



Newly-elected feminine members of next year's rally squad find that practice begins early for their new positions. Complete with pompoms, these promoters of Willamette spirit are, from left, Cathy Vielhauer, Corky Demler (rally queen), Cathy Campbell, Pat French and Linda Swan. The masculine part of the squad was practicing elsewhere. (Photo by Russ Olmo).

Rally Squad Plans Sport Spirit Boost

To achieve a greater amount of cooperation between the Rally Squad and the student body and to have more voluntary spirit will be the aims of the newly elected Rally Squad. The newly elected members are Cathy Campbell, Corky Demler, Pat French, Linda Swan, Cathy Vielhauer, Denny Wong, Dick Krueckel and Mike Wayland.

Under the direction of Rally Queen Corky Demler and Yell King Denny Wong, the group of five women and three men plan to get a great deal of practicing in during the summer months.

Another aim of the group is to make Rally tryouts bigger than in the past and to arouse more interest in the sporting events at Willamette.

Story, Poems Appear Today

Works of three Willamette writers are appearing this week as the Collegian publishes its first literary supplement. This issue includes a short story by David Patch and poems by Larry Graber and Gail Barnett.

The short story, "After the Opera," deals with an American student's experience in Japan. The story is a first story by its author who spent last year studying in Japan.

Larry Graber's two poems are also first efforts. A junior pre-medical student, Graber spent two years in the Belgian Congo. His sojourn provided background for his literary work.

Gail Barnett is a transfer student who is majoring in English. Her former home in Carmel, California, furnished background for her poems.

Students Coach Arena-Style Plays for Final Production

"Catch your breath from studying and come to be entertained!" This invitation comes from the drama department which will present the final production of the season Friday, May 19, in the Fine Arts Auditorium at 8:15 p. m.

Two one-act plays are on the agenda for the evening. The arena-style productions will serve as final examinations for both the actors and the two student directors.

Several scenes from William Shakespeare's "Richard III" will be directed by Ted Alexander. Cast members for the presentation are Audrey Abernathy, Jerry Baker, Larry Lowenberg and Maureen McCarty.

The other play is Jean Paul Sartre's "No Exit." The director is Dick Gilstrap and his cast is composed of Jan Johnson, Steve Paulding and Anne Peterson.

The plays will be given on the main stage with the audience seated around the action. The spectators

are asked to enter the west door. Tickets are available upon presentation of a student body card at Robert Putnam's office in the Fine Arts west wing.

Seniors Take Graduate Honors

Twenty Willamette University seniors have been awarded and have accepted either graduate scholarships, fellowships or assistantships.

MAUREEN Avery, English major, received a graduate scholarship in Master of Arts in teaching program from the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Maryland. Peter Blewett, French major, will study at the University of Bordeaux, France, on a Fulbright scholarship.

English major, Anne Trueblood Brodsky, was awarded a teaching assistantship in English at the University of Oregon. Stewart Butler, economics major, has received a graduate assistantship in finance at

the University of Indiana, Bloomington, Indiana.

AN ATOMIC Energy Commission Fellowship at the University of Washington physics department has been awarded Joseph Callanan, Jr., physics major. Philosophy major, Donald Coe, has received an assistantship from Duke University, Durham, North Carolina.

Paul DeLespinasse, political science major, has been awarded an honorary Woodrow Wilson Fellowship and a National Defense Fellowship by the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland.

CHARLES Elliott, pre-ministerial major, has accepted a four-year American Unitarian Association scholarship from Meadville Theological School, Chicago. Physics major, Neil Hutchinson, received a teaching assistantship from Iowa State University, Ames, Iowa.

Peter Manning is taking a sociology assistantship at Duke University, Durham, North Carolina. Economics major Dale Mortensen will hold a graduate fellowship in industrial administration from Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

ELDON Olson has been awarded a scholarship by Garrett Theological Seminary, Chicago, Illinois. William Richter is the recipient of a Danforth Foundation graduate fellowship for further study in the field of political science at the University of Chicago.

A graduate teaching assistantship in zoology has been awarded Earl Rollins, Jr. by Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana. Pre-law major Charles Saverude, has been awarded a law scholarship by the Uni-

Questions will be asked the two teams, and the winner will be determined by the accuracy of knowledge and the speed with which the questions are answered.

According to Stewart Butler, chapter president, "There is a possibility that there will be a \$5 entry fee. The prize for the winning organization has not been definitely determined."

At a meeting this week, representatives from each living organization expressed interest in this plan. Final confirmation will be decided next week.

COMMENTING on the advantage of such a program, Butler adds the following, "Willamette University has been approached by the national group sponsoring this series, and there is a possibility that Willamette will be represented by a four member team on television next year. Some of the participants for this may be selected from among the members of the local living organization teams."

Working on this plan are the following Pi Gamma Mu members: Judy Smith, Dave Patch, Marian Hauke, Don Schussler and Bill Richter.

Jazz Session In Waller Hall

Students interested in jazz, dixieland or just plain "sounds" are welcome at a jazz session this afternoon at 3 in Waller Hall auditorium. The program is centered around a lecture on the history of jazz by Maurice Brennen. Included in Brennen's lecture will be an analysis of jazz and its various styles, illustrated by a 16-man band.

Styles of jazz to be presented range from Jerry Mulligan and Stan Kenton to Glen Miller and the big swing bands. The 16 students participating in this presentation are Larry Martin, Bill Chidester, Dick Adams, Frank Swayze, Tom Hallman, Sid Smith, Ray Krueger, Gary Nopp, Dick Teague, Keith Taylor, Mike Potter, Dave Robertson, Norm Walters, Dale Laird and Dean Mason.

The program is sponsored by the Phi Mu Alpha and the Mu Phi Epsilon honoraries for their annual American Music Program.

Housing Applications

Attention returning students: applications for housing of students returning to Willamette University next year are to be filed immediately in the Dean's office. The application blanks are available in living organizations or from the Dean of Students.

Freshman Wins Medal

Chuck Akers, Willamette University freshman, received notification last week that he has won a DeMolay Medal of Heroism. This was awarded to him in connection with his efforts to save a fellow DeMolay member last spring.

Akers earned the citation for his effort to save a companion who tumbled over a cliff during a DeMolay swimming party at the Oregon coast. Akers climbed down to the position of the fallen companion and struggled against the sea to save his friend. After a period of some hours, the sea and the incoming tide swept the injured companion from Akers' grasp to his death.

In notifying Akers of this, George Saunders, national DeMolay secretary comments, "This award was in recognition of your conspicuous courage and gallantry demonstrated in going to the aid of a Brother DeMolay in an attempt to save his life even though your own life was gravely endangered in doing so."

Saunders adds, "Please know you have our highest commendations and praises. We are proud to recognize you in this manner. I am sure you are aware that there are very

few Medals of Heroism granted in any single year and often none. Yours was the only one awarded during 1960.

The medal will be presented to Akers in his local DeMolay chapter meeting next Thursday. A member of Willamette Chapter, Akers served his assembly as chaplain.



CHUCK AKERS

Campus Scene

FRIDAY — Golf, Lewis and Clark at Salem Golf Club, 1:30 p.m.

Tennis, Lewis and Clark at McCulloch courts, 2:30 p.m.

American Music Recital, jazz, Maurice Brennan, Waller Hall, 3 p.m.

