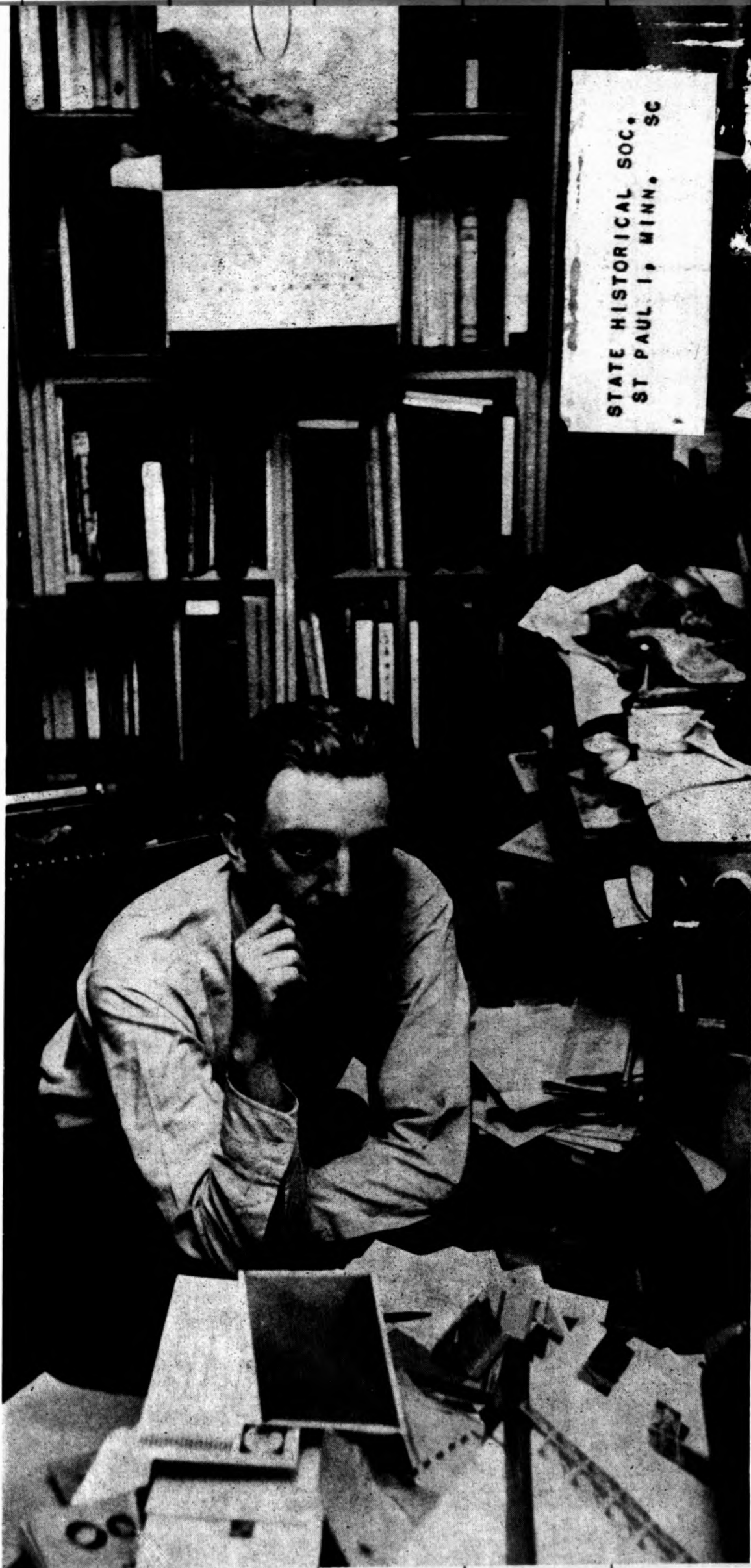


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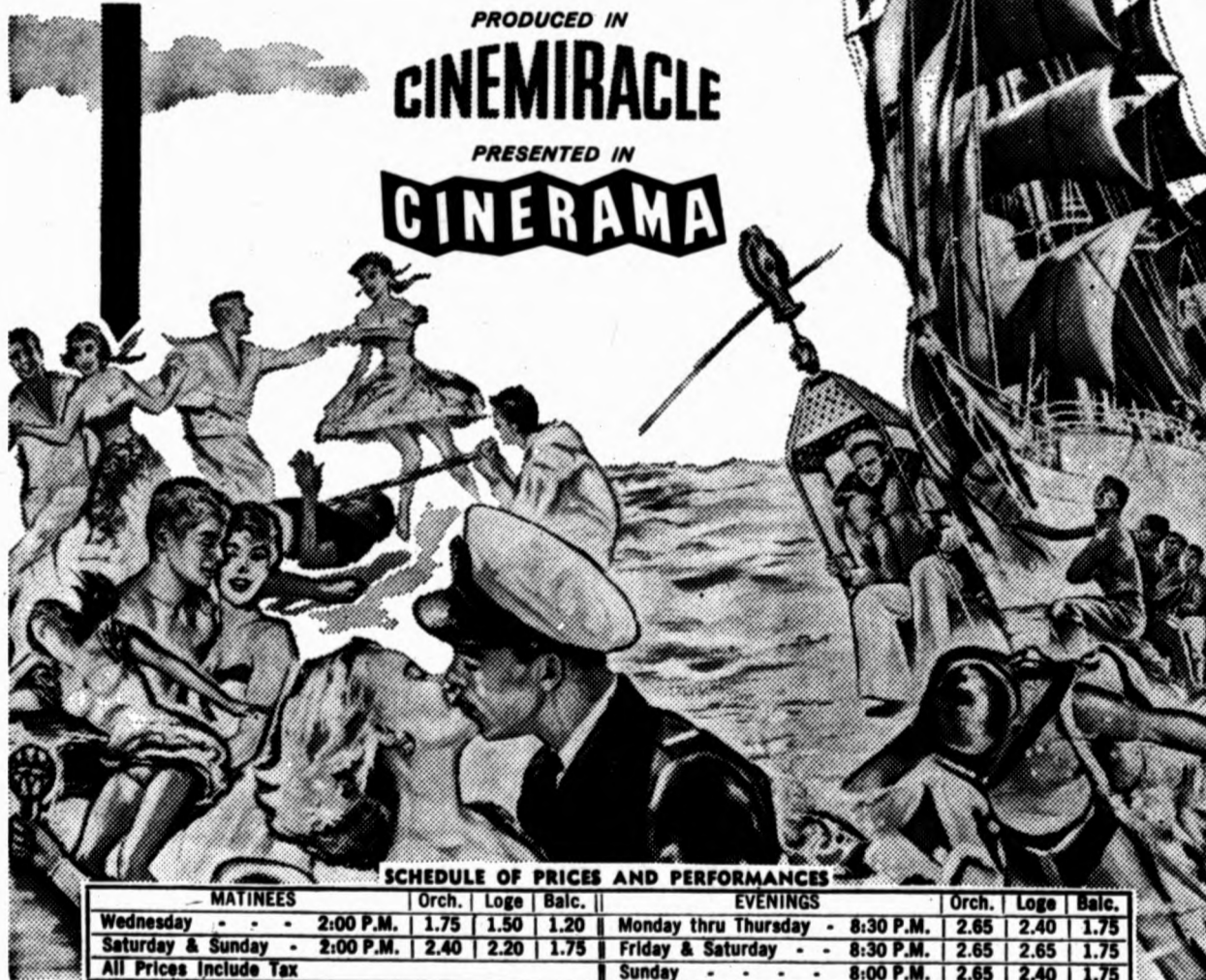
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1. DANCE



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2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



"I only know how to waltz."

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Monday, November 24, 1958

minnesota daily

Ivory Tower

edition

Vol. 60

No. 60

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On the Cover

Melvin M. McCosh, owner of McCosh's Book Store in Dinkytown, sits amid accumulated piles of books and papers in his narrow, overflowing shop where a customer may have to clamber up a ladder to find the desired book at the top of 12-foot high shelves. Unique and weird signs such as "Homecomers Go Home," or "Full Price Sale" displayed in his front window have astonished many students and strangers. The story by Fritz Palas starts on page 6. Cover photo by Bob Kozar.

The Minnesota Daily, official newspaper of the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn., is published daily during the college year except Saturdays, Sundays, holidays and the days following holidays, and twice a week during the summer session by the Minnesota Daily at the Commercial Press, 418 South Third St., FE. 6-6644. Entered as second class matter Aug. 30, 1900, at the postoffice at Minneapolis, Minn., under act of Congress March 3, 1897. Subscription \$6 a year, single copies 5c. Editorial and Business Offices—10 Murphy Hall, University of Minnesota.



