.

ACOG will be a permanent addition to the governmental units in this area as long as it is relevant and responsible. The basic issue of concern is whether ACOG is going to be tailored to reflect primarily special interest groups or whether it will continue to use as criteria for recommendation the general welfare of all the people in the county. At staff level, personal and professional integrity will not be compromised. There is now indication that Dale Duffy's unsubstantiated charges are at all reflective of the general Developer/Real Estate interests and attitudes.

It is the right of every citizen to obtain the proper information about ACOG so that he can judge what is fact and what is fiction. False accusations and unsubstantiated reports only add to misunderstanding and confusion. Boise has many problems that need satisfactory solutions. These problems are largely due to the growth that Boise is experiencing and the lack of adequate planning until recently.

Regional councils operate in two frames of reference. First is the longer range area of innovation and organizational improvement where regional councils are serving to strengthen local government's effectiveness and to improve working relations with state and federal governments. For example, regional councils currently offer the only mechanism for areawide planning and community development within a total regional context. The second frame of reference is the specific project and dollar-saving accomplishments which are highly visible. For example, in New York the regional council coordinated a twenty-county drug raid which resulted in the arrest of 191 alleged drug offenders and the seizure of \$1.2 million in drugs. Fire protection in metropolitan Washington D.C. has been strengthened through agreements developed through the area's regional council. During the April 1968 civil unrest in Washington, suburban fire departments answered 268 fire alarms in the District of Columbia. In San Angeles, Texas, the regional council established a Youth Services and Resources Bureau to provide diagnostic, counseling, and other services to predelinquent youths who are not being treated through the existing criminal justice system. In Savannah, Georgia, the regional council coordinated a war on roadside dumps. More than 220 truckloads of solid waste were collected, more than 125 abandoned automobiles towed away, and more than 30,000 bottles and cans picked up. The projects cited here offer the concerned citizen some idea of the variety and the benefits that occur in an area where a regional council is working. Nationwide regional councils are saving more than \$300 million a year by preventing conflicting or overlapping projects with their areas.

Con ACOG

It appears that the most visible antagonists to ACOG are the real estate developers, and the chief issue of controversy is sewer construction. Some realtors admit that the ACOG performs a necessary service to the community area; other real estate representatives express their opposition to ACOG very heatedly as Dale Duffy has done the past week in the Idaho Statesman.

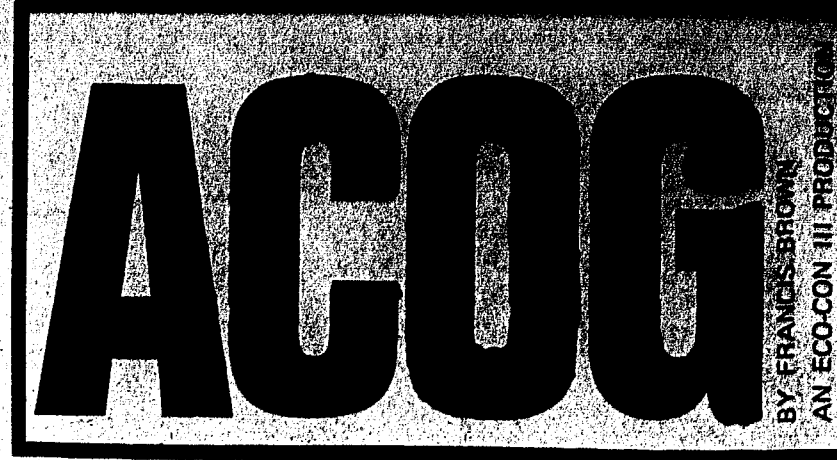
Several realtors complained that ACOG is dictatorial; projects or subdivisions were approved this year that would have been refused last year; sources of information to ACOG were not of the high quality that should have been available; no reason given for turning down a subdivision with the same qualities as an adjoining subdivision that was approved; ACOG would give a different interpretation of a geological map than the engineer who had prepared the map. These complaints reflect some of the opinions of the real estate sector.

Duffy and the newly-elected county commissioner Eugene Crawford have publicly expressed the opinion asking for McAbee's resignation. Other citizens of the community have stated that there is a need for more cooperation between ACOG and elected officials and regretted that sewer projects have not been approved in construction more rapidly than is apparent presently. With the permission of the Editor of the Statesman, a copy of pro and con ACOG "letters to the Editor" from the Idaho Statesman, Sunday, November 5, 1972 is included in this article.

Editor, the Statesman

Let's bare the facts on our super planning agency called the Ada Council of Governments (ACOG). This growing octopus is wasting the taxpayers' money and is rapidly becoming a third level of government. It will become its own taxing authority unless the elected officials curb its power. ACOG was formed in September of 1971 to update the comprehensive plan and design a sewer system. Fourteen months later we have neither. ACOG has sadly misplaced priorities by becoming preoccupied with hillside criteria, Swan Falls Gully Dam, National Guard maneuver area and the birds of prey in the Snake River Canyon.

ACOG is not the omnipotent savior of the valley as some politicians would have us believe. ACOG is largely staffed by young self appointed ecologists with little practical experience in planning and zoning. Private property owners, architects, builders, developers and engineers have more expertise and practical imagination than the ACOG planners. ACOG has made the unpardonable error of alienating the reservoir of talent at the public expense. ACOG, under existing leadership, has become an antagonistic, bureaucratic, misguided organization intent on perpetuating its existence with an inflated \$479,000 budget.



