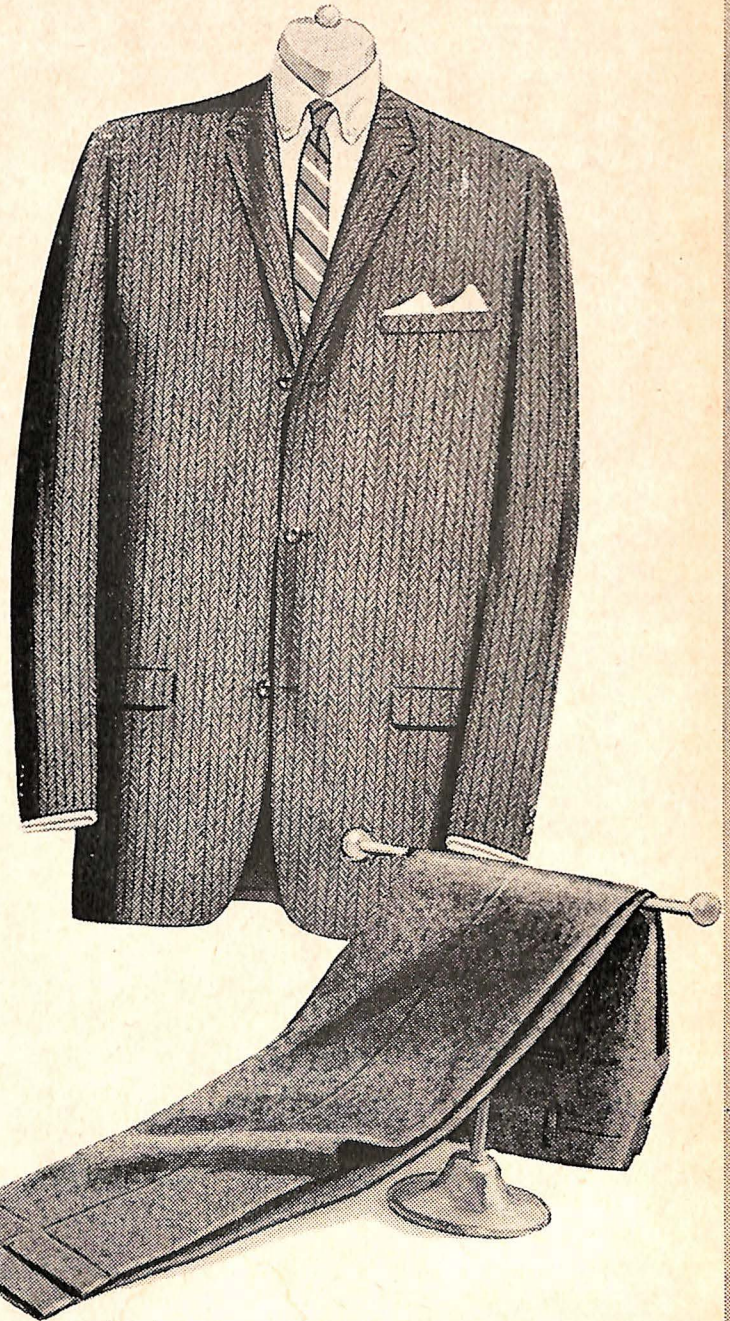
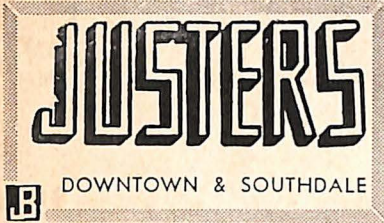


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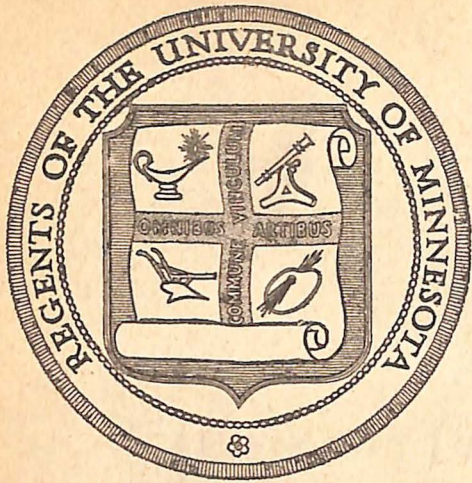
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edition

Vol. 59

No. 21

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Monette Strube

editor-in-chief  
Beverly Mindrum

business manager  
Bob Tinklenberg

writers  
Robert E. Evans  
James A. Johnson  
Rubell Lindman  
Nancy Smiler  
Todd Hunt  
Judy Mona

art and photo staff  
Don Gangloff  
Nancy Record  
Bob Kozar

contributors  
Frank Buckley  
Judith Fawcett

cartoons  
Richard Guindon

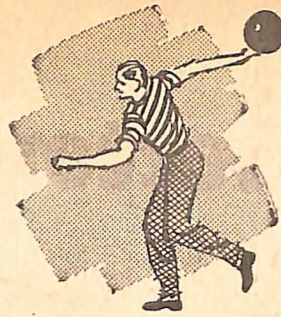
### ON THE COVER

Our cover character this week is Hugger Mugger. Despite his looking a little disinterested in the Tower, he'll appear in our pages every week. There's more of him inside today. Try page 8 and get better acquainted.

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., P.E. 6-6644. Entered as second class matter Aug. 30, 1900, at the postoffice at Minneapolis, Minn., under act of Congress March 3, 1897. Subscription \$5 a year, single copies 5 cents.

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# 'A Letter'

## From Lima, Peru

by *FRANK BUCKLEY*

**I**MMEDIATELY AFTER the summer session I left the Minnesota campus for travel abroad, but so far I have not left association with Minnesotans. Three former students of mine were at Wold-Chamberlain to see me off. One of the hostesses on the flight to Chicago had been in my classes. My seat mate in the plane out of Miami had taken both her bachelor's and master's degrees at Minnesota. At the Lima airport I was met by a former student of mine now living in Peru. And my second day in Lima I visited at the home of Mr. William Rodgers, former teacher in the Romance Language Department at Minnesota and now cultural attache in the American Embassy here.

Through Mr. Rodgers' aid and that of others, I have been able to visit schools, form acquaintance with some teachers and administrators, and make comparisons and contrasts between our system of education and the one here.

The school in which I have been most

interested and that on which I want to base my report is San Marcos University. San Marcos is centuries older than Minnesota, of course. Founded in 1551, it is the oldest university in the western hemisphere. Such antiquity inevitably makes one think of ancient trees on a campus knoll and buildings with ivy covered walls.

**B**UT SAN MARCOS has no such charms of age; the years have made its outward appearance ugly rather than attractive. Housed in a warehouse type, two-story building, the liberal arts college—economics, law, letters, and medicine—has no atmosphere to make graduates nostalgic. Classrooms are small, dark, and musty. Blackboard space is limited to desk-top size. Seats are benches, like those in our back-country railway stations. Students in the main lack texts and thus must copy what the teacher reads to them, as well as what he says. Critics of the system here call it copy-book education and say it leads to nothing but rote memory learning.

How much this criticism is justified in general, I as a visitor am unable to determine. One recent innovation, however, gives evidence that the curriculum is not wholly static, even if needed teaching aids are scarce. For the first time in its four hundred years San Marcos is offering a course in North American literature taught by a Peruvian, one of its own graduates. Sporadically, courses in foreign literature have been offered for a term or so, usually by men connected with foreign embassies.

**A**LSO, SUCH AUTHORS as Hemingway and Faulkner are mentioned in a course in contemporary literature. But the course which Dr. Carlos Zavaleta is initiating is the first in which United States literature will be studied from its beginning. Moreover, it will be a required course for all students in the school of letters or humanities, and they will be expected to read and know translated works of North American authors as well as the contents of their textbook. Few of them can afford to buy the various books, of course, and thus Mr. Rodgers, naturally interested in such a project, is building up as rapidly as he can, a shelf of books for their use.