Melvin M. McCosh

He bought a couple libraries to get some books he wanted and found himself in business.

Vive

By Fritz Palas

HOMECOMING has become the highlight of special occasions on college and university campuses across the country. In fact, it's almost a national tradition.

Minnesota is no exception. No doubt a few strangers might have wondered, though, if, on their way to the football stadium, they walked past McCosh's Book Store in Dinkytown. In one of the display windows, barring the view of the packed bookshelves within, is the sign in stark, black lettering on white: "Home-comers, Go Home."

Melvin M. McCosh, the shop's proprietor, would insist, however, that he had no intention to insult.

"All my signs are warnings," he says. "They warn the public of what the world is like. I hang them in a spirit of civic improvement. And in this case, I would say my efforts met with reasonable success. I noticed that Monday after Homecoming, most of them were gone."

Although he is perhaps the most colorful man on or near the campus, McCosh remains one of the least known and least understood personalities in the community. There are several reasons. He is a man of considerable reserve and his quick manner discourages casual overtures. In addition, the vast majority of students have never visited McCosh's store, and those who do drop in are usually intimidated by his appearance.

THOSE WHO HAVE come to know him have found an unconventional man with an unconventional philosophy. He would change the world if he could. He hates the ignorance and foolishness that he sees in society. But he is also realistic and practical, and therefore offers help to those who will help themselves. He believes the only way man can realize his capabilities and come to an understanding of his involvement in life is by sharing the thoughts of thinking people. To do this he runs a book store.

McCosh's Book Store, located at 1404 4th St. S.E., is a narrow, brick structure coated with white paint. Just in case a stranger does not understand the personality of the store, a sign on the door says,

l'individual

"No Textbooks!" Students need not enter unless they value books enough to read for their own edification.

MCCOSH DESCRIBES his stock as consisting of "thousands of scholarly, standard, curious and scarce books from all corners of the earth, in all languages."

McCosh claims the only language book he reads with fluency, is classical Mongolian. The others he says, he knows just well enough to read catalogs.

On the street level, (there is also a basement) the shelves along the walls and central partition extend to the ceiling—a height of nearly 12 feet. Serious browsers must use a step ladder to read the titles.

The floor is an obstacle course of empty cardboard boxes and stacks of books. McCosh takes a distinct pleasure in disorder, for it leaves him free from unnecessary concerns. He escapes the demands that order places on the fastidious person.

OCCASIONALLY, a woman customer will request a specific book, and, when disappointed by a negative response, will ask sarcastically, "How can you know what you've got with such a mess around?"

To this he replies, "Well, I actually don't know what I've got, but since I don't like your looks I didn't want to bother to look for it." McCosh is undisturbed by the loss of such customers.

There is an aura of anarchy surrounding his desk, situated in a back corner of the store. Books, magazines, catalogs, letters, and numerous nondescript articles accumulated on the large top may reach a depth of a foot or more. Here at the desk he sits throughout the day, reading and drinking coffee from a percolator at his side, never bothered by what most people would term chaos.

"If I can't find something," he says, "I simply express my sorrow."

McCosh has about him the air of the relaxed European. About six feet in height, of slender build, with thick chestnut-colored hair and handlebar mustache, he is unforgettable from the very first meeting. His quiet manner is in striking contrast to his profound features. When talking to a stranger, he is apt to become self-conscious and let his voice drift off into a whisper.

HE SELDOM TALKS to his customers unless they ask him a question or open the conversation. Visitors may browse for hours without being disturbed, and once they get used to this rare privilege, they no longer think of McCosh's disinterest as disregard.

McCosh does not advise customers what to buy, but he's ready to help the customer find what he wants. He has little patience for the person who feigns knowledge, but he'll go out of his way to be of service to the unlearned, honest person who is searching for something worthwhile.

McCosh has developed a circle of friends who drop in on rainy afternoons to exchange quips and pokes. Outsiders have described them as typical of the Angry Young Men: unshaven, dressed in coveralls and tennis shoes. But McCosh has a strong distaste for intellectual fads, and calls the works of his disciples, "literary hogwash." The important qualifications that members of the circle must meet are honesty, intelligence and a sense of humor.

MCCOSH'S DEAREST friends, however, are his books. Over the last seven years of buying and selling books, he has collected nearly 5,000 that he doesn't want to part with. These he keeps in his own library at his old, two-story, grey brick home on the corner of 5th St. and 14th Ave.—just one block away from the shop.

In a special, glass-enclosed case of the library he stores those books which he prizes most highly and reads most frequently. Among those accorded this honor are the works of a Russian anarchist of the 19th century, Prince Peter Kropotkin.

Persons who would understand McCosh need to be familiar with Kropotkin's "Ethics" and "Mutual Aid." In "Ethics" and "Mutual Aid," Kropotkin says the progress of mankind is bound up in social living, for life in societies gives rise, both in man and in animals, to the instincts of sociality — mutual aid. Kropotkin's "Ethics," with honest living as its basis, forms the basis of McCosh's thinking.

McCosh's love of honesty is responsible for his strongest dislikes. He detests advertising as an outgrowth of the artificial social institutions that man has created, and to which he in turn becomes a slave. Some

of his most amusing stunts are a part of his one-man campaign to fight the advertising menace.

ONCE IN A BURST of inspiration he bought a crushproof cigarette case, drove over it with his 1939 Cadillac, and placed it in the store's display window as a mute testimony to the frauds of big business on a gullible public.

Occasionally McCosh will haul out his special anti-advertising signs, such as the terse one that reads, "Guaranteed Books." To puzzled customers, he explains that his books are simply guaranteed to be books.

"That says more than does most advertising," he says.

Every year he holds a 10th Anniversary Sale. Other variations include a "Full Price Sale," "Clearance Sale—10% Above Regular Price," and a "One Dollar Sale." The latter, he says, requires no work on his part. Instead of bringing the dollar books together to attract attention, he leaves them on the shelves wherever they happen to be.

Whenever telephone solicitors call McCosh, he pretends an interest but asks for their number so he can call back at a more convenient time. That "more convenient time" is usually in the middle of the night, when, at his own leisure, he is able to harass the unlucky salesman.

He saves all mail advertising, inserts the circulars and letters in postage-paid business return envelopes and sends them back to the advertisers.

THE ONLY PROMOTION in which he engages is a mimeographed listing of some of his books, which he mails to customers who ask for them.

"If I say I've got great books," he explains, "people will say, 'So what? He's lying.' People who read books tend not to believe advertising."

The word "profit" is not part of his vocabulary. It has a connotation "taking advantage of others," which is contradictory to his humanitarian ethics of mutual aid. Accustomed to a thrifty life, he operates the book store at little more than cost.

On the wall above his desk hangs the

Continued on Page 16

T'ang Dynasty

送別
王維

下馬飲君酒，
問君何所之。
君言不得意，
歸臥南山陲。
但去莫復問，
白雲無盡時。

金陵酒肆留別
李白

風吹柳花滿店香，
吳姬壓酒勸客嘗。
金陵子弟來相送，
欲行不行各盡觴。
請君試問東流水，
別意與之誰短長。

春眼

孟浩然

春眼不覺曉，
處處聞啼鳥。
夜來風雨聲，
花落知多少。

登幽州臺歌

陳子昂

前不見古人，
後不見來者。
念天地之悠悠，
獨愴然而涕下。

Poetry

translated by Paul Gardner

One Spring Morning

One spring morning I slept, not aware of the dawn
Until everywhere I heard the singing birds.
Then I recalled that in the night came sounds of wind and rain,
That blossoms fell, and that I knew how many.

Meng Hao-Jan

Seeing A Friend Off

I dismount from my horse and toast to you with wine
And I ask you where you go.
And you reply, "I am disappointed,
And return to rest at the Nanshan frontier;
I only go, ask no more questions.
The white clouds *drift* endlessly by."

Wang Wei

Mounting a Youchow Gate Tower

Before me I do not see the ancients,
Behind me I do not see those who come.
I think of the vastness of heaven and earth
And am alone and my tears fall down.

Ch'en Tsz-ang

Parting in a Nanking Wineshop

The wind blows willow buds, filling my shop with fragrance,
And a girl of Wu presses wine *on everyone*, urging the guests to taste it.
My Nanking friends come to send me off together,
And I, about to go, and they who do not go all drain our cups.
Please, just ask the East-Flowing River
Which is the shorter or longer, feelings at parting or it.