Student Body dance in the quadrangle, 8:30-12 p.m.

SATURDAY — Tennis, SOC at McCulloch courts, 10:30 a.m.

Track meet, Lewis and Clark at McCulloch stadium, 2:30 p.m.

Baxter Hall house dance.

Sigma Chi beach party and house dance.

Mu Phi Epsilon and Pi Mu Alpha beach trip.

SUNDAY — Housemother's tea, Lausanne Hall, 3-5 p.m.

TUESDAY — Junior recital, Judy Elliott (piano), Loren Wiebe (baritone), Music Recital Hall, 3 p.m.

WEDNESDAY — Faculty recital, Nona Piron (violin), Ralph Dobbs (piano), Fine Arts Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.

THURSDAY — YMCA judo demonstration, 3 p.m., YMCA.

Senior Tickets Ready

Tickets for this year's Commencement exercises will be available May 16 for the Alumni office. There will be no charge to seniors for these tickets.

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Presseisen Concludes Book This Summer in Europe

By MICHELLE MONTE

Students are familiar with the problems of gathering data for term papers, but what must it be like ferreting information from archives overseas instead of from the stacks across the street? Besides a more than usual quota of perseverance and interest, diplomacy and a dash of nerve are necessary reserve forces.

"IT GIVES you a strange feeling to be ushered into a room for a visa interview and have the official remove the door knob so you can't leave until the interview is over," commented Dr. Ernst Presseisen, professor of history at Willamette. This happened to Dr. Presseisen at the East German embassy when he applied for a visa into East Germany in 1958.

Gathering data for a book, "Prelude to Aggression: European Officers and the Japanese Army, 1866-1905," Dr. Presseisen needed the visa in order to do research in East Germany. Unfortunately, the East Germans weren't interested in the cause of scholarship, and turned down Dr. Presseisen's application.

THIS SUMMER Dr. Presseisen returns to France and Germany to wind up the sleuthing end of his "Prelude to Aggression" project. He will be doing research in the French Foreign Office archives and also some additional work in the German archives in Munich and Bonn.

"Prelude to Aggression" began as an article on a Prussian army officer named Meckel, a character the historian became interested in while doing his doctoral thesis on German-Japanese relations. Meckel was prominent in German circles as a tactician. He was sent to Japan as a professor in the war college and as an advisor to the general staff.

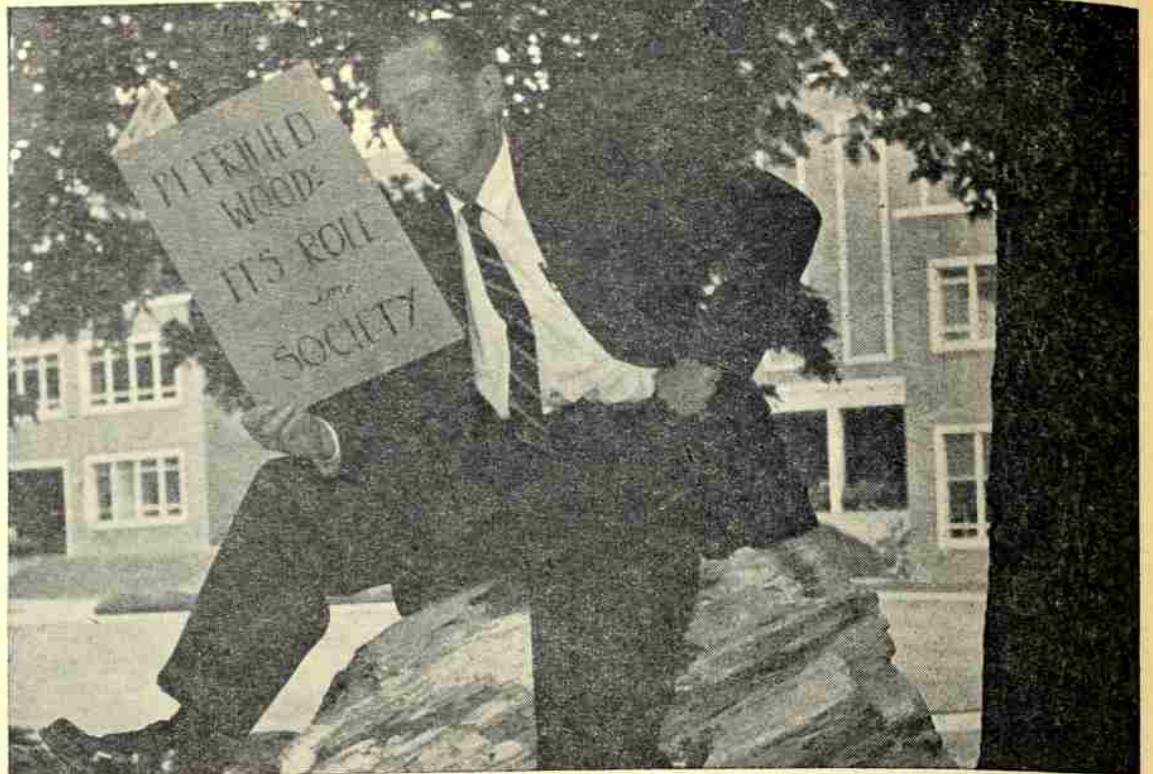
PRESSEISEN, however, discovered that he couldn't write about the Germans without including the French, and the article snowballed into a book, in embryo since 1955.

This summer's trip is made possible by a grant from the Hoover Institution of War, Revolution and Peace at Stanford University, under which the Willamette professor is classified as a research associate of the Institution.

THE GERMAN and French material Dr. Presseisen has been able to obtain for the most part comes from original records and document collections. Interviews with relatives of Meckel have also added to the growing store of information.

The hours that the French Foreign Office keeps have been the only "inconvenience" to the professor. "The Foreign Office archives are only open between 2 and 7 p.m., most inconvenient because it interferes with the cocktail hour," explained Dr. Presseisen, tongue-in-cheek.

HE ADDED that the Japanese are cooperative but slow; most of the material is from secondary sources and that arrangements have to be made for translation of the material. French and German he can handle, but Japanese is too much.



Professor Richard Montgomery bones up on petrified wood as he contemplates where the wood will be permanently placed on campus. Obtained from the Oregon State Highway Commission, these specimens were taken from the Columbia Gorge region and are approximately 50 million years old. (Photo by John Ryan).

50 Million Years Old

Petrified Wood Adorns Campus

Puzzled about that curious pile of "fire wood" stacked under the tree? The chunks are the petrified remains of trees once part of the Northwest landscape — 50 million years ago.

RICHARD Montgomery, professor of physical science and geology, identified the larger block as part of a meta-sequoia, a variety which is still found in China but is extinct in this country. Montgomery, unofficial guardian of these specimens of ancient fauna, also added that the larger block is part of the outside rim of a cross-section of the original tree. From this piece, he estimates the original tree to have

been eight to ten feet in diameter.

The petrified wood was given to the University by the Oregon Highway Department which took the specimens from the Eagle Creek formation in the Columbia Gorge where a freeway is being constructed. The department not only gave the wood to the school but also hauled it to the campus. Loading and unloading was done with a hydraulic life—the hunks are too heavy for even six to eight men to move.

