

BLOT



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BLOT

AMONG OUR AUTHORS

Vol. 2, No. 1

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO
Moscow, Idaho

December, 1946

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In this first issue, "Speaking of Dogs" is Jim Kennedy's contribution. This tall Fiji from Moscow has been in the service—military intelligence to be exact—for about three years. Right now we're wishing him luck in his try for a Rhodes' scholarship, and we like his story, too. . . . Dorothy Wren, slender, tall, red-headed, and a sophomore, is noted for her punning. The next time you are in a hurry, you'll think of "Speed."

Gregg Potvin, poetry editor, is also one of our KUOI broadcasters. He's married and from Lewiston. You'll see more of him in *Blot*, we're sure, and you'll like what you see. . . . Garnet Storms, another poet, on the side, and a top student in chemistry, is keeping her books at Forney for the second year.

Sam Butterfield is a Beta of varied talents. He has a program on KUOI; he starred in the ASUI production of "Seven Keys to Baldpate" this summer; and occasionally he turns out a fine short story.

Maurice Paulsen leaves his field of mystery but retains his supernatural touch for his subtle sketch in this issue. A journalism major from Sioux Falls, S. D., he also is active in radio and dramatics.

Bob Booth, a Sigma Chi, would be a novelist, but he favors us with a sample of his unusual style this month.

Nels Kans, whose literary but enjoyable "Chicago" appears in this issue, is a native of that metropolis. He came to Idaho with the Navy last year, liked the school, decided to stay on. He is under contract to the local NROTC unit.

Carl Hardin, a freshman from Kimberly, is looking forward to a journalistic career. His burlesque, "Eggs in the Nest," is but another of the many features he turns out in his heavy but entertaining style.

Shirley Cowan, who has three items in this issue, is a Moscow girl just entering the field. Her work shows promise.

Polly Harris, whose greatest talent is probably acting (she starred in the ASUI production of "The Night of January 16th" last fall), has used the theater as the setting for her short story in this issue.

Bob English takes a swing at war and patriotism in general in his essay, "Patriotism is a Word." Most veterans will add "Amen" to his revelations.

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Hollywood Beckoned

From the auditorium in the administration building to a luxurious suite in a Hollywood studio is quite a leap.

But that is the feat Talbot Jennings, an Idaho alumnus, accomplished with an ease that probably surprised him no more than it did his many friends who knew that sooner or later he would be listed among the best in his field.

Talbot Jennings is now one of the screen's foremost scenario writers, currently at 20th Century-Fox preparing the script for "The Black Rose," writing for Producer Louis Lighton, who also produced Jennings' screen play of "Anna and the King of Siam."

For the past five months, Jennings has been riding through the Orient of Kublai Khan and Marco Polo with Walter of Gurnie, the fictional hero of Thomas B. Costain's best seller. He now has a preliminary script treatment prepared, but actual concentrated work on the final scenario, with preparatory research completed, will be done away from the studio. He has been studying volumes of good reference material on the era, with technical questions answered by the research department.

Writes at Ranch

When Lighton, who had known Jennings' work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, signed the writer for "Anna and the King of Siam," Jennings spent three months on preliminary research and screen treatment at the studio. The producer and writer journeyed to Lighton's Arizona ranch, where at the end of five months Jennings turned in a complete and final script.

The picture which resulted, starring Irene Dunne and Rex Harrison, made movie history. Hailed as a "daring experiment" because the story contained not the slightest love element between its stars, the picture is already touted for an Academy Award, having broken boxoffice records all over the country.

For the final script on "The Black Rose," for which no stars are yet set to support Cornel Wilde, who will portray Walter of Gurnie, Jennings and the producer will again work at the Lighton ranch.

Oddly enough, Jennings' emergence as a screen writer came as a result of an unusual detour—engineering.

Originally from Nampa, Jennings was a member of the class of 1918 at the university, where he majored in English literature under Professor John Cushman. His course was interrupted by the outbreak of World War I. In the army, Jennings found himself in the engineering corps—for four years. But he returned to graduate in 1924.

Active at Idaho

At Idaho he turned for the first time to playwriting, though Professor Cushman thought his real field was the historical novel. Here he turned out a number of one-act plays, several editings of Shakespeare, two three-act plays, and a historical pageant of Idaho, "Light on the Mountains," for which he is best re-

membered at the university. This pageant, performed out of doors, has been presented three times here and once at Boise.

His three-act plays written here were "Wayfaring Men," a story of the French-Canadian pioneers in this area, and "Homespun," a study of early Colonial days in New England. He revised Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," "Merchant of Venice," and "Romeo and Juliet" for the modern stage. He found the latter work valuable in writing his scenario of the classic, Professor Cushman said.

Besides excellent scholarship, which brought him a Phi Beta Kappa key, he was popular on the campus, as can be evidenced by the fact he was student body president in his senior year.

Playwright at Yale

He took his master's degree at Harvard University in English. Then he taught that subject at the Universities of Idaho, Ohio, and Miami. He soon became thoroughly tired of talking about writing and decided to do some. Under George Pierce Baker, he took a course in playwriting at Yale University, and there wrote "No More Frontier," which was produced on Broadway.

His next play, "This Side Idolatry," was submitted to Leslie Howard, who was looking for a starring vehicle for performance in London. There the play seemed headed for a long run when the late Irving Thalberg induced the noted English actor to come to America for "Romeo and Juliet," at the same time hiring Jennings to work on the screen play.

Jennings stayed on at Metro with Thalberg to write his next production, "The Good Earth," and also worked on "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Edison the Man," and "Northwest Passage."

Other screen credits include "So Ends our Night," with United Artists, and "Spawn of the North," "Frenchman's Creek," and "Rulers of the Sea" at Paramount.

Quiet, Soft-Spoken

Jennings is a mild-mannered, quiet, soft-spoken man, and looks more like the college professor, which he was, than the successful screen writer which he is. He dresses conservatively in suits, preferring tweeds to the sport shirt and plaid jacket thought to be the typical writer's attire.

Currently, Talbot Jennings does no writing in addition to his screen assignments, explaining that a writer can not attempt to work on two different media at once, the screen being a distinct field of its own. He would like to do another play within a few years, but won't, he says, until and unless he's sufficiently impressed with a new theme.

Screen Writing Different

Jennings finds the techniques of screen writing entirely alien to those of writing for the stage. Apart from the obvious differences, where the screen provides geographical scope with split-second change of scene, impossible on a limited theater stage, he points out that even the type of dialogue is vastly different.

(Continued on next page)

"SKETCH"

I used to wonder about this guy with the hoe that someone painted a picture of and, if I remember right, wrote a poem about. I even felt sorry for him once, I guess. But that was when I was younger, before I recognized the difference between an outside and an inside. The much pitied gentleman had a human form and that confused me. Made me think he was like me, knew some of the stuff I knew, and wanted things the way I did. I suppose that's how pity works, imagining ourselves in someone else's shoes and then doing a little feeling for them. But with all the difference between him and me, how could I feel for him?

Of course, I didn't see it exactly that way then. I only had vague notions. But when I finally did catch on, I decided I was wasting my time and so now for all I know the old boy is still standing there with that dumb expression on his face and holding a stick besides.

Now there is another sort of guy who works on my sentimental fancy. He's the guy who has known better. Maybe only in dreams, but still he *has* known and can't find his way out. That's the guy I can really feel for, because I have an idea what makes him go. Maybe that's why I noticed this fellow and his girl in at Murph's the other night. Anyway, I think so.

Hollywood

(Continued from page 3)

"On the stage," he explained in a letter to this writer, "an actor's success with his lines depends as much upon his physical projection as upon the lines themselves. He can be expansively dramatic to put them over, and he can use words and phrases in conversation that would sound unnatural, phoney, and quite ridiculous on the screen.

"Film dialogue can't be classic literature. It must be simple, direct, pungent and to the point—not flowery and lyrical."

Stage Can Be Flowery

Lines written for the stage, he continues, can be—and often are—great poetry, representing the best in literary eloquence. And actor, because he can and must project dramatically, can succeed in putting them over where a film actor, especially in a close-up, would sound like a fool.

"Because," he explains, "motion pictures are primarily realistic—details are clear on celluloid, where the stage may emphasize atmospheric impressions. But the realism of the camera demands, unequivocally, the realism of honest writing—honest in the sense that it reflects, or should, the way people really talk to each other."

MAURICE PAULSEN

The place was packed rafter high and full of steam and smoke and noise like those little eat joints always are. Mike and I were sitting in a back booth, blowing hot air at each other over half empty coffee cups and watching the crowd jockey for counter positions. Then my eyes fell on this guy.

An expression of the weary was running from his dark eyes, working on his face. His carriage suggested that the flow didn't stop at his chin.

Looking for the counter along with the other unfortunates, he wasn't so eager. When someone shoved, he gave and didn't seem to care. I guess he was wishing they'd shove him up front, but he knew they wouldn't.

By the time he edged up to the counter and gave his order, he was as nervous as some people in church, as if someone had their eyes on him. The waitress opened her mouth wide and even though the noise kept me from hearing, I knew she was asking him to repeat. He leaned over the counter and spoke. She got him that time, turned into action.

Still leaning, he glanced toward the rear, wondering if someone had seen the waitress yell at him. Taking the cue, I followed his line of sight and what I saw didn't surprise me, but it did touch off an inside burner.

There she was, big eyes, timid smile, and all, standing with one shoulder against the wall. And in those eyes I could see an impossible dream, boy friend item number one therein. No question mark to her. With as much hope as her face showed, there couldn't have been much room for fear. Someday he'd be whatever it was they wanted him to be.

Well, I was immediately all for them, but it was really more a matter of being sorry, especially after seeing him in action. I just hoped that they could stay somewhere inside their dream, because I couldn't see anything outside of it for them.

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Eggs in the Nest

I arose from the prone somewhat earlier a few mornings ago and after the necessary habitual morning preliminaries, again found myself late for breakfast. After considerable dawdling, I set out for the Nest for a cup of stimulating "joe" before my morning class. I sauntered through the frosty streets, the keen air glowing my cheeks and tipping my nose with the brightest carmine. I entered the place of pre-class congregation, quickly divested myself of my outer wraps and after considerable astutely maneuvering, located a booth. While drooling over the steaming aroma of my heated beverage, my few moments there proved to be indeed amusing. Obviously, few people have any accurate idea of the immense number of moods they appear to be in during the period of seeking breakfast in the early morning. It is evident that if the knowledge could be known to the coffee-seekers, perhaps they would try to appear in a more benign manner.