Li Po

Summer Long

By Nelson Sullivan

IT TOOK THE REST of the summer to finish the house and barn. We had left the old home at the end of spring, on a hot day like it was already summer, Ma waiting inside the little cabin for everything to be ready on the horse and mules and coming sorrowful and reluctant even when they was ready. Then there was the slow summer miles grinding themselves out on her patience, crawling to a blunted and seeming final end when at last, on the top of the hill, where the ragweed sprawled under the evening sun in purple and gold shadow, we finished the new home: the sour tread of the mule already an echo across the rattling grass, the sluggish beat of past miles terrific in heat and memory now only by the chair which she kept huddled to all that summer but trivial under the sweet, winey and sometimes snapping breeze that run clean and fine through the new barn and long the brook below.

Away from that barn and brook, summer was like a bowl of steaming water had come and turned upside down and run over you in sweat. The barn was cool and empty yet: we fixed up a big stall for the stallion, and set up a cedar rail to tie the cow to on one side and the mules on the other; and in the back we had an oat bin, a heap of hay, and, nailed to the wall, five harnesses, a leather strap, and a 5-gallon lard can already too cracked for milk or butter but which we used to store old tools in. We had smaller buckets for the milk and for the butter and during the day set them in water. The barn itself we built mostly from the patch of wood jest across the brook, Pa wading back and forth in the water wearing heavy black boots and us kids following slowly and wearing no shoes at all. And sometimes he would stop in the middle of that brook and stare an eternity at the fenceless sweep of field and wood crawling long the far side of the bank. Stare forever it seemed like. I reckon sometimes Pa stood in that brook five, ten minutes at a time and all the while staring West, his back to the house, taking in what he had now and what was to be his now forever, til we moved the next time.

AND I HELPED PA in everything. It was us built the house, plowed the land, built the barn, and planted the feed; it was us built the corn crib, the pig sty, and fenced in a pasture for the cow, for the stallion, and for the two mules; he and me grew the squash and cucumber, the spinach and melon, beans and tomatoes, the beets, the pears, the apples and corn; and then sometimes, toward nightfall or in the early morning when the light it jest begun to pale, we shot red squirrel and grey squirrel, possum and rabbit, or maybe, sometimes, when we went further cross the creek, a deer. And the other kids they did mostly the little work. Hubert wuz most as small as Joey and he warn't strong, so he didn't have to work on the plows with Pa and me.

Everyday he carefully unbuttoned his blue shirt and then he set it streaming in the breeze that run by the barn door cause he liked to see it blowing there while he swept the barn floor with the broom Pa made by fixing together willow twigs. He begun in the center of the barn with his eyes placid; and soon in excitement and impatient and quiet fury he was running those willow-twigs round and round that barn like he been a cyclone or thunder sent to snap and boom against even no outrage and he only peetered out when he completed the whole circle and came to a stop before the barn door. Seems like even then he didn't want to stop, and he looked up in sudden and strange surprise. Pa tried to show him how to sweep regular; but Hubert wouldn't tolerate Pa even to touch him.

JESSY WE LET CARE after the little garden behind the house: the carrots, the string beans, green onions, beets, and some of the cabbage. She would set her doll against a stone staring down a row of lacey-topped carrots and spidery-veined beet leaves, and she would weed carefully on her knees between the rows and the stalks, taking care not to squash or break anything that was growing. And then while Ma sat outside Jessy went back in the house and she worked the new loom Pa had bought fer Ma in Badger. He bought it when we first come. Took a wagon and five men to bring it up but he figured Ma would use it some. Leastwise in Taylor, whenever he wouldn't come home for two or three days (and then came home drunk and likely to walk through fences as over or around them, and once even stepping on a puppy dog and killing it dead right there on the spot), Ma would go to Cousin Randolph's place where there was a loom, and all day you could hear through the high Frenchy windows and the blue silky curtains and past the cracked unflowing stone fountains in the yard, the clack of the powerful beater. Seemed to rest her some, sitting there all day with her sorrowful eyes and her head nodding patient and mild and regular with the rhythm of the machine—as though with it and watching all the colors flow past her one by one she somehow knew that he would come back and even if he didn't it was that she loved him and could wait. But she didn't use the new loom much and only Jessy worked it at all during the days. Jessy sat there reaching down to the treadles, the warps moving up and down, from one row to another, not colors now cause this warnt Cousin Randolph's loom, and when Jessy was tired she would set a stool by the machine and let Joey work the treadles. Joey he wanted to run the whole loom hisself, but Pa said it were woman's work, and he took Joey back out of the house. We had this old black hen Pa named after Ma's second cousin that was edjicated and give herself such furin airs—Miss Cassandra B. A. Little Boyd—and when Black Cassy she was on

the loose Joey had to follow her everywhere. Black Cassy was the cunningest chicken I ever seed, and she'd like as lay her eggs anywhere—under the porch, in the hay, and once even in a milk pail by the brook—so you kin never find them til they begun to spoil. So Joey he flopped around in a pair of Pa's old boots he enjoyed to wear and he took a stick fer a whip and he followed that hen everywhere to collect whatever eggs she dropped; and I reckon it was funny, cause whenever Black Cassy would settle in a likely spot and start clucking softly, Joey would look politely t'other way and then Cassy would jump out of her place, quick as a 'skeeter winks its eye, and run into the ragweed so that Joey had to search her and then the new egg out again. I reckon that fussy old hen begun to be right affectionate after Joey: she would hardly start out in the mornings less he was taggin along. "Don't step on no eggs," Pa would shout, stopping the mules and standing behind the plow as Cassy run across the furrows and Joey had to step across them carefully not to step on anything that was growing. So one day Joey put a string of eggs jest where the shadow begun in the barn and Pa he stepped on them all, one after another. And Joey when he begun snickering behind the horse stall there was all tarnation to pay.

SO SUMMER PUSHED in heat toward October, and when the noontimes came, there was only Pa and me working behind the mules down below, there was only Ma settin way up on the hill by the house, only Joey boot-trampin on the heels of a quick-darting soft-clucking black chicken, and then only a spare dark-winged crow flapping in heaviness across the thick blue haze of the summer sky, its caw raw and plaintive across the moving wallsof heated moisture. Everything else alive found where it could the mercy of shadow and shade. But I walked behind the mules and whipped oc my shirt and liked the sun. I slashed down the green cabbages with swift and clean strokes of the knife through thick, bunchy stalks; I grabbed them big yellow squash-bellies by their chokey crook-necks, swinging them over my shoulders and carried them up the hill; I worked hours under the sun and it was ever so nice. On the hill Ma would be churning the butter, her head with its dark faded sun of brown hair and part through the center nodding slightly as she lifted and plunged the churn handle. I would carry the butter down to the creek.

Ma come down to the barn jest once. It was eveningtime. Pa was across the brook choppin' wood, the dull axe raised heavy and blue against a sky already rimmed with pink, the dark mousegray ears of the mule Stump twitching away flies that swarm in the dusk. Down come the axe. Down it come, Pa's shoulders rising and falling again with a flowing and easy swing, paused after each blow, striking powerful and coming up again as the sound drifted over to us like a distant frantic knocking we would never see or hear so long as we watched the strength of the blows themselves and the man himself so strong and so unfrantic sweating them out and then resting and loading the wood on Stump's back. It was only hearing them made us know he warn't easy. A small stack of wood waited to be loaded on the mule's back.

Stump he jest looked peaceful. He twitched them flies off his ears and I don't reckon he was even listening to that axe. Ma watched Pa stack another load of wood. I was behind her, in the barn, but she didn't turn or even know I was there: she stood there in the doorway, the darkening sky framed her, closing its circle down around her, till she and he both with the ear-twitching mule and the stack of wood were all silhouetted together as the sky deepened toward nightfall. She stood there a powerful long time afore she went back up the hill, and by the time I got to the door there was some clouds covering the sun and she was already dim in the dusk.

Behind me I could hear a noise in the barn and when I

looked Hubert was sobbing quietly and pulling the twigs in his broom made of willow.

LESTER, YOUR MA ain't rung the supper bell yet," Pa called. He was washing in the middle of the brook. "You better clean some too," he said, the water dripping down the back of his neck.

"I reckon dinner's ready, Pa," Joey said, squaring his shoulders like he was big as Pa.