"WE DON'T completely understand the process of petrification, although it seems that it can occur fairly rapidly," explained Montgomery. "The petrifying substance, silica, apparently percolates into the wood in ground water and fills the spaces in the wood. Literally, the silica cements the organic material together."

According to Montgomery, there are a large number of petrified forests in Oregon. At least a dozen are located in the Willamette Valley alone.

"Eventually we hope to mount some of the petrified wood somewhere on campus with a plaque of some kind," Montgomery said.

social scoop

By PENNY VULGAS
Collegian Society Editor

One of the final house dances of the spring semester will find the Sigma Chis and their dates at a beach party Saturday afternoon. A boat ride on the fishing boat King Surf is scheduled to leave Depoe Bay at 3 o'clock. The evening's dinner will be a suckling pig dinner cooked on the beach, according to Doug Simon, social chairman. Headquarters for the beach party will be the Logs Lodge at Gleneden beach, with the party scheduled from 2 to 10:30 p.m.

Chaperones for the beach party include Dr. and Mrs. Robert Gatke, Colonel and Mrs. John Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Larry Lowenberg.

CHEMISTRY students are honoring Dr. Charles Johnson Sunday at an open house at the home of Dr. Paul M. Duell upon the former's retirement from the Willamette faculty.

All past and present students of Dr. Johnson are invited, along with the Collins Hall faculty members to the Duell residence, 3322 Rawlins Ave. N.E., Salem.

Sunday afternoon from 3 to 5 p.m. the women of Lausanne will honor Mrs. Ella Watson, who will be retiring from her housemother duties at Lausanne Hall, where she has resided for the past ten years. Friends, faculty and student body members have been invited to the tea, according to Carol Moholt, general chairman.

OF SPECIAL interest to the women of Lausanne Hall and Doney Hall will be the free late pers they will have Friday evening, compliments of the men of Sigma Chi. These two late pers were purchased by the Sigs at the AWS auction.

May Weekend serenades are just out of sight, but the memory of them will linger with May Weekend guests, and especially with one sorority. The serenades in question began at 3 a.m. when the Sigma Chis visited in their southern masquerade. They had not but finished with a song when the strains of the SAE marching song were heard from the back yard, and then in the front were seen the men of Phi Delta Theta. Hardly had they a chance to arrive and leave, but the "French Five" gave an impromptu serenade only to be interrupted by the Betas. Now 3:30 a.m., the serenades were gone, but the excitement still lingered of the half hour of song. Here's hoping that next May Weekend the plans of IFC are a little more successful!

AWS Honors Senior Woman

AWS president Judy Smith announced in Tuesday's convo that Karen Henninger had been selected as May's coed of the month. A member of Alpha Lambda Delta, Beta Alpha Gamma, Pi Gamma Mu, Kappa Delta Pi, Miss Henninger is also chapter editor of Mortar Board. She has served as vice-president of her living organization, Delta Gamma, and was a Collegian reporter.

According to Judy Smith, AWS president, all senior women selected coeds of the months this year will be honored with Dean Ewalt at a breakfast May 21, sponsored by the AWS council.

Greeks Elect New Officers

Officers of three Willamette fraternities were elected early this week. Heading the slate of officers of Sigma Alpha Epsilon is Chuck Darby as president. Assisting him will be Ron Williams as vice-president and Tom Fiske as secretary.

OTHER officers include Brad Kerwin, chronicler; Dave Nartonis, correspondent; Todd Jackson, chaplain; Tony Dorsch, warden; Dave Haugeberg, herald; Jerry Darby, pledge trainer and Chuck Bush, rush chairman.

Phi Delta Thetas have elected Al Green president for the ensuing semester. Aiding him will be Paul Richey as reporter, Tom Ihrig as secretary and Dale Sticka as treasurer.

COMPLETING the slate of officers are Pat McCormick, assistant treasurer; Jim Hughes, social chairman; Kevin Nagel, warden and George Douglass, scholarship chairman.

Elected president of Beta Theta Pi was Hugh Stites. Harry Coolidge will assist as vice-president. Recording secretary will be Al Frost and treasurer is Dick Lord. Other officers elected were Dick Barton, pledge trainer; Jon Goode, corresponding secretary; Rich Litchfield, house manager; Slava Lubomudrov, scholarship chairman; Gary Mansavage, public relations and Phil Krozek, assistant treasurer.

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Pinnings

Rosalie Johnston, freshman Alpha Phi to Rusty Whitney, freshman Beta Theta Pi.

Cathy Campbell, Pi Beta Phi freshman to Mike Farra, Beta Theta Pi sophomore.

Elaine Lyons, Delta Gamma to Sam Farr, Sigma Chi sophomore.

Kathy Beatty, sophomore Chi Omega to Hubert Hudson, Linfield College sophomore.

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MAY 12, 1961

After the Opera . . . A Short Story of Japan

By DAVID PATCH

Carmen was already singing the "Habanera" when I entered the auditorium of Hibiya Hall in downtown Tokyo. I swore to myself as I tripped and excused my way to my seat. At last settled, I sat back to enjoy the performance.

During the recitative following the "Habanera" I looked around at the people on either side of me. On my left sat an elderly couple dressed in kimonos, while on my right sat an attractive girl, probably a student or maybe a secretary for one of the large companies. She wore a western-styled, light blue cotton dress suited to the warm Spring weather and on her face she wore no make-up except for a light touch of lipstick. Her eyes, large and set wide apart, seemed more rounded than those of most Japanese girls. Her loose hair reached down past her shoulders, softening the features of her face and at the same time giving her a somewhat arty look. The fingers of her left hand played nervously with a gold, star-shaped, emerald-studded pendant which hung around her neck. I noticed her slim figure and her small, but well-rounded breasts, accentuated by the tight bodice of her dress. Once she caught me looking at her, but immediately she turned her eyes back to the stage where Don Jose and Micaela were singing of their childhood.

At the end of the first act many people got up to go to the foyer, climbing over the girl and myself as they did. Each time we stood up and then sat down together, as if directed by some invisible conductor. This happened several times; I glanced at her, she glanced back at me, then we both turned our eyes forward and sat down in unison. After about the fifth time, we looked at each other and broke out laughing. Still laughing we sat down and she asked in English, "Are you an American?"

"Yes," I answered.

"How long have you been in Japan?"

"About ten months now, I guess."

"Why are you here—in Japan, I mean?" she asked. "Are you a G.I.?"

"No!" I answered quickly. "I'm a student. And you?"

"I also am a student. I study painting at the Ueno University of Fine Arts."

"Is that so? I'm studying Japanese art at Tokyo University."

The buzzer sounded and as the audience began filing back to their seats, the girl and I began our little "up-and-down" ritual again, giggling like two small children. Each person who went by frowned somewhat bewilderedly at us and when the old couple on my left returned to their seats, they glared disapprovingly at us. After they were seated the girl made a face at them and we both choked back our laughter.

During the later intermissions I learned that the girl's name was Nakamura Masako and that she lived along the same train line as I did. We would be going home together.

We sat quietly, caught up in the action of the fourth act. Carmen

threw off Don Jose's ring, denouncing his love and demanded that he either let her pass or kill her. The crowd came pouring out of the arena singing the "Toreador Song" just as Don Jose plunged the dagger into Carmen's breast. We listened to the "Fate" theme for the last time as Don Jose confessed his crime and his love for Carmen. After the curtain fell, neither of us moved, even though the rest of the audience rose in a standing ovation.