According to my Gruen, at 7:15 a few of the Beta boys scuffled in, looking as though for the past month they had all been indulging in small time beer-peddling and absorbing all their profits. By no means was their disposition full of graciousness. I sipped on.

At 7:19 a batch of Delta Delta Delta coeds straggled in, looking as if they had been told that a couple of quinine pills and a quart of Old Crow before retiring every night was a sure cure for a cold. One little lady must have gotten her hair tangled up in the bed springs during the night. By no means was it eye appealing. I sipped on.

At 7:21, in another booth sat some drooling Kappas. Their booth was quiet, not the ominous calm preceding a riot, but a poignant stillness, as if a thousand ears were intently listening. Suddenly from the nickel box came the rich voice of Singing Sam, and "Two-Timed-Me-One-Time-Too-Often" same ringing down my way. It is wondered how this type of aggravating groaning can create any enthusiasm in a person before school begins. Obviously, it must. One girl was screaming violently, another was beating her hand bone on the table, and another was certainly unaware of the fact that she was slopping coffee all over herself. I sipped on.

At 7:25 came those hairy Sigma Chi's, who certainly do not help by any way the financial income of the proprietor. They EAT cigarettes for breakfast, and argue with one another who won the war. I sipped on.

At 7:27 a batch of Delta Gamma's roosted in the booth next to mine. Then I was lost. I can not describe intelligently the course of their conversation for it was by no means intelligent. Briefly, it went something like this . . . "Yappity-Yappity-Yap," all on the general trend that Susie doesn't go with Joe because he smokes Luckies, and she likes Camels, Bill hasn't got a car and Jim hasn't any money. Tom likes Beer and I like mixed drinks and we'll treat them like hell because there are lots of guys anyway. Perhaps some-

one should pinch them all a little and lay the facts down to them that one girl out of three in said house are going to be old maids. Statistics show, girls.

At 7:30 I escaped from my booth for a refill. I plugged through the line and came to a stop behind one of those irresistible girls from Forney Hall. She must have been sleepy too, for she was filling her saucer with coffee and putting donuts in her cup. Our beloved Mary too was shocked for after a series of these senseless anecdotes, her face was indeed lit up with tiredness and disapprobation. I returned to my booth, only to find it occupied by that group of prodical talkers, the Sigma Nu's. When even as much as questioning the fact of "whose booth," my answer was put in such a repugnant way that I evacuated immediately. I located an opening at the bar and seated myself by four co-eds of the Alpha Phi. They were giggling, gagging, and gobbling over their interest in Psychology and Doc Barton's ever so often outbursts of vulgarity. They seemed to be quite thrilled over it, although during said lectures, they modestly blush and shy. The truth is, they were really getting a big charge from it. Listening to these repeated colloquialisms while trying to drink my coffee was hardly an appetizer. It was indeed difficult to count to ten every time one bursted into giggles and spit a mouthful of "mud" on my shirt. I was, beyond all doubts, nauseated. I sipped on.

At 7:40 I was knocked off my stool by a mob of squealing Pi Phi's. After a few pelting knocks in the head, I gathered up my books and proceeded to leave. As I neared the door I was stormed by a group of Lindley Hall boys, who when entering, displayed a behavior of pushing, kicking, shoving, knocking and expanding their elbows. I came to my senses, after what seemed an eternity of blackness, underneath the sink in the rear of said establishment. I gazed up through swollen eyes just in time to see the boys from Lindley leaving. The waiter had hot water spilled on him, Long had a harrowing look on his face as he was cleaning up the unctuous left behinds, and again Mary seemed to hold the look of which explains why people lean to drinking as an outlet of an aggravating emotional drive. I ransacked the floor for my books and again attempted to leave. I was nearly floored again when three ladies of Alpha Chi (I call them ladies, can not present the true word at this time) sped by me on the wings of Mercury. I was exasperated beyond control and many, many unwritable terms formed inside of me. These girls must stay up all night and chase rabbits to keep their sprinting at the said level. Now, with an inexorable objective in me, I gathered up my books and left.

As I bucked the chilling wind to the Administration building, an old apharism of Mark Twain's was charging through my brain and I was trying to analyze both negative and positive sides of same. "Be pleasant every morning until 10 o'clock, the rest of the day will take care of itself."

CARL HARDIN

SPEAKING OF DOGS

January 22, 1943

It was two months ago yesterday that the doctor ordered me confined entirely to my room. He says I must have complete rest and relaxation if I'm to get over what I have. I may get out of my bed only two or three times a day and then for just a few minutes. Thus, my life these past two months has been nothing but drudgery and fits of coughing spells. I have done much reading, but that too, becomes tiresome and boring. Due to the shortage of help, John has been able to get a part-time maid, by the name of Cora, for only several hours each morning.

It would help if John would just sit and talk with me longer and more often, but he only comes to me a few minutes a day and I can tell by the way he looks at me that, for him, those minutes are filled with revulsion and pity. I imagine I do look horrible to him. I had the mirror removed long ago so that I wouldn't be able to see myself. It has been many months since I have glimpsed anything corresponding to tenderness or love in his eyes. He spends most of his free time, now, in the kennels with his dogs—those damned dogs!

Today, I felt that I must have some other diversion than reading and knitting—anything. Thus it is that I have turned to writing this, a sort of diary, but heaven only knows that it won't be a diary for not enough happens to me in a day to make even a single paragraph in a diary.

I just heard John return from work and park his car in the driveway. Now I hear the dogs barking for him in the kennels. He will be with them for the next two hours. After that he will come in to fix dinner or warm over what Cora cooked this morning. When he brings dinner up to me, it will be one of the three times that I see him each day—morning, dinner-time and before he goes to bed. He will stay no longer than it takes for me to eat, then he will go back to his dogs for another hour and then perhaps go to his club in town. If he returns rather late, he won't even come in to see me before he goes to bed. Very often I become so dejected with this life that I think there's no use going on—but it is very silly to talk like that. Only the weak-willed ever think of suicide and I have always prided myself in my strong will power.

January 23, 1943

Many times, while I lie in bed, I amuse myself by thinking about the past and how wonderful things once were—my childhood in Connecticut and when John was courting me, our marriage and honeymoon at Niagara. Those first years with John were truly happy for both of us. It wasn't until the seventh year of our marriage that I began to have a slight, persistent cough. We thought it merely a slight touch of asthma or something that really wasn't important. Then it began getting worse until, two years after it started, John persuaded me to see the doctor. My worst fears were confirmed—consumption! I was to rest and do as little work as possible.

Never will I forget telling John that I had consumption. He, naturally, seemed shocked and sorry for me and said he would do everything possible to

help me get better, but there was that beginning of coolness in his manner that has gradually grown until now. I have often thought of going to Arizona, but John says he can not leave his work in wartime. He doesn't think it would do me any good anyway.

There he is, out with the dogs again.

From the stories his mother used to tell me, John has loved dogs all his life. One of the first things he bought for our house after our marriage was a cocker spaniel. From that first dog, he acquired one or two additional dogs each year. He soon built kennels in the backyard to house all his pets. I don't know how many he has now—and I don't give a damn! I hate the filthy, yelping little beasts.

If I had a bit of backbone to me I would make him take all these pictures down. I can not stand the things, especially the picture of that big Collie that glares at me from the wall opposite my bed. Then there is a picture of a Dachshund to the right of me and an English Bull to the left of me. Such pictures as these are posted all over the house—the living room, bedrooms and kitchen. I sometimes think he has put them there just to torment me.

January 24, 1943

I had a terrible fit of coughing last night and John had to call Dr. Nelson to give me an injection of codine. It seems to be the only thing that helps when I am like that. With his every visit the Doctor tells me I am getting better. I ought to know how I feel without his lying to me.

I have spent most of the day thinking of my situation. I know that I can not be cured and that I am gradually wasting away until I shall just simply cease to exist. I have turned into the mere skeleton of my former self. My body is now something that can evoke only a mixed feeling of pity and revulsion. It is only because the pity combined with duty is stronger than the revulsion that John has not renounced me. Whatever affection he once felt for me has been transferred to the dogs. It is only a natural reaction that my hate for them has gradually increased as I realized this fact. They have stolen from me the affection of the man I love.

January 25, 1943

I can not seem to get my eyes off the picture of the Collie that hangs in front of me. The picture, showing him just from the shoulders up, brings out his eyes in detail. A feeling has been increasing in

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me the past few days that those eyes are watching every move I make. Whatever I do, I can feel them on me, and whatever I am looking at, my eyes constantly wander back to them. The feeling is horrible. I keep reiterating to myself that it is merely my nerves, but that does no good. If I could only get away from this house and the dogs, but John would never leave his beautiful pets. He would say I was crazy. Where would I go alone without him?

January 26, 1943

I could feel the piercing eyes of the Collie on me all day. He watches everything. Once, to escape his glare, I ran out of the room, but after ten minutes, I got so weak that I had to return to bed. Cora was in the room only twice today. When she does come up she seems in such haste to get away. I suppose she is afraid something might get on her and contaminate her.

January 28, 1943

I didn't have an opportunity to write in my diary yesterday. I was indisposed most of the day. Night before last, I awoke in the middle of the night out of a fitful sleep with my eyes staring straight at the Collie. His eyes were piercing luminously at me through the darkness in a gaze that fixed my eyes to them in a hypnotic trance. After I know not how long I was brought to my senses by the shrill howls of several of the dogs in the kennels. Faced with the radiant eyes in front of me and the din of mournful

wails from the backyard, I was seized by the extreme horror of it all and convulsed into screams of terror. I was in a coma when John reached me. Dr. Nelson gave me an injection of codine and I rested most of yesterday. When John came to see me last night, I noticed him at times regarding me somewhat queerly. I wonder if I said something in my coma.

January 29, 1943

The eyes were staring at me again all last night. When I first saw them, about midnight, I was frightened as I had been before. This time, though, I stared at them for what must have been hours. As I stared, I came to recognize a certain soulfulness that is never found in human eyes. They actually contain deep sympathy and kindness. How could I have ever thought them so terrifying that I fainted? Today, I have repeatedly looked at the Collie, and I know he is watching me. The darkness of night, however, is when I can best feast on the warm understanding of those starlit eyes.

January 30, 1943

Last night was wonderful! I was, I think hypnotized by his eyes most of the night. I now know that the sympathy of his eyes is meant only for me. He is my guardian and only true companion. I am no longer alone for I can feel him ever with me so long as I remain in the room. Our association is to be a secret—his and mine. I shall tell no one, not even John.