"Bout time," Pa said, splattering hisself across the back with water. "Reckon I is hungry enough to eat myself a mule. Reckon I could devour a whole mule." Joey he looked apprehensive at Stump, standin 'there with the wood piled on his back, but I knowed Pa didn't have it in mind to eat that ol' mule. I could a' told 'im that.

Then Pa he took a good look at Joey. "You better clean you'self boy."

And Joey he didn't worry no more about Pa eating Stump. He ain't thinking about that no more. "I already cleaned," he say.

"You don't look no how clean to me."

"I did," Joey beseeches. "I did. Ask Lester. You kin ask Lester."

"You see Joey clean, Lester?"

"Sure," I said. "I seen him clean real good. Yestiddy. He cleaned right good yestiddy."

Joey he started in to protest, but Pa jest leaned on him a little, and he bubbled right down into the water. "I already did," Joey splutters, bobbing up agin.

Pa shrugged his shoulders. "I wonder why your Ma ain't rung the supper bell yet," he said.

"Dinner ain't ready yet," Hubert said softly.

"Still ain't dark," I suggested. I didn't want to say about Ma being down by the brook before.

"Well, I ain't waiting. And you," he says to Hubert. "Clean you' face afore you come up. Joey kin put Stump in the barn fer you and stack the wood." But Hubert he don't even wait to clean his face. He starts up the hill. His face is pale and there is still crying under his eyes.

"Clean you' face!" This time, when Hubert don't pay Pa no mind, Pa jumps after him and grabs him by the collar. And when Hubert jest shudders, Pa gets powerful angry. "Now clean you' face like I say! Clean it!" Hubert walks back into the water but he still won't look at Pa.

When the mule is put in the barn we all trudge up the hill together.

MA IS SITTING OUTSIDE. She brung her chair out and she was jest sittin' in it. Settin' like she ain't done made supper at all, like queer and peaceful she was still staring out that barn door. Pa stopped short. He was still angry.

"Where's supper?"

"In there."

"Ain't you going to have any? . . . You going to eat at all?"

"I ain't hungry tonight."

"You feeling poorly?" he says fierce. . . . "Tell me, you feeling poorly again?"

"I'm tired, Abel. That's all. You don't got to worry yourself none," she says; and her voice is plaintive again. "I ain't fixing to have you worry, honey," she says. Then when he don't answer she says more determined: "Jessy and me we fixed supper. It's in there ready fer eatin' now." She says it determined and when her mind was set there ain't nothing going to dispute Ma. But Pa was angry. "I'll get you somehting," he said. "I'll bring you something."

"Abel, I jest ain't hungry, honey," she says slowly. "I jest ain't."

Pa now he was powerful angry. "You're jest stubborn, as

stubborn as that dang mule," he says, striding into the house, slammin' the door. "You're as stubborn as Stump."

"I ain't hungry," she says, "I jest ain't hungry," she said softly.

"You're as stubborn as that dang mule," Joey shrilled at her, "you're as stubborn as that dang mule that dang Stump."

"Joey, Joe, you shouldn't be swearing at folks like that. That ain't the way to treat people, child," she said, looking at him with sad eyes and speaking so patient and weary and mournful it made me want to die it seemed like. I remembered her framed soft in the barn door and him standing beyond, uneasy, and chopping wood, not even knowing she was watching. . . .

"Pa swears," Joey said hotly. "And Lester does too. I heard him. He said durn to Stump day before yestiddy."

"I did not," I said. "You're a liar."

"You did. You did. I heard you. You was pulling him and he wouldn't move none so you said durn. I heard you. Ask Jessy. She heard you too."

"Lester, you mustn't swear 'cause your Pa does," Ma says softly. "You' Pa is a fine man and he kin do things you boys cain't."

"Ma I didn't say durn. Honest I didn't." I was desperated. "It ain't true. Joey didn't hear me say durn."

"I did too."

"Where's Jessy?" Pa called. "She et yet?"

"Later," Ma said, holding Joey's head in her arms.

"What's that kid bawling about?" Pa said. He was scowling in the doorway, a potato in his hand.

"I ain't bawling," I said.

I stared straight at him too.

YOU BEST GO LOOK for Jessy, Lester," Ma said.

"Kin I go too?" Joey asked.

"Where is she?"

"Look down by the barn," Ma said.

"And take Joey," Pa said.

"I been down there," I said. "She warn't there."

"Look again. Tell her if she wants to eat she best git up here."

"Kin I go, Ma?" Joey asked.

"She ain't down by the barn," I muttered again.

"Well, go look," Joey shouted.

"You kin jest watch you'self, if you's so smart."

Then I looked back at him. "Kin I feed your horse in the mornin'?"

"No," he snaps at me. "No. I feed that horse. You ain't got chores enough round here to please you, boy? I kin give you more chores, you want them. I kin do that. Now you go git Jessy I said. I told you that before."

"Go on, Lester," Ma says. "She's in

the barn. I seen her go in."

She ain't there, I were about to say. But I didn't.

"Come on," Joey said.

"I'm going," I said, stomping down the hill. "I'm going. Come on you'self."

JESSY WAS IN THE BARN alright.

She was huddled in the stall with the horse, crawled in the far corner like she was trying to press right through the wall, them skinny legs of her'n drawn up tight to her, keeping out of the way of the stallion. She had her doll with her which was rags and stuffing and hardly looked like a doll no more, it was so old. It wore a tattered blue dress and was missing one of its eyes. Its legs and arms flapped loose and it had a large head with a face that was pale and topped with red scrawny hair. I reckon that whole doll was scrawny looking, it was so wore out. Jessy she was whispering soft to the doll when we come in and kissing it where one of its ears should have been; only I could see she been crying. Joey skipped ahead of me and he seen she was crying too. "Cry baby Jessy, Jessy's crying, Jessy's crying, cry baby Jessy." "I'm not crying," she says, and she clutches the doll to her face, covering it with kisses. A stream of freckles dots the bridge of her nose and spreads out in cool waves across her face, but when she looks up I kin see they is smeared with tears. "I'm not crying," she says.

I couldn't study what to say. I teched the stallion ceerful on its nose. "Easy, boy. Ea-sy boy." That horse was a mean animal and you had to move ceerful. "Joey, go away," I says. "Easy boy," I says to the horse. That horse was like enough to stomp you to death if it took a mind to. He was a fine stallion and like Pa said it wouldn't do to see his spirit broke, but you had to move ceerful. Most times he run in the pasture Pa and me fenced out for him, and slender-legged, long-throated, and powerful-chested, he would gallop screaming down the field strong in his pride, and when flies touched him his back hide quivered in the light like a whip. But us kids we left him alone. We didn't want to get trampled to death. And when we seen them eyelids of his droopin' the way they wuz now—like he wuz full asleep—we had to be particular ceerful. He was a mean horse.

HE RUBBED HIS HEAD gently against me and then he showed them cropped teeth and I jumped aside. "Whew," I say, flopping down next to eJessy, "Some horse. Mean enough horse." Then no one says anything. The silence is so sudden I feel right strange. Some hen clucks softly jest outside the barn door; but it don't come in and then we hear it flutter away. Joey he is staring

at us and when he sees we're watching him he begun to circle that barn like he's riding the horse now and yelling "Jessy's a crybaby, crybaby Jessy." And watching him Jessy almost stops crying. Almost, leastwise. Her crying and him shouting was the only noise you could hear it was so still like outside and the horse was only snorting a little now. A cobweb arc swung cool and glistening in the doorway. We couldn't see the house up the hill. The door opens to the west and the woods across the creek. Over the woods is hanging the most splendid red sun you ever did see, a splendid solitary sun, and here we is only the three of us in the barn and the horse and the doll and it is ever so quiet and strange that when Tommy he scretches he only sound like the last bird of the evening afore the sun goes down and there is only quiet surrounding his voice so I got to speak, I got to speak before the sun is all the way disappeared.

"I ain't seen that one," I said, "I ain't seen that youngun before," pointing to the doll she had dragged with her the whole trip. I was only kidding. It was so lonesome in that barn.

"It's mine," she whispers.

"Figures," I say, and I lay back across the straw and don't look at her 'cause I don't want her to think I'm meaning to be unfriendly. The straw itches and I scrunch up away from the stallion. Then I stretch my legs along the wall. "Figures," I say, picking a piece of straw to chew on. "Kids are s'pose to like dolls. Where'd you get it?"

AND SHE BEGINS CRYING again like she was in pain and it was very hurtful and I feel bad remembering her of it.

"Jessy you is crying," Joey says. "Jessy is crying crying crying." He stalks in his circle and stomps the words out with his boots.