The executive director of ACOG resigned his Seattle "COG" position under political pressure for designing a similar organization in that community. Space does not permit a complete airing of this subject but there must be a reorganization and redirecting in planning and zoning in this community. Goals must be set, priorities established and the work load accomplished. Some major staffing changes should be made in ACOG. A salary and budget review is in order. The election of Gene Crawford and Ellwood Mylander as county commissioners would be a first step in the right direction.

(This letter represents the individual view of the author separate from his membership in several organizations concerned with the subject matter.) -Dale Duffy, Boise.

Editor, The Statesman:

Mr. Duffy's letter to the Statesman of today is the first public surfacing of an intensive effort by a few developer-real estate interests to undermine the efforts of city and county to bring intelligent planning to Ada County and its cities. His letter and this larger effort have been based on misstatements of facts and unsubstantiated assertions. The true facts are:

Control by elected officials - ACOG is the elected officials. The voting members of the ACOG are presently the three county commissioners, the mayor and two city council members from Boise City, the majors of Garden City, Kuna, Meridian and Eagle.

Staff and staff salaries - The staff, which is responsible to these elected officials, consists of 31 people representing many areas of expertise including transportation, urban geography, civil engineering, microbiology and public administration. The salary schedule of ACOG staff was unanimously approved by the participating jurisdictions after intensive analysis of local, regional and national salary levels for positions of comparable responsibility and expertise.

Budget - The first full year of ACOG has resulted in a reduction of \$53,972 in the costs of planning and zoning. Proof of that is readily available in official public budget records.

Work program - The sewer plan has been prepared and is ready for public hearings. Through the efforts of the ACOG staff this study has been revised and will, if adopted, result in savings in capital costs of over \$12 million over the first report submitted to the ACOG staff.

The county comprehensive plan is completed and scheduled for public hearing November 30. Other critical studies completed or near completion include hillside development, population forecasts, interim report on economic prospects, 1972 housing report, model subdivision and model zoning ordinances, open space plan, urban form study.

This community now has a gold opportunity to obtain sound planning before it is too late. The potential for realizing this opportunity will rest in no small part upon both the integrity and courage of the staff to resist the special privilege pressures. We know have that kind of staff.

Yes, the voter on November 7 will make a critical decision. The choice is between intelligent planning on the one hand and county government for the sole benefit of certain spiral interests on the other. A vote for Ruth Pauly and Vern Morris will insure intelligent planning.

CHARLES F. HUMMEL, (MARGE FINDLYA), ARTHUR OPPENHEIMER JR., MRS. JOHN GIVENS, JOHN BENTLEY, Boise.

## Broncos win in snowy Arizona

Only 2200 fans in Flagstaff, Arizona witnessed the BSC Broncos dominate nearly the entire game enroute to their 39-12 victory over Northern Arizona University last Saturday.

NAU concluded an unhappy season at 3-8. By the end of the game there were only 30 students remaining.

It is difficult to write a game story in the eyes of a loser. NAU's coach, Ed Peasley, sent in every play from the bench, showing a frustrated Lumberjack quarterback.

Twice on two different counts, Peasley made NAU try through the middle four times in a row from the Bronco four and two-yard lines. All eight plays were stopped by an unrelentless BSC defense.

The Broncos did what they were expected to do-win. Another school record highlighted the victory. Billy Stephens took an NAU kickoff from the BSC 3-yard line to paydirt, except you really couldn't see gold through all the snow. Yes, it was 35 degrees in sunny Arizona.

Stephens outdistanced two speedy Lumberjacks who had definite angles on him. I only wish I had my camera handy.

In stocking up 454 offensive total yards (preparing for Idaho, no doubt) Jim McMillan threw 18 times completing nine of them for an even 100 yards. Al Marshall, number 44 on the roster, collected 43 yards in five receptions and Don Hutt dug in for 31 yards in three grabs. Hutt also turned up a TD pass catch from two yards out.

Chester Grey took in a four-yard pass from Ron Autele good for the score as did John Smith from 72 long yards out.

Autele passed the ball only eight times, but completed three of them-two for TD's.

The BSC defense was led by Jogn Walker who had six unassisted tackles and 14 assists. Dave Ober tackled four and helped out on grabbing four more hapless Lumberjacks.

Joe Larkin, who played his best game against NAU last year in the BSC 22-17 victory, kicked a 32-yard field goal and made four conversions.

Injury-wise, NAU quarterback Vince Creviston broke his ankle after completing one pass in one attempt.

Photo courtesy Dick Newcombe



## Chess

The BSC Chess Club will meet this Wednesday at 7:30 PM in the Big Four Room (CUB).

According to Games Area Director Kent Kehler, the Boise Chess Club will be on hand to help the BSC group organize. All interested persons are heartily invited. There may even be another Bobby Fisher lurking around the college somewhere.

## Toilet bowl

Even though Homecoming activities have retired for yet another year, it is not too late to mention an old rivalry of football fame between Tau Kappa Epsi and the Intercollegiate Knights; both men and women.

The ladies from IK completely dominated the action from the beginning and sent the TKE's home 36-0.

A particularly interesting play occurred when one young IK miss stopped enroute to a sure loss of yards and exclaimed, "Gracious, this ball is wet!"

The action was at a standstill momentarily as the problem of the wet ball was pondered (as women do ponder) when the IK speedster sneaked away with the pigskin into the Tau Kappa Epsi endzone. Gracious!

The flag game was coached by Antby Berkey and Chuck Jenkins (IK) and by Wally Lang (TKE).

The men's game was a bit more brutal (as intra-campus rivalry men will be) and in the end saw the IK's ahead 21-6.

Playing in Bronco Stadium under a considerable downpour, the Intercollegiate Knights continued their dominance of the series going on 23 years...winning 20 straight, losing last year.