February 2, 1943

I no longer have the incentive to write in my diary that I had when I started it. I usually sleep most of the day and gaze at Watcher at night—I have named my beautiful Collie, Watcher. Almost everytime Cora comes into my room now, I am asleep. John even asked me this morning if there was anything the matter that I should sleep so much in the daytime. I have noticed him looking at me so funny lately. He probably thinks I am too cheerful, but I am not going to tell him my secret—ever! He has his dogs and now, I too, have one.

February 5, 1943

Today, it is hard for me to believe that the amazing events of last night were real—but they were. It was almost a full moon and the moonlight drifted in through the two windows of the room., itemizing its various articles against their backgrounds. One beam seemed to shoot off from the others and point straight at Watcher, outlining his beautiful head and shoulders. It was so wonderful that little tears welled up in my eyes and coursed down my cheeks.

Suddenly, as I looked, Watcher moved his head from side to side as if looking at either edge of his picture frame. Then his front paws were up over the lower edge, he arched himself, and, with a little spring, threw his whole body through the frame and floated gently to the floor of the room.

My, what a really beautiful dog he is. I had never really seen the whole of him before you see. He spent the rest of the night until daybreak amusing me. He

danced on his hind feet, pawing the air. He ran to and fro noiselessly across the floor. He chased his tail and rolled over. When he jumped across the room, he could hold himself in the air for many seconds before he reached the other side. When the first rays of the sun began to appear, he jumped back into his frame and I went happily to sleep.

February 7, 1943

Last night the moon was brighter than ever and, as usual, Watcher came out of his frame. This time, though, I too got out of bed and tried to play with him. We romped and rolled quite a bit on the floor but I soon got to coughing too much and so had to quit for a time. Whenever my coughing spells were over, we would continue our play. We had so very much fun.

John seems to be visiting me more often than usual. He keeps asking me silly questions and giving me those funny looks.

February 8, 1943

While I was playing with Watcher last night, he suddenly began to bark. I tried to silence him so that John would not hear, but it did no good. I know Watcher just thought he was amusing me, but he wasn't. I was so afraid that John would hear.

When I awoke this morning, Cora was pattering about the room cleaning up. I suppose I was watching her very intently when she turned around and saw me. We stared at each other for some moments before the silly girl screamed, threw whatever was in her hands up in the air, and ran out of the door. John is still trying to get a new maid.

This afternoon, John brought some sort of special doctor to see me. He sat by my bed for a long time just talking to me and asking me questions. I think I know what John had told him and I do not think it is very nice of John to think such things. I liked the doctor and we had a nice discussion. I answered everything he asked me very nicely, but I did not tell him about my secret. When the doctor left, he was very courteous to me and said, "There is nothing to worry about, you are really all right."

Whatever he told John out in the hall must have been good, because John came into the room with a relieved look on his face. Best of all, he doesn't give me those queer glances any more.

February 10, 1943

Watcher was barking again last night. At first I tried to silence him but soon became so interested that I forgot all about John. I think that Watcher must have shown me every type of bark that dogs bark. Most people never realize that different barks have different meanings. Watcher demonstrated to me the squeal for pain, the bark for happiness, the bark of greeting, the bark of fright, the bark of love, and many others. I think that Watcher must be especially brilliant for a dog, because he knows so many variations of each bark that I don't think many dogs know. Then, too, he has such a remarkable command of his beautiful voice. His call of love should, I think, be irresistible to any female dog.

February 13, 1943

I have been sleeping most of the day and am now

trying to while away the rest of the daylight hours. I have grown to just exist for the hours of darkness that come after everyone has gone to bed and the clock has struck midnight. It is then that Watcher comes down from his place on the wall and gives me solace, joy and companionship. They are the only hours of true happiness that I experience. The days before Watcher came were horrible, but now, with him, I have something to live for.

Something wonderful and remarkable has happened. Last night Watcher was using a combination of whining, barking, growling and snorting sounds when I suddenly realized that he was talking to me in dog language and that I could understand him! I was so dumbfounded that at first I could do nothing more than sit in awe, listening to him talk but not paying attention to what he said. When I regained my senses, though, I listened to the meaning of his words and found that he was telling me of the wonders of the dog world. His stories were both amusing and sad, and as for interest, I do not believe I can remember their parallel in anything I have ever read.

I soon found that I was limited in the conversation to mere gestures and therefore, wished that I, too, could convey my thoughts through vocal means. Watcher immediately sensed my desire and so began to teach me a few of the grunts and growls which are essential for a basic vocabulary of the dog language. I spent the remaining hours of the night practicing these basic sounds in a low undertone so that John would not hear me. By daylight I possessed a fair vocabulary by which I could carry on a somewhat limited conversation with Watcher.

FOR YOUR WEEKEND GUESTS - - -

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February 17, 1943

Last night I almost betrayed my secret to John. Before this, I have tried to be very quiet when Watcher comes to visit me from off the wall. Last night, though, I almost forgot. Watcher was teaching me the various barks and howls a dog executes to indicate his feelings. I found one particular series, given for an expression of friendly greeting, so interesting that I forgot about John sleeping two rooms away. I proceeded to practice them so that I could add them to my vocabulary of barks.

Suddenly, I heard John pounding at my door which, for the past several weeks, I have been locking at right. Watcher quickly disappeared and I was so frightened that I could do nothing but run over and jump into bed. Then, due to my recent barking, I was seized with a violent fit of coughing and it was some minutes before I made my way to open the door for John. Upon his inquiry about the funny noises he had heard coming from the room, I told him that I had been coughing a good deal for the past hour. I added a little more detail to it, and I believe I managed to convince him before he left. This morning, though, when he came to see me before going to work, I found him looking at me several times with that former peculiar expression on his face.

February 18, 1943

At last my secret is out, but it matters little. Watcher is now beside me, just as he always will be. He has finally broken through the bonds that kept him apart from me in the day time, and, henceforth, he will be my constant companion.

Last night, with the moon beams streaming in through the windows, Watcher and I played until the break of dawn. We barked at each other in light whispers and Watcher often delighted me by bounding across the room in an execution of curious leaps and twirls that were both amusing and beautiful to watch. When we had played ourselves out and Watcher had disappeared into the wall, I curled up on the big rug in front of my bed and went to sleep.

This morning, from my spot on the rug, I woke up quite startled and saw John standing in the doorway with a terrible expression on his face—I had forgotten to lock the door last night. In the suddenness of my awakening, I could remember nothing save of Watcher and our carefree play of a few hours before.

With my heart brimming over with joy, I suddenly wanted to be John's. I wanted him to like me, to love me. I wanted him to soothe me and to talk to me gently and understandingly—like he did his other dogs. I wanted him to fondle me and to scratch my back.

Before I knew what I was doing, I was bounding across the floor to where he stood. I was barking to him in those short, crisp barks of joyous greeting which Watcher had taught so well to me. Upon reaching him, I reared up and threw my forearms upon his stomach. At the same time, I looked up into his eyes and gave him a superbly-executed howl of delight.

John sank slowly to his knees and finally fell to the floor on the side of his face. Slowly, I crawled back and forth across him licking at his warm face. As his eyelids gradually parted he moaned slightly

and looked at me full in the face. I crouched over him whining affectionately and my face descended to rub his nose. He screamed several times as he drew himself back out from under me. I tried to crawl after him, to catch at him, but he seized me in a strong grasp and hurled me against the bed, half-way across the room.

The impact of my crash against the bed and the loud sobs of anguish which John emitted as he ran out of the room and locked the door behind him made me realize what I had done. I knew it was all over. The happiness and joy of the past month was to be no more. Now that John knew my secret he would destroy everything and send me off to some horrible place. In my despair I threw myself on my bed and sobbed for I know not how long. I wondered if I could kill myself if I jumped out of the window onto the hard pavement below.

Then I turned on my back and looked at Watcher in his frame on the wall. Just as he had done many times before, he wriggled his ears and thrust his head out through the frame. His front paws were then on the lower edge and he was arching himself for the jump. With a gigantic spring, he cleared the picture frame, sailed clear across the room, and landed on the bed beside me. For the first time. I saw Watcher in the light of day. No matter what they do he will ever be at my side. With Watcher, I know that I can face my future and live in happiness. Without him, I would spend the rest of my days in heartbreak, despair and boredom.

JIM KENNEDY

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HERE'S YOUR FIFTEEN CENTS

He stood in the postoffice doorway, tall, spare, leaning back slightly, and watched the girl approaching. The early morning sun touched her blonde hair with highlights that seemed forever in his heart.

So here she comes. Now what do you do?

He stepped back into the dimness of the postoffice, momentarily confused by the question in his mind and she caught him, as always, unprepared. She stopped, briefly at a loss for words, and stretched out her hand.

Go on, you fool, he said to himself. Shake her hand. Hell, yes, you can come back home and shake her hand.

"When did you get back?"

"Not long ago."

"Well—". She waited for him to say something. When he didn't, she glanced quickly at the boxes, back again at him and smiled. "I came over to get the morning mail for Dad. I'll get it."

He knew that she meant him to wait for her. He didn't want to. He wanted to walk out and leave her wondering, but he didn't. Not when she smiled.

"Let's drop over to Mel's for a cup of coffee," she suggested, "and say 'hello' properly."

"Haven't we?"

"Just the same rude little boy, aren't you?"

"Just the same."

Still from across the tracks. Still the kid you liked and yet didn't want to, the boy your father "regretted to see you take up with." And still rude.

He took the awkward manila envelopes from her, and motioned for her to precede him.

"Well, John," she said brightly, "tell me what you've been doing with yourself."

"If you want to know why I haven't been home since I got out, I just couldn't find time."

She stopped smiling. "I was right. You *are* still rude. I thought that the responsibility you had in the Army, and having to be polite to people might change you, but it hasn't."

"Thank God."

"Why didn't you keep on writing?"

Her question surprised him. He paused, "I—well, I was pretty busy." He was suddenly aware of her hand before him on the table, gloved, and waiting for his. His eyes followed her arm, up to the sleeve, on to her lips. Red, with the color of pomegranate. The most correct, most expensive brand of pomegranate, he reminded himself. "And you had a lot to say about Wally—always being around, always at home."

"And what about Wally? We were all good friends, and we were just kids. John, I don't understand you."

"No, I guess you don't." His resentment left him slowly, leaving him with nothing but the puzzlement, the long, long puzzlement that was forever inside him.

"Let me tell you about that, about Wally."

"No." He looked beyond her. "It's too long ago. It doesn't matter."

"I wish you'd let me—."

"Never mind, Carol. Like you said, we were just kids—it was so long ago."

"Don't keep saying that." She put her hand over his. "John, I didn't mean—."