"You sure make a heap of noise," I yell at him. "You make a damn lot of noise, boy."

He shets up and stares right at me. Then he starts shouting, "Lester says damn, Lester says damn," jumping up and down.

"Damn you," I moans. "Damn you some you'self."

"Randy! Randy! Randy! Lester is a Randy!" He figures on making me mad but I don't pay him no mind and I talk loud to Jessy. "You bring that doll all the way from 'Ginia?" I knowed she did.

"Yes," she says, whispering.

"Yes," she says.

I whistled. I was only kidding her some. "That's a long way. Reckon that's a mighty long way. Reckon that's over a thousand mile even. Walk all summer long and you won't get back to Ginia,

Continued on Page 14

George Bernard Shaw and . . .

St. Joan

By Nelson Sullivan

(Editor's note: This is the second in a series of critical essays on plays to be produced by University Theatre. St. Joan opens at 8:30 p.m. Thursday in Scott Hall Auditorium. A review of the production will appear in the first issue of the Daily after Thanksgiving vacation.)

AS A CHILD I lived for a while in England; and during the days, when the other lads were at school, and I at play, I had for mine—this boyo's single companion—that fabulous wicked whiskery demagogue of wit, Shaw. A glorious time we had of it too: Shaw with his halo and nod of laughter.

I sat in the rock garden behind the house, where I kept a pet tortoise named Homer and sunned a disagreeable, chattering parakeet named Charlie, and there I read the plays and sometimes even their prefaces; or I cycled out whenever Charlie became downright abusive—he not only swore but brought to his swearing the oddest country accent I have ever heard—to the moors; and there, amid the ponies and their dung, and with the fabulous lettuce-chomping Homer stashed snugly away into my shirt, I would return to exult in the sinister Egyptian night, in the bickering dangerous Roman Forum, and even in those strange exurbias of the post-Darwinian mind wherein the Life Spirit dwelled. I was the type of lad who thought Cyrano's white plume the glory of all the world; and I am sure now that my liking for "Caesar and Cleopatra," at the time my favorite among the Shaw plays, extended no further . . . than this same liking for its romanticism, its theatricality, and its wit.

AND I WAS NOT entirely wrong feeling so. Shaw is wonderful theatre; and those who would deny this simply don't know theatre; and are as pleasantly

odd as those strange admirers of Shaw—mostly Eastern college girls and the lads in the graduate schools of English Departments—who tell us that his prefaces are better than his plays. I personally think the prefaces the least of his accomplishments (having failed to get Through a Humanities course once I have an ineffable prejudice against Ideas); they are pamphlets, and as pamphlets have none of the echo and reverberation of doubt and reservation that makes Shaw so great an ironist in his plays, and that make him not only present his ideas on the stage but qualify them by presenting the limitations of the people who hold them. Almost all theatre is a theatre of ideas: but in Shaw these ideas act and move; while in other plays they are only poor conclusions. There is hardly less preaching on Broadway than in Shaw: but on Broadway it is less well done. Shaw has the Irish charm of a con-man: you feel that if Authority interrupts him while he is selling you that bottle of goods, he can slip impishly away. If one has to be sold something, a con-man is preferable to the Broadway preacher who not only can't steal away but who insists on standing on your toes too. A great play does not illustrate a "point"; at best, the point illustrates a great play (Mrs. Alving's ghost speech in "Ghosts" is a wonderful illustration of this). A playwright with Ideas can't afford to let them stand still: and Shaw never did.

SHAW HAS IDEAS and turns them to passions. Those who credit Shaw with no passion simply have no ears, simply have no eyes, and are perhaps a little cold themselves. But of course they are right if they say that being passionate is not the same as having heart. There is throughout Shaw's life and works an odd hardness, a certain heartlessness . . . that makes me at least far less of an admirer of Shaw than for the purposes of this essay I have been pretending to be. I suspect that the

reason most people prefer "Saint Joan" to other Shaw works is that in it the hardness shows very little at all. The genuine critic will probably tell you that "Man and Superman" is Shaw's best stage piece; and in this wierd role of critic I have taken on I suppose I will agree; but only with "Saint Joan" does Shaw seem tolerable off stage any more. It is not his best stage-piece, nor even the most Shavian of his plays; but it is his masterpiece. We will remember Shaw as its writer and not, for only one example, as the man who became entangled with Conan Doyle over the Titanic disaster. Shaw attacked the skippers of the unfortunate ship; Doyle defended them; and, as was remarked at the time, it was better to be wrong with Doyle than right with Shaw.

SHAW AND HIS GENERATION were optimists; and Shaw was supremely so. There is a certain gallantry about such men: and a certain heartlessness too. Shaw's faults as a man he shared generally with his contemporaries; even the angelic Shelley was not free of them; but Shaw, with his daring, pushed even the faults further than others did.

"Saint Joan" ends with the note that the world is still not yet ready for its saints; but for all that it is a profoundly optimistic play; and, when we grant optimism its due, even greatly so. Shaw's most famous innovation with the story of the maid is that he saw the struggle not in terms of black against white, villain against heroine, but in terms of two people—Joan and Cauchon—struggling with all good will against each other. There is a bit of a trick involved: the rest of the court is not so entirely noble as Peter Cauchon and there is more of a theatrically effective fight between black and white than Shaw would be willing to admit; but what I think we should notice, and rarely do, is that the struggle is between good motives. Today — as in our modern versions of "Antigone"—we would question the motives of both sides. Shaw's assumptions about mankind are very flattering: we are naturally good, and he sees the struggle as almost between white and white: what greyness he allows, we, with our different experience, would have to deepen.

I HAVE SEEN "SAINT JOAN" on the stage twice, and was overwhelmed both times. Joan can be played with a wide variety of emphasis, from Uta Hagen's earthy humorous common sense to Siobhan McKenna's rugged spiritual recklessness, and still move us enormously. It is one of the great roles of the modern theatre. When a character comes on stage it should be as if another candle had been lighted in the room. And this Joan burns brightly above the flames of her torment.

Summer Long . . .

Continued from Page 12

not even walking backwards the way you would." I was only kidding her the way she walked so slow. I had to walk on her heels most of the time to keep her caught up. "I figure you better hang onto that doll. You don't want to go back get another one, do you?"

She kissed it on its ear again. "Les, I love her," she says hushed and soft to me, and then she says, "but I ain't never going back. I ain't never going back to get 'nother doll. I love this one."

"Sure you do. Sure," I says. "Kids are suppose to like dolls. You better watch out though. Joey he looks to me like maybe he might take it away." I was only kidding her. I knowed she wouldn't let nobody take it.

"No," she whispers. "Ain't nobody going to take it." Her whisper is so soft and queer in that quiet barn.

"Joey will . . . Won't you now, Joey?"
"Jessy's a crybaby, crybaby, crybaby."
"Joey will take it. He likes kids' dolls."

"**N**O, SHE SAYS. And then she touches me on the ear and whispers. Only it isn't like she is trying to tell me a secret no more. Joey can hear too. "Lester, Pa's a libtine. He's a libtine."

I didn't understand what she said. "A what?"

"A lib-tine. Mrs. Tandy said so."

"I don't reckon I know what a libtine is. Maybe Mrs. Tandy is a libtine."

"Tandy is a candy."

Jessy is crying again. "He's a bad man. He done something bad. I know it. Mrs. Tandy saw him. An' she says it was only account of Ma he warn't run out of town. She said Ma must be a fool woman tolerate a man like him. An' she said it right to Ma's face too."

"Licorice, bufferick, rum, Mrs. Tandy is a bum," Joey stomped.

"What's he done. I don't see what he's done."

"I don't know. But Mrs. Tandy says he don't even feel bad about it."

"But what did he do? . . . You got to know that."

"**P**A'S A LIBTINE, Pa's a libtine."

"It ain't right. It ain't right. What's he done?"

Now she touches my hair. "He done it to Ma, Lester. He done it to Ma. He done something to Ma, and he ain't even sorry."

"How do you know he ain't sorry. He is too. And he ain't done nothing either. He ain't done nothing to her and you know it. I don't care what that old stick said. Everytime I seen her I near about died laughing so hard, the old crow. I near about *died* laughing."

"That's what he is, Lester," she says so firm like. Jessy ain't even crying no more. She's holding her doll and looking at it curious like and she don't even cry. "He's a libtine alright, Les."

And nobody speaks. Until Joey he begins to yell again. Yelling like a damn little kid.

"Shet up, Joey SHET UP SHET UP SHET UP."