*Continued on Page 10*

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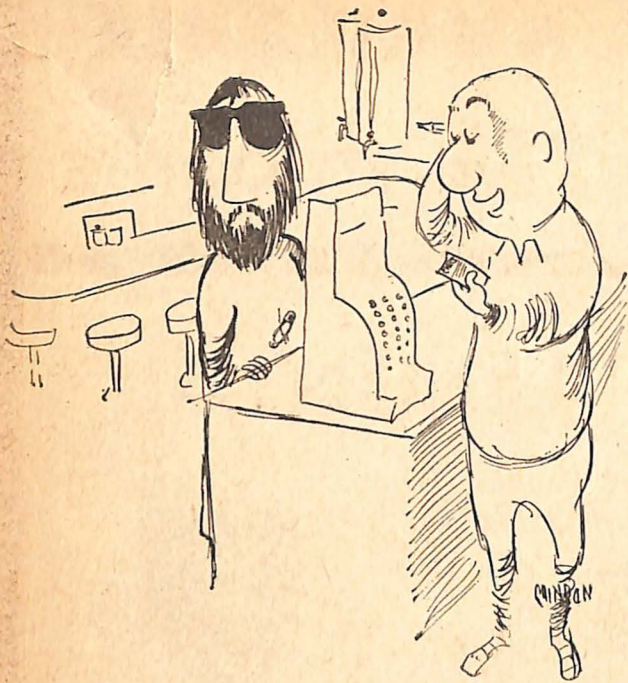
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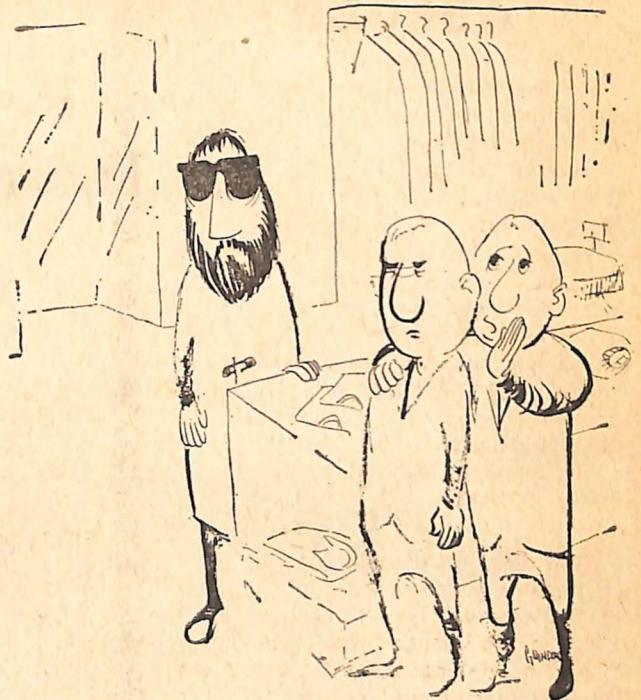
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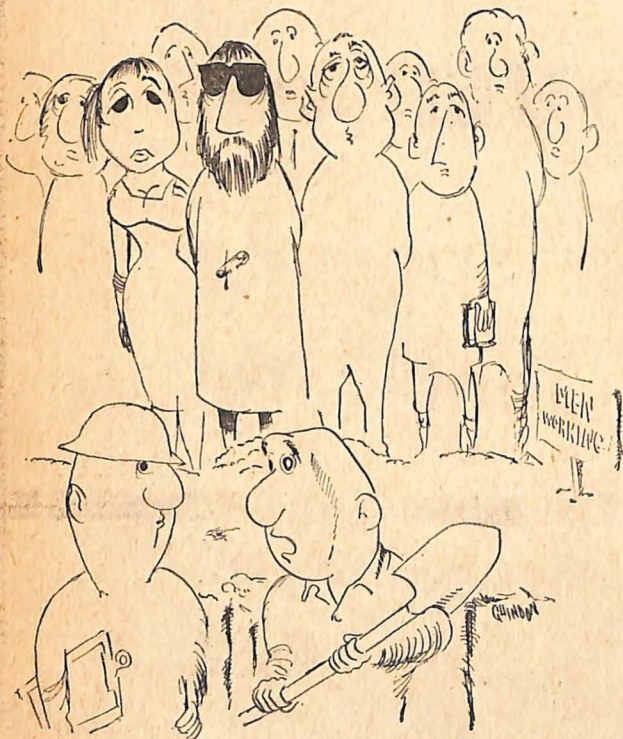
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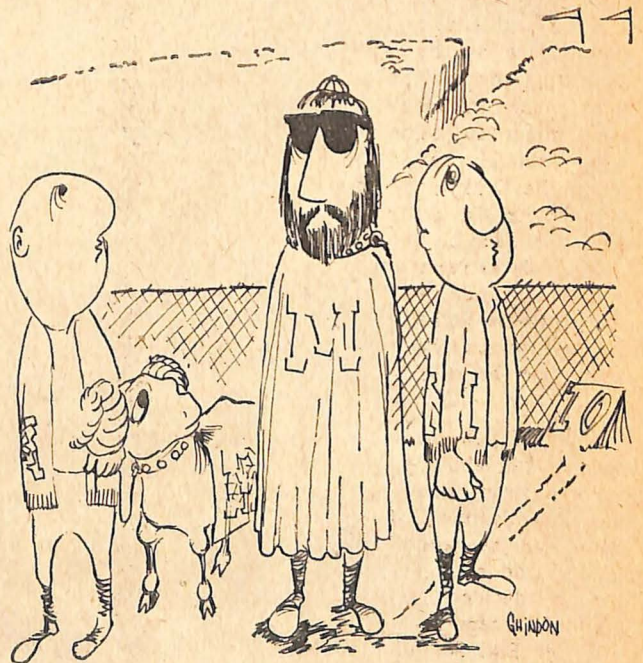
Mixup on the check, sonny? My fault, all you frat boys look the same to me.



Find out what he wants, then see if you can get him to leave by the back door.



I don't know what's wrong, boss, dis guy wid da sun glasses leads dis group of students up here, points at me an says "Dis man is making \$3.25 per hr." And dey been standing der real quiet fer a half hour watchen me—just watchen me.



# INTRODUCING HUGGER

The bearded, sun-glassed, safety-pinned gent at the left is someone you'll be seeing a lot of in the Tower this year. His name is Hugger Mugger. Hugger's from St. Paul, and he hangs around at a place called the Jazz Lab on Payne Avenue.

Hugger stands in a window over there and looks just as bored with the Jazz Lab as he does with his copy of the Ivory Tower on this week's cover. Hugger doesn't talk much, but he says a lot. His creator, Dick Guindon, says Hugger is completely non-partisan. And if you keep watching Hugger in the Tower or drop in on him some night at the Lab, you'll see this is true.

\* \* \*

While we're on the subject of the new, we might mention a couple of fellows who have brought something new—tolerable food and listenable music—to Dinkytown. Jim Helling and Morrie Grover, both Hamline grads, opened the Ten O'clock Scholar on 14th Ave. earlier this summer. The place is furnished and decorated with bamboo, low rattan chairs, high rattan stools, low round tables and high rectangular counters, and art work of University and other local artists. Food service is cafeteria style.

Besides the Scholar in Dinkytown, Helling and Grover are opening up another place by the same name near the St. Paul Campus. The new Scholar opens today with the same decorative motif, same menu and same prices. This one is bigger though, seats over twice the 30 which the Dinkytown place seats. Helling says they're also planning to include pizza and ice cream on the menu.

Both places seem to have hit a pleasant middle ground between the candle-lit, checker table-clothed Bohemian cafes and the glaring, blaring, rock 'n rolling ones which are the rule around the area.

\* \* \*

Some of you may recall an article we ran last fall about sculptor Alonzo Hauser and his rejected water sprite. Hauser was commissioned by the state to do a statue for the capitol entrance. When he finished the nude water sprite, the commission decided it was indecent and wouldn't accept it.

Writer Phil Schrader now tells us that the commission said OK sometime last spring, and the statue has been up all summer. If you haven't seen it yet, it's well worth a special trip.

Monday, September 29, 1958

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# A Letter . . .

*Continued from Page 6*

Although new courses in languages and literature are offered almost yearly at Minnesota, here a single step forward is striking because of varied conditions, including the relatively low standing of the school of letters. Young Peruvians with sufficient aptitude and means for college training want to be doctors, lawyers, or engineers because these are the professions that provide a livelihood. The comparatively few young men, therefore, who take a degree in letters do so either as an addition to a more practical degree, a sort of fringe benefit, or as a means of teaching the arts to which they are dedicated despite the impracticality of their choice. Naturally, this number is limited, and thus in the school of letters the proportion of women to men is much higher than in other schools, and the percentage of those dropping out before graduation is exceedingly high.

**T**HE CAUSE OF THIS situation is not lack of ability or interest in the arts, but rather varied conditions, all connected in some way, I judge, with economics. The cost of education is high here, even in secondary schools, and comparatively few can afford college training. Not only are student loans and scholarships unavailable, there isn't even any part-time work. The result is that in many families only the most promising son scholastically can go to college while his brothers take jobs in offices or elsewhere and help support him. After graduation he is supposed to aid the family, but if he majors in the arts he probably will be able to give but slight economic help because he will have enough difficulty supporting himself.

If he teaches he may lack for years the security that a part-time assistant at Minnesota could have, and will need a combination of jobs. One instructor I met at the university, for instance, holds three positions in addition to his teaching one, and works until eight-thirty every evening except Friday.

But bad as this situation is in general, some improvement has been attained: this year for the first time in San Marco's history a few professors in the school of letters have been given full-time jobs. Some of this time must be spent in office work rather than classroom instruction, but at least they can count on a livelihood coming from one source.