But he couldn't hear her voice. He was suddenly on fire, and he thought, Oh, God, she touched me, and I'm back to being a child again. I said it was all over, and I thought it was. Will I ever know?

Their eyes caught, locked for a moment. Then—

"Oh, Carol, there you are."

She looked back over her shoulder, startled. John followed her glance.

"Well, if it isn't John Calender. Gosh, John, it's been a long time since we've seen each other. I've been wondering when you were going to get home. Where were you stationed, and when did you get out?"

"Oh, I've been around." He hadn't known it would be possible to be so furious with this man who had been his friend. "Around."

Wally looked vague, and rebuffed. "Well, sure am glad to see you. Why don't you drop around to the house sometime?"

"Maybe I will. And maybe I won't."

Wally shifted his gaze. "Carol, your father asked me to drop over to the postoffice to see what was

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holding you up. There's that letter from Chicago that he's expecting, you know, and he's eager to get it."

Carol stood up. "All right, Wally." She turned to John, "It has been good to see you. Why *don't* you drop around? We could throw you a swell party, really, we could."

Her eyes were miserable. He saw that she wanted to say something, and couldn't.

"Forget it, Carol," he said, not bothering to rise. "It was just too long ago. Forget it."

"Well, then, see you around, old man," Wally said, strain in his voice. He picked up the mail. "The least I can do is take care of the check," he added, nodding to the cashier.

"Goddamnit, no! Leave the check alone!"

"Well, I'm *sorry*. Goodbye." Wally strode toward the door, offense in every line of his body. John noticed, briefly, how much life agreed with him, how much fatter he was getting with the ease of living.

Carol knew. "Goodbye, John." She turned quickly, and left.

He sat for a long time at the little green table, heedless of the icy stares from people waiting for tables, or the glare of the waitress. She finally came over to the table. "Anything else?" she asked abruptly, her pencil poised over the bill.

"No."

He picked up the bill, walked to the cashier's counter, put down a dime.

"Coffee's a dime now."

"Good God, a dime?"

"Sorry, sir, coffee's a dime."

He threw a quarter on the counter, and turned on his heel, sharply.

The cashier looked bewildered. "You've got fifteen cents coming, mister." He ignored her and strode out, her words ringing, ringing in his ears.

"Hey, mister, here's your fifteen cents."

SHIRLEY COWAN

Student: "Why didn't I make 100 on my history exam?"

Prof.: "You remember the question: 'Why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?'"

Student: "Yeah."

Prof.: "Well, your answer, while very interesting, was incorrect."

THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS!

Today there are nearly 3500 students who make up, along with the faculty, the campus, and the traditions, our Idaho. All over the United States and other countries, universities are being filled to capacity with students, all of whom are eager to share one or more phases of college life.

Surely we must all realize what extremely fortunate people we are. The advantages with which we, the youth of the world, come into contact here, or at any other university, are too often taken for granted. We are too prone to believe that life owes us something—though of just what it owes us, we may not be sure.

Perhaps we should slow down a little and stop to find out what *we* owe *life*.

Practically every one of us has at some time or other come to understand that we seldom get "something for nothing." In the long run, we pay for everything we get.

We are students in this place of higher learning—to learn. We of this generation are going to be the leaders of the future; and what the future holds, it is our task to decide and build.

First of all we must learn to be intelligent and well-informed citizens. As citizens, we should learn to choose responsible and efficient leaders to guide us. This involves choosing impartially and for the good of *every* individual—not necessarily for the good of your party—the persons who can most successfully lead the people in the democratic ways of life.

As the university has provided us with intelligent instructors, we should feel it our duty to get what we can from them, for use now or later. Skipping classes harms no one but you. Professor X isn't lecturing on the principles of elementary chemistry for his benefit. He already knows the subject. By missing classes you only "cut off your nose to spite your face."

College life is not all classes and "lib" hours. The activities on the campus are here for everyone's benefit and enjoyment; and it is up to us to back them, for they are an integral part of campus life. It is these activities which will aid in fitting us to get along with the people we will know in later life.

Our parents have worked hard to see that we receive certain privileges; and surely we owe it to them to make the most of our opportunities.

Last, but not least by any means, is the responsibility to ourselves—to our inner pride. Though we may not show it outwardly, we all have the desire to prove to ourselves what we can do, in some way or other.

If we "bargain with Life for a penny," the chances are that is what we shall get. But if we bargain for more, we can get it. Let's not pretend to ourselves that Life owes us something. Let's make the most of these wonderful opportunities while we have them and be mighty thankful we live in a free country where we may study as we please, say what we please, and believe what we please.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON



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desire . . .

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PATRIOTISM IS A WORD

If I were to be engaged in a conversation with a philosophy professor some evening, and he were to test my intelligence by asking me to define the word "patriotism," I'd be temporarily stumped.

Patriotism is almost as difficult to define as love is. To simply say that patriotism is love of country would only be approaching the outer orbit of a complex and diversified phase of human emotion.

What is patriotism? Is it such a deep passion for democracy that a man in time of war would unhesitatingly throw aside a job with Pan-American Aircraft Corporation to fly a bomber for Uncle Sam? Is it a stronger love on the part of a man for his country than for the woman he loves? Or is it a thirst for power and prestige, or an inner craving for money and material security?

When we were treated to the iniquities of the Pearl Harbor incident, patriotism became as popular a word as baseball. Too many people stampeded to the aircraft factories and tried to pass off their sordid delight with the oft-spoken phrase, "I'm doing my part to help lick the Japs." Too many women joined the WAC to find a husband, and likewise, tried to impress people that they were self-sacrificing, patriotic citizens. Also too many rear echelon commandos, or "garitroopers," as Bill Mauldin called them, came home with the Bronze Star, Purple Heart, Air Medal and battle stars, when they saw no more action than I did.

On Guam, B-29 crewmen were returning from raids over the Japanese Empire with minor cuts and bruises that resulted from bouncing around inside the plane when the plane passed over thermal currents. Minor cuts, and they were awarded Purple Hearts. A navigator from the 29th Bomb Group cut himself with his calipers on one of the Osaka raids. He also accepted the Purple Heart, with no qualm of conscience. Bronze Star for "extraordinary achievement and leadership" during sniper engagements on Guam's northernmost sector. Actually he was fired upon by his own men, and was such a coward that he detailed a private guard at night to sit outside his pup tent with one hundred rounds of .45 calibre ammunition. And he came home with the medal! To those who didn't know, he was a brave man—a hero. He was "patriotic."

If actions like these are actions of patriotism, then I am not patriotic!

Nor do I believe in this falsified and universal misrepresentation of the word. I volunteered only because I knew they'd get me anyway, and not because I wanted to go out and stand at attention for ex-taxi drivers with apparent intelligence quotients of sixty-five and less. And like everyone else, I raised my voice in vehement protest when they tried to declare me essential to the backing of our nation's foreign policies, or better still, to keep me over there with that phoney Army of Occupation that is idle, and

shall continue to be idle, in the Pacific. Had I been patriotic—had I actually believed that I was rendering my country a great service by remaining over there, and tolerating that childish nonsense, I would have been glad to stay there and rot.

Ask any veteran if he actually believed in the slogan, "Tokyo or Bust." Ask him if he believed he was fighting for democracy and not for a gang of warmongers and blood-thirsty money hounds on the mainland who sat behind plush desks signing \$10,000 war contracts while he was coughing up blood and volcanic ash on Iwo Jima. Ask him if he believed in democracy when he saw so much rear echelon graft and corruption, and found out about the crooked politics in both military and civilian circles that went on behind his back. Ask these questions of the average veteran, and nine out of ten answers will be caustic and crisp.

He believed in none of these things—he believed only in the home he left, and in his close friends, whose ideals and outlooks on life were correlated to his. In his mind, he was not spending those lonely evenings under a Mariana's full moon so that the world would be safe for democracy. He was doing it so that some day soon, he might again feel the soft touch of his sweetheart's lips. He was not patriotic: he merely possessed that rare quality of soldiers—intellect. I say intellect because intelligent men hold a distinct apathy for flag waving, and a morbid disgust for patriotism, and the sister of patriotism—propaganda.

Most of us have ideals—ideals focused around the home, family, and friends. They are centered around our own individual social cliques. They are centered around our knowledge of necessity, and around our belief in teamwork.

In short, they are based on two standards of value—common sense logic, and love. We do not consider these as patriotic attributes, because patriotism is a word that has taken on a stagnant, corrupt, vulgar meaning.

The word has been scratched from the vocabulary of any American possessed of a modicum of intelligence. In its place has gone that set standard of value—the value of manhood and the luxury of calling your soul your own. It is a value reached by those who know love, and who fight and die for those they love. They want nothing to do with the back-slapping and false praise that the word "patriotism" signifies today.

ROBERT A. ENGLISH

Students in a certain Western college are using a textbook of case histories in a "family troubles" course. Characters, of course, are entirely frictional.

In this deceitful world, nothing is true or false; it's all according to the color of the glass through which it is seen.

RAMON de CAMPOAMOR

PREMIERE DANSEUSE

I.

The lights dimmed. Momentarily the theater lay in darkness. A heavy, warm silence fell upon the audience. A slit of light appeared at the bottom of the stage and slowly increased as the curtain rolled upward, revealing a dark oak grove in the forest. A fire glowed in a cluster of rocks to one side. The simple strains of a folk tune were heard. A small group of peasants moved onto the stage and gathered about the fire seeking its warmth. They were dressed in heavy boots and cumbersome clothing. Their faces were dull and their shoulders wearily stooped. They exchanged but few words, their bodies and minds exhausted from a day's arduous labor. Several musicians carrying accordions and harmonicas joined the group and began playing. As if at a signal the men and women moved away from the fire and arranged themselves in the stylized patterns of a folk dance. Slowly they wheeled about the stage, their feet clumsy and awkward, their faces reddened by the glow of the fire.

Suddenly a light burst upon them. A sylvan fairy appeared beside a great hollow oak. She was clad in white and a wreath of leaves was upon her unbound hair. For a moment she seemed hung in space, then slowly and with incredible grace she raised her arms above her head, poised upon her toes and with a p'rouette, moved into the center of the stage. There was joy upon her face and animation in her body. She flitted from side to side interpreting their dance making it something incredibly beautiful. She leaped and whirled, her feet scarcely touching ground. She urged the peasants to join her, inspiring them with her grace. They mimed her steps, their feet lightened. She led them whither she pleased and they followed joyously. She was the goddess of dance. The music rose to a crescendo; the fire blazed forth; the dancers milled in ecstasy about the stage; then suddenly she was gone. The peasants had lost their inspiration, yet their joy remained and they continued dancing briefly, then turned to leave. At last the grove was empty and the great hollow oak silent and dark. The curtain fell.