Photo courtesy Dick Newcombe



Photo courtesy Dick Newcombe

## Take a dip

Intramural swimming competition will get underway the first week of December. Deadline for the sign-up is November 30.

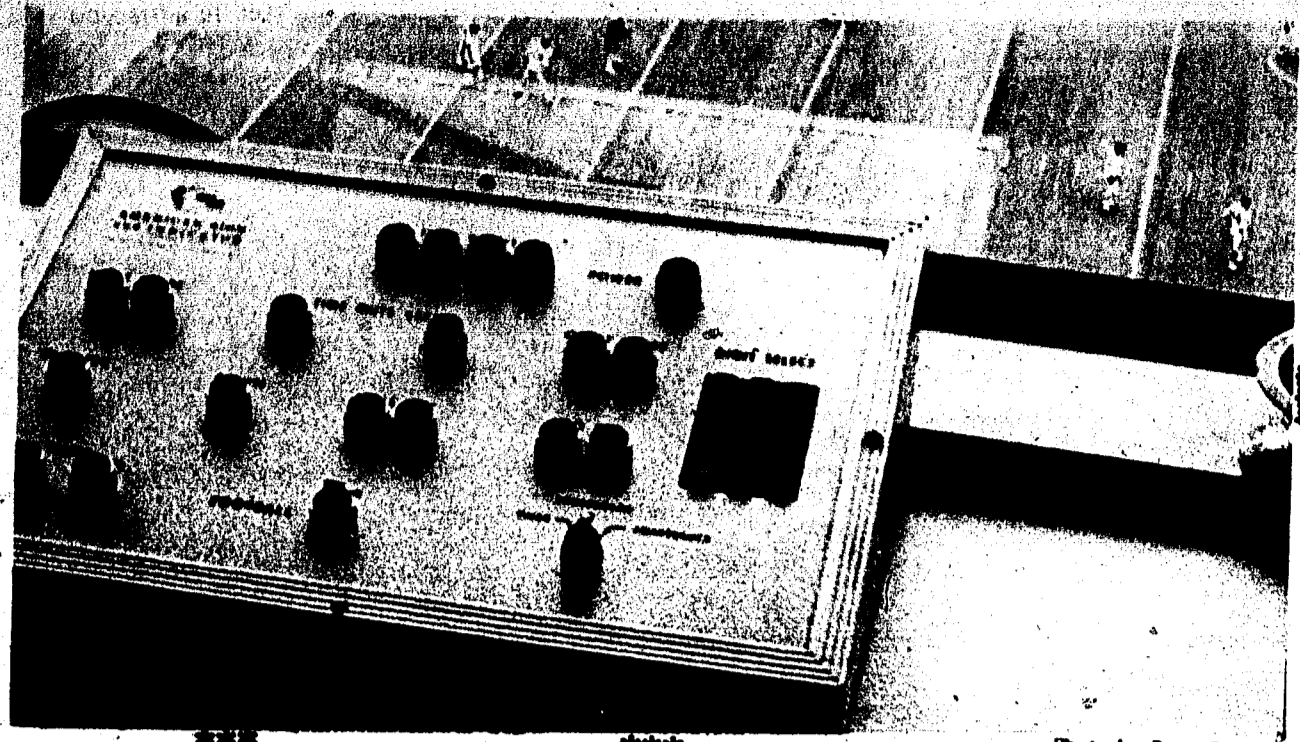
Individual and team competition is offered; butterfly, relay, diving, etc.

This is a coed activity and awards will be presented at the end of the season.

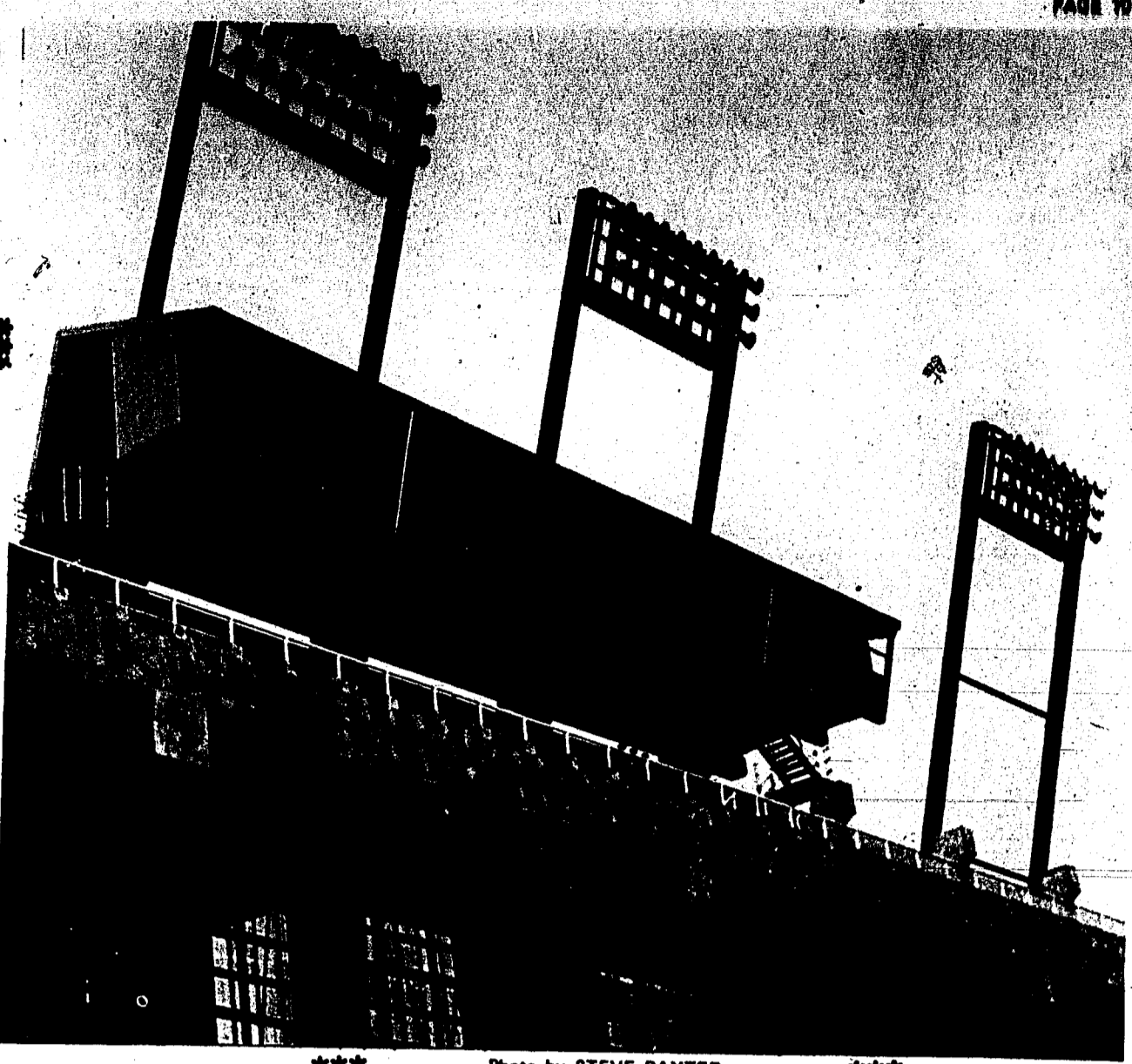
All interested persons are asked to contact Coach Bill Jones in the pool area.