**A**LTHOUGH THIS GAIN is in one sense significant, the situation still offers less than a rosy view to future graduates from the school of letters. One wonders, therefore, about the morals of stu-

dents and young teachers. From observation, they appear like typical students anywhere, like those, for instance, who chatter between classes in Folwell or on the library steps. Although they are without dormitories or Greek letter societies, they have student organizations and activities ranging from athletic games to dances, dramatic clubs, and literary and political discussion groups. The most unusual situation to me is that in all these activities, there is not a homogeneous college crowd, but they are joined by young people in no way connected with the university, something I cannot account for when I note the quite sharp class distinctions elsewhere.

Both groups join in such activities as amateur dramatics, which are flourishing at present, and in what to me is a more striking effort—the publication and dissemination of creative writing. The students do not produce any of the works because there are no creative writing classes here. Teachers and men outside the university write the essays, short stories, and novels; and the students aid in the publication and selling of the paper-backed copies, doing so without pay, although they could use the smallest portion of any profit.

So successful have these "Book Festivals" been that soon after publication of some works hundreds of thousands of reasonably priced copies are sold to all classes of people, even among the low income groups. It is an accomplishment such as Peru has never known before, one of the writers told me, and at present no other South American nation can match it. In his enthusiasm, he calls it the great awakening.

**M**OREOVER, HE DECLARES that the students' aid in this effort is evidence of their zest and desire for progress. Thus periodic outbreaks of trouble in the school are basically not the fault of students, he says, but rather of apathetic or arch-conservative administrators who refuse aid or even sanction to almost all innovations and therefore drive students to demonstrations of their frustrations.

Few others that I questioned would accept this view, even in part. Instead, their comments on the student body ran from mild to violent denunciation, to calling the present students at San Marcos lazy, unreasonably demanding, erratic, and irresponsible. Nothing good can be achieved at the university, they declared, until the students in some manner are brought into line or somehow develop a sense of moral responsibility, totally lacking in them now.

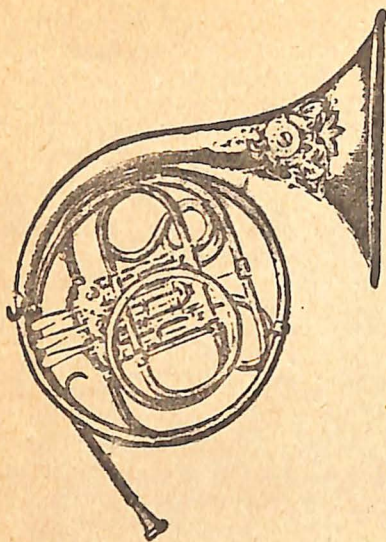
Here then are the sharply opposing views, a just evaluation of which is not

easy. In fact, after the first few days of attempting to weigh evidence I felt inclined to drop the subject and probe no more. Clashes of opinion and a state of unrest interest me, however, and I especially wanted to learn about San Marcos, partly because of its antiquity, for which it merits some honor, and partly because of the Nixon affair at its doors, which has brought it notoriety.

**T**HUS I HAVE KEPT questioning—at the school, at the Embassy, in hotels, and in homes, even turning one cocktail party into a three hour session of questions and answers. Yet the continued effort has not resulted in full understanding. Probably my one claim to accomplishment lies in detecting a few light streaks in the predominantly dark picture drawn for me. That they are not glittering I will readily admit, but in view of the general criticism and condemnation I consider these specific aims and accomplishments worth noting. If the weakest of the colleges, the school of letters, can carry out a few plans other colleges must also be making gains. And if, as I am told, the rapport between authorities and students a decade or so ago was strong it seems reasonable to surmise that with certain changes effected, improved cooperation could prevail again.

**B**UT WHEN AND HOW sufficient changes for accord can be accomplished no one sympathetic toward or highly critical of the university can even guess. As I write I glance at today's paper on my desk with a headline saying that students in the school of letters at the University of Arequipa have threatened to strike unless authorities give some heed to their requests for reform. The trouble, therefore, is not only in San Marcos, but exists generally, as does one of the basic causes—lack of money. In comment on the Arequipa situation, the university president declares that funds are so low the school can hardly hold present standards, to say nothing of improving them, unless more allotments are granted. Yet he and the directors have plans for fund raising, he says, if local and state governments will sanction them.

Perhaps this statement is mere talk to the press, but I choose not to think so. I like to believe that some schoolmen here have plans, as I like to think the small gains I have mentioned are indicative of greater improvement. Not to have these hopes is to hold that the hundreds of years of university history here must end in total loss and the thousands of eager students be denied their right of education. That cannot happen, I feel, unless all nations are healed toward inevitable disaster, a concept to which I cannot subscribe.



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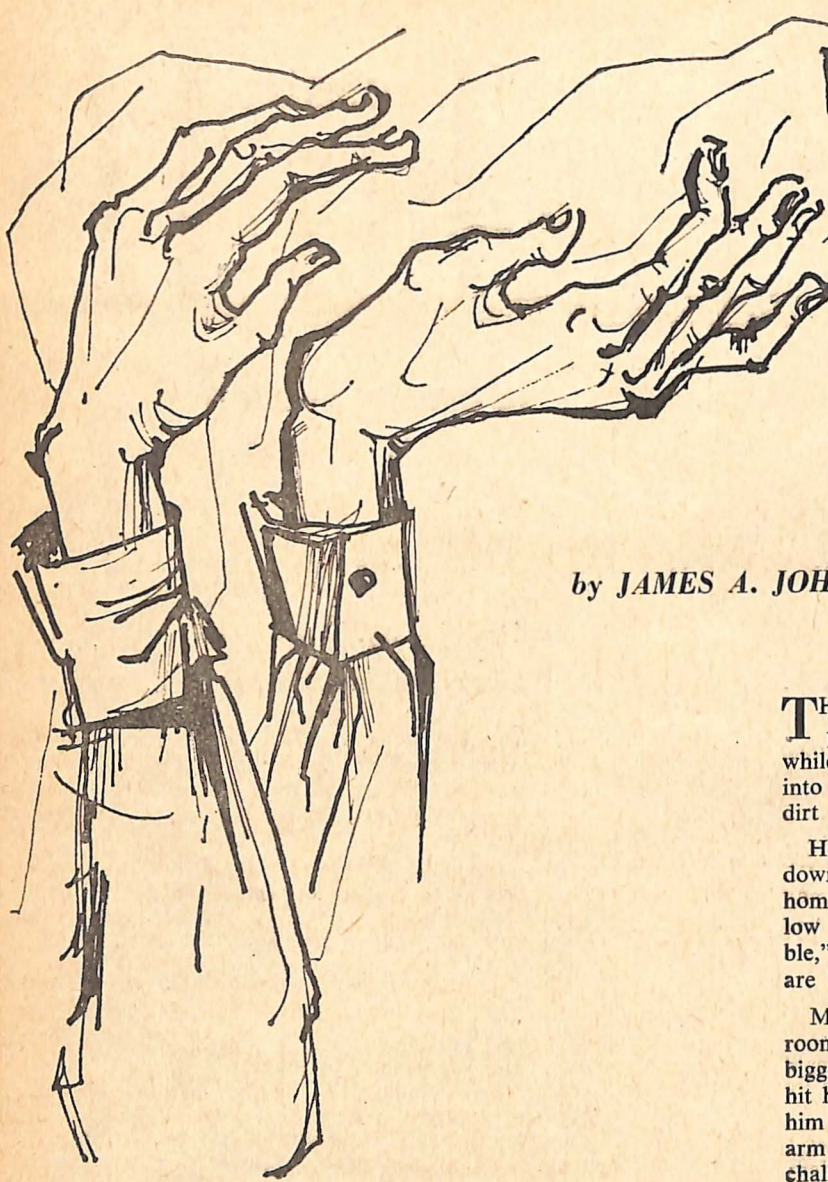
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# The K

by JAMES A. JOHNSON

**T**HE BOY FELT the scratches and depressions in the desk with his hand while Miss Eldridge talked. His nail probed into its pits and holes and he rolled the dirt back and forth between his fingers.

Her voice played its weary tune, dipping down and then up like the television at home when he turned the sound knob from low to high too fast. "Change is inevitable," she said. "It has to happen. Things are born, grow up and die."

Miss Eldridge stood at the front of the room by the blackboard. She was big, much bigger than he and stronger too. She had hit him on the head once, after she caught him cheating on a spelling test. Her bony arm began to draw a circle with yellow chalk.

He momentarily glanced up from the desk and looked disinterestedly around the room. The rest of them were all watching her, even his pal Davy. He watched Davy's eyes move back and forth as they followed the teacher's arm. They were blue and big and stood out against his small, white face. Davy was nine, a half year older than he, but he could run faster.

Her voice surrounded him like a blanket. It tried to smother him, but he hid

# ing of the Hill

inside his head. "Yes, class, the deer eat the grass and green stems, the wolves eat the deer and finally the wolves die. After they die, their bodies break up into an element called nitrogen. This is part of the food needed by the grass to live."