The auditorium was almost emptied before we finally got up to leave. As we made our way up the aisle to the foyer, we were trapped behind an American couple who were analyzing the performance. The woman spoke in a fast, high-pitched voice. She wore no make-up and her hair was pulled back tightly in a bun.

"I guess that Carmen got what she deserved! She was wicked—but the Lord won't tolerate that kind of loose living. He punishes the evil-doers of this world."

"Yes, Dear. Yes," the man answered in a tired thin voice. "Evil must always be punished."

"Can you understand them?" I asked Masako, pointing to the couple.

She nodded slowly, "Yes, I understand."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Do not be sorry. Most Japanese Christians are just as bad. Besides, nothing they say can take away what we experienced. You know—during the opera I had a strange feeling. I felt as if it did not make so much difference what the characters did—that there is no such thing as good and evil. They only did what they did—and I guess there is nothing else."

I nodded. I enjoyed listening to her voice.

OUTSIDE the warm Spring air closed in about us. We reached "Z" Avenue and turned down it, walking towards the Ginza. The streets overflowed with taxis, trucks, and motorcycles and the smell of their exhausts and the sound of their horns filled the night. We smelled the Chinese restaurant and the tea shop as we walked past. Overhead we heard the clacking of a train on an overpass and later the deeper rumbling of the subway below us. The sidewalks swarmed with excited, noisy people enjoying Spring walks on the Ginza. The neon lights blinked and blazed in Japanese, English, French, and German . . . But most of all I was conscious of Masako next to me.

"Do you have to go right home?" Masako asked me.

"No, do you?"

She shook her head and then suggested, "Shall we go to a coffee-house, then? There is a good one near here that plays only the classical music. It is usually quiet and not very crowded."

"Let's go," I agreed.

We turned into a narrow alley, lined on both sides with bars and little yakitori shops from which drifted the smell of barbecued chicken. At the end of the alley was the coffee-house "Concerto."

Except for small lamps that several of the patrons had clamped

Last Rites

By GAIL BARNETT

Within circles of ancient peasant eyes,
I met reflections
Of white altar candles.
In ocean hymns of midnight,
I heard Him toll.
I toss spring daisies altar-wise,
Chant hymns to nursery tunes,
But sounds fell from His room,
Breathing now a slow descending tide.
Through glass eyes I see green motion,
Feel the velvet push of stems through earth;
Within this room of Yes and No,
The voice of silence rises.
Is it too late to kneel?

to the books they were reading, the shop was dark. We ordered coffee and listened to Faure's Requiem on the Hi-Fi. Masako wrote on the back of the bill,

"We cannot talk here. Do you mind?"

"It's all right," I scribbled back. "The music's good."

She leaned back and closed her eyes. I sat and studied her. She opened her eyes and saw me looking at her, smiled, then closed her eyes again, looking very content.

The music stopped after about twenty minutes. I looked towards the door, Masako nodded and we got up to leave. She waited at the door while I paid the bill.

Outside again she remarked, "Those missionaries would do better to send their music and keep themselves at home."

I laughed and agreed. We walked without talking. I wanted to ask her to go somewhere else, but I was afraid to. Finally, I blurted out,

"Are you hungry?"

"No," she answered. "But I don't want to go home yet, either."

"Where shall we go then?"

"I know a place near here where we could talk and dance—if we want. And they have cocktails, too—if you would like one."

"That sounds good, particularly the cocktails," I said.

WE found the place and went in. A four-piece jazz combo played slow blues tunes from a small balcony overlooking the dance floor which was bordered with overstuffed booths for two. A hostess showed us to one of the booths and took our orders for vodka collins. We held hands as we sat talking.

"What kind of art are you interested in?" Masako asked.

"Right now I'm working on a general survey of Oriental art, but I eventually hope to specialize in the works of the Zen Masters."

"Who do you like best?"

"Probably Mincho, I think—at least now. I don't know exactly why, but I do like the way he uses mist and . . . Oh, I don't know, it's hard to explain why."

"You do not need to explain," she interrupted. "That is the whole purpose of the Zen works." We listened quietly to the combo for a few minutes.

"Shall we dance?" she whispered in my ear.

The music was very slow, so we didn't really dance, but only shuffled our feet and swayed together. She was tense at first, but gradually I felt her relaxing against me. As we continued to dance I looked down at her and saw that she was looking back up at me. Her eyes were big and looked sad, as if she were about to cry.

"Is something wrong?" I asked.

"No, Nothing." She lowered her eyes, avoiding mine. Her face was very close and I tried to kiss her. She turned her face away.

"What's wrong, Masako? Is it because I'm an American?" I asked.

"No," she answered weakly. "It is nothing." She took a deep breath, held it, then released it slowly and

evenly. When she spoke again her voice sounded firm and resolved. "It's nothing at all. Let's go back and sit down."

Back at the booth I asked her, "What are you going to do after you graduate?"

"If I can afford to stay in school that long, I will try to get a job as a commercial artist with a company or with one of the large department stores."

"Do you think that as an artist you could be happy working commercially?"

"I'm not sure . . . but I've got to be practical as well as aesthetic," she added with a smile.

There was a pause.

"I'd like to see you again, Masako. Are you going to be busy next Friday night?" I asked.

"I am sorry. I will be busy on Friday," she replied.

"Do you have a telephone so I can call you?"

"I am sorry again. I have no telephone."

"Will you give me your address, then—so I can write to you?"

"Of course!" she smiled. "But I forgot to bring one of my cards with me. May I send it to you? It will be easier to read than my writing." She paused. "I must go now. It is late and I have a great deal to do tomorrow."

"How can you send me your card?" I asked a little annoyed.

"You don't have my address."

"Oh! I forgot. Don't forget to give me your card. Now I really must go."

I gave her one of my cards and we left.

ON the train we sat side by side, watching and smiling half-heartedly at our reflections in the darkened window opposite us. It was late, so only a few passengers got on and off at each station. As I continued to watch the reflections a feeling of detachment came over me. I

Congolese Mother

By LARRY GRABER

Eight moons - pass:
Her belly sags,
A waterdrop
From jungle grass,
Her cross-eyed breasts
Sway like gourds,
Above a path
Of ashen scars.
Like the cautious tracks
Of forest rats,
This trail leads
From plaited hair
And pain-dead eyes
To praying lips
And bone-pierced nose,
Through choko fields,
Past charred stumps
And startled guinea,
To impersonal grass.

Life cries;
Death invites.

looked at the Japanese girl and the young American sitting next to her and I felt as if they were only playing a game. Then I realized it was I who was seated next to Masako and it wasn't a game. At that moment a young Japanese man sat down directly opposite me, blocking my own reflection so that all I could see was the man and the reflection of Masako next to him. I was suddenly depressed and I felt the hot dampness of my clenched hands. I turned to Masako and asked,

"Where do you get off?"

"Pretty soon now," she answered.

"May I take you home?"

"Maybe . . ." Her fingers twisted nervously at her pendant again. "You really do not have to, you know. I can get home all right."

"That's not the point, Masako. You don't seem to understand. I want to take you home."

"We will see. Maybe at least part way home," she said. I felt better, even at this small acquiescence.

The train was stopped at Nakano when suddenly, without warning, Masako stood up and said,

"Thank you for the evening, and—good-bye." She dashed off the train, barely avoiding the closing doors.