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This is a view taken from the Public Address announcer's booth. The scoreboard lights, timer, and other technicalities are also controlled here. The numbers on the players' jerseys are clearly seen from the heights. The action is just regular practice. In an adjacent room, a secretary from the Varsity Center types the play-by-play sheets



A concrete palace in its own right, the press box looms over the playing field. Sports information director at BSC, Jim Faucher, sees that all guests are taken care of. He wants everything to be "first class," not so much on comfort, but "to provide the press with the best facilities at their service." Newsmen are more than satisfied with the working conditions. Scouts from various ball clubs, including the professionals are treated royally. The press box can do no more than impress all those within it.

# High in the pressbox at BSC

By Tony McLean  
ARBITER Sports Editor

A few months ago, I was in my office putting the sports page together the best way I knew how, when my editor took me aside by the arm and presented me with "a little surprise." The surprise was a red ribbon with a gold pin clasped to it and had the words, BSC PRESS BOX PASS engraved importantly on the front. Basically, I was to attend the first football game of the season sitting in the press box.

Ever since the stadium was built I had a craving desire to sneak a look at the tilted balcony from the inside. The thought of actually sitting in it took my breath away with spine-tingling excitement.

As the excitement began to subside, fear began to creep through my veins. I should tell you at this point that I was so shy about being in the presence of such well known news personalities as Paul J. Schneider, Ray Giffin, and Dan Peters that I shuddered uncontrollably at the thought of shooting the bull with them up in the press box. The very idea of sending me up there with those people was like asking me to let the air out of Governor Andrus's tires.

Since I am the only member of the sports department, I had no alternative but to attend the game. The days before the game went by quickly as do the days when you have an appointment at the dentist to extract all your wisdom teeth. To me, the dentist seemed tame in comparison to the press box.

## A sigh of relief

A heavy-set woman at the gate eyed me suspiciously as if I carried a loaded gun in my brief case. My red ribbon, looking no less like those second place merit awards given out by City-Rec, was branded on the front of me indicating that I was a member of the working press and that I was to be admitted free of charge. I could read, "What do you think you're trying to get by with, PUNK," written across her dour face. Breathing a sigh of relief I managed to squeeze by her before she started asking me questions which I would have had to answer with incomprehensible gargles.

## I could have broken my neck

By this time I was a little weak in the legs when I had to strain walking on the ramp to the first deck. The concrete all about made me feel I was an intruder at San Quentin Prison when I immediately spotted yet another "guard" to pass. This lady had a no-nonsense attitude about her. Braving whatever was to come, I started up the stairs when she asked (I knew she would), "Let me see your ticket, please." I thought I was going to die.

I fumbled with my jacket trying to get the pass that the wind had tucked under my collar. She acknowledged it with a nod and I dragged my legs up the remaining steps to the top of the first deck.

If you have ever been on the second floor balcony, you may think it comparable with one side of the Coliseum in Rome with the steepness of the Empire State Building in New York. I groped for the iron bar at the bottom of the balcony conveniently located for those who think they might, at any moment, fall over the edge and break their neck.

At long last I am clinging to the top wall of the second floor. The shadow of the press box looms formidable above. Gathering what remaining strength I have left, I make my way up the final eight steps.

## Silver cross and a wooden stake

Wouldn't you know it. There is another "guard" standing, barring the entrance to the press box. He is obviously an ex-tackle brought over from the Los Angeles Rams trained to kill intruders not wearing passes. Glancing at my pass, which I brandished like a silver cross in one hand and a wooden stake in the other, his mouth made the motion of a running scar across his face, presumably to acknowledge my admittance upstairs.