**H**ER VOICE STOPPED and Miss Eldridge sat down on her chair as the sound of the bell clanged into his consciousness. They all got up to leave. Two of the girls stood in front of her desk, smiling and twisting their hands nervously. "Can we help you wash the blackboards, Miss Eldridge?" one of them said.

"Why of course, Mary," she answered. "Here you and Judy take those two over there. . . ."

Their voices trailed off as he and Davy ran out the grey, wooden door. "What should we do, Davy?" he asked.

"Well, we could fly kites, but it looks like it might rain," Davy replied.

"I know! Let's play king of the hill!" he said.

He watched Davy's face after this suggestion. "That sounds swell. I get to be king first," said Davy.

The sky was a dull grey as they climbed the steep hill. The trees had dropped their leaves in little heaps and piles along the ground and the grass was faded and dead and looked worn-out to him. "Funny," he thought. "The grass is worn-out. I didn't know grass wore out!"

The top of the hill was high above the trees and a dirt road that twisted below. His house looked very small, like a little, white box. "Just like a mountain," he thought.

**T**HEY ROLLED and tumbled in the leaves, pushing and pulling each other off the crown of the hill. Finally, as it was getting late and time for supper, he said they should try it once more and the winner would be king that day.

He grappled with Davy, trying to pull him down. He tried to get as low as he could and use his legs as levers. One of his legs slipped on a stick and Davy tripped and pushed him at the same time, while he was off balance. He rolled and skidded about twenty feet down the hill in the leaves.

"I guess you win, Davy," he said.

Davy stood smiling at the top of the hill. "I beat you," Davy said. "I'm king now, for ever and ever."

Davy tore a branch from an elm tree and forced it into the ground. "This is my sword and it'll stay here for ever and ever," Davy said.

They walked home from the hill together, the darkness curtaining objects around them. "See you tomorrow, Davy," he yelled.

The next day, he noted Davy wasn't in his seat. Miss Eldridge's voice droned on and on into the afternoon. During history hour, he watched the heat rise in little waves past the open window. "He must be sick or have a cold," he thought to himself.

He climbed into the basement of an old house after school. It was dark, save for some light streaking through the side window. Something moved in a circular path in the light, making little shadows in its area.

**A** BLACK SPIDER had caught a fly in its web and twisted it around and around into a ball. He watched the spider spin and twist the fly, fascinated. He climbed through the window and went home to supper.

The next morning, Miss Eldridge told the class Davy had a ruptured appendix and was very sick. "He could even die," she said.

"Where's an appendix?" he asked her.

"It's way down in the lower part of your stomach," she said.

"Is it like a belly ache?" he asked. Miss Eldridge explained that it was, only much worse.

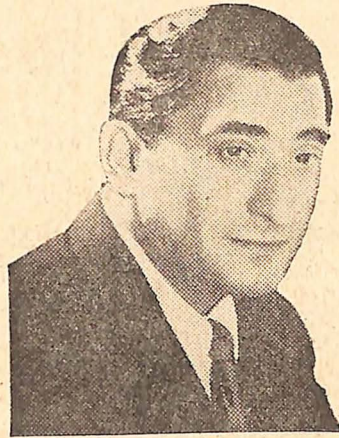
Two days later, Miss Eldridge sat in front of the class, looking very stern and sad. "Class," she said. "Davy Carlson died yesterday! He was a very good boy and I know we'll all miss him. The funeral will be in two days. School will be dismissed early, so those who want to may attend. You don't

*Continued on Page 22*



Wednesday, Jan. 28, 8:30 p.m.

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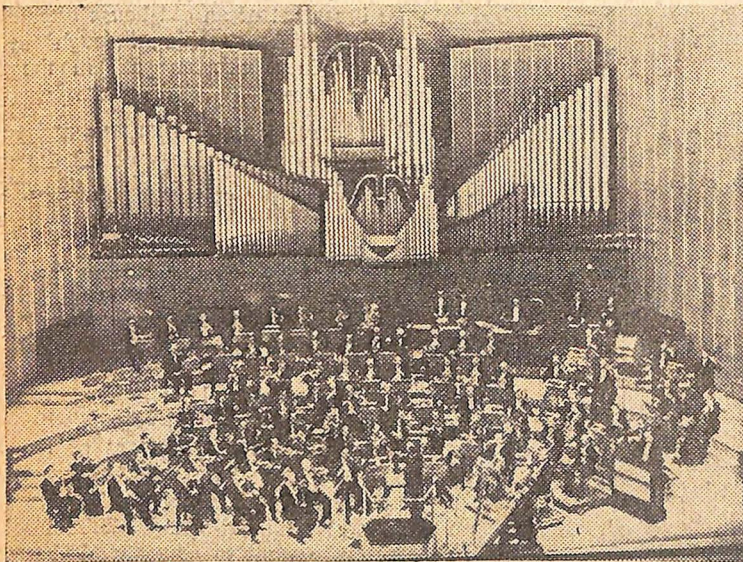
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Monday, September 29, 1958

Page 15



the moment.

When the veterans went home, however, the change in atmosphere was shocking. Not only were the new students young and inexperienced, they were mysteriously unreachable. So far as anyone could tell they were not interested in ideas or books or art or politics. Teachers complained about their intolerable passivity and self-absorption. What sort of people were they anyway? No one seemed to know, but obviously something more than five years—or even a war—had come between them and the veterans. What was it? Only recently have we begun to grasp the meaning of this change.

We can learn a lot about it from this carefully documented, sober and devastating book. Here Professor Philip E. Jacob, who teaches political science at the University of Pennsylvania, brings together the results of many recent studies of higher education. Though he is chiefly concerned to gauge the effect of college teaching upon student values, his survey accomplishes much more. Among other things, it confirms some of our more dismal hunches about the transformation of the national character now under way. Our typical college student, as Professor Jacob draws his profile, is an all too plausible product of post-war America. Like Picasso's lady in front of the mirror, he has two faces.

One face is turned to a private world full of promise, while the other stares at public doom. Indeed, what is now striking about this student is his schizoid way of protecting himself from the contradictions in what he knows and feels. When, for example, he looks to his personal future he is "gloriously contented"; images of prosperity and domestic tranquility dance in his head. But he has no doubt that World War III will begin within twelve years. On one side he expresses supreme confidence in his control over his own destiny, but his public face is blank and weak. It never has occurred to him that he might do anything to change the way we live in our business culture.

**T**EACHERS WILL be amazed, I think, to discover how familiar they are with this statistical model. From top to bottom a deep fissure runs through the student's system of belief. Is it any wonder that he seems a bit withdrawn? We compare him unfavorably to the students of the thirties, but they never had to face anything like the ambiguities of his world. To be sure, they too lived at a time of drift toward war. But they did not have to cope with the simultaneous temptation of soft suburbia, or the general moral paralysis of this moment. We complain about the passivity of this generation, but

*Continued on Page 20*

Monday, September 29, 1958



## The Episcopal Foundation

317 17th Avenue S.E.

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Cafeteria opens today — 11:00 a.m. - 2 p.m.  
Meal tickets on sale — 10 meals \$6.00  
Also sandwiches, desserts and beverages  
So, if you bring a bag lunch — come anyway!



## The Episcopal Foundation

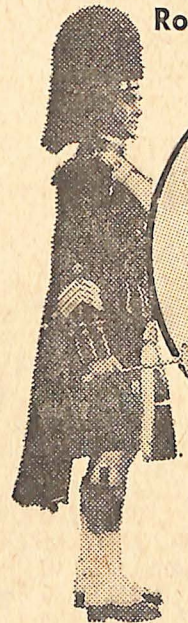
317 17th Avenue S.E.

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Oct. 1—The Rev. Denzil Carty—and members of NAACP—Panel on  
Christianity and Segregation

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**WILLIAMS ARENA**  
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



# Castle In The Sun

by JUDITH FAWCETT



THE AUGUST SUN beat down on the sand pile. I hunched over the pile of sand and packed it down hard with both hands. My bare feet lay buried underneath. I wiggled my toes, careful not to disturb the mound of sand. If I could get both feet out before the sand caved in, I could make a castle.

Castles never lasted long in the sun, but I could always build it again.

With two fingers, I tried to deepen the moat around the castle. My braids flopped down over my face and I flipped them back with one sand-covered hand.

Dad was watering the rose bushes, the way he did every day when he came home from the office. The faint rose smell drifted toward me. It seemed as if everything was asleep. Only the ivy leaves climbing the stucco wall of the house flicked their shadows over the drying sand.

I squared off the walls of the castle and shaped the steeple. It was finished. The broken piece of an orange crate bridged the shallow moat. The thumbprint windows stretched unevenly around the sides.

I was sitting, just looking at it when mother came down the back steps toward dad. When I saw her I had the same funny feeling I'd had when I was in the piano recital.

She held her apron over her face. There were little red flowers on the apron, all twined together with a green stem. They looked like the little hearts we got at breakfast on Valentine's Day.