"Masako!" I called, jumping up after her. But it was too late. She was gone and the train had already started down the track. I heard snickering behind me and turned to see an old man laughing at me. "Kon chukusho!" I swore bitterly in his astonished face. I sat down, angry and confused.

AT the next station I got off and found a likely looking side street lined on both sides with bars. I looked into one that was almost empty and heard a soft ballad being played on the Hi-Fi. I turned away to find another one. From a nearby bar came the loud, heavy beat of bop music. I looked in. The bar was crowded and noisy and the smoke was thick.

Inside I immediately heard the harsh shouting of the bar-girls urging me to come in. A short girl dressed in a red kimono grabbed my arm and pushed me towards two empty stools at the bar. She was drunk and after having seated me, she had trouble climbing onto her own stool. She finally made it and I ordered a beer.

"Hey! Boy-san. Me too. I like beer very much. Okay? Huh, Boy-san? Me too?" she begged.

"All right. You, too." The bartender set a bottle and two glasses in front of us and my drinking partner attempted to pour, but she missed the top of the glass. The beer spilled out onto the counter and into her lap.

"Daumnit!" she swore loudly. "Hey Boy-san. Pretty good, huh? I know English bad word, huh?"

I took the bottle away from her and poured out the first glass. She grabbed it away and had downed the beer before I could finish pouring my own glass.

"Oh! Sank you, Boy-san. Bery good beer. Sank you bery much," she purred affectionately. Her leg rubbed slowly against mine as I poured her another glass. This one went a little more slowly, but even so some of it ran down her chin onto the already soiled front of her kimono.

"Hey! Boy-san. You come wiz me and I gib you pretty nice presento. Okay?"

"No, I don't think so." Changing the subject I continued. "But you speak English very well. Where did you learn it?"

"English, I know good," she answered. "Gib me more beer, Okay?"

"Can you understand English as well as you can speak it?" I asked.

"English, I know," she repeated impatiently. "Hey, Boy-san? More beer. Okay?"

"You understand everything I'm saying to you, don't you? I can

(Continued on page 2 of Literary Supplement)

Siesta

By GAIL BARNETT

The courtyard burns my sandalled feet.
With every step, dust ghosts the air.
The day's cremated by the heat
Of noon. Now I must prepare
The hour. The mouths of doors decayed
In alleyways have swallowed rag
Life. Fleshless dogs crawl to shade.
No sound swings from the tower, no drag
Of priestly robes, no swollen flies
Hum round the door. I hear the close
Of gates behind me. Virgin eyes
Illuminate the church with rose,
While through arched glass, the present light
Stabs the floor with dusty night.

After the Opera . . .

A Short Story by David Patch

(Continued From Page 1 of Literary Supplement)

talk to you about anything I want and you'll understand, won't you?" I spoke as fast as I could.

She looked confused for a moment, but she smiled brightly and answered,

"Yes, I like beer very much, Boy-san. I good girl for you. You come wiz me. Okay?"

"No," I said firmly. I sat and watched the spots of light reflected from the ball of mirrors that revolved from the ceiling. The spots darted past me in syncopated intervals and I tried to hit each one as it went by. My friend thoroughly enjoyed this. She laughed so hard that I was certain she would fall off her stool. She tried to hit the spots, but was always about two late in hitting the one she meant to hit. She laughed even harder.

"You're a real bitch, aren't you?" I asked cruelly. "In fact you're about the drunkest, most obnoxious bitch I've ever seen. Did you know that?"

She smiled her coy little smile.

"Oh, yes, Boy-san! I good girl for you. We go now. Okay? She dropped her arm around my shoulders and slowly let her hand slide down where she gently rubbed the small of my back. Her other hand lay restlessly on my knee, gradually working its way up my thigh. She breathed heavily.

"We go now? . . . Onry five dollah. Okay?"

"I haven't got any 'dollah,'" I answered.

"Yes, onry five dollah. Cheap girl, huh?"

"Yes," I had to agree. "Very 'cheap girl.'" I noticed the open door to the lavatory and excused myself. Inside the flies buzzed loudly. I stuck my head out the open window and breathed deeply the clean outside air. Across the way I heard a samisen being played in a Japanese-style bar.

I returned to the bar, ignoring my friend who by now had cornered another victim. I paid my bill and didn't stop to argue when I was charged 400 yen for a bottle of beer that should have cost 200.

IT was Friday night when I again went to the Nakano district to look through several used book stores. I finally bought a book about the life and paintings of Sesshu and also an exciting looking novel called *Nights of Passion*. Afterwards I tried to find a quiet coffee house where I could read and listen to good music. The one I knew of was closed and after searching in vain for another, I gave up and decided to find a quiet bar and have a beer. I turned into a dark narrow alley and there I saw the sign. "Bar Nietzsche" it announced in somber blue lights. I heard strains of Wag-

ner's "Prelude to the Second Act of Lohengrin" coming from the doorway.

The bar was built on two levels. On the lower level to my left, stood the bar and behind the bar glass shelves lined the mirror-faced wall. The shelves held bottles and decanters of almost every shape and color imaginable. Two middle-aged men in grey business suits sat at the bar talking to the proprietress who sat on the stool between them and to the bartender who slowly polished cocktail glasses and put them on the shelf behind him. A heavily matted blue carpet covered the floors on the upper level and five or six booths lined the wall there. Several prints by Hokusai and Van Gogh hung on the walls. The indirect lighting diffused a soft blue light throughout the bar. A stairway at the far end of the bar led to the upstairs apartment of the proprietress.

The proprietress didn't notice me at first, but when she glanced up and saw me standing there, she slid gracefully off her stool and hurried over to greet me. Her flowered silk kimono was not too showy for a woman of her age.

"Forgive me, please. I didn't hear you come in. Will you be seated? You are most welcome in my shop." She spoke in a soft, well-modulated voice and her Japanese was very polite. I seated myself at the bar and she immediately brought me the customary, tightly rolled hot towel and waited attentively while I wiped my hands and face. I handed it back to her and as she carefully refolded it, she asked me what I would like.

"Beer, I guess. Sapporo if you have it," I replied in Japanese.

"Oh! You speak Japanese. Really quite well, too."

We began the ritual; I denied her compliment, explaining that I didn't really speak very well, that I only knew a few simple phrases and that I would be lost if she were to speak of anything more complicated than the weather or the time of day, and she all the while insisted that I really was very skillful with the language. Thus, the ceremony being dutifully completed, she brought an opened bottle of Sapporo beer and expertly filled my glass.

We chatted for a few minutes about the trivialities of the day, the warm Spring weather, and the beauty of Wagner's music. Several times during our conversation, she glanced towards the other two customers at the other end of the bar. "I'm very sorry," she apologized, "but I'm a little short-handed right now. My regular girl won't come to work until a little later in the evening. She is young and interesting—and attractive! You would enjoy talking with her."

I CAUGHT her meaning. "That's all right. Go ahead and wait on your other customers. I'll just sit here and wait and listen to the music."

"You don't mind sitting alone?" she asked with relief. "You're sure that you won't feel that I am neglecting you?"

I assured her that I didn't mind at all.

"Would it be all right," I asked, "if I move over to one of the booths?"

