



QUOTH THE MAVEN

BY BEVERLY KING POLLOCK

The Exodus

For five days I watched the hall near my daughter's room fill up with shoe boxes and paper cartons. And for five days I tripped over suitcases, towels and fuzzy stuffed animals. My daughter made more preparations for her exodus from home to college than Moses did for the 40 year trek to the promised land. Then Sunday came and my daughter's roommate came with a good luck troll "to say thank you for squishing yourselves to make room" to take her back to school in our car too.

Appropriately enough the troll was riding a broom, which is what my husband earlier in the morning accused me of doing (while I was exercising my vocal chords at our beloved children).

We loaded up the station wagon till it was dragging in the rear. And as we pulled out, I am sure I heard the car say "oi."

The whole way to school we talked. Both my daughter and her roommate have the same first name so whenever we'd ask one a question it was answered with an echo. (You can imagine what'll happen later when they're wanted on the phone!)

There was plenty of traffic on the road, and when we reached school there were so many cars ahead of us that we could not pull directly up to the door.

So the four of us had to shlep five suitcases, two typewriters, two footlockers, three boxes of books, 29 pieces of clothes on hangers, two sweater chests, a record player and 17 albums, three photograph albums, seven posters for the wall, two duffle bags, plus souvenirs from the freshman year.

It was about a block to the platform where if we were lucky we could stand in line to wait for a special cart we could load up and take on the elevator to the girls' dormitory room.

Right in front of us two women parents were arguing about whose turn it was for the cart. They didn't pull hair or like that, but one said, "--- you! You're no lady!"

My daughter and her roommate helped us shlep real good, like mebbe a typewriter or two, until they were stopped by the kissing brigade (whose members they hadn't seen for the

SANTINI SERVES JUDICIAL EDUCATION



JIM

Las Vegas Justice of the Peace James D. (Jim) Santini has been chosen as the first Nevadan to serve on the faculty of the American Academy of Judicial Education.

His selection was made at the close of the annual Academy session held this year in August at the University of Alabama.

Although attending the Academy as a student, Santini was chosen to teach five classes on sentencing procedures. He returns next year as a full-time faculty member.

The Academy, the

only one of its kind in the nation, provides selected judges from throughout the country with the opportunity to exchange views and study new legal and administrative developments. Ninety-eight judges from 43 states attended the program which is financed in part by Law Enforcement Assistance Administration of the United States Department of Justice.

Santini, a former Deputy District Attorney and Public Defender for Clark County, said: "My experience at the Academy will be invaluable in working to improve the administration of justice here at home."

The 12-day program of lectures, seminars and discussion groups was directed by retired U.S. Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark. Its faculty included nationally recognized judges and legal experts.

Santini is a former instructor at the University of Arizona. For the past four years he has taught law courses at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas



WASHINGTON, D.C., -- THE ISRAELI AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, YITZHAK RABIN, PRESENTED GEORGE FEINBERG, PRESIDENT OF DUDDY'S, INC., TIRE DISTRIBUTOR, WITH THE GOVERNMENT'S AWARD FOR "OUTSTANDING PROMOTER OF ISRAELI PRODUCTS."

and is an owner and instructor for the Nevada Bar Review course given to attorneys preparing to take the Nevada bar examination. Before serving as Justice of the Peace, Santini was the Clark County Public Defender. In 1970 he was nominated among five as the outstanding Public Defender in the United States.

eternity of the summer).

My husband and I found ourselves dragging footlockers, hauling suitcases and the rest, but I didn't complain. After all, what's a mother for?

We eventually got to the girls' room but there was no space inside what with the luggage and more girls coming in kissing.

I remembered the year before when my daughter arrived at school and her roommate didn't show up and my husband and I stood around on the pretext of helping to unpack. I also remembered the sadness I felt when we had to say goodbye.

This year we tried to stay a while too, but we kept falling over stuff with 42 girls crowded in and talking about things or people we didn't know.

Our daughter and her roommate rode with us down the elevator and both kissed us goodbye. "Have fun worrying with the Bar Mitzvah," my daughter said. "Dunno if I'll get home for Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur."

My husband and I had to drive half way home before we could find an uncrowded place to sigh and eat lunch.

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