MOTHER SAID SOMETHING to dad and he turned off the hose and went back to the house with her. His head was bent as if he was suddenly too tired to hold it up.

I didn't want to play any more. I jumped up and scuffed my feet against the grass to get the sand off.

Dad was sitting at the kitchen table when I came in. He didn't say anything. He just stared at the table cloth.

"We just got some bad news," mother said. Her voice sounded strange, not like her at all. "Uncle John was killed."

I knew about things dying. Scooter had been run over by a car, but he was only a dog and mother had told us that animals always died and we shouldn't cry. It wasn't the same when people died.

I stood on one foot and rubbed the other along my bare leg. I didn't feel sad; only sorry for dad and mother.

I couldn't remember Uncle John, but I knew he had gone to war to fight the Germans. Mother always told us stories about the games she had played with Uncle John when they were small. Sometimes she told us about West Point. That was where Uncle John played polo. Mother always told me he would come home and teach me how to ride.

NOBODY SAID ANYTHING and I wandered through the kitchen into the living room. A ray of sunlight dappled the rug with tan spots. I wanted to go back and say something to mother and dad, but I didn't know what to say.

I stood for a long time, alone in the room, watching the little pieces of dust float in the ray of sunlight above the rug. I couldn't make myself walk through the kitchen again.

I pressed against the cool glass of the front door, then opened the door quietly and walked out.

There was an empty coffee can on the top step. I kicked it and it clattered off the step to the sidewalk. I kicked it again and it rolled off the sidewalk into the grass.

I turned and walked to the sand pile. The last rays of the sun gleamed on the sand. It was all dry.

The castle had fallen and there was only a shapeless mound where it had been. I looked at it.

Supper was almost ready. It was too late to rebuild it.

# Books . . .

Continued from Page 17

where in all America do we hear anyone effectively resisting the general drift? In the thirties the college student could look to his elders. Where are the heroes of that epoch today? They are as silent as the silent generation, and doubtless for the same reasons. The difference is that their minds were not shaped by the forces of silence. They can remember another state of mind, which is all very well, but no excuse for bullying the young. In a curious way Professor Jacob's cold statistics make one feel sorry for this berated

generation.

What happens to them while in college? The answer seems to be nothing much. The bulk of the book is devoted to this question, and it is probably unfair to sum it up so concisely; and yet, so far as student values are concerned, all the evidence suggests that our higher education changes little or nothing. A few exceptional colleges do create the sort of highly-charged atmosphere in which the cultural bias dissolves; and a few exceptionally endowed teachers do manage to stir the minds of their students. But for the most part formal college training does not touch the place where beliefs are kept. Indeed this book suggests that

much of our current discussion of education is founded upon an exalted notion of the powers of pedagogy.

In spite of the endless tinkering with curricula, the efforts to implant a relativistic idea of social institutions, the ingenious experiments with general education, the truth is that most students take their cues from social realities, not ideas. While professors talk, students teach one another the real lessons of American life: mind your own affairs, keep somewhere near the middle of the group, smile and you'll get along. After four years our students are more tolerant, more acceptant of the world's way, and more like one another. Not that they were a parcel of individualists when they arrived at college—even then they were a "remarkably homogeneous" group. But college proves to be another vehicle of conformity, so that when they leave they are even more alike than when they arrive. Professor Jacob finds that his subjects are unabashedly self-centered, and that perhaps they are "the forerunners of a major cultural and ethical revolution, the unconscious ushers of an essentially secular (though nominally religious), self-oriented (though group-conforming) society." The idea strikes a chord; there could be something in it.

## INTERNATIONAL HOUSE CLUB CAFETERIA

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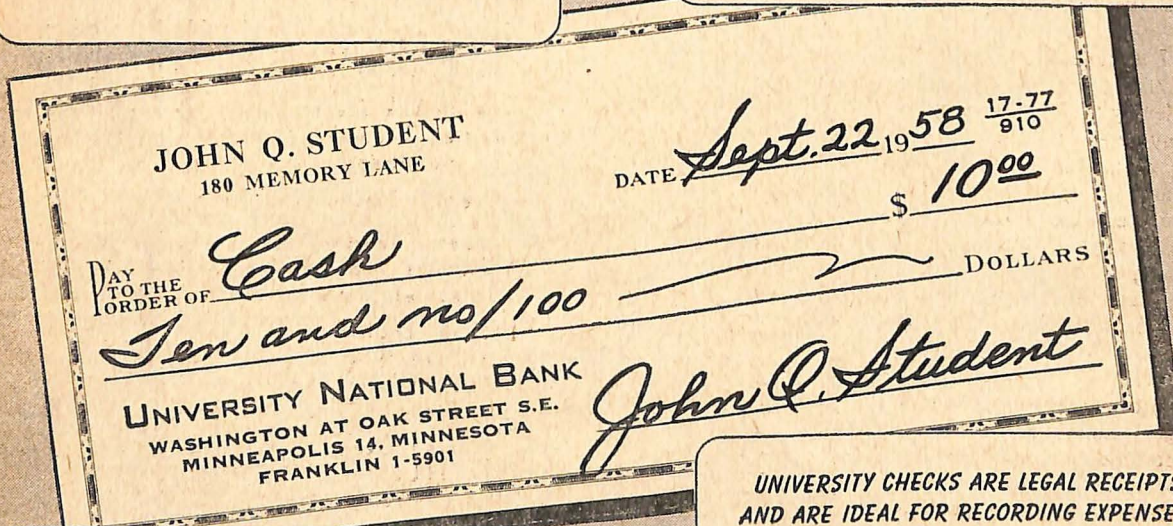
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# First Day Assignment

by *TODD HUNT*

**First Grade:** I went to my ant's house in Wiskonsen for the summer. She's really a good cook and uncle Horace took me to the concert every Wensday in town. I also played with there pet cats and watched television alot.

**Fourth Grade:** Aside from carrying newspaper twice a day, I had most of the time to do as I wanted this summer. My friend and I did a lot of biking and hiking, and we also got the idea to have a lemonade stand in front of our house. So we had fun and made a little money.

**Ninth Grade:** I was among fifteen fortunate teen-agers who made the trip to Washington and the United Nations under the auspices of the newspaper for three weeks this summer. We learned a great deal about government and world affairs, and I'm looking forward to reporting about the trip to my classmates.

**Twelfth Grade:** This was a busy summer as I am preparing to enter college after graduation next Spring. I was fortunate to find part time employment in the reference room at the library, and this provided me with the means to finance my education as well as situating me close to a wealth of knowledge which will aid me in preparing for college. I read Plato, Shakespeare, Aristotle and a great deal of historical and scientific works. It is all so stimulating and challenging.

**Freshman:** I engaged in profound research and thinking this past summer in hopes of achieving new perspective and direction in my attempt to discover how I can best serve my society and realize accomplishments. I am striving for a more intellectual approach to living.

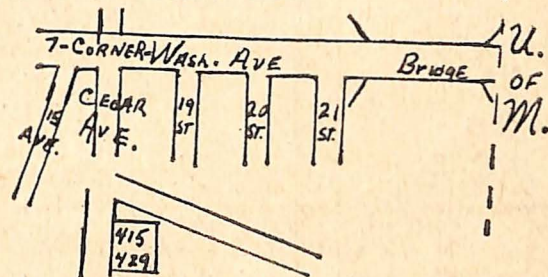
**Sophomore:** I worked as a counselor at a camp this past summer and had a great time. I really enjoyed getting out and meeting people. I found that living out-of-doors is the best way to do it. I really had a ball.

**Junior:** Aside from delivering telegrams every morning, I had most of the time to do as I wanted this summer. My friend and I did a lot of biking and hiking, and we also got the idea to sell lemonade at the State Fair. So we had fun and made a little money.

**Senior:** I went to my aunt's house in Wisconsin for the summer. She's really a good cook, and Uncle Horace took me to the concert every Wednesday night in town. I also played with their pet cats and watched television a lot.

## Welcome "U" NEIGHBORS to our 70th Anniversary Display A 1/2 Block Long Large Assortment of **FINE IMPORTS**

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### For Men

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Modern Danish Teak Wood, Mobiles, China, Ceramics, Finland Glass, Finland Stools, Coofee Tables, etc. Spanish Tables, Lanterns.

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On  
His  
Way  
To . . .



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MINNESOTA GOPHER

office, room 13,  
Murphy Hall

King . . .

*Continued from Page 13*

have to attend the funeral to be excused."

After school, he walked to the hill. The days were colder and shorter. Sleet began falling on him out of the grey sky. He saw a dead squirrel lying by the side of the dirt road. He turned it over with his toe and noticed a pulsating maw of white maggots underneath. They were eating the squirrel. "Boy, would those scare Miss Eldridge," he thought.

He stood on the crown of the hill looking down. It was sleeting hard and he couldn't see too well. "It doesn't matter," he thought, "because I'm king now."