"Certainly! Please do," she agreed. "But here, let me carry your things over for you." She picked up the bottle and glass and carried them to one of the booths and after having seated me, went back to the bar only to return once again, this time with a dish of salted peanuts, "courtesy of my shop."

I thanked her and she returned to her place between the two men at the bar. I listened to the music, enjoying the atmosphere and marveling at my good fortune in finding such an ideal place. The beer was cool, but it felt warm in my stomach. I speculated about the girl the proprietress had mentioned. Was she really attractive? Just what had she meant by 'interesting'? I felt drowsy as I sat thinking . . .

A loud burst of laughter woke me up. I looked around and saw that an office party was in progress. The bar was crowded with men all dressed alike in their grey suits and matching grey leather shoes. Only their ties offered any means of identification. They laughed boisterously at their none-too-subtle jokes and their drinking made them even merrier. The smoke from their cigarettes hung like a heavy blue cloud from the ceiling. "Fats" Domino had replaced Wagner on the Hi-Fi turntable.

The proprietress noticed that I was awake and looking around. She hurried towards me, stumbling just a little.

"Well, well," she said—too loudly. "Welcome back! Did you have a nice nap?"

I nodded, still sleepy and confused by the sudden changes in the bar.

"You woke up just in time. The little surprise I told you about should be down in just a few minutes." She winked slyly. "Don't go away now! Would you like another bottle of beer while you wait?"

I nodded again.

"Sapporo, again?" she asked.

"That will be fine," I answered.

"A bottle of Sapporo for my young friend from America," she shouted to the bartender. He brought the bottle up to my booth himself and then filled the glass.

"Mama-san's a little high right now!" he whispered good-naturedly.

"Mama-san" overheard him and declared loudly,

"My most considerate—and nosy bartender: I am not high! I am in perfect control of myself and I strongly resent your most unjust implications." She turned abruptly on her heel, turned back again, winked, then strode off to change the record on the turntable. She tapped one of the customers near her on the shoulder and they danced off together, holding each other up.

I drank the beer slowly. The proprietress danced by and whispered loudly over her partner's shoulder,

"She'll be down any minute now. Don't go away."

I shut my eyes tightly and tried to close my mind to the noise and laughter which was becoming more pressing and deafening. I heard an extra loud burst from the men and I looked up to see what they were laughing about now. A couple was staggering and laughing down the stairway from the apartment above, while the man tried to push some money down the girl's still unbuttoned blouse. I smiled uncertainly, not knowing quite what to think. Then the girl stepped into the light and I saw the star-shaped, emerald-studded pendant around her neck.

I managed to get my wallet out and take out a 500 yen note. The proprietress danced by again.

"That's her. Didn't I tell you she'd be interesting. Just a minute, I'll introduce you," she prattled.

I stared at her for a moment before I crumpled up the 500 yen note and threw it on the table. Then I pushed the proprietress out of my way and hurried towards the door and out.

Monterey Coast

By GAIL BARNETT

The highway darkly serpentine
The cliff for fifty miles between
Lean hills and spray; black water gnaws
Wolf-like, bolts half way up the jaw
Of cliff; no eased communion rests
Between the sea and land; the West
Wind rasps through broken fields; two ploughs,
Orange-rusted, mark the graveyard's brow.
A shack, bleached driftwood grey, alone,
Hangs rattling like desiccated bones.

S. S. Ferdinand de Lesseps - 4th Class

By LARRY GRABER

A prison room with bars and lice,
A nigger man, a pail of wine
And vomit on the floor, yes
Vomit on the floor.

A scabby cat caved in by time,
Outwitted by a fattened rat.
Afraid to die, he sings,
And how he sings!

A crusted bun, a cysted pig,
A chicken neck, a dish.
Dented spoons dip greedily.
Who feeds the fish?

The Writer

By LARRY GRABER

Like lightning,
His nervous pen
Pins down the
Swaying oak.

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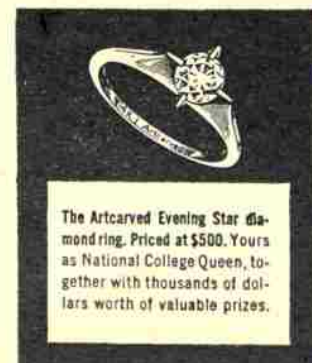
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Junior Sato slides into home well ahead of the throw as Willamette beat Whitman, 9-1, last Monday. The game was played on the football field because the regular diamond was too soggy. (Collegian photo by Russ Olmo.)

Baseballers Travel To LC Tomorrow

Willamette, hampered again this year with frequent rainouts, is scheduled to play at Lewis & Clark tomorrow in a doubleheader as the Northwest Conference baseball season draws near a close.

A crucial doubleheader with league leading Linfield was rained out last Tuesday and Wednesday and is rescheduled here next Tuesday.

PLAYING three of six scheduled games at home last weekend, the Bearcats defeated College of Idaho in a twinbill and routed Whitman to keep their pennant chances at least temporarily alive. Because of the soggy baseball diamond, the games were played on the turf of the football field — with a distance of 180 feet down the right field line.

Last Friday, Willamette beat the Coyotes in two thrillers, 7-5 and 6-5, coming from behind in both encounters. John Frederick was winning pitcher in the opener, while Bob Whipple, who effectively relieved in both games, won the second.

LAST Monday, Willamette took advantage of seven Whitman errors to score an easy 9-1 victory. Fidel Gaviola threw a nifty four hitter which included ten strikeouts.

The game was marked by a number of peculiar ground rule doubles on balls hit into the nearby grandstand in right field. Junior Sato paced the assault on the stands with two such doubles. Gordy Rounds also collected two hits, one a ground rule double. Sato and Rounds knocked in two runs apiece.

WHITMAN jumped off to a lead in the second, but the Bearcats replied with three in the third on two doubles, a walk, a double steal and an error. The winners added singletons in the next three frames, and pushed across three more in the seventh.

The same day, Linfield's nine game winning string in league play was snapped by Lewis & Clark which upset them, 9-6.

Tomorrow, the Bearcats tangle with a Pioneer nine that are greatly improved since Willamette beat them, 8-1, earlier in the season. Royce McDaniel and Micky Hergert have been pacing the hitters, while Mel Held has performed well on the mound.

Bearcats Face Pioneer Trackmen

Willamette's track team faces Lewis & Clark here tomorrow afternoon in its final dual meet before participating in the Northwest Conference meet next weekend.

Lewis & Clark has several top trackmen, including Eric Giberson who has excelled in the hurdles, setting a new LC mark with a time of 14.7 in the lows. He has run the highs in 25.2.

JIM BOUTIN could give Bearcat Ted Foxley some trouble in the javelin, as he threw the spear 193-3 last week. Hall Thomas has been a frequent winner in the pole vault and Conrad Sundholm has done well in the two mile.

Willamette is seeking to rebound from an unexpected defeat suffered

at the hands of Whitman last Saturday, 66-65. The Whits scored a sweep in the two mile and upset Willamette in the mile relay to come from behind and score the narrow win. The relay team set a year's best in the NWC by winning.

Rich Englin, Bob Hough and Rocky Lysaght were big winners for Whitman.

ENGLIN won the mile and two mile, while Hough, injured and kept out of action most of the season, captured firsts in the 100 and 220 yard dashes, and was anchor man on the winning mile relay team.

Lysaght was another double winner, capturing the high and low

hurdles, setting the league's best mark for the year in the lows with a time of 24.8.