The door gave way and I entered the sacred temple of the sports writer's paradise. There are enormous paneled windows which immediately caught my eye. They allow a breath-taking view of eastern Boise, the foothills, and the desert towards Mountain home. I can't describe the stunning blue of a setting sky as seen from the press box. The room is comfortably heated and decorated with modern tastes. A long desk runs parallel to the windows with a blue telephone on every other section. Copies of statistical pre-game information were neatly laid out along with programs of the game with Nevada-Reno. The chairs were of the padded seat type without arms.

I had suddenly forgotten my fear of heights and immensely enjoyed being up in the press box. I started worrying, however, where I was supposed to sit myself. Looking about, I didn't know whose was whose. Before I had time to think further, two men rambled past me to sit down at the desk with an identification plaque that stated, STATESMAN NEWS ONLY. I realized with a horror and self-controlled pleasure, that Ray Giffin, THE sports editor, was in the same room as I. Then came in Paul J. Schneider of KBOI, wearing slacks and a colorful shirt. He was carrying a portable camera. Larry Chase, also of KBOI, followed behind, apparently there just to watch the game.

## Some of the crew

If I had waited any longer I would have been seated on the floor, so I took a seat two from the wall. The wall breaks off the working press from the radio crew (KIDO), the Varsity Center film boys, who take movies of the game to present to the Bronco Athletic Association on Mondays, and the PA announcer. Also there are a couple of men that seclude themselves in a room to type down the play-by-play action. The play-by-play sheet is then mimeographed at the end of each quarter and then distributed to the press.

## Unidentifiable ants

The game finally got underway. I furiously tried to write down the play-by-play notes, unconscious of the fact that they were going to be printed for everyone present. Chase and Schneider looked at me with contained amusement. This went on for a whole quarter of the game. I finally began to write down just the important plays and then it became next to impossible that I just sat and stared at the Astro-Turf in exhaustion; the players below scrambling around like unidentifiable ants.

I immediately regretted leaving my radio behind as it would have been a welcome necessity. Schneider had his turned up loud enough for his ears only.

Soon I forgot what a rookie I was up there in the press box and began seeing the game from a journalistic point of view. The whole show reminded me of Nevada being raw meat minced into hamburger by a machine labeled Boise State College. A pretty lady that worked in the Varsity Center soon distracted my attention and offered to get me a soft drink, coffee, or milk. I ordered ginger ale and wondered why she was giving this lonely freshman the VIP treatment.

## Shock of all shocks

And shock of all shocks, at the end of the second half she brought everyone a generous lunch in a brown sack. The press tore at theirs like hungry lions receiving Christians for supper, while I watched some of the halftime activity below so I wouldn't seem greedy.

It became a must in the fourth quarter to visit the little boy's room so I sneaked away from my seat into ROOM 301 (the john). It just so happens that the door is in bad need of oiling in the lock and no sooner had I dropped my pants when some ambitious woman barged in. She left equally as fast and I didn't see her the rest of the game.

At the conclusion of the game I packed away my statistic sheet into my briefcase and proceeded down the steps it took me so long to get up. One-quarter of the way down there was an enormous pile of concession rubble swept onto the stairs. My turned ankle could have been avoided had I not spent so much time concentrating on each single step before allowing myself to fall in the muck.

I might mention that it took half an hour to get the final statistic sheet. By that time all the gates were locked and I panicked immediately. I dashed out onto the Astro-Turf with the slightest hope of going through the locker room and on out to freedom. But not so.

"Hey YOU!" I heard one burly maintenance man yell. I could have outrun Don Hutt at that moment as I darted toward the locker room. I spotted an open gate with a man, Lyle Smith so it turned out to be, standing ready to lock it. He stared at me like I was some kind of nut. I went through and the maintenance man gave up the chase.

"Well how did it go?" asked my editor the next afternoon while I was writing up the game story.

"Just fine," I replied.

My editor fumed a bit because he thought I would have something funny to write about how it was to sit up in the press box. Could I have missed something?



Within the last year the old standard of down clothing and sleeping bags had been challenged by new materials claiming the warmth and lightness of down, without the high cost.

The new material called Dacron II seems to do all that it says it will as it is warm, light, and durable, but be warned, it has only been on the market for a short time and it is just possible that all the bugs have not been worked out in the stuff yet. If you are planning to purchase equipment soon, it might be best to stick with a tried and proven product...down. Unless you know for certain that Dacron II bag is what you want.

Ed Weber

**TIP**  
When hiking or outdoors remember if your feet are cold cover your head.

**ANOTHER TIP**  
Good outdoorsmen respect people, land and nature.

Last but not least don't forget the Fashion Show and Ski Film on the 23rd.

# JV hoopsters start at TVCC

The junior varsity hoopsters open their season in a tournament at Treasure Valley Community College in Ontario. Slated for November 24 and 25, the action will start at 7:00 PM.

Schools participating besides BSC are: Columbia Basin (Pasco, Washington), TVCC, and Weber State.

JV coach, Bus Connor, is pleased with the line-up this fall. "It's a team that plays very well together," he said.

"We've got quicker freshmen than ever this year and we should press the run more," continued Connor.

At guard, Tony Saras, from Minico High (Rupert) will start. He is 5-10 and checks in at 150 lbs.

Alonzo Goggins, from Denver, Colorado, will also start in the guard slot. Goggins is 5-6 and 135 lbs.

Pat Hoke, the tallest player on the starting line-up at 6-7 and 215 lbs., is an All State forward from Richland, Washington. Hoke may play center off and on. Connor feels his team can perform around a "no-center" type of game. Hoke may also start playing intermittently with the varsity squad.