II.

He sat quietly, not joining in the thunderous applause. He had been too deeply moved. He wondered about this girl. He knew very little, other than that she was the world's greatest ballerina, and now he would not be content until he met her. He must understand this genius. He must learn from whence came her inspiration. He must know whom she loved, how she lived. He wanted for a moment to bask in the brilliance of her personality and her love of life and to be inspired perhaps as the peasants were. He sat for many minutes thus, and at last finding himself alone in the theater, he left.

III.

A maid opened the door and motioned him into the entrance hall. She left him for several minutes, and returned in the company of a small, rotund man, who greeted him with friendly courtesy. Together they went into the drawing room.



She was seated on a window seat, gazing quietly out across the city. The short man called her name twice before she turned. Quickly she rose and with small, nervous gestures approached them, her eyes wide and childlike. Upon their introduction she shyly extended her hand, but there was no smile upon her face, nor did she speak. The short man and he conversed for several minutes, but she would not join them except to briefly answer a question directed to her. Her eyes moved restlessly about the room and often to the watch at her wrist. At last she excused herself saying that she must rehearse for the evening performance. He soon took his leave.

IV.

It was autumn and he shuffled his feet through the leaves. They were brown and lifeless and crunched beneath his step. A gust of wind tore several leaves from the dry branches and wafted them, as graceful as ballerinas, across the park.

POLLY HARRIS

A girl in a crowded bus on her way down town remarked audibly to a friend standing at her side: "Oh, dear, I wish that good looking fellow would give me his seat."

Five Delta Tau's on the bus promptly got up.

THE PRIVATE WORLD OF FRESHMAN MITTY

With Apologies to JAMES THURBER, et al.

Walter Mitty, veteran KP, facing the "brave new world" of college life, looked fearfully at the lines formed on either side of the Ad. Building hall. After a period of hesitation, he took his place at the end of the shortest visible line. It reached around the end of the building and into the Arboretum. He glanced meekly at the muscular girl, who stood ahead of him, humming the "Internationale," under her breath.

"You been standing here long?" he ventured.

"Ah, sheddup," she replied.

* * * * *

Compte de Mittee, the greatest swordsman of the realm and savior of the fleet at Voulognes strode into the hall of state, unaware of the covetous glances of the Courtiers and the flirtatious ones of the Courtesans, that followed his route to the throne, where he was to receive the Kingdom's highest award, the "Croix de Schafte." Midway in his journey, he hesitated before a shy maiden blushing behind a lacey fan. A tiny white hand rose from behind it and De Mittee found in his, one perfect blossom.

* * * * *

"Gimme back my flower, whatcha tryin' to do, get fresh?" the student ahead of him screamed in a rau-

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cus tone. Mitty stood aghast as he observed a large hairy fist headed straight for his face. As they say in the novels, a black pit opened up and he dived in— As he came to, a sea of feet and legs swam before his eyes.

"Where am I?" he moaned. Someone kicked him into a corner, where he lay panting. He then rose and stumbled into another line, carefully avoiding the one in which he stood before. He chose instead a place behind a piquant co-ed, blond and with liquid blue eyes.

"Do you know where this line goes?" he asked softly.

"I do not bleach my hair and I think that you're a beast to say that I do," she cried, the large eyes filling, as she beat a hasty retreat down the hall. Mitty shrugged mournfully. He, then asked the next in line.

This time he was met with a blank stare. "I don't know. Nobody ever knows. You just get into it and hope," was the reply. Mitty waited.

"Blood and Gore" Mitty faced his harsh profile into the wind, head up, eyes alert, his silvered helmet glittering in the dying rays of the sun. "Men," he said, "few of you will return from this attack, but I'm telling you now, to 'get in there and fight!' The 'boche' out number us twenty to one, but I'll be ahead of you, pushing you on, so remember my words, 'get in there and fight!' He leaped into his tank and led the battalion into what seemed to be sheer suicide. Hours later the limping tanks returned. "Blood and Gore" rose from his tank, a warm smile bathing his features. "Well done, men," he commented and leaped down, amid a volley of flashlight bulbs and falling privates.

* * * * *

Mitty stood disconsolately, halfway down his line, furtively eyeing the head of it. After a brief stay of perhaps four hours, he beamed to find himself there. An elderly woman sat at a desk. Mitty approached.

"What are you *doing* here?" she asked. "Go! You can't take Home Economics!" Mitty opened his mouth. A bell rang. The halls hurriedly emptied. He trudged wearily toward the gymnasium, where he was sleeping in the Northeast basket.

The next morning, a lone figure carried a portable camp stool and pup tent up the Ad. building steps. The clock in the tower struck six. Mitty looked at his watch. It was seven-thirty. He set up his apparatus, crawled inside the tent and busied himself making breakfast. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee filled the frosty morning air.

"Do you s'pose that's the 'Nest', that all those older fellows were talking about over at the 'Phlia Chite' house? Smell the coffee? Let's go in." Mitty looked around to find a group of rangy freshmen helping themselves to his powdery "Crisco-Shortening" doughnuts and coffee.

"You can't do that!" he shouted indignantly. They replied by tossing him lightly underneath the "I-bench," where he quietly brooded.

* * * * *

Walter, headwaiter of the famed Crane Club, Manhattanites' favorite rendezvous, surveyed the mass of mink, orchids, white ties and tails, sniffing critically the Chanel No. 5 and Tabu that filled his nostrils. Reginald Raer-Bitt, the Swedish cheese king apturned palm a hundred dollar bill. Walter proached him meekly, proffered in his upturned haughtily from him. Raer-Bitt turned away, a broken man. The most feared man in Manhattan had again, with the twist of a lip, broken another of the four-hundred, as he had made so many.

* * * * *

The eight o'clock bell rang and Mitty rose to dust himself off, in order to make his way through the miasmas of lines, already forming in double file around the building. After a day of bouncing into lines and being bounced out, Mitty found himself at four forty-five at the head of his twenty-seventh line. During his noon hour, most of which he spent wrestling with a Pan-H—(Editor's note: Profanity will not be allowed. This is a clean magazine)—inic Tea, which had laid siege to the Bucket, he made out his schedule which consisted of fourteen hours, ten of which were in American Folk Dancing and Introduction to Morbid Literature. This he handed to the wizened professor, who sat at the desk. He smiled an evil smile, his face breaking into a myriad of tiny lines like an ancient map.

"You'll have to have this O.K.'d by your student adviser," he sneered. "You'll find him in the basement of the old Navy building, which you can find by going to the University Hut, asking the Postmaster where the Agronomy building is and when you get there, by asking the Janitor in charge. Shouldn't take more than a couple of minutes. It's just a little formality." Mitty was not allowed time to ask where any of these buildings were. He found himself swept away by a group of hilarious Sophomores, who had succeeded in registering and who were on their way to "The Mug," to celebrate. When he succeeded in breaking away, after three steins of brew, he began the weary trek.

* * * * *

Walter (Bring 'emback Kickin') Mitty headed the Safari into the wilds of the Kilimanjaro Jungles in search of the lost novelist Ernest Heminstitch, who had become lost looking for some snow. Their supplies had been stolen days ago. The thirst was terrific. The hunger was terrific. The thirst was most terrific. They hadn't passed water in days. The members of the expedition all quaked at the thought of running into the head-hunting native tribe, the Kraabs. Mitty was their only hope. He pushed back the jungle before him. He alone held the party together.

Through the thickly over-grown underbrush, they spied smoke. Mitty raced to the scene. "Mr. Heminstitch, I presume," he said. A cheer arose from the thirsty natives as they spied an old cask of Amontillado. When last seen the members of the expedition were carrying the great explorer about on their shoulders singing "For he's a jolly good fellow," while quaffing great drafts of Amontillado.

* * * * *

Mitty met his adviser as he was leaving the old Navy building, locking and barring the door behind him. The freshmen fell to his knees, pleading to be O.K.'d, but the adviser was adamant. "You will find," he said, "that there are two kinds of people who go to college. Some go and get out in four years, then they become Alums. The other kind don't ever get out. Those they call Professors. If you keep trying you might be one of those. Mitty stood crestfallen.

Ph. D. Mitty walked stridently to the rostrum to receive his diploma Cumme Sum Laude. Students cheered this All-American, who graduated after two years and one day, to receive his B. A. And who six months later was being honored with the highest degree of the University. An all around Collegian, an all-around Idahonian . . .

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MURPHY and GOSS

SPEED

The other day I decided I'd be on time for work for a change, so upon coming out of American government class (literally, I should say, getting out of my seat) I was immediately grabbed by the arm by two big, rough-looking, heavily-bearded men who evidently were in more of a hurry than I, and after extracting my pencil from their shrubbery, was hoisted back down on my seat with a jolt that would make Grant's Tomb rock. My lowers fell out and after crawling under three rows of seats, I finally collected my plate, tooth by tooth, (after the cats had licked them) and proceeded to stand up (slowly, that is) to start over again. I did so and saw the two men already nearly out of the auditorium. They were easy to see because every one else was reduced to half size as a result of their big rush. To my amazement I made it to the hallway in five minutes, and having only five minutes left, I thought I'd get a quick drink at the "fountain" and be on my way. After refreshing myself, two kindly people strolled up to inform me I'd get water on the brain (what else?) from drinking too much of that stuff. I laughed it off 'cause it just struck me punny, and again started to work. (People are known for their promptness in university offices!)

This time I knew I'd make it because by that time people had rather thinned out of the hall. I approached the front entrance of the Ad Building only to find all the people from the government class shifted to the front steps which made a small total of only 450 students—a slight portion of the enrollment of this institution. It suddenly dawned on me this could well be a mental institution because near my right, just to the bottom of the stairs, a man was joyfully spitting his fingernails on the floor trying to show some uneasiness in hopes people would move a half inch. In one mad dash, I thought I'd just rather give an innocent little leap and end it all. Time was now straight up on the hour and time for me to be sitting behind my desk in preparation for the day's work. Just try it; maybe you'll survive, maybe you won't.