Bob Roy was the leading point-getter for Willamette, garnering a first in the discus, seconds in the shot and javelin, and a third in the pole vault.

Other winners for the Ogdahlmen were Dexter Maust in the 880, Don Green in the shot, Foxley in the javelin, Ashley in the high jump, and George Tiger in the 440.

Netters Eye NWC Tourney

The Bearcat tennis team, hoping for a change for the better in the weather, is scheduled to play its final two matches this weekend, hosting Lewis & Clark today and Southern Oregon here tomorrow at 10:30 a.m. These will mark the last matches before the Northwest Conference Tournament at Walla Walla next weekend.

The Pioneer netmen have played Willamette once this spring, losing 6-1, but with several matches very close. Southern Oregon has a strong squad which has won all its matches against Oregon Collegiate Conference opponents.

Rain continued to plague the netters last week, postponing three scheduled matches. In one that was played, the Bearcats dropped a 4-0 count to the University of Oregon in a rain-curtailed match last Saturday.

Coach Les Sparks feels Whitman is the strong favorite to win the NWC championship next week.

The Whit netters have defeated teams such as Washington State and Idaho, and lost to powerful Oregon by only 4-3.

In last week's loss to Oregon, Larry Brooks defeated Dale Daniel, 6-1, 7-5, Jim Knight defeated John Mistkawi 6-3, 6-4, Charles Vaughn defeated Fred Fogg 8-6, 6-1, and John Semon defeated Bill Richter 6-2, 6-3.

WU Golfers Blast Badgers

The Pacific golf team was buried under a swinging attack of Willamette "stickers," 18-0 in a golf match held here last Friday. Mike Laughlin led the winners with a one-over par round of 73.

This afternoon the Bearcats play Lewis & Clark here, hoping to keep intact their domination of golf victories over Northwest Conference foes this year.

Following matches with Portland University and Portland State next Tuesday and Wednesday, the golfers will travel to Walla Walla the next day to seek their tenth straight Northwest Conference golf crown.

Making the trip will be sophomores Bob Woodle, Bob Elder and Mike Laughlin, and either Bill Cornell or Chuck Eison, freshmen.

Sparks Makes NAIA District Hall of Fame

Les Sparks, Willamette's tennis coach and head of the physical education department, has been admitted to the NAIA District 2 Hall of Fame. He will be inducted at the Awards Banquet, May 27, in Templeton Commons at Lewis & Clark.

Sparks was selected with another coach, Arba Agar, and five players to this year's new membership. John Kolb, who graduated from Willamette, was one of those players selected.

Sparks, who has coached at WU since 1921, has been head mentor for almost every sport here at one time or another. He also graduated from Willamette.

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"FIERCEST HEART"
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"RING OF FIRE"
"BLUE PRINT FOR ROBBERY"

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Walt Disney's
"ABSENT MINDED PROFESSOR"
Starts May 17, 1961
Liz Taylor, Rock Hudson in
"GIANT"

NORTH SALEM DRIVE-IN

EM. 2-7829
May 10-16
Liz Taylor in
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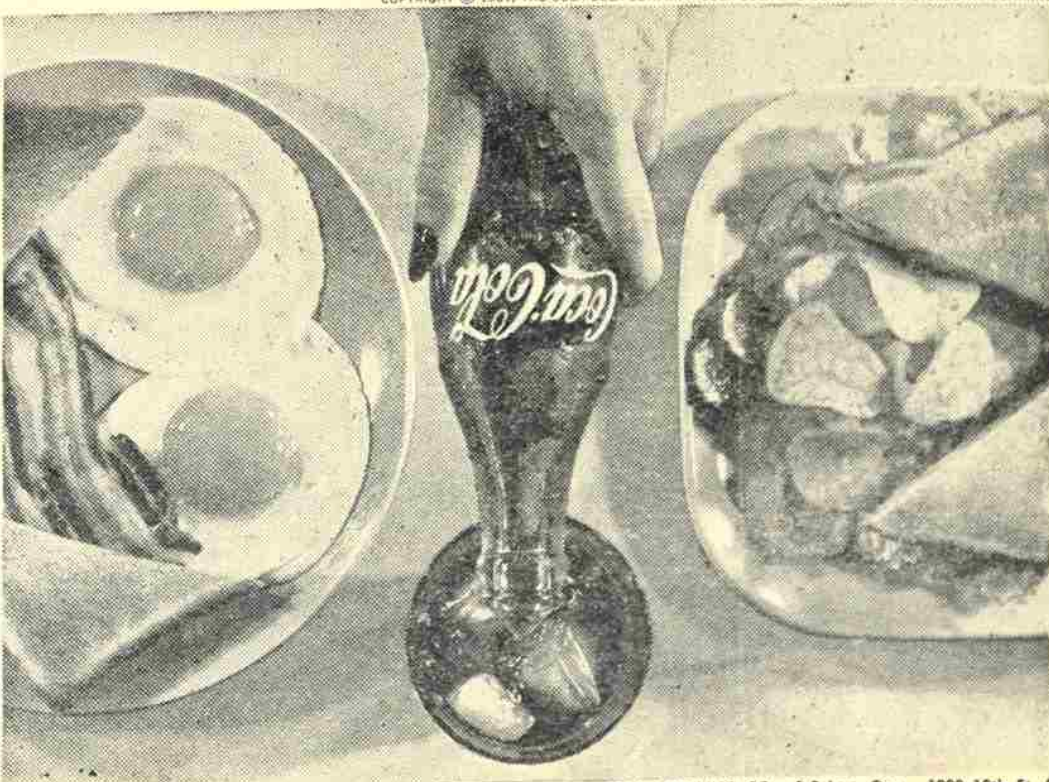
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Final Exams Here Again

May 25, 1961 to May 31, 1961

	TIME
THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1961	
All R.O.T.C. Classes (& 1 p.m. T.Th. Classes)	2-4 p.m.
FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1961	
2 p.m. Classes M.W.F.	9-11 a.m.
2 p.m. Classes T.Th.	2-4 p.m.
SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1961	
8 a.m. Classes M.W.F.	9-11 a.m.
8 a.m. Classes T.Th.	2-4 p.m.
MONDAY, MAY 29, 1961	
9 a.m. Classes M.W.F.	9-11 a.m.
9 a.m. Classes T.Th.	2-4 p.m.
TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1961	
10 a.m. Classes M.W.F.	9-11 a.m.
10 a.m. Classes T.Th.	2-4 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1961	
11 a.m. Classes M.W.F.	9-11 a.m.
1 p.m. Classes M.W.F.	2-4 p.m.

Four Music Profs, Students To Present Varied Recitals

Judy Elliott, pianist, and Loren Wiebe, baritone, will be presented in junior recital by the College of Music, Tuesday at 3 p.m. in the College of Music Recital Hall.

Miss Elliott is a pupil of Stanley Butler. She is a member of Mu Phi Epsilon, professional music sorority for women; Alpha Lambda Delta, national scholastic honorary society for freshmen women; Kappa Delta Pi, national honorary fraternity in education and Delta Gamma sorority.

Loren Wiebe is a pupil of Dean Geist. Loren attended Grace Bible Institute before entering Willamette University to major in music education. Wiebe is active in youth work and is director of the junior

choir in his local church.