George Glover travelled the farthest to play ball with the Broncos. He is a 6-5 forward from Brooklyn, New York.

Rounding out the list is Scott McIlhenny. He is 6-4½ and 190 lbs. from Okanoga, Washington. McIlhenny is a guard-forward.

Coach Connor named Jim Skidmore, Rick Fletcher, and Mike Warren as "promising players to watch."

Skidmore is a 6-4 forward from Highland Park, Illinois.

From Skyline High, Fletcher is 6-2 and 175 lbs. He plays in the guard position.

A freshman from Boise High, Mike Warren, 6-5, 220 lbs., is a center.

The toughest competition this year should come from the College of Southern Idaho (Twin Falls), Columbia Basin, and Weber State. The latter "is supposedly the best," Connor commented.

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**THANK YOU!**

Last week marked the final appearance of the ARBITER football prediction contest. The contest ran for ten weeks and in that period twenty tickets to the Plaza Twin and ten large pizzas at the Brass Lamp were given away to the various winners.

Each week saw a different person win, and those who found Lady Luck on their side were Paul Fisk, Debbie Templeton, Max Burke, Ed Randal, Mike Burgener, Jim Hartley, Willie Uhrig, Patsy Perkins, Bill Allen, and David Robertson.

The ARBITER SPORTS STAFF wishes to express its thanks to all those who participated in the contest; and especially to ART ANDERSON of the PLAZA TWIN THEATER and to CHARLES ALLEN of the BRASS LAMP for their generosity.

**Gofy's**  
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FOOSBALL TOURNAMENT  
TUESDAY 7:30

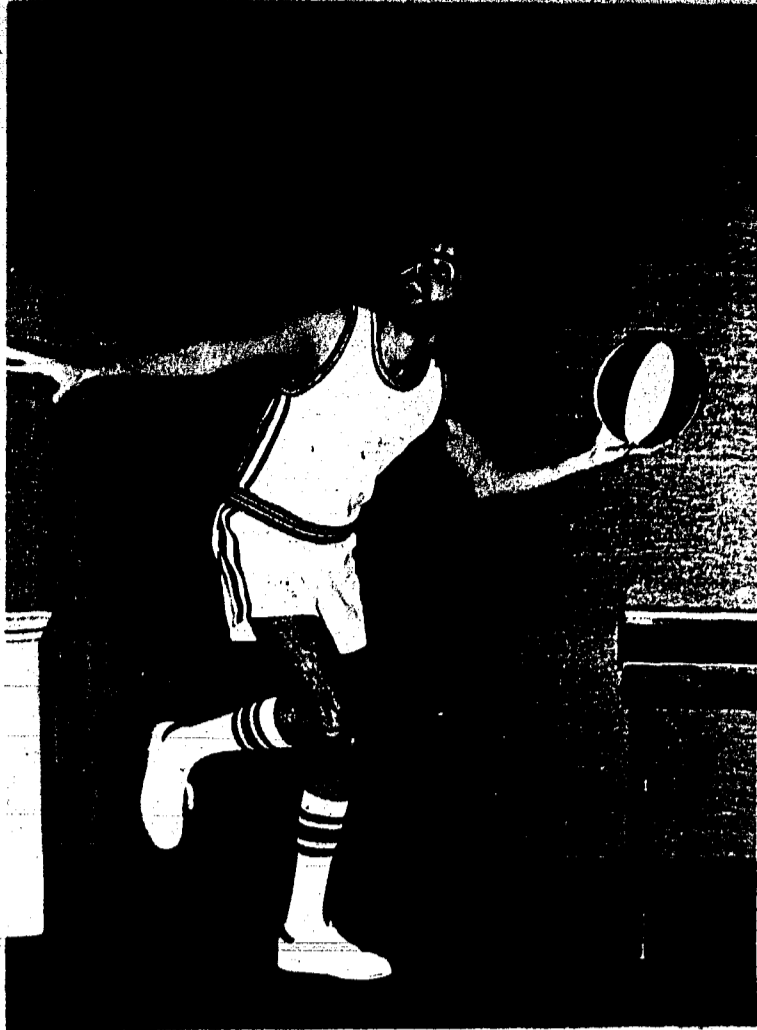
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POOL TOURNAMENT  
SUNDAY 7:00

MIXED DRINKS  
DANCING  
OPEN 'TILL 3 AM  
SERVING BREAKFAST

\*EXTRA FRIDAY AND SATURDAY  
CONTINUOUS MUSIC 'TILL 2 AM





# Game with Idaho may seem like 4th of July

Idaho has its own traditional battle this year, and while it doesn't rank with the "big ones," the Idaho-Boise State contest is one of those games that will keep people talking for months, regardless of the outcome. Both teams will be keyed to a fever pitch Saturday, and the sell-out crowd should hear enough pads popping to make it seem more like the Fourth of July than Thanksgiving.

Oddly enough, the game will have no bearing on the Big Sky title, which is resting safely on the head of the Montana State Bobcat. When the season began, Saturday's principles were touted as being the two best in the conference, with Idaho picked as the favorite and Boise State expected to challenge them.

Now, three months later, both teams are out of the race, and the state's "game of the decade" will have to wait as BSC is in the middle of the standings while Idaho has one foot in the cellar.

The injury bug, always a menace to the Vandals, has hit them again, and their effectiveness has been seriously hampered as a result. To begin, quarterback Rick Seefried has missed half the season, and is still only able to play on a limited basis. His backup, Ross Goddard also got some early lumps, so the Vandal quarterbacking job has fallen on the shoulders of freshman Dave Comstock. He has been able to move the squad at times, but the more experienced Seefried has had better luck and the Vandals play much better under his leadership.