I fell over the fingernails and cigarette butts and waited for 2 minutes for one man to lift his broken leg from out of my way. After getting pretty disgusted over the whole thing I let it pass because, really, worse things have happened. I have been bawled out, balled up, held up, held down, hung up, bulldozed, black-jacked, walked on, cheated, squeezed and smooched; stuck for war tax, excess profit tax, stated dog tax and syntax; liberty bonds, baby bonds, red cross, green cross and double cross, asked to help and the bonds of matrimony (Hey, who's kidding?); the society of John, the Baptist; G.A.R., Women's Relief Corps, Men's Relief and stomach relief. I have worked like *hell*, have got others drunk; lost all I had and now because I won't spend and lend all the little I earn and go beg, borrow and steal, I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to and talked about, lied to and lied about, held up, robbed and darn near ruined. And the only reason I am sticking around now is to see what in the hell's next.

DOROTHY WREN

CHICAGO!

Chicago—gentlemen and bums, angels and whores smug, holier than thous, citified middle-class, and sincere, poverty-stricken 'Bohemians'; the honest citizen and the hoodlum; the politicians and the *Tribune* the factory workers and the white collar men and women; 'Bug House Square' and Field Museum—Chicago.

Two gabby old Irish fishwives sitting on the back porch of a tenement, drinking beer and talking about Kathleen's operation and "that pregnant Polak slut who isn't even married!" Two white haired gentlemen, dressed neatly but poorly, discussing Ibsen and "that damned wardheeler, Monahan!" over a back yard fence. Irishmen, Poles, Wops, Swedes, Spigs, and Krauts in Joe's saloon, having their "shot an' a beer," and talking politics, religion, war—you name it, they know all about it.

Fall—Indian summer—kids going to school, playing football in the streets; high school dances, roller skating parties. Girls and guys having a coke at the drug store: sincere puppy love, "Gee, Carol, but I like you, will you wear my ring?" "Oh, Bill!" That grand feeling—the barber shaving your neck for the first time; your first 'tux', stumbling onto "Bob" Service and liking it; reading Steinbeck and learning to look at life in his way.

"Hinkey Dink" Kenna and "Bathhouse John" Coughlin, the "First Ward," Kelly, John, 22nd and Halsted—Chicago!

You'll find hypocritical beggars and lying millionaires, but then, you'll find them everywhere. The only difference between young Chicago hoodlums and the Parisian gamin is that the French kid is courteous while he picks your pocket.

The worker, he comes home the day after payday, dead drunk, dead broke, his wife sick or crying, his kids hungry, the rent due. His foreman, he pays six bits a shot because he thinks he's a gentleman. His wife has a lot of airs and an imitation fur coat. The superintendent, he doesn't drink much because he is a gentleman. The only reason he's at the plant is because of his love of work, steel, and "a job well done."

Maisie, big-hipped, big breasted. You'll find her in any saloon, wearing a tight, black dress and a slightly disillusioned, slightly cynical smile. "Hello



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Johnny. Want me to help you spend your pay check?" Another three, four years and she'll be walking the streets. Black haired girls at bars and skating rinks, drink with you Saturday night and go to confession Sunday morning.

Women on Michigan Avenue: Forty surely, but not fat and foolish. They're superbly gowned, with trim figures, and quite a few possessing a modicum of intelligence. Smart women in smart places; wearing dresses to suit their figures, not figures trying to fit their dresses.

State and Randolph; busiest corner in the world. People going nowhere fast, and in a hell of a hurry, too. The Chicago, United Artists, Rialto, shows where your entertained. Henrecies', Ho Sai Guis', Shangri-La, eat, drink, and be entertained. World Playhouse, Harris, Erlanger, look and be entertained. Chiago.

Sweet-faced young mothers, sending their children to school and saying to themselves, "Oh, Lord. Please don't let him grow up too fast." High school Joe's and high school Jills drinking cherry cokes at the bowling alley. College kids having a beer at Al's.

Chicago! The great composite.

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STUDENTS IN THE NEWS

(Reprinted from
University of Michigan INSIGHT)

The University of the United Nations may soon become a reality. The proposal now before the UN would establish the world university at Geneva, Switzerland, where it would take over the buildings once used by the League of Nations.

Students at the University of Kiel have found temporary housing in canal barges. Jewish students were admitted to the University of Heidelberg this semester for the first time in over a decade.

A progressive Student Council at McMasters University in Ontario, Canada, is sponsoring a student accident insurance program. If approved by a two-thirds vote of the student body, the \$3.50 fee collected each semester will provide every student with a \$500 policy which will pay any expenses incurred as the result of an accident.

American students visiting Tsinghua University at Peiping carried vitamin pills in with them only to be told by doctors that the pills would be of little use to the Chinese students. The vitamins were fat-soluble and the students had no fat in their diet to absorb them.

Sixty thousand students (twice the pre-war enrollment) have flocked back to the universities of Czechoslovakia. Of these, thirty per cent are between 25 and 32 years old. Every fifth student has tuberculosis.

When asked where he lived, a college student in Athens, Greece, hesitated, then finally admitted, "I sleep on a shelf in a bookstore."

The outstanding student magazines have recently printed debates pro and con on the social fraternity-sorority system. The fur is flying.

The NAACP is taking a case to court in which the University of Oklahoma refused on the basis of color to admit to its law school Miss Ada Louis Sipuel, an honor graduate of Langston University in Oklahoma. She is a Negro. Members of the "Y" Race Relation Committee at the University of Oklahoma held a dinner in honor of Miss Sipuel, and have helped press an appeal. Action is pending.

It's a Question of a

DOG LICENSE

or a HAIRCUT at

The Campus Barber Shop

Three Barbers to Serve You.

ACROSS FROM THE NEST

POETRY

By *Greg Potvin*

Do not disturb the limp leaves
 While yet they hang
 Awaiting the coming of the black clouds
 gathering in the West.
 While inside I sit
 The universe stretching out—
 Out in every direction about me.
 Pen in hand
 Cigar in mouth . . . I sit.
 In an angular chair at an angular table
 writing angular thoughts
 Unobsessed,
 Unpossessed,
 I sit.

Musty sawdust floor, stale odor,
 Of long-since smoked cigarettes;
 Cheap perfume redundant in its insinuations;
 Sibilant red covers the impressions made
 By previous buttocks sitting here.
 Scarred table top covered by half-filled glasses
 And cigarettes forming a drunken pattern,
 Of disharmony marred only here and there
 By a crumpled napkin smeared with lipstick
 Wiped from what it was designed to hide—
 The too hard lines of a woman's mouth.

There are many avenues,
 Some not wide.
 There are many trees
 But not all are green
 Although they too, in time,
 Shall be refurbished.
 Many places, many people,
 And yet they all reduce
 To the common denominator of you.

Whither the walfarer?
 To what avail the countless comings and
 goings?
 The frenzied path leads inevitably away . . .
 from you
 And having followed it,
 I find myself—neither further nor closer
 from you.
 Having so imbibed the engulfing draught
 From the despondent cup
 The horizon widens unto new and enlarged
 scopes,
 Which I must go forth to meet.



CHOOSING A DREAM

I've wandered so far in these brief years,
 Searched, dreamed, and so often—
 Hunted through the stars,
 The skies,
 Winter's icy, secluded street,
 Fall's dying moments—

Looked for fulfillment and been ever
 Disappointed.

Where are the years fleeing?

Perhaps there will be a day when I shall
 come to know;
 But as for me now,
 I gaze into the looming years,
 And my heart is frozen
 Remembering the trail.

Knowing that the best in me is wandering thru
 a saddened life

Because I can not be happy unless I am
 Searching through the cold frozen willows,
 Through the wet, hot swamps,
 Through the dry parched plains,

And always discarding

Reality as a dream
 And choosing the
 Dream for reality.

SHIRLEY COWAN



PANAMA LADY

Oh, Panama lady,
 I've seen you of old;
 You've scraped out my pockets
 For all of their gold.
 You can dance like a fairy
 And lie like a rogue,
 And charm a drunk sailor
 In your smooth tongued brogue.

Your cheeks are all colored,
 Your eyes brightly shine,
 But your face is just painted
 And you're giddy with wine.
 Your hands are all caresses,
 They're softer than felt;
 Put a man right in heaven
 Then steal his belt.
 If they washed off your paint
 And took all your guile,
 You'd be the bitch devil
 With never a smile.

So Panama lady,
 I've known you before;
 Though you've fooled me once
 I'll be fooled no more.

"LUKE" ELLINGSON
Pacific
 Sept., 1944

—Not only in Panama—

QUOTE

Spring is grossly over-rated.
 Just because June rhymes with moon,
 And all that Fall and Winter
 Rhyme with
 Is snow—
 People take advantage of
 The fact

The blue skies are over-stated.
 Winter has bluer skies than Spring—
 And grayer too, and
 Often much
 Heavier—
 With, as Mr. Hammer said, "accom-
 panying
 Precipitation."

Spring has rain, and Spring Fever.
 Winter has colds. And I
 Wud speech longer, bud udfortunadly
 My nose is all
 Stobbed ub.
 Oh, how I wisdt id were spring!
 Unquote.

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 (or anytime for that matter)
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GOOD Food and GOOD Service

AT THE
VARSIITY CAFE

THE GHOST ON THE "I" TOWER

Dear Mom:

Know what?

There's a ghost on the campus, a real one! At least everyone says it's a real one. It walks around the railing on the top of the "I" tower every night at ten. I know this is hard to believe, but to be sure it's so I'm going to go see for myself tonight.

I suppose you're wondering by now what the "I" tower is. It's really nothing but a big water tower that stands on a hill behind the campus, just above the arboretum, where the forestry and comparative anatomy students study. It has a big "I" painted on it, and because you can see it from such a distance, it has become a landmark of the university.

Well, every night at ten this ghost appears from nowhere on the little catwalk high above the trees. He's supposed to walk around the tower three times and then he disappears. They say he acts like he's looking for something. Jewel May said she heard it moan softly one night, and Naomi Hobza said it had a flashlight last Thursday.

Everybody seems to agree that it's a man though, and that he wears a big black overcoat. His form is supposed to be clearly outlined against the sky.

If all this is true, I'll see him tonight. I guess the whole student body goes up to the arboretum every night and sits and watches him.

I'm going to watch tonight with a fellow I met today. Oh, I haven't mentioned him yet, have I?

Well, this afternoon as I was wandering across the beautiful Idaho campus, minding my own business and thinking how lucky I was to be able to go to such a wonderful school with so many men around, I chanced to find myself near the engineering building as classes were being dismissed and just as I was about to find a quiet spot on the lawn across the street to study, I found myself unceremoniously sprawled head over heels. There's a little bank near there that goes down to the tennis courts and I must have rolled four or five feet before I stopped. No, they won't let us girls wear slacks to classes!

It seems that one engineer was so eager to get to his English class that he failed to see me in his rush.

There's Snow in the Air . . .

and winter sports are here. You'll want to see our stock of skis, and sporting goods before that next rendezvous with winter.