Miss Elliott will play Mozart's "Sonata in F Major," K. 332, and two selections by Debussy. Wiebe will sing two arias by Handel, three German Lieder by Schubert and three Songs of Travel by Ralph Vaughan Williams.

Nona Pyron, assistant professor of violoncello and theory and Ralph Dobbs, associate professor of piano, will be presented in recital Wednesday at 8:15 p.m. The concert will be held in the Fine Arts Auditorium.

Miss Pyron received her undergraduate training at the Eastman School of Music and the University of Southern California. From the latter institution she received both the Bachelor of Music and the Master of Music degrees with a major in cello. Upon completion of her graduate program she was awarded a German Government Study Grant and a Fulbright Travel Grant to attend the Staatliche Hochschule für Musik in Munich, Germany.

Ralph Dobbs came to Willamette University in 1943. His training was received in Chicago under the eminent teacher Alexander Raab. For three years he was on the concert stage under the sponsorship of the Columbia Community Concert Bureau. He has appeared with several of the leading orchestras in the United States.

Law School Given Recognition

Willamette University is one of four law schools in the United States selected to send a student to Washington, D.C. to assist in making the motion picture, "The Individual Lawyer and the Organized Bar," announced Seward Reese, dean of WU's College of Law.

Harl Haas, third year law student, has been named by Reese to be a member of the four-student panel which will question two members of the American Bar Association. The ABA will be represented by its president, Whitney North Seymour and Ross Malone, immediate past president of the group. Moderator will be Willard Wirtz, Under Secretary of Labor.

The film is being produced by Theodore L. Granik, nationally known motion picture, TV and radio producer, in conjunction with the American Bar Association, Reese said. Filming will begin May 17.

Haas, whose Willamette University record includes the Dean's Scholastic List, comment editor for the Willamette Law Journal and membership on the national champion moot court team, plans to depart for his film debut on May 15.

Other law schools sending representatives to participate in the film are University of Chicago, University of Oklahoma and Rutgers University.

Michael F. McClain second-year man in Willamette's College of Law, has been elected national vice-president of the 12th circuit of the American Law Students Association, according to Seward Reese.

Law schools in the Pacific Northwestern states comprise the circuit which McClain will serve. The association entails students from more than 100 law schools and colleges in the United States.

McClain, who is vice-president of Willamette University's second year class, received a bachelor's degree, with a history major from the University of Oregon before enrolling in Willamette's College of Law.

At the University of Oregon, McClain was president of Phi Kappa Psi fraternity and active in Inter-Fraternity Council affairs.

Organized in the 1950's under the sponsorship of the American Bar Association, the American Law Students Association has offices at the American Bar Center in Chi-

cago. Some 109 accredited law schools and colleges in the United States are members of the group, with a total of 128 schools participating.

AFROTC Cadets To Offer Program

Willamette University's 350-cadet Air Force ROTC group will honor University President Dr. G. Herbert Smith with its eighth annual president's review Tuesday, May 16, at McCulloch stadium, announced Col. John P. Davis, professor of air science.

Slated to begin at 12:45 p.m., the review program will feature presentation of awards to cadets who have outstanding records in the AFROTC program.

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Pentacle Taps Summer Bill

A total of five outstanding plays has been selected by the Pentacle theatre to present during their summer session. Tryouts for their first presentation, "J. B." by Archibald McLeish, will be held again May 17.

The exact opening night is not as yet definite but it is expected to be towards the latter part of June. Mrs. Margaret Ringnalda, English teacher at Willamette, will be the director.

July's production will be "Charlie's Aunt" with "Front Page" and the "Three Penny Opera" scheduled for August. The final play of the summer season will be Moliere's "The Miser" which will be viewed in September.

These summer productions will be located in the Pentacle Barn, seven miles south of Salem on the Dallas highway. Those wishing to purchase tickets may do so at Stevens and Son Jewelers.

Student Senate Publishes Report

Published this week, the Student Senate report of 1960-61 summarized the important work accomplished this year.

Available at living organizations and the Student Body office, this booklet was largely compiled through the efforts of two senators, Kay Myers and Loretta Ray.

This booklet among other subjects, discusses the work done on the parking problem, the bookstore, chapel, Freshman Glee and other important decisions made by this year's senators.

Independent Men To Reorganize

"All upperclass independent men who are interested in living in the independent wing of the new men's dorm are urged to attend a meeting Monday at 6:30 p.m. in Baxter Hall," reports Judd DeBoer.

At this time, new officers will be elected, giving them time to prepare a constitution and make preparations for fall activities.

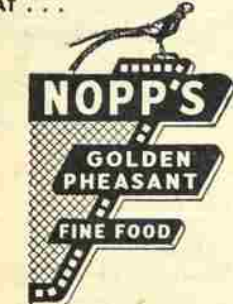
DeBoer adds that any other questions about this new unit, which will house 78 men on 2 floors, may be discussed at this meeting and to contact him before the meeting if further information is desired.

Dance on Quad to be 'Final Fling' for Year

It's time for a "Final Fling" and that is the theme of the informal Student Body dance to be held Friday night in the Quadrangle. Dress for the spontaneous affair, which will be held from 8:30 to midnight, will be school clothes and tennies. Girls are not to wear grubbies.

In case of foul weather, the dance will move to the gym and become a sock hop. General chairman for this final all-campus dance of the year is Carol Davis.

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When: Thursday, May 18, 3:30 P.M.

Where: A-V. Room, Waller Hall.

Invited: All students and others interested in knowing more about Chiropractic, as a professional career.

Program: Two motion pictures, sound and color, depicting the work of a Chiropractor and the training necessary for practice; short talks by Dr. Forrest Goddard of Salem and by Dr. Robert Elliot, President of Western States College, Portland.

All your questions will be answered in an informal session with refreshments.

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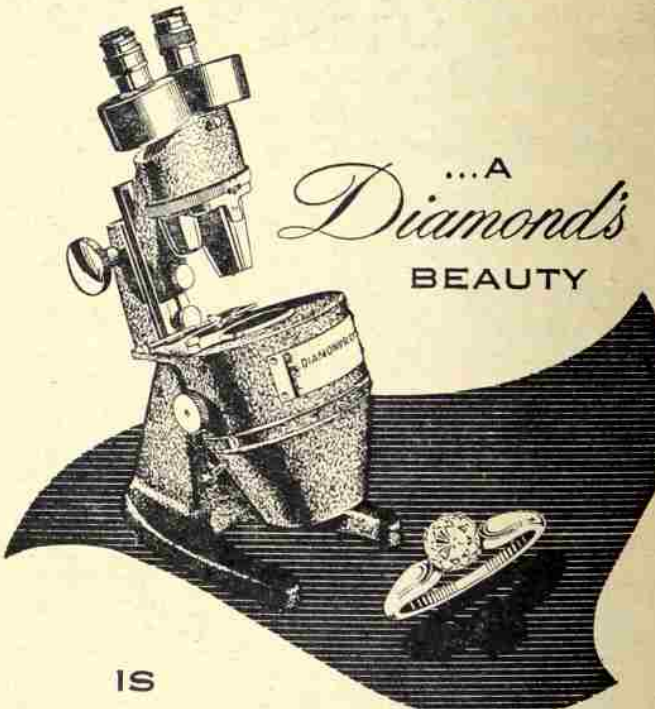
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