On defense, Idaho has been playing without five or six starters, and their celebrated "Wild Bunch" of last year has had serious difficulty containing most teams. Steve Hunter, who was one of the nation's best punters as well as an outstanding defensive back, was injured in midseason and hasn't returned.

But the Vandals do have enough healthy people to make more than a game out of it Saturday. They boast one of the Big Sky's best runners in Bernie Rembert. He has averaged over 5 yards per carry this year.

With Comstock, Idaho features a running game, but when Seefried plays they take to the airways more often. The Vandals do have some good receivers, including Big Sky player of the week, Collie Mack. The speedster came of age two weeks ago against Montana as he scored three times, including one on a 97-yard kickoff return.

The Vandal offensive line is anchored by all-conference center Ken Muhlbier, while the defense features Randal Marquess, another all Big Sky pick.

Going against the Vandals will be a Bronco team that is second in the nation in total offense (college division),

averaging around 440 yards per game. The BSC gridgers are working on a three game winning streak, the last victory being 39-12 over Northern Arizona. They bring the Big Sky's two best receivers into the contest in the persons of Don Hutt and Al Marshall. Throwing to them will be either Jim McMillan or Ron Autele. Both have moved the team, and either one is a capable leader that can put points on the board.

Idaho, a team which runs out of the same basic pro-set formation that the Broncos use, is expected to mount a strong running attack while the Broncos can be counted on to put the ball in the air more often.

Game time is again set for 1:30 PM, and a full house is expected for the game that has been sold out for months.

## 'No-Stars' to star

Boise-An exhibition basketball team, "THE KF-XD NO-STARS" formed last week by KF-XD Sports Director, Ray Fisch, will be available for benefit performances at Boise Valley High Schools.

The team will play it's first game at the BSC gym, Tuesday, November 28 at 8 PM.

Player-coach, Tiny Tom Scott, has a 17 player roster including station personalities, JACK SUNDAY, FRED NOVAK, JIM ST. JOHN, and CHUCK LOVE.

Boise State freshman basketball coach Bus Connor will lead in the BSC defenders former Bronco greats RON AUSTIN and STEVE VOGEL plus current football team seniors, HAROLD GROZDANICH, AL DYKMAN, ROD STEARNS, AL MARSHALL, JOE LARKIN, DAVE OBER, BRIAN SOP ATYK, ART BERRY, and CARY HOSHAW.

Tickets are on sale for 50 cents for students, \$1.00 for non-students, BSC Cheerleaders and team members have advance tickets as well as at the Information Booth.

Twenty-five percent of gate receipts will be given to the BSC cheerleaders to help defray the costs on the trip to California in mid-December, while 50 percent will be donated to the Bronco Athletic Association.

The NO-STARS will play the BSC faculty in their opening game. Fisch says colorful red, white, and blue uniforms, comedy routines and even lady referees will be standard for each performance. The NO-STARS "will really put on a show," Fisch said.

But the relative standings of the two ball clubs should not detract from the game because they will be playing as though the Rose Bowl were at stake. Both squads have their reasons for winning...Idaho would like nothing better than to gain some revenge after last year's 42-14 defeat, and Boise State needs the win to clinch third in the Big Sky and post victories over both Idaho rivals.

Also, the same teams meet in the first game of the 1973 season, and a victory Saturday could be a good psychological shot-in-the-arm that will carry over to next year.

Idaho has had their troubles this year as they bring a 3-7 record from Moscow. In the Big Sky they stand at 1-3, with their only win coming against Montana.

Boise, on the other hand, has a reverse 7-3 record, with Big Sky victories over Weber, Idaho State, and Northern Arizona, bringing their BSAC mark to 3-2.

**GET YOUR TICKETS before someone else does!!!!**

## Idaho

# Not what you think

SPORTS GOSSIP

By Larry Burke

Sometimes names can be misleading. Take the Idaho Vandals or the Idaho State Bengals, for example. Both teams use the word "Idaho" in their titles. But this is a gross deception, for they are Idaho in name only, and not in fact. Idaho is merely their location. As a descriptive term the word means little because both squads are loaded with carpetbaggers who were lured to the Gem State to play football.

There is nothing wrong with this process, for in a sparsely populated state it is a necessity if football on the college level is to be a part of life. But we do take issue at their attitude that seems to spurn Idaho athletes in favor of those from other states.

We counted the Idaho starters two weeks ago in the BSC-ISU game, and found that the Bengals had 2 on offense and none on defense for a total of two Idaho starters. On the other hand, Boise State had five on offense and five on defense for a total of 10.

A check with their rosters reveals some very interesting facts. Idaho lists 21 players from in-state (not counting freshmen), and at the same time 21 players from nearby Washington are on the same roster. So what should we do? Do we call them Washington Vandals, or the Washdaho Vandals? But why should we use the title "Idaho" when only about one third of the team is local?

And that's nothing compared to the "Idaho State" Bengals. They list a big (count 'em) 11 boys on their team. Certainly there are more than 11 boys in this state who are capable of being Bengals. On the other hand, maybe there are only 11 who want to be Bengals. California lists 16 on the Bengal's roster and there is more than a handful from the East.

What we must ask is this...Is it necessary to go that far to find football talent? Is Idaho so lean that only 33 players are good enough for the varsity squads at Idaho and ISU?

We don't think so, and we've got the Boise State Broncos to prove our point. They list 30 Idaho players, nearly half of the total squad. Coach Tony Knap has said often that he feels there are enough good football players in this state to form a nucleus for any team, and he has oriented his recruiting efforts in that direction. Needless to say, it has paid off for him, and his overall record has more than proven that he is right.