WESTERN'S

Naturally, being a gentleman, he picked me up—off the ground, that is. (Oh, how strong and manly he is!)

Since he had made himself late for his next class and since he didn't have his diagramming done anyway for Mrs. Chandler, and of course he wouldn't dare insult her by walking into class late, he asked me to have a cup of coffee at the Perch with him.

I reasoned that if I had not been careless and gotten in his way he would then have been happily in class, so the least I could do for the poor boy to console him for missing class would be to have a cup of coffee with him—don't you think? (By the way, his name is Bill Farley).

Surprisingly enough, we got a booth at the Perch and over a cup of coffee (Bill calls it "joe") he asked me to go see the ghost tonight. Since we had properly introduced ourselves by that time, naturally I told him I would be delighted to go.

He thought I might be scared, but I told him no ghost could scare me with him along, as long as the ghost stayed up on the "I" tower. Besides, I just love to do new and different things.

He smiled at that.

I know you will be happy to know that I am dating a very nice boy. He is an engineer. He is very studious and industrious and very much of an engineer, he says. He doesn't drink or smoke and he informs me that no true engineer would think of THAT on a date, or otherwise. I know it will please you that I am dating such a nice quiet, intelligent boy rather than the campus playboys that you warned me about, and said had no respect for a girl. I will be home by 11 o'clock as you told me to do. (We have 12:30 permission on Friday nights, but I'll remember that you told me.)

Bill says going out to watch a ghost is a rather frivolous thing to do, but he promises to compensate for this by explaining his theory of aerodynamics.

Now mother I must study my Spanish for tomorrow so I can go see the ghost on the "I" tower tonight with Bill.

Your loving daughter

JACKIE

P. S.—Saturday, a. m.

You know, there wasn't any ghost up in the arboretum last night, and I doubt if there ever was. Bill is a swell fellow, but I'm beginning to wonder if engineers are such a nice sort of people after all.

Something must have happened. Maybe it wasn't the right time of the moon for the ghost to show. We stayed for a long time and looked up every so often to see if Mr. Ghost had shown up. There were others up there, but no ghost. I guess lots of people were disappointed.

MAURICE PAULSEN

* * * * *

This wasn't in the papers but a certain Hollywood actress who had been married to a director for three years without a blessed event got a divorce last week and married a producer.

CALLING ALL GIRLS

News Item:

"It has been estimated that between six to eight million American women of this generation will not be able to find husbands—"

This news item is very startling and alludes to a problem that must somehow be coped with. There are a lot of factors resulting in this problem. Some skeptics may point to Lena the Hyena as one, but we try not to be obsequious, gentlemen. In the first place, since the war has caused this serious shortage, a further grim note is added when we realize that teas, lodge conventions, football, the Brooklyn Dodger games, and hunters blasting each other's heads off, involves a far more serious problem than is commonly supposed.

Girls! Unless we band together now, a lot of us are going to be leading peaceful lives, and if that happens, think how unhappy we will be. Since it seems obvious that the male is a dying species (Shades of Freud, what will happen to the psychologists, how will they make a living?), we must scrape together some devices for preserving the few remaining.

First, we must stop forcing the few remaining live specimens (and some of the not-so-live ones) to teas and concerts, dressing them up in starched shirts, black ties, and tails. (Sounds like a penquin, but it isn't, it's a concert goer.) They will not be able to survive that type of existence for long. Give them a little time each day, about eight or ten hours, for inhaling the pure, fresh atmosphere found in Joe's Malt Shop. This will give them the opportunity to fully develop their naturally dirty dispositions.

Second, keep them away from lodge conventions. Remember that it is estimated that approximately 10,000 men (?) are annually incapacitated because of falling downstairs, over cigarette butts, greeting old buddies, putting horses into bathtubs, and the various things lodge members are wont to do when released from their prisons. This alone is a serious problem. If all the lodge members were laid end to end, they would—and they do.

Third, keep them away from football, both playing and watching. Football, that is. Although it is admitted that football is not currently dangerous for the players, still, it tends to keep specimens in football suits and out of Joe's. They're always away on trips, running up some other college's score. The hazards of watching are obvious, of course. Many a good, perfectly sound whiskey bottle has been ruined on the dome of a spectator.

Fourth and last, but not least, do try to remember that man is a naturally sensitive animal. When he doesn't know his French lesson, just bat your eyes and give him the proper verb, and then excuse yourself for having interrupted. This will give him a chance to relay it to the teacher and encourage his already well-entrenched sense of superiority to grow into a lively, repulsive over-appreciation of himself. He will then become more the type that we are so familiar with.

Girls, this problem can and must be licked. We are trying to form a Society for the Preservation of the Male Animal. Please send four used dance programs and one gum wrapper to 1313 Blvd., Antartica. Your only dues will be your energy expended in this worthy cause and the results will be that you will probably marry some man who loves his gin, his secretary, his lodge and himself. You will in this way wind up perfectly miserable and perfectly normal for the rest of your unnatural life.

SHIRLEY COWAN

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across the street, come and
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Young Angelo

During the afternoon that Angelo died he and I climbed a hill. We talked, looked and thought, and I climbed a hill. We talked, looked and thought, and spent a thoroughly enjoyable hour sitting on the close cropped grass of the commanding hill-top. Angelo had said that the spot afforded an excellent view of Capri and the bay as well as Naples itself, so we decided to hike up from our billet at the hill's foot. The May sun scorched through our hot woolen uniforms as Angelo and I ambled from our cool, stone barracks, across a gravel parade ground, encircled by tank traps and four other bullet gouged, two story barracks. We were just back from the main line pushing toward Rome and both Angelo and I laughed when we caught ourselves checking carefully for snipers as we stepped across the pitted highway out onto the branching clay road. The sweating youngster hung his fine, looted boots around his neck and let his caloused feet track along the dusty, white ribbon that wound its way up the hill-side. Those wiry legs, which in 1939 had carried him from his dead father in the Warsaw embassy to his mother's villa at Sorrento, unconsciously swung into the infantryman's loose stride. He had rolled up his cut-down trousers to keep them clean and now his brown ankles were covered with whitish clay dust. Angelo seemed happy as he removed his precious wad of chewing gum and began singing "Pistol Packin' Mama" in a fourteen-year-old's ringing soprano. He loved to sing, the louder the better.

As we ascended the ambling road our bodies were cooled by a sea breeze that grew stronger as we approached the hill top until it whipped our hair about and refreshed us with its caustic tang. At the crest Angelo turned off the road and strode through cropped, wind kicked grass to a stone well against which he leaned as he viewed the watery horizon while I sat on the grass to rest against the well's cool wall. Angelo flopped belly down on the grass and gazed over the hill's back slope toward the shattered farm buildings, the orchards and mottled green fields that rolled away to the distant, spiny mountains. He sighed contentedly and then spoke.



"It would be good to stay like this, Guiseppe. Fear is gone and the air is warm; I am not even hungry."

"It can only last a few more days. Angelo," I replied in the dialect of my grand parents. "But you should not go north with us again. We can find you an American outfit here with which to stay."

"Oh, no, I shall go with my friends. I am back with the cooks mostly anyway and besides I am a good shot. Even when I am with you I have never been too frightened, except during that rainy night when you six slept and I guarded by myself. I was very fearful then, but nothing happened."

Knowing that the captain would keep him well back I said no more about it as Angelo moved over to the well beside me. There only a bit of the wind nipped at us and before I began to drowse I noticed Angelo's slender chin resting on his arm clasped knees while those black eyes contemplated the historic city. Soon I was roused by his young voice, though he was musing aloud rather than speaking to me.

"No, Guiseppe, if I stayed here in Napoli I should soon be what I was after my mother left with the German colonel. I do not like to beg nor to sell *senorinas*; that is an ugly life."

And before I could ask the question that I mentally posed he answered it in a flat, explanatory manner.

"But I was hungry."

by the wood's tone. I guess that is why he drank so much vino, because he had to work all day at a desk instead of with his tools. Although when we were at Paris we would often drive out to the country with a basket of food and several wood blocks which father would bring back carved into trees or people or a landscape. I liked best to sit with him on our apartment balcony as he sketched street scenes which he would later carve in wood. Once he did a figure of me in deep brown looking out of a window and I was very happy when he titled it "The Young Artist."

He paused, smiling over his memory.

"Father would be glad if he knew how I practice working with wood. My mother would not like it though. She did not understand much about beauty and when I lived with her after father was killed in Warsaw, she would not let me practice carving or drawing but kept me busy studying school lessons. Maybe that is why I do not like school subjects. She was very angry whenever I disobeyed and worked with my knives. When she went up to Bologna with that handsome German officer two years ago I promised to follow her with the servants; but I didn't. I slipped away instead to some poor friends' house the night we were supposed to leave. They sent a few policemen to find me but they didn't look very hard and mother never returned to Napoli. I believe she was not unhappy to lose me," he commented wryly.

He accepted half of a soft Hershey bar and placidly let the chocolate dissolve on his tongue.

"From here Napoli looks quite beautiful, Guiseppe; it seems like the great city my father would tell about. Do you notice how the shattered walls blend into the less harmed buildings behind and how even the trees look green and unscarred? Distance seems to dull the detail and leave only the pattern. I wonder if we shall not someday see this war in such a manner against the background of years?"

He considered that thought for a moment and then spoke again.

"Do you see that bombed-out grey church below us there, near the bay? One of these days they will haul the roof and great spire off the floor, erect new ones and forget the faces of those twelve persons

He pinched off a clover head from beside the well, absently nibbling the sweet flower as he ruminated. An old shepherd was driving his depleted band of sheep up the road toward the higher grass below us and as Angelo watched them his slim face gradually assumed a rapt expression and his body strained forward like a pointer's.

"Wonderful," he breathed. "In the hardest wood."

He remained thus, transfixed, for several moments. Then he slumped back against the wall and sighed.

"It could be a great work, but I am not yet skilled enough to do it."

"You made me a very nice ring out of that silver dollar, Angelo," I answered. "I'm sure you could do this too if you set your mind to it."

"Do not talk to me as to a child," he said indignantly. "I could not do the depth nor the shepherd's face nor the proper coloring without many years of careful practice. My father might have been able to do it. He was very skilled; he could bring out mood who were crushed at the altar; because it really doesn't matter one way or another that those persons have died."

Angelo's sharp features appeared shocked, then amazed as he became aware of what he had said. He peered frightenedly up as he whispered to me.

"Is it like that everywhere, Guiseppe?"

"Yes, a man does count more there Angelo, but that is because there are fewer men, not because the people are different."