He stepped on a stick that had been carefully placed upright in the dirt and it fell bent and twisted in the leaves.

"For ever and ever," he thought.

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*In any endeavor, in every walk of life as long as communication is important to human existence, proper use of the English language will remain, as it always has, an important part of human existence and a means of communication in every walk of life and in any endeavor. Only practice will make perfect. Practice, practice, practice. Every hour, every day, you must practice conjugating. Conjugate verbs, gerunds, umlauts, diphthongs, everything, until, compared with your own, other's sentences are as vines with myriad clusters of dangling participles hanging from them like overripe grapes.*

*I am ravishing, you are ravenous, she is ravished.*

by **ROBERT E. EVANS**

**“YES MOTHER,”** (I humored her), “I’ll be sure to brush my teeth every day.” And as I strode with light and airy step through the door and into a new and braver world, I thought what a kind and simple person mother really was. She worried about brushing teeth every day. Worried about insignificant teeth when the proudest moment of my life was at hand. For soon I would walk with my head high amongst the keenest minds of our generation. In just a few hours I would be a part of the great intellectual movement sweeping the country. Now nothing could confine the inquisitive mind of youth. No longer would it be stifled by the simple, if kind-hearted merchants and tradesmen of Dobernaster Junction, site of my humble origin.

But for all of mother’s kindness her

words inspired nothing so much as a claustrophobic feeling of impatience. And the impatience wore against restraint like moths at work in some old and unwanted garment. I was almost free, almost through with the larval stage of youth. I was about to become a University student. Yes, and at the great state University of Minnesota. No paternalistic sectarian indoctrinational college for me. On that I had stood firm. Far better to work one’s way through the great, impartial, (sometimes, I felt, almost cold and unfeeling) University of Minnesota. Here at least a man could be a man without constant interference and reproachment for free thought.

**A T LAST I WAS** aboard the shabby old train that would take me away from the “Main Street” of my youth. As

the buildings and people of an old and almost forgotten life began ever more swiftly to slide past the grimy windows, my mind filled to overflowing with gratitude for this chance at uninhibited expression. Quite frankly, I was at a loss to imagine what strange wonders would greet my bewildered eyes when at last I arrived in the El Dorado of my dreams, the great and teeming Minneapolis. Oh, of course I knew the streets would not be paved with gold, and perhaps even in the fount of learning there would be isolated pettiness and greed. But on the whole, I felt in my heart a sureness that there would be a golden stream of life and understanding.

A wave of doubt swept briefly over me and was quickly replaced by an acute feeling of pity for the trusting souls I left

behind. They would never know doubt, never soar on the wings of a stirring metaphysic, never live. But no matter, I thought. To rise above the mass must inevitably mean leaving behind those you loved while still in the pupa stage of life. The metamorphosis must not be interrupted. The butterfly must emerge regardless. And if it leaves behind a few broken hearts . . . Strength. Progress. Duty. Devotion to a cause.

And softly humming snatches from the theme of "Time Marches On," I drifted hazily off to a society of understanding where the brave walk bravely amongst the brave and no head is bowed by the blows of a chaotic world.

**I**ARRIVED LATE and anxious to greet my new friends and rivals in the academic world. As I carried my bag to the station exit, the angry stares of idle redcaps brought a tear of sympathy to my eye. Even in Minneapolis, home of the fountain of intelligence, there were those who would never understand. And again, I remembered my firm resolve to step over any objects in the path to greater understanding. Whether they be family and friends worried about the loss of religion or an insignificant redcap in a train depot, they were mere objects to be ignored and tolerated.

The strange smell of the city assailed my nostrils the moment I stepped from the station and I thought how symbolic it was to have the clouds of ignorance removed while under the real clouds of acrid smoke hovering over great chimneys of industry.

Manners were something I was prepared not to expect in the metropolis and so it was not with great surprise that I felt a suggestive hand on my shoulder. To find that it was merely an ambitious taxi driver was again only mildly disappointing for there would be plenty of time for other things later. I hadn't the heart to turn the poor fellow down after he explained the condition of his wife, the dastardly policies of his company and the serious ailments of his seven children who had no shoes for school. I not only accepted a ride to the campus but tipped him a small sum as well. I could afford to live extravagantly for a few more hours.

**T**OO SOON the relentless grind of mid-night study would begin. And as it turned out, I was fortunate to take the ride for he happened to know of a small rooming house run by a dear friend where I could get lodging for half the normal rate. I admit I at first thought twelve dollars a night a bit high, but the owner explained about property taxes and so on and I had to agree, even a clothes closet was cheap considering the administration

in Washington and all. I was not discouraged.

Even the next day, when I found a divinity student living down the hall had mistaken my things for his own, I was not discouraged. What did clothing, luggage and money mean here? I was convinced they meant nothing in University life. Besides, I was sure the erring party would return them when he discovered his mistake. Then I donned the tattered shirt, baggy corduroy trousers and soiled sneakers and set out for the culminating triumph of my journey. Registration.

Quickly I looked at my watch and did an off-hand calculation. With 26,000 students to process, there would undoubtedly be a short line to stand in. But no matter. Most of them would have followed instructions to register several weeks before.

Inquiring around, I found Johnston Hall the place to begin, and as I passed it, thinking, so to speak, of looking the place over in advance, I saw what I took to be some sort of parade. Except that it wasn't moving. Perhaps, I thought, a student protest. Students are known for their defiance of authoritarian suppression.

**U**NDoubtedly THIS IS a picket line, for notice how stolidly they stand, unmoving and hard as though they had been there a long time and were intending to stay the crisis through. Did I see boredom in those faces? I thought not. More likely these immobile masks were the symbols of determination, of stoic patience for a cause worth fighting—in short, of bravery.

Upon inquiry, one of the watchers for democracy (or whatever noble cause they supported) informed me that this gathering was indeed connected with registration, but when I pressed him further, he only grunted an oath and turned away. His words led me to believe it was some manner of religious rally since the name of the Lord was mentioned several times with considerable fervor.

At any rate, I concluded, there was no harm in joining the group so I stepped in beside him trying to look as inconspicuous as possible. It was not till then that I realized one had to be a member of some organization or other to join their group, for the fellow directly behind my informant seized my shoulders and abruptly tossed me to the ground.

"Scab," he hissed, and aimed a kick at my head. Others now crowded around and I clearly saw that to avoid further trouble would require tact and diplomacy. I ran. It was readily apparent by then that it would take time to get used to University customs. I spent the remainder of the morning looking quietly about and observing others' actions—some of which were most unusual.

**S**UDDEN HUNGER PAINS reminded me I had not eaten since noon of the previous day, and I inquired of a fellow student where I might find a modest yet respectable restaurant. He suggested one just across University Ave. and I went there immediately. Upon entering the door, I was struck by the intense preoccupation of the diners for all things of a new and challenging nature. Even my modest appearance created a mild furor of excitement and each head turned to follow my progress past the rows of booths. In the watchers' eyes I detected a note of curiosity not wholly inspired by the differences in our appearance. What fond feelings of gratitude I felt then toward these who were to be my companions and friendly competitors. And how silly of me, I thought, to see in their frankly curious faces a certain hostility as in male dogs competing for a bitch in heat.

Humbled before such base feelings in my heart, I lowered myself quietly into a corner booth to wait for service. In the ensuing four and one-half hours I changed my order from lunch to dinner and had ample opportunity to observe the customs of their society. The strange drama unfolding before my eyes was at first very mysterious. Students came in, sat for a time at one booth, ordered coffee, and then, when the conversation among their fellows reached a fever pitch, slipped quietly away to another table, there to perform the same odd ritual. At last I discovered it was some kind of good natured joke, since the others spent a great deal of time arguing about who drank all the coffee.

**A**T LENGTH, fortified by an interestingly quartered if not especially nourishing egg salad sandwich, I got up to pay the check. It was obvious she had confused my order with someone else's who had eaten a full course dinner, but I let it go, knowing such things do happen and not wanting to create another scene. Besides, I was in a hurry to register.

The rally at Johnston Hall was still going on when I returned, and to all outward appearances, none of the participants had moved far from their previous position. Some of them were heavily bearded, and I guessed by their camping equipment they might be planning to spend the night. Since I couldn't really afford to return to my room I decided to join them. Perhaps, I thought, I can induce them to sing some of the old favorite songs.

I suggested several well-known titles, and frankly didn't find much enthusiasm. But finally, they did take up one, and sang an old spiritual, a favorite of mine. Never had I been so amazed by the difference geographic location can make in the interpretation of lyrics held only in memory. Almost none of the words were the same,

and only my determination to adapt to this new life enabled me to stay with them all. Even profanity entered into some parts of the songs, and try as I might, I could bring no attention to the error. What with this and the damp ground, it was a totally unpleasant experience and Edgar Poe could hardly have sought the morrow more eagerly in his "Raven" than I did that night.