Sure, the Bronco coaches make some trips around the country combing the bushes for talent, but at the same time they are also checking out the situation in Kamiah or Kimberly or Buhl. In other words, they don't neglect Idaho as the coaching staffs of the Bengals and the Vandals obviously do.

We like Knap's approach, and despite the number of times Marshall, Stephens, Riley or Autele have thrilled us, we still like to see a team that does feature a few Idahoans. We think the Broncos do a service to their state by recruiting as much as possible in Idaho, and the local fans are the benefactors. We only hope that the other schools have the foresight to do so themselves in the future.

# B.M.O.C.

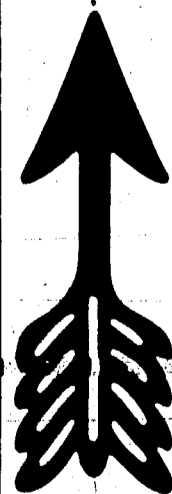


Pat Deja—Senior, Economics

Dennis Ward—Senior, Elementary Education, Intercollegiate Knights

## Blitz Man on Campus.

Your BMOc is the resident expert on Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Beer—But Didn't Know Whom To Ask. So ask him about Blitz-Weinhard Beer, the smooth, satisfying, flavorful beer from the West's oldest brewery, The Blitz-Weinhard Company, Portland, Oregon.



## WEEKLY EVENTS

MONDAY NIGHT: POOL TOURNAMENT

TUESDAY NIGHT: GIGGLE HOUR, 10 CENT BEER AND 50 CENT PITCHERS (GIRLS ONLY)

WEDNESDAY NIGHT: DOLLAR NIGHT, \$1.00 HAMBURGERS AND \$1.00 PITCHERS

THURSDAY NIGHT: FOOSBALL TOURNAMENT

FRIDAY NIGHT: HAPPY HOUR, 4-6 PM 15 CENT BEER 75 CENT PITCHERS

SATURDAY NIGHT: FUN NIGHT



# The student as nigger

by JERRY FARBER

Editor's note, what follows is part one or so of Jerry Faber's classic "THE STUDENT AS NIGGER." We are printing this not to point out that this is the way that it is at SSC but to point out that such a situation does exist in the halls of higher education and for that matter in the halls of lower education. We also print it as a warning, sort of a case of "If the shoe fits—wear it." In any event be reminded that this was first printed some 5 years ago and we think it's fair that every student ask if things have changed.

Students are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It's more important, though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously enough, it will lead us past the zone of academic bullshit, where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and into the nitty-gritty of human needs and hang-ups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

A student is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member SIR or DOCTOR or PROFESSOR—and he smiles and shuffles some-as-he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take (in my department, English, even electives have to be approved by a faculty member); they tell him what to read, what to write, and frequently, where to set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they're almost always jiving and every student knows it. Tell the man what he wants to hear or he'll fail your ass out of the course.

When a teacher says JUMP, students jump. I know of one professor who refused to take up class time for exams and required students to show up for tests at 6:30 in the morning. And they did, by God! Another, at exam time, provides answer cards to be filled out—each one enclosed in a paper bag with a hole cut in the top to see through. Students stick their writing hands in the bags while taking the test. The teacher isn't a provo, I wish he were. He does it to prevent cheating. Another colleague once caught a student reading during one of his lectures and threw her book against the wall. Still another lectures his students into a stupor and then screams at them in a rage when they fall asleep.

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through twelve years of public school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those twelve years. They've forgotten their algebra. They're hopelessly vague about chemistry and physics. They're trained to fear and resent literature. They write like they've been lobotomized. But Jesus, can they follow orders! Freshmen come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded and whether their name should be in the upper right hand corner. And I want to cry and kiss them and caress their poor tortured heads.

Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave elementary school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early age we all learn to accept "two truths," as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your fingers, your stomach, your heart. Inside class, things are true by reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care anyway. Miss Wiedemeyer tells you a noun is a person, place or thing. So let it be. You don't give a rat's ass. she doesn't give a rat's ass.

The important thing is to please her. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been at ever since. Nothing changes except to get worse. School becomes more and more obviously a prison. Last year I spoke to a student assembly at Manual Arts High School and then couldn't get out of the goddamn school. I mean there was NO WAY OUT. Locked doors, high fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over a fence when he saw me coming and froze in panic. For a moment, I expected sirens, a rattle of bullets, and him clawing at the fence.

What school amounts to then, for white and black kids alike, is a 12-year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what I see in a freshman class? They've got that slave mentality, obliging and ingratiating on the surface, but hostile and resistant underneath. As do black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognize their own put-on for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Others including most of the "good students" have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They honest to God believe in grades, in busy work, in General Education requirements. They're pathetically eager to be pushed around. They're like those old greybearded house niggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr. Charlie "treats us real good."

College entrance requirements tend to favor the Toms and screen out the rebels. Not entirely, of course. Some students at Cal State L.A. are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want the degree or the 2-S and spend their years on the old plantation alternately laughing and cussing as they play the game. If their egos are strong enough, they cheat a lot. And, of course, even the Toms are angry down deep somewhere. But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick-witted and subject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.

The saddest cases among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their masters' values that their anger is all turned inward. At Cal State these are the kids for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a Professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon during class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room; if they're really is a Last Judgement, then the parents and teachers who created those wrecks are going to burn in hell.

EDITOR'S NOTE: MORE TO COME NEXT WEEK.