This time he really does. He slips by the stallion and tucks hisself down there in the corner with the rest of us. We don't want Pa's stallion to step on us, so we got to scrunch up together there. "Alright," I say, "alright, so he is. He is," but I don't even know if I believe it now or what. And not even Joey says anything now. Outside we kin see the heavy red sun dipping on the top of the trees across the brook. It looks like it's only browsing on them the way a horse does on grass but I reckon I figure it would burn them out like fire if it ever really touched those

trees. If it really touched them and didn't just disappear.

The stallion snorts. I hand it some straw to munch. "We best go up," I say. I give more straw. "I reckon we best go up."

So we walked up that hill. Joey and I we go together and Jessy she drags her doll. She walks the slowest.

"Time you kids et," Ma calls when we is almost there. "There's food on the table. Git inside and have you'selves a good meal."

BUT IT AIN'T HER we're looking at now.

"Gittin a chill nighttimes now," Pa said. "All summer long I been working in that hot sun, all them weeks; and already it's about falltime and gettin a chill."

"Lester, you ain't feeling well?" Ma asks.

"I feel good. I feel plenty good."

Pa takes a cheerful look at me now. Jessy she is standing right behind me and she has her hand on my hip and she is pushing me. "Sure he do. Lester feels good. Don't you, Lester. Look at that sun." He whistles and pulls me to him. "Look at that sun, boy. A man kin go a long way see a sun like that." And he puts his arm around my shoulders. "A long way."

JESSY she starts crying. She starts crying then. She makes him take his arm away. He takes his arm away.

"Libtine, libtine, libtine," Joey shouts. "Libtine libtine libtine libtine," and Jessy, she is crying.

And I know why.

They is only jealous. I know why. They seen Pa put his arm around my shoulders and we standing there two men looking at the sun and they is jealous. They don't know what a libtine is anymore than I do and they only think it is so bad because they is jealous. That's why she is crying.

Shet up, Pa yells. His fingers is clenched right into my arm now and feels near to tearing it he holds so hard. And they is only jealous Pa is holding me.

"Shet up, Shet up," I scream at them and I feel Pa let go of my arm and I see him step off the porch and whack Joey ferocious to the ground. I seen Ma run to Jessy and try to grab her apart. But Jessy she refuses to budge. She refuses to budge. Joey is bawling on the ground and Pa stands panting over him, like it was a whole room of men he knocked down and not jest Joey. And then at last he turns to them, to Ma and Jessy, and he stands facing them, his fists clenched but his hands down at his sides. He stands facing them and looking at them until Jessy she come forward and he ain't looking at her no more. She walks around him slow and then suddenly she spits at him

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and hisses "libtine" like it is a poison choking her in the throat and it don't matter to her none if he hits her or not, she has to get the poison out. She stands back deliberate, testing what he will do.

But he don't even move near her. He is too big for her. He looks up and he jest studies the two of them. Ma is staring at the back of Jessy's neck and she don't say nothing. Suddenly Pa staggers like a beaten horse and he picks Joey up and drags him in front of him and between hisself and Ma. His voice is all hoarse and dry and he whispers Eula! . . . Eula! . . . and then he bellows it. She don't answer and he bellows it and bellows it like he's gone mad and she don't answer and it seems quiet all around except for his shouting. Finally she looks up and the only thing about her face is, her eyes is sorrowful.

And Pa stops bellowing.

PA STOMPS DOWN the hill draggin' Joey like he forgot he even had him and then suddenly seeing him tosses him off onto the ground and this time he won't even look back. The sun comes clear of some clouds and burns up the sky. It throws clear the field all the way down to the barn. We kin see the dark grass advancing furiously up to the barn and almost into it, it seems like under that red-shadowed red-pattied sun. And there we kin see the barn hanging like an extra deep brown shadow of the sky, the woods like a dense muff on the other side. It is Jessy that breaks away. She runs after Pa crying now and she gets halfway down the hill before she trips and falls across a mound of grass. And she lays there. She don't try to get up. She jest lays there, huddling that doll to her face. And she don't see. Don't see him yank the lines on that wild ferocious horse that rears now in fright and is beaten some and then stands in ready submission as Pa loads it with a saddle on its back and the rifle tied

long one side. An' don't even see him rip rifle and saddle back off as fast as he put them on and whack that horse so it leaps free and goes sweeping down the pasture while he—Pa—still holding the saddle fords the deepest part of the stream and disappears—jest like that—on the other side.

Only Ma and I is left on top of that hill.

"He's going," I said. "You know he's going. You know he ain't never never coming back . . ."

I turned and she sits in her chair. She ain't even heard what I said.

She ain't even heard.

"YOU DON'T CARE. You don't even want to fergive him. You made him light out." I was getting desperated. "You come all them miles on that mule with him and with that chair of your'n and you don't even know he is sorry." I dropped down by the chair. "He's sorry, he's sorry, don't you understand that?" . . . Then I said, "And I reckon you don't even know that. I reckon you don't even understand that."

And I reckon she didn't really care. She sat on her chair and she rocked and rocked on its edge until I thought the chair was going to fall some and she didn't say nothing. Jessy came back up the hill and she didn't look at any of us. She still had her doll but she doesn't cry. She sat on the other side of Ma. Joey sits beside me and he is whispering but I can-

not hear what he whispers and I do not listen.

Hubert whimpers inside of the cabin.

Jessy stands up and kisses Ma on the forehead. Then she flings her doll out into the grass.

I watch it as the sun glimmers on the horizon and the doll almost disappears from view. Then I go and from the long grass and dirt I bring it back. I go and bring it back.

I bring the doll back and now I care for it and even as I cling to it dark comes and Ma she still don't say nothing. Hubert steps out of the cabin and inside we can hear Jessy at the loom now.

AND THEN AS IT was dark she said, her voice still that baffled, static, shrill-carrying note, "Lester, there jest warn't nothing to fergive him for." And I cry in her lap. "There jest warn't nothing to fergive." She shakes her head. "It's like you have to love your Pa, boy," she says softly, and she rocks my head gently in her lap. Hubert puts his arm around her neck and he is whimpering now too. all the fences.

IT SEEMS ALMOST TOO DARK to try to catch him or fetch him in.

As I begin down the hill still holding the doll I kin hear the clack of the loom, Hubert whimpering and Joey whispering behind me. And then it is quiet except for the loom.

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Continued from Page 7

sign, "No discounts are allowed to University staff members, professors, teachers, clergymen or the lower walks of life. It is just not possible to offer both discounts and a good selection of books and still hope for survival."

McCosh will sell a book to anyone on credit, with the exception of wealthy girls, who, he explains, "usually can't be bothered to pay." Many accounts are three to four years delinquent, but he never sends out statements or reminds persons when they come to his store. He believes man is essentially honest and he is willing to give him a chance to prove it.

The reading habits of his customers fall short of standards he would set for them. They tend to want philosophical and critical works, rather than novels, he fact that society is thinking abstractedly. says. This he ascribes to the regrettable fact that society is thinking abstractly.



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"LITERATURE should be practical, related to the activities of everyday life," he says. "Philosophy is an artificial literary development quite dangerous for persons under 75. Philosophy is only for old men sitting on a bench in front of the village tavern and talking of Thoreau."

McCosh loves humanity and recognizes the propriety of the natural animal in man. When he found in a magazine a letter to the editor criticizing the publication for printing a picture of a baby picking its nose, he clipped it and taped it to the door. McCosh would have his customers understand that man, because he detests natural body functions, hates humanity.

He delivered a blow at both church and state when he mimeographed a hundred posters for distribution to his friends. It read, "McCosh for Pope. Support the non-partisan, reform candidate." To a drinking companion he remarked, "I could make it, you know. All I'd have to do is get enough cardinals to vote for me."

AT CHRISTMAS TIME he sells plain white cards with the simple inscription, "Humbug!" He feels religion stands in the way of human realization, and is a denial of the love of humankind.

And as far as McCosh is concerned, governmental laws are an insult to man's intelligence. Man would be better off if left alone.

When Minnesota switches to daylight saving time in the summer, he keeps his clock on standard time. "Why should man pervert the laws of nature?" he asks.

But as one man against the world, McCosh can't do much. The odds are staggering. Besides, he is pacifistic; he believes his aims can best be achieved in a Ghandi-like manner. So he sits in the corner of

his book store and occasionally articulates his dissatisfaction with civilization.

McCOSH WAS BORN in Gary, Indiana, in 1925. After graduating in 1943 from the University of Pennsylvania where he studied languages, he embarked on a series of what he calls "flunky" jobs. For a while he acted as a personnel man, took inventories, and conducted interviews for the Census Bureau.