**T**HROUGH THE LONG morning of the next day, I listened intently for hints in the surrounding conversation as to what the gathering was all about. Much to my chagrin, I learned that this was indeed a registration line. My faith in organization at such a high level as that in a University was still not shaken though until I arrived at the window only to learn there were certain materials needed which I didn't have. I went at once to the proper place to procure them and was told an appointment would have to be made with a counselor. The first opening was next Friday, fully seven days away.

The week passed slowly, and by the time my appointment arrived, I had learned a great deal about University life. I had learned to interpret the class schedule, the

University Bulletin, the Plan I and Plan II requirements, and the grading system.

Perhaps more significantly, I learned to imitate my advisor's signature. That was four years ago. I think I will go to meet him some day soon.

## 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, September 29, 1958  
Vol. 60 No. 21

### ALL STAFF AND STUDENTS

• **Civil Service Vacancies**  
The following full-time vacancies exist in the University Civil Service as of Sept. 25, 1958. 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.

**ENGINEERING-MECHANICAL**  
Engineer (M) ..... \$547-\$667  
Junior Engineer (M) ..... \$450-\$526

**CLERICAL-SECRETARIAL**  
Clerk (F) ..... \$205-\$250  
Clerk-Typist (F) ..... \$213-\$260  
Clerk-Stenographer (F) ..... \$231-\$281  
Secretary (F) ..... \$270-\$329  
Senior Clerk (M) ..... \$250-\$304  
Senior-Clerk-Typist (F) ..... \$260-\$316  
Senior Secretary (F) ..... \$292-\$356  
Transcribing Machine Operator (F) ..... \$222-\$270

**SCIENTIFIC**  
Junior Scientist (M, F) ..... \$385-\$468  
Laboratory Technologist (M, F) ..... \$342-\$416

**PROFESSIONAL-ADMINISTRATIVE**  
Concerts & Lectures Advisor (M) (temporary—1 month) ..... \$400-\$487  
General Staff Nurse (F) ..... \$304-\$370  
Junior Librarian (M, F) ..... \$370-\$450  
Librarian (M, F) ..... \$400-\$487  
Pharmacist (M, F) ..... \$400-\$487  
Physical Therapist (M, F) ..... \$342-\$416

Senior Accountant (M) (12-18 months) ..... \$416-\$506  
Speech Pathologist (F) ..... \$416-\$506  
Student Technologist Supervisor (F) ..... \$385-\$468  
**SPECIAL SERVICES**  
Assistant Cook (F) ..... \$213-\$260  
Cook (F) ..... \$250-\$304  
Custodial Worker (F) ..... \$197-\$240  
Food Service Supervisor (F) ..... \$250-\$304  
Food Service Worker (F) ..... \$197-\$240  
Hospital Aide (F) ..... \$213-\$260  
Hospital Janitor (M) ..... \$260-\$316  
Hospital Orderly (M) ..... \$250-\$304  
Occupational Therapist (F) ..... \$342-\$416  
Night Telephone Operator (F) ..... \$240-\$292  
Practical Nurse (F) ..... \$250-\$304  
Senior Food Service Supervisor (F) ..... \$304-\$370  
Tabulating Equipment Operator (M, F) ..... \$281-\$342

• **Night Bus Schedule**  
The Inter-Campus bus night schedule for the Fall Quarter, 1958, will be as follows:  
Monday through Thursday only, not including exam and vacation periods, the bus will leave the Minneapolis Campus at 9:45 p.m. and the St. Paul Campus at 10:05 p.m.  
On the Saturdays of home football games, which are Oct. 4, 11, 18, and Nov. 8 and 15, there

• **Football Day Bus Schedule**  
will be one bus as follows:  
Leave Minneapolis—5:25 p.m. and return to the St. Paul Campus.  
Leave St. Paul—5:10 p.m.

**ALL STAFF**  
• **Student Employment**  
Please list with the Student Employment Bureau as soon as possible any part-time work available to students. Many more student jobs are needed to take care of those who must work to stay in school. Call extension 6203.

**ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF**  
• **Items for Regents' Meeting**  
Items for the Oct. 11 meeting of the Board of Regents should be submitted to the President's office by Oct. 3.

**ALL STUDENTS**  
• **Class Schedule Changes**  
**Additional Courses**  
Ed Ad 253, Admin in Higher Education (3 cr)—3:00-5:00 M, JohH 105.  
EdCI 115, Intro to Educ of Visually Handicapped Children (3 cr)—IX-X T, JohH 105.  
GPhy 131, Topics: Theoretical Seismology (ar cr; prereq #)—Ar.  
GPhy 135, Problems (ar cr; prereq #)—Ar.  
Ind 4, Wood Processing III (3 cr)—Ar.  
Ind 25, Metal Processing I (3 cr)—Ar.  
Ind 26, Metal Processing II (3 cr)—Ar.  
Ind 27, Metal Processing III (3 cr)—Ar.  
Ind 28, Metal Processing IV (3 cr)—Ar.  
Ind 30, Small Gas Engines (3 cr)—Ar.  
ITM 25a, Calculus III: Analytic Geometry, Calculus (5 cr; prereq 24a)—I MTWThF, ForH 175.  
Law 176, Medical-Legal Seminar (1½ cr)—Ar.  
Law 179, Directed Research (1½ cr)—Ar.  
Med 136, Respiratory Organs in Health, Disease (ar cr; prereq regis med, #)—3:00-4:00 Th, MMA 125.  
Med 139, Clinical Electrocardiography (ar cr; prereq regis med, #)—4:30-5:30 T, MMA 125.  
Phys 1a, Physical Science Lab (1 cr; prereq 1 or #)—Ar.  
Phys 270, Topics: Nuclear Theory (3 cr; prereq 191, 192, 193, #)—II MWF, VH 210.  
Surg 173, Urology (1 cr, 72 qtrs; prereq regis med)—8:00-9:00 F, HospEustis Amph.  
**Additional Sections**  
AgEc 1, sec 5—III MWF, AgEng 103.

## OPENING MASS

Tuesday, September 30  
at 12:30

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BA 176, sec. 2—VI MWF, VH 211.  
 Comp Z, sec 3—I MWF, FoH 205.  
 Comp Z, sec 4—II MWF, FoH 9.  
 Comp Z, sec 5—III MWF, FoH 205.  
 Comp Z, sec 6—IV MWF, FoH 205.  
 Comp Z, sec 7—VII MWF, FoH 205.  
 Comp Z, sec 8—VIII MWF, FoH 205.  
 Comp 27, sec 11—V MWF, FoH 201.  
 EE 157, Lab 7—I-II W, EE 21.  
 EE 157, Lab 8—III-IV T, EE 21.  
 GC 18A, sec 3—6:30-10:00 T, Bu 103.  
 GC 20A, sec 4—I MTWThF, Psy 115.  
 GC 31A, sec 22—III-IV TTh, WeH 302.  
 GC 31A, sec 23—III-IV TTh, NH 209.  
 GC 31B, sec 4—V-VI TTh, NH 209.  
 GC 31B, sec 5—IV-V TTh, NH 216.  
 GC 31D, sec 4—III-IV WF, NH 216.  
 GC 32A, sec 13—III MWF, NH 107.  
 GC 32B, sec 2—II MWF, NH 107.  
 ITM 151A, sec 7—III MWF, E 104.  
 Phys 216, sec 2—VIII-IX Th, Ph 145.  
 Rhet 51, sec 5—V MWF, AgEng 315.  
 Russ 1, sec 3—III MTWThF, FoH 322.

**Cancellations**

Aero 173, sec 1.  
 Aero 173, sec 2.  
 Aero 204.  
 AgEc 2.  
 AnHu 121.  
 Comm 1, sec 7.  
 Comm 1, sec 8.  
 Dunwoody Shopwork.  
 EdT 55.  
 EE 131, Lab 4.  
 EE 167, Lab 1.  
 EE 178.  
 EE 239.  
 Enl 3a.  
 Enl 16, sec 1.  
 Enl 16, sec 2.  
 Enl 16, sec 3.  
 Enl 16, sec 4.  
 GE 101.  
 GPhy 130.  
 Hist 62A.  
 ITM 267.  
 MM 142, Lect 2.  
 MM 235.  
 PIPa 103.  
 Phys 126.  
 Soc 91, sec 2.  
 Spch 1, sec 11.

**Hour Changes**

Aero 158, sec 2—IV MWF, AE 215.  
 AgEc 1, sec 4—II MWF, AgEng 103.  
 BA 5, sec 4—V MTWF, VH 301.  
 BA 105A, sec 2—VI MWF, Ph 133.  
 BA 142—3:30-5:00 TTh.  
 Bact 53, Lab—VIII-IX MWF.  
 CD 100—VIII M, CW 206.  
 ChEn 116—IV MWF, ChE 50.