"But isn't America different? I have heard that a man counts there."

I nodded.

He sat in troubled silence for some time, then his face lit up as a thought struck him and he seized upon a rebuttal.

"Ah, but I think you are wrong," he exclaimed. "You Americans are more kind than most people. You will remember how we met six months ago. It was late at night and I was stealing a carton of cigarettes from a soldier's pack when you clamped an arm around my neck. But when you shone a light on me and saw that I was a boy you laughed and made me sit by your guard post all night and warm myself with hot coffee. I was very fearful that you would beat me and put me in prison like they do over here but in the morning you took me to the captain and he had me work with the cooks and gave me warm clothing. No, you have been good to me. Look, for example, at this fine steel knife which your mother sent over for me to use. Now you can not buy knives like this in Italy."

"My family once lived near Milano and some are still there, Angelo," I replied. "But for twenty-five years we have lived in a country where great poverty is seldom known, and so I, who might have been a fascisto, have learned instead to be occasionally generous because I can afford to be so."

"Then I should like to go to America some day. Things will be bad here for many years but there is some hope over there, and perhaps I could create something beautiful enough to make people glad I came. Do you think that I might be able to live in America, Guiseppe?"

"I think you might, Angelo. I shall help you when the time comes."

The sun was dropping toward the Mediterranean and a chill was in the breeze as we arose from beside the well and began our descent toward the barracks. Capri was veiled in a purple haze and the sun spread a shimmering carpet upon the bay. The great scarred hills of Naples were lightly veiled in the gathering mist and the shepherd's flock was moving home. As we paused in admiration Angelo quietly spoke.

"God is wonderful to create all this. Small wonder that he has not time to care for little fellows like me."

Angelo was silent during the rest of our walk. He lagged a few yards behind as we crossed the crooked highway leading past camp and so was in the middle of the pavement as a speeding American truck shot around the sharp curve toward him. He screamed once before he was struck.

SAM BUTTERFIELD



"MAY I CUT IN?"

For the Coming . . .

Holiday Season

YOU'LL WANT TO LOOK

YOUR BEST



Mandel's Barber Shop

GOLF

Golf is a form of work made expensive enough for a man to enjoy it. It is physical and mental exertion made attractive by the fact that you have to dress for it in a \$200,000 clubhouse.

Golf is what letter-carrying, ditch-digging, and carpet beating would be if those three tasks had to be performed on the same hot afternoon in short pants and colored socks by gouty-looking gentlemen who required a different implement for every mood.

Golf is the simplest looking game in the world when you decide to take it up, and the toughest looking after you have been at it ten or twelve years.

It is probably the only known game a man can play as long as a quarter of a century and then discover that it was too deep for him in the first place.

The game is played on carefully selected grass with little white balls and as many clubs as the player can afford. These little balls cost from seventy-five cents to \$25.00, and it is possible to support a family of ten people (all adults) for five months on the money represented by the balls lost by some golfers in a single afternoon.

A golf course has eighteen holes, seventeen of which are unnecessary and put in to make the game harder.

A "hole" is a tin cup in the center of a "green." A "green" is a small parcel of grass costing about \$1.98 a blade and usually located between a brook and a couple of apple trees, or a lot of "unfinished excavation."

The idea is to get the golf ball from a given point into each of the eighteen cups in the fewest strokes and the greatest number of words.

The ball must not be thrown, pushed or carried. It must be propelled by about \$200.00 worth of curious looking implements, especially designed to provoke the owner.

Each implement has a specific purpose and ultimately some golfers get to know what that purpose is. They are the exceptions.

After each hole has been completed the golfer counts his strokes. Then he subtracts six and says "Made that in five. That's one above par. Shall we play for fifty cents on the next hole, too, Ed?"

After the final, or eighteenth hole, the golfer adds up his score and stops when he has reached eighty-seven. He then has a swim, a pint of gin, sings "Sweet Adeline" with six or eight other liars and calls it the end of a perfect day.

—JOHN W. MORLEY,

KUOI ON THE AIR

Campus station KUOI went on a full program schedule last month, with music, feature programs, novelties, sports broadcasts, and drama. A student owned and operated project, the station celebrated its first anniversary last month when the Radio club held open house and a broadcast party November 15.

Over fifty students are members of the club that operates the

SUNDAY:

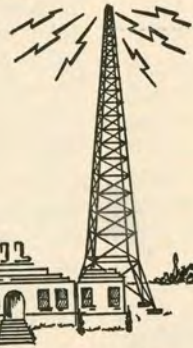
- 2:00-2:15—"Music from Ridenbaugh."
- 2:15-2:30—"Classics by Jule Tanner."
- 2:30-3:00—Talks presented by Ministerial Association.
- 3:00-3:15—"Idaho Vagabond."
- 3:15-3:30—"Strictly Instrumental."
- 3:30-4:00—Sunday Serenade.
- 4:00-5:00—Vandal Varieties.

MONDAY:

- 6:45-7:45—Yawn Patrol.
- 3:00-3:30—Jam Session.
- 3:30-4:00—Afternoon Concerto
- 4:00-4:30—Tune Time.
- 4:30-5:00—Request Time
- 5:00-5:30—Boy Meets Horn
- 5:30-6:00—Smokey Music.
- 6:00-6:30—Dinner Music.
- 6:30-7:00—Western Jamboree
- 7:00-7:15—Campus Calendar
- 7:15-7:30—Fascinating Rythms
- 7:30-7:45—Sports.
- 7:45-8:30—Fascinating Rythms.
- 8:30-9:00—Rendezvous with the Classics.

TUESDAY:

- 6:45-7:45—Yawn Patrol.
- 3:00-3:30—Jam Session.
- 3:30-4:00—Afternoon Concerto.
- 4:00-4:30—Club 655.
- 4:30-5:00—Request Time.
- 5:00-5:30—Meet the Gang.
- 5:30-6:00—Smokey Music.
- 6:00-6:30—Dinner Music.
- 6:30-7:00—Lucky Number.
- 7:00-7:30—Round Table.
- 7:30-8:30—Fascinating Rythms.
- 8:30-9:00—Rendezvous with the Classics.



WEDNESDAY:

- 6:45-7:45—Yawn Patrol.
- 3:00-3:30—Jam Session.
- 3:30-4:00—Afternoon Concerto.
- 4:00-4:30—Tune Time.
- 4:30-5:00—Request Time.
- 5:00-5:30—Boy Meets Horn.
- 5:30-6:00—Style Tips.
- 6:00-6:30—Dinner Music.
- 6:30-7:00—Western Jamboree
- 7:00-7:15—To Be Announced.
- 7:15-8:30—Exchange Music.
- 8:30-9:00—Rendezvous with the Classics.

THURSDAY:

- 6:45-7:45—Yawn Patrol.
- 3:00-3:30—Jam Session.
- 3:30-4:00—Afternoon Concerto.
- 4:00-4:30—Club 655.
- 4:30-5:00—Request Program.
- 5:00-5:15—Personalities.

station. Students may qualify for membership with fifteen hours on the air. The station is operated by money taken in on recorded dance music that the members furnish for dances and special entertainments.

Below is a complete schedule of KUOI's program listings, for your permanent reference. Changes in programs are being made from time to time, according to Larry Lamson, program chairman.

- 5:15-5:30—Platter Chatter.
- 5:30-6:00—Smokey Music.
- 6:00-6:30—Dinner Music.
- 6:30-7:00—Lucky Number.
- 7:00-7:30—The Paulsen Playhouse.
- 7:30-7:45—Fascinating Rhythms.
- 7:45-8:00—News.
- 8:00-8:30—Fascinating Rhythms.
- 8:30-9:00—Rendezvous with the Classics.

FRIDAY:

- 6:45-7:45—Yawn Patrol.
- 3:00-3:30—Jam Session.
- 3:30-4:00—Afternoon Concerto.
- 4:00-4:30—Tune Time.
- 4:30-5:00—Request Program.
- 5:00-5:30—Boy Meets Horn.
- 5:30-6:00—Smokey Music.
- 6:00-6:30—Dinner Music.
- 6:30-7:00—Western Jamboree.
- 7:00-7:30—Campus Hit Parade.
- 7:30-7:45—Sports.
- 7:45-8:30—Fascinating Rhythms.
- 8:30-9:30—Rendezvous with the Classics.
- 9:30-10:00—Bob Olsen and his Band.

SATURDAY:

- 6:45-7:45—Yawn Patrol.
- 3:00-3:30—Jam Session.
- 3:30-4:00—Afternoon Concerto.
- 4:00-4:30—Club 655.
- 4:30-5:30—Request Program.
- 5:30-6:00—Smokey Music.
- 6:00-6:30—Dinner Music.
- 6:30-7:00—Lucky Number.
- 7:00-7:30—Lyrical Show Case.
- 7:30-8:30—Fascinating Rhythms.
- 8:30-9:00—Rendezvous with the Classics.

PANDEMONIUM

First Drunk: "Shee 'at fly crawlin' up 'at wall?"
Second Drunk: "Tha's no fly; tha's a ladybug."
First Drunk: 'Migawd man, wha' marvelous eyesight."

Kappa: "You know what worries me when I see them launching a ship?"

Fiji: "No, what?"

Kappa: "Well, you know the girl who hits it on the nose with a bottle—well, how does she know how hard to hit it to knock it into the water?"

Alumnus: "Why, I'm sorry to hear that. How did Brother K. die?"
S.A.E.: "He fell through some scaffolding."
Alumnus: "What was he doing up there?"
S.A.E.: "Being hanged."

Mrs. B (displaying her new lamp shade): "Isn't it lovely? And it cost me only \$10."

Mr. B (desperately): "If you wear that to church tomorrow, you go alone!"

"Another combination shot," said the coed as she leaned too far over the billiard table.



Beta: "Why do some girls stutter when they want to be necked?"
Theta: "I-I-I-don't know."

Dahlstrom: "But officer, I'm a college student."

Cop: "You'll go to jail just the same . . . Ignorance is no excuse."

"That's a pretty dress you have on."
"Yes, I only wear it to teas."
"Whom?"

Little: "I think I lost a buck."

Martindale: "Don't worry. It's around here some place. A dollar doesn't go very far these days."

Last line of defense: But the folks will be home anytime now.

Preacher: "So God has sent you two more little brothers, Dolly?"

"Yes, and He knows where the money's coming from—I heard Daddy say so."

Mother: "What are you reading, son?"

Billy: "Esquire, Mom."

Mother: "Oh, that's all right, dear, I was afraid you'd gotten hold of a BLOT."

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