Seven years ago he opened a bookstore in Minneapolis located on the first floor of his present home. During those early years he would carry to the campus valises laden with books he wished to show professors. By August, 1955, he was ready to move his growing collection to new quarters—the present site on 4th St. His own vast library, however, leaves his home looking little changed from earlier days.

McCosh maintains that his entry into the book trade was purely accidental. "I bought a couple libraries to get some books I wanted," he says, "and before I knew it I was established." Much of his stock he obtains by buying up old libraries from estates. He is extremely skillful in searching through a vast collection of books and in little time finding just the ones he wants. His ability of stumbling across rare editions, in the eyes of amateurs, seems uncanny.

HE HAS A WARM SPOT in his heart for the writings of Mark Twain and E. E. Cummings, but his favorite author is William Faulkner. Two of Faulkner's early books, "Mirrors of Chartres Street" and "Jealousy and Episode," McCosh dug out of old copies of the New Orleans Picayune and edited for book form.

He bemoans the fact that "Premier Fruit," a cartoon book that he published about pregnancy, sold only 30 of a press-run of 3,000. "I even tried to peddle them," he says, "but they aren't the sort

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of thing that grandmother will buy."

McCosh, who subscribes to the literary supplement of the London Times, has an intense dislike of Life Magazine. The emphasis on pictures, he feels, only encourages ignorance among the masses. He combats this evil by keeping a poster in his display window reading, "Watch for Feature Article about McCosh's Book Store in Life."

Persons around the campus interested in self-education find McCosh's Book Store an attractive haunt. And invariably they share McCosh's motto, "Vive l'individual."

Official Daily Bulletin

Students and staff are urged to read the Official Daily Bulletin as they are answerable for notices that affect them. They are also answerable for information on departmental bulletin boards.

Notices must be received by noon two days prior to publication and should be sent to Official Daily Bulletin Editor, 213 Administration Building. Except for certain notices of unusual campus-wide importance, notices will be printed only once.

Monday, November 24, 1958

Vol. 60 No. 60

ALL STAFF AND STUDENTS

• Civil Service Vacancies

The following full-time vacancies exist in the University Civil Service as of Nov. 21. Interested applicants may obtain additional information at 17 Administration Building. Employees are invited to inquire about promotion opportunities. Any full-time Civil Service positions open to students are listed with the Student Employment Bureau, 153 TSE. In the listing below, the symbol (M) refers to Male and (F) to Female.

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Senior Engineering Assistant (M)	\$356-\$433
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CLERICAL-SECRETARIAL	
Clerk (F) (some temporary)	\$205-\$250
Clerk-Stenographer (F)	\$231-\$281
Clerk-Typist (F)	\$213-\$260
Principal Clerk (F)	\$316-\$385
Secretary (F)	\$270-\$329
Senior Clerk (F)	\$250-\$304
Senior Clerk-Typist (F)	\$260-\$316
Senior Secretary (F)	\$292-\$356
Transcribing Machine Operator (F)	\$222-\$270
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DIRECTOR: Akira Kurosawa
(Japan)
- Saturday
JANUARY 10 } "THE NAKED NIGHT"
DIRECTOR: Ingmar Bergman
(Sweden)
- Saturday
JANUARY 24 } "THE BATTLE OF THE RAILS"
DIRECTOR: Rene Clement (France)
- Saturday
FEBRUARY 7 } "THE WAGES OF FEAR"
DIRECTOR: Henri-Georges Clouzot
(France)
- Saturday
FEBRUARY 21 } "THE TREASURE OF SIERRA
MADRE"
DIRECTOR: John Huston (U.S.A.)
- Saturday
MARCH 7 } "PAISAN"
DIRECTOR: Roberto Rossellini
(Italy)
- Saturday
APRIL 4 } "THE DEVIL'S GENERAL"
DIRECTOR: Helmut Kautner
(Germany)
- Saturday
APRIL 18 } "TWELVE ANGRY MEN"
DIRECTOR: Sidney Lumet (U.S.A.)

All Showings Will Be Held at the **CAMPUS FINE ARTS THEATRE**
Oak St. and Wash. Ave. S.E. at 2:00 P.M. Saturday Afternoons

THE TWIN CITIES FILM SOCIETY, INC., under the direction of George Amberg, of the University of Minnesota, and an Advisory Committee which has wide acquaintance with films, is a non-profit organization with a single purpose: to show the best motion pictures of the past and the present under the best technical conditions.

All programs will be shown using standard professional 35 mm. projection and sound equipment.

Admission will be restricted to members, and NO SINGLE ADMISSIONS will be sold. Annual membership is \$6.50 for the series of 8 films. Membership will be limited to 300, the number of seats available for good viewing.

THE TWIN CITIES FILM SOCIETY, INC.

309 Oak St. S.E. Minneapolis 14, Minn. FR 1-5600

I wish to join the for the 1958-59 Season

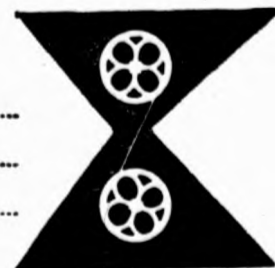
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City Phone

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Librarian (M, F) \$400-\$487
 Physical Therapist (M, F) \$342-\$416
 Speech Pathologist (F) \$416-\$506
 Student Technologist Supervisor (F) \$385-\$463

SPECIAL SERVICES

Assistant Cook (F) \$213-\$260
 Clerk-Draftsman (M) \$213-\$260
 Custodial Worker (F) \$197-\$240
 Delivery Service Driver (M) \$281-\$342
 Food Service Worker (F) \$197-\$240
 Flight Instructor (M) \$400-\$487
 Hospital Aide (F) \$213-\$260
 Hospital Orderly (M) \$250-\$304
 Laboratory Technician (F) \$240-\$292
 Laundry Worker (F) \$205-\$250
 Occupational Therapist (F) \$342-\$416
 Principal Food Service Supervisor (F) \$329-\$400
 Practical Nurse (F) \$250-\$304
 Residence Hall Proctor (F) \$205-\$250
 Senior Farm Laborer (M) \$270-\$329

Library Hours

Wednesday, Nov. 26—8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.
 Thursday, Nov. 27, Thanksgiving—Closed.
 Friday, Nov. 28—8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.
 Saturday, Nov. 29—8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

ACADEMIC STAFF

Oral Examination

The final oral examination of Elvet Glyn Jones, candidate for the Ph.D. degree, major Educational Psychology, minor Psychology, will be held

on Monday, Nov. 24, at 1:30 p.m. in 104 Pattee Hall.
 Examining committee: Profs. C. Wrenn, chairman; W. Layton, C. Hoyt, W. Dugan and M. Taves.

ALL STUDENTS

Final Examinations

The final examinations in the following courses will be given at the times indicated:

Air 31, 34, 131, 134—8:00 to 10:00 a.m., Friday, Dec. 12.
 BA 51—1:30 to 3:30 p.m., Thursday, Dec. 18.
 BA 53—10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., Monday, Dec. 15.
 BA 107A—10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., Saturday, Dec. 13.
 Bot 1—10:15 a.m. to 12:15 p.m., Friday, Dec. 12.
 CE 38—1:15 to 3:15 p.m., Friday, Dec. 12.
 CE 51—1:45 to 3:45 p.m., Saturday, Dec. 13.
 CE 130—3:30 to 5:30 p.m., Wednesday, Dec. 17.
 Econ 68—8:30 to 10:30 a.m., Saturday, Dec. 13.
 GC 10C—1:30 to 3:30 p.m., Thursday, Dec. 18.
 GC 16A—10:45 a.m. to 12:45 p.m., Saturday, Dec. 13.
 GC 20A—8:00 to 10:00 a.m., Tuesday, Dec. 16.
 GC 37—4:00 to 6:00 p.m., Saturday, Dec. 13.
 GC 38—10:45 a.m. to 12:45 p.m., Tuesday, Dec. 16.
 GC 44B—7:00 to 9:00 p.m., Friday, Dec. 12.
 HE 10—10:45 a.m. to 12:45 p.m., Thursday, Dec. 18.