Dent 128—1:00-2:00 W, Owre 113.  
 DyHu 121—VI-VII TTh, Dairy 255.  
 EdT 55—VIII MWF, Bu 120.  
 EE 129, Lab 6—VIII-IX M.  
 EE 191—4:30-5:45 TTh.  
 EPsy 116A—VI-VII TTh.  
 EPsy 216A, sec 1—I-II TTh.  
 EPsy 216A, sec 2—III-IV TTh.  
 GPhy 131—3:00-5:00 TTh, AH 109.  
 Hydr 183—VIII MWF, E 215.  
 Hydr 187—VII MWF, E 215.  
 ITM 232—VI MWF, E 206.  
 ITM 248—VII MWF, E 104.  
 Jour 55, Lab 3—V-VI F.  
 Mus 31—II TTh, III T or Th.  
 Mus 40—7:00 p.m. W, NMA Stage.  
 Mus 141—I TTh, ScH 4.  
 Nav 61, Lab 2—VI T.  
 NPsy 171A—III-IV F, Hosp EustisAmph.  
 Phcl 10—IV T.  
 Phil 158—II MTWF, JohH 313.  
 Phsl 112, II MW, ForH 346.  
 Phys 210—V-VI MF, VI W.  
 Psy 250—IX-X alt F, JohH 126.  
 SW 268, sec 1—III-IV T, ForH 447.  
 SW 268, sec 2—III-IV Th, ForH 447.  
 Soc 45, Lab 1—III-IV TTh, ForH 85.  
 Soc 45, Lab 2—VI-VII TTh, ForH 285.

**Prerequisite Corrections**

BA 155A Managerial Accounting (3 cr, \$24 or 55A, sold Econ 24, prereq grad).

**Zoology Examination**

Incomplete examinations for all courses in Zoology will be held on Saturday, Oct. 4 at 12 noon in 107 Zoology.

**Health Care Plan Enrollment**

The enrollment period for the student supplemental Blue Cross-Blue Shield Health Plan is from Sept. 22 through Oct. 3 in the Minneapolis campus Health Service. Students may also sign up at the St. Paul campus Health Service on Oct. 3. During the enrollment period, Blue Cross-Blue Shield personnel will also be available in the Union near the bookstore and in the Administration Building to give information and answer questions on this program.

Eligible students who do not sign up for this program during the above enrollment period will be required to wait until the fall quarter of 1959 to do so.

**Gallery Print Rentals**

Selections from the Students' Rental Collection of The University Gallery will be on view in the third floor east corridor of Northrop Memorial Auditorium from Monday, Sept. 29, through Friday, Oct. 3. This collection of pictures, all of which are framed, includes original prints by contemporary artists, as well as reproductions of well-known paintings. Students registered for Fall Quarter may borrow

pictures from 10 a.m. until 12 noon, and from 1 until 4 p.m. The rental fee varies from 25 to 50 cents for each picture.

**Scholarship Opportunities**

(Please Clip and Save)

Advanced standing students in undergraduate schools with unusual financial difficulty who are working more than 100 hours per quarter and are carrying a regular academic loan and who have a cumulative grade point average of C+ or higher may file for consideration for a general scholarship by attending one of the following meetings in 211 Nicholson Hall:

Date	Time
October 2, 9	12:30
October 3, 10	3:30
November 20	12:30
November 21	3:30

These grants are made on the basis of need, vocational promise, scholarship, and evidence of sound budget planning. In addition, we have a few specially designated scholarships to be offered to students with a B+ grade point average.

**Nursing Scholarships**

Students who are working for a B.S. Degree in Nursing Education, or Nursing Administration who are in need of scholarship assistance may file for the Mount Sinai Scholarship by applying in 211 Nicholson Hall any Thursday or Friday through Oct. 10 per the above schedule. Public Health, Nursing, Social Work, Medical

**Technology**

Regularly enrolled students at the graduate or undergraduate level in the above mentioned curriculums who plan a career of public service and have demonstrated satisfactory scholarship may make application by attending one of the above mentioned meetings not later than Friday, Oct. 10 for the Dr. Mariette Memorial Scholarship. Funds for two \$250.00 scholarships are made available by the Hennepin County Tuberculosis Association.

**School of Mines—Iron Range Residents**

Students who are Iron Range residents, including Duluth, who are pursuing study in Mines, Minerals, Metallurgical or Geological Engineering are invited to apply for the Mesabi Tire Company Scholarship. Freshmen and transfer students are especially invited to apply.

**School of Architecture**

Students registered in the School of Architecture are asked to file scholarship application not later than Oct. 10 by attending one of the above scheduled meetings.

**Women Engineers**

Junior or senior women working toward an engineering degree are eligible to apply for the Lillian Moller Gilbreth Scholarship award of \$500.00. Special application forms must be filed by Dec. 1. Selection is based on scientific aptitude, character and financial need.

*Minnesota Daily* • • • bulletin board of the campus

**WANT ADS**

**PASSENGERS WANTED**

3 PASSENGERS, 45th Colfax Ave. S. through 45th Park Ave. S. to main campus, 1st hr., M-F, Neil, TA 2-2781.  
 RANDOLPH - SNELLING - Highland Park Area to Main Campus 1st hour, M-F, Call Rik Iverson, MI 9-5254, evenings.

TO MAIN CAMPUS 1st hr. M-F. Leave vic. St. Clair & Snelling. MI 8-0148.

VIC. ROOSEVELT H. S. 1 hr M-F. Bob. PA 4-2175.

**FOR SALE**

TELESCOPE 6" REFLECTOR type 72-F.L., 2 Orthoscopic Eye pieces, Equatorial Mount, \$495 or swap for car, St. wagon of same value, PA 4-0363.  
 1951 JAGUAR 5 pass, drophead coupe Classic styling. Excellent shape. FE 8-6656 after 5 p.m. or weekends.

**WANTED**

READERS see or call Andrea Goudie, PA 2-4764.

LEADERS OF BOYS CLUB groups. Call Mr. Rolek. PA 9-7897.

REGISTER CHILDREN at Adams School nursery, Franklin at Bloomington. Reasonable. All Day Care. FE 2-3047 — JA 9-0320.

**TYPING AND MIMEOGRAPHING**

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**HELP WANTED**

PART TIME. Local store expanding, need several young men for part-time employment. Excellent opportunity for students because of adjustable hours. Full time employment usually available during summer. Must be neat & well dressed. Training program included. Contact Mr. Paul, MI 5-7353, 10:30 A.M. to 3:30 P.M.

WORKING GIRL or student, board, pri. rm. & bath in exchange for babysitting, light housework & compensation, walking distance to university, FE 5-3633.

NEAR UNIVERSITY, work your free hrs., car necessary, good pay, Call WE 9-2692, JU 8-1429.

WAITRESSES WANTED noon hrs or evenings or weekends, Stadium Cafe, Oak & Washington.

**RIDES WANTED**

MAIN CAMPUS from 47th & Cedar, 1st hr., M-F, PA. 4-1834.

FROM VICINITY OF 58th & Nicollet to 8:30 class, return 3:30, TA 3-1335.

MPLS. CAMPUS from Grand & Snelling, arrive at 7:30 A.M., Tom MI 9-4751.

FROM 3317 2ND AVE. SO. to campus. Arr. 8:00 leave 5:00, TA. 3-1554.

FROM CRETIN & GRANT, St. Paul to campus. Arrive 8:00, leave 5:00. Cathy, Ext. 505.

VIC. HIGHLAND PARK to Mpls. campus, Arr. 8:30, also from campus to Highland Park, 12:30. Lorraine, MI 8-8444.

MOUNDS PARK & SUMMIT AVE. to Main Campus, M-S, 1st hr. Warren, PR 6-2075.

TO MPLS. CAMPUS by 8:30 from vicinity 70th and Woodale, Edina. Rose—WA. 7-8130.

TO MPLS. CAMPUS by 8:30. Home 4:30, M-F, from 35th & Quail No. Joe. JU 8-2348.

CAMPUS TO OSSEO, Minn. Dr. State Hwy 101 and Co. Rd. 30 daily, leave at 5 p.m. Phone HA 5-2460.

40TH & JACKSON to campus. 8:00 a.m. ret. 4:30, M-F. SU 8-6716 after 6.

**ORCHESTRAS**

HARRY STROBEL'S ORCHESTRA. Dance music for all occasions. FE 6-8995, TA 8-8430.

**MISCELLANEOUS**

24 HOUR PARKING, Convenient to dorms, FE 8-3637.

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FORMER 609 CLUB now at 315 Walnut S.E. 20 meals at \$10.00.

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ROOMS FOR GIRLS, Cooking facilities. Call eve. FR. 1-7529.

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Monday, October 27, 8:30 p.m.  
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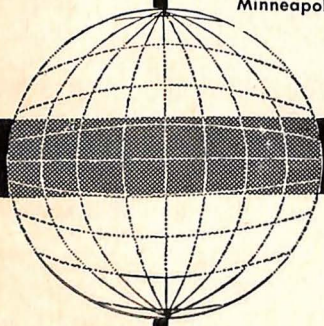
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