HE 40—8:00 to 10:00 a.m., Tuesday, Dec. 16.
 HE 17—2:00 to 4:00 p.m., Tuesday, Dec. 16.
 HE 41—4:00 to 6:00 p.m., Saturday, Dec. 13.
 ITM 8—8:15 to 10:15 a.m., Thursday, Dec. 18.
 Math 55—7:30 to 10:30 a.m., Tuesday, Dec. 16.
 MM 26—7:30 to 10:30 a.m., Thursday, Dec. 18.
 Nav 11—7:00 to 9:00 p.m., Monday, Dec. 15.
 Nav 21—4:30 to 6:30 p.m., Saturday, Dec. 13.
 Soc 140—1:30 to 2:30 p.m., Wednesday, Dec. 10.
 Soc 146—9:30 to 10:30 a.m., Wednesday, Dec. 10.

Winter Quarter Schedule Changes Cancellations

Art 177.
 BA 152.

Additional Hours

Zool 59, Lab—VI-VIII TTh, Z 201, Z 202.

Hour Changes

Aero 115—III-IV T, III Th, AE 309.
 OrCh 62, Lect 1—I MTWF, C 410.
 OrCh 62 Lect 2—III MThF, C 410, III W, C 325.
 Zool 212—3:30-5:00 TTh, Z 323.

Tally Corrections

Met 159—Not Talled.
 PEM 1B, sec 20—Not Talled.

HOME ECONOMICS STUDENTS

Freshman Pre-Test

A pre-test for Home Economics 3, Beginning Clothing Construction, will be given at 9:30 and 10:30 a.m. Tuesday in 227 Home Economics. All freshmen are urgently requested to take the test. Those who do not have either hour free should sign the list posted at 309 Home Economics.

Minnesota Daily . . . bulletin board of the campus

WANT ADS

FOR SALE CLOTHING

DO YOU WANT TO SAVE a lot of dough and still buy fine men's clothing at near wholesale prices? If you do, come on downtown after classes and take a gander at \$59.50 Harris Tweed Zip Topcoats for only \$39.63, or \$60.00 Ivy League Suits for only \$43.00, or \$40.00 Ivy League Sportcoats for \$27.00 or, \$25.00 Poplin Raincoats in the new iridescent shades of eggshell, blue and brown for only \$18.95. 3,000 garments to choose from at GRODNIK'S MEN'S CLOTHING DISCOUNT HOUSE, 23 So. 6th St., 2nd floor. Next to Dyckman Hotel. Grodnik's is an old name now selling Nationally Advertised Clothing (that can't be mentioned in this ad) for 25 percent less than you would pay in a retail store. Est. 1907.

THE SMARTEST cocktail dresses and formals come from Rush's, 927 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis. \$22.95 to \$49.95.

PARTY DRESSES, worn once. Size 10. PA. 4-8087.

WANTED

FURNISHED house or apt. to rent for about one month beginning Dec. 20. About 2 bedrooms. Swedish professor and family. Near Mpls. or St. Paul Campus. MI. 4-2117 or Univ. ext. 7311.

COLLEGE grads desire roommate-girl. Lake-Henn. area. TA. 4-0297.

INSTRUCTIONS

LEARN to Dance, Waltz, Fox Trot, Lindy, Rumba, Samba, Tango, Mambo. 5 private lessons, \$10. Palm Dance Studio, 703 Hennepin Ave. Phone FE. 2-9815. Hrs. 1 to 10 p.m.

CARLETON'S German class for Grads (limited) begins Dec. 3rd. The French class (limited) begins Dec. 19th. Call FR. 1-1132 Now!

LOST AND FOUND

LOST! Khaki canvas envelope 4x4. Name: Grant Schampel, MI. 4-1118.

FOR RENT

1212 COMO S.E., very nice rooms for men. Club kitchen.

FROM St. Anthony Village to main campus, 2nd hr., home 3:30. ST. 1-2127.

1011 14TH AVE. S.E. Rooms for MEN. Single and double. \$6 and up.

GIRLS club kit., T.V. FR. 1-7809, near U.

31 SIDNEY PLACE, Prospect Park. Men, clean, quiet, parking. FE. 3-5756.

FURN. 1st floor apt. Need 1-2 girls. 3 blks to U. FE. 8-7312, after 5 p.m.

HOUSEKEEPING room for 2 girls. Electric stove and refrig. 1028 6th St. S.E. FR. 1-2980.

5TH AVE. S.E. & University, 2 lge. furnished rooms, private bath, 1st floor. util. inc., \$90, Dec. 1. WA. 2-4562, WE. 9-9180.

COMFORTABLE single room for men, 5 blks. from campus, available Dec. 20th and rated A-1 by University Housing Bureau. 1318 8th St. S.E.

EXCEPTIONALLY clean room for rent. Reasonable. 813 Blain, St. Paul. CA. 5-0168.

FOR SALE AUTOS

'51 PONT. 4 dr; rad., htr., new bat., good tires. Quick sell. PA. 9-3863, eves.

'51 CHEVROLET 4-dr. powerglide. R & H, best offer. FE. 5-2644 after 6 p.m.

MINISTER must sell '48 Chevrolet. Body poor, recently overhauled. Runs well. \$75. FR. 1-7032.

SERVICES

ALL LANGUAGES translated, specializing in technical Russian. All translation work done by full-time professionals. RUSSIAN TRANSLATION BUREAU. FE. 2-5307.

BROKEN Whirlpool or Kenmore washer or dryer? "Have Wrench, Will Travel." Call Little, WA. 2-1751.

APPLICATION PHOTOS

RETOUCHED and nicely finished. Half doz., \$1.50. Sussman Studio, 704 Hennepin Ave. FE. 3-1912.

HELP WANTED

COLLEGE MAN business major work after classes and Sat. \$32-\$48 per week, car necessary. LI. 5-3162, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

10 HRS. WORK \$40, your free hrs. for two men, car necessary. WE. 9-2692, JU. 8-1429.

WAITRESSES: Noons or evenings or weekends. Flexible hours. Stadium Cafe, corner of Oak and Washington S.E.

LAW student for part-time work in law office. Competent 3rd year man preferred. Mr. Robins, FE. 6-4376.

PASSENGERS WANTED

TO CALIF. over Xmas—Dec. 19-Jan. 3. \$42 round trip. Want only good drivers. Neil, TA. 2-2781.

DRIVING to vicinity of Racine, Wis. Nov. 26. FR. 1-7150, after 7 p.m., ask for Lee.

3 PASSENGERS wanted for rd. trip to Cleveland, Ohio. Will leave Mon. Eve., Nov. 24, returning Nov. 30. Bob, FR. 1-2797, after 3 p.m.

MISCELLANEOUS

IRONING on campus at low rates. FR. 1-3790.

FOR SALE

1958 EKOTAPE Stereo Tape Recorder. New, \$459 for \$220. Call Jim, WE. 9-6486.

LADY'S COAT, Borganna, tailored in London. Like new, size 32. FR. 1-2601.

DORM contract. Comstock hall. Single. Will undersell. 403 E. FE. 9-0651.

DORM contract, single. Will undersell. Dave, Room 1234, Pioneer Hall.

TIRES and snow tires. 6:70x15. SU. 8-6716, after 5 p.m.

NEW YORK—from Mpls. First class rail voucher. FE. 9-4466.

FOR SALE TYPEWRITERS

100 TYPEWRITERS for Sale or Rent. New Portables \$49.75 plus Tax "KIRK" FR. 1-7277

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FOR experienced typing of your papers, letters, etc., call Sharon. FE. 6-0884.

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 Music to fit every budget
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HAVE BAND: WILL TRAVEL
 SP. 9-9188

RIDES WANTED

VICINITY Rapid City, S. D. Leave Wed. Call Marg, FR. 1-1543.

TO MILWAUKEE for two on Nov. 26. Leave late aft., share expenses. FE. 9-0351, Room 2206.

Call Extension 6217 for Daily Want Ads

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TODAY'S SPECIALS

55c
HUNGARIAN
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Mashed Potatoes
and Gravy

65c
HAMBURGER
French Fries
Salad

75c
CHEESEBURGER
French Fries
Salad

75c
¼ FRIED CHICKEN
French Fries
Toast

80c
STEAK SANDWICH
French Fries
Salad

DINNERS

Hamburger Steak	1.10	Ranch Steak	1.15
Polish Sausage	1.10	Cube Steak	1.30
Fillet of Walleyed Pike	1.10	2 Center Cut Pork Chops	1.45

French Fried, American Fried or Mashed Potatoes
Salad Toast Beverage

Beef Vegetable Soup	20c
Chili Con Carne	35c
Egg Salad Sandwich	30c
Grilled Cheese	30c
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Steak
Sandwich
50c

Ham
Sandwich
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