

COPY

BLOT



25¢



EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

NEWS ITEM, 1944
Cigarette shortage spreads
... Counters jammed...
Millions try different brands
— any brand they can get.



EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS

the Differences in Cigarette Quality

*...and now the demand for Camels
— always great
— is greater than ever in history.*

DURING the war shortage of cigarettes
... that's when your "T-Zone" was
really working overtime.

That's when millions of people found that
their "T-Zone" gave a happy okay to the
rich, full flavor and the cool mildness of
Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos.

And today more people are asking for
Camels than ever before in history. But, no
matter how great the demand:

*We do not tamper with Camel quality. We
use only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and
blended in the time-honored Camel way!*



*According to a recent
Nationwide survey:*

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE **CAMELS** *than any other cigarette*



Doctors too smoke for pleasure. And when three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—the brand named most was Camel!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Your 'T-ZONE'
will tell you...
T FOR TASTE...
T FOR THROAT...
That's your proving ground
for any cigarette. See
if Camels don't
suit your 'T-ZONE'
to a 'T'



COVERING THE COVER GIRLS

GERRY SHEPARD—A Spokane miss and holder of the coveted "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" title is a freshman in psychology. There is, however, nothing Freudian in her looks. She finds her major interest in swimming and a glance at the beautiful Ti Phi will attest to her form for it.

Boisian PAT BARNES names as her favorite pastime fortune telling and we can't think of anyone we'd rather have checking on our tea cups. A Delta Gamma, she is a freshman in sociology. Footlights beckon her and her dark-eyed beauty should carry her far.

IRENE KIRSCH of Ridenbaugh Hall, our first cover girl, and from Potlatch, is a freshman in secretarial studies and we will say this, that we'd like to have petite Miss Kirsch taking a letter for us.

HELEN HERRINGTON, also of Boise, boasts big blue eyes and raven hair. A sponsor of the Boise High School R.O.T.C. Alpha Phi, Herrington is carrying on the reputation for beauty here at the Idaho campus.

A beautifully wide smile identifies JOAN LITCHFIELD of Kappa Kappa Gamma. From Lewiston, the lovely brunette is a sociology major and enjoys music and dancing.

JO ANNE ELAM, another Boisian, is an accomplished violinist. She attended Horace Mann's School in New York City and has brought over a 3.5 grade average to her house, Gamma Phi.

While in the Navy, THETA BARBY BEDWELL was named "Miss Washington, D. C. Receiving Station of 1945". The russet-haired, green-eyed junior in commercial art is walking proof of the Navy's meticulous taste. Her favorite occupation, record collecting.


MAX GALVIN of D. D. D. is quite experienced at this business of modelling, since she modelled at College of Idaho in Caldwell. Named "Sweetheart of Emmett High School", the tall, tawny and terrific junior is making tracks in that direction here.

JUNE SUTTON, who represents Forney Hall on our cover is a sociology major, like so many of our cover girls. She has dark hair and green eyes and was a member of the Spars during the war. All we can say is the services really had some beauties.

Dark-eyed DOROTHY MAIO, although a member of Dalda Tau Gamma, is from Priest River and majoring in general business. She finds her interest in swimming, journalism and dramatics.

Representing Hays Hall, PHYLLIS WYTZELL recently pledged Tri-Delt. She is from Emmett and is interested in music and sports.

Alpha Chi KAY WEBER has come a long way to Idaho. She is from Denver, and just recently made the long trek westward. The attractive brunette is a junior in zoology and is interested in fishing, skiing and music.



Blot

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UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO

Moscow, Idaho

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“He saw the familiar ‘I’ tower on the hill . . . ”

RETURN

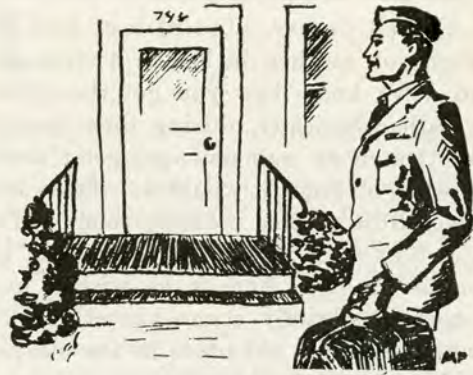
The chair car was what finally did it. New York harbor and the "Lady" were thrilling and he had cheered but they hadn't touched the chord. Chicago and Minneapolis and Butte had looked good to him and the waving people had caused him to grin but there was no real response. At Spokane he climbed onto the old dingy N. P. chair car with its straight seats, dirty floor and grimy windows and he knew he was home. This was familiar. The car's odor, a distinctive aroma of cigars, grease, smoke and anti-septic, filled his nostrils like attar. This was the same train he had ridden to and from Spokane since he was a small child. He knew the length of each milk stop and the name of every town, there wasn't an unfamiliar curve in the entire eighty-five miles of track. Yes sir, he was back in the country where he knew everybody and understood the people — where life was going to be good and he knew all the answers and nobody seemed to have serious troubles.

He got a hershey bar from his duffle bag and munched it as he looked out the window. The high, sweeping hills were delicately green with the sprouting wheat and alfalfa. Full streams raced the train and gleefully threw April sunlight at the sooty cars. Then he saw the eroded land, the corrugated slopes and the mud-filled ditches by the roads where the dirty water had stopped. The fields must have been badly over-cropped and to see it made him angry. The Italians had done that for centuries and in some places there he had seen fields that now would produce little except grass and vegetables. It may have been necessary, of course, during the war years—he didn't know. There were a lot of things, he suddenly realized, that he didn't know about his home, just as there were a lot of things that he did know about other places. He had seen sights that he hadn't believed possible and he knew of things that were so strange as to cause him even now to wonder if they were true. There was that dead Arab he had seen on a scorching, congested street in Oran. He had stared aghast at the Frenchmen and Arabs walking unconcernedly past the fly-covered corpse. The train stopped at Colfax and he marveled that the people paid no attention; in Europe the populace of every battered town and all the farms would have rushed out to wave at the train and collect whatever candy, cigarettes and "C" rations the G. I.'s felt like throwing their way. If the train should stop, even in the country, it would be besieged by people trying to sell anything for some food or selling themselves for a chance to ride to another portion of their country where a job was waiting or conditions were reported better. As the train whistled to leave he flipped a cigarette out the window and it lit near a tall, mack-awed farmer, white-haired, sturdy and independent. If this were Germany, the soldier reflected, that venerable man would have been down on hands and knees battling with children for possession of the cigarette.

"Just get out, Son?" asked the conductor.

"Yeah, just yesterday. Been away from the states for two years."

"Lot of you fellows coming home now. Guess you'll be taking most of the jobs. Us old guys have been at it pretty steadily these past five years so we



won't be too sorry to take a little rest. I'm three years past the retirement age myself." The conductor checked over his ticket. "How long you lived in Moscow?"

"All my life. In fact until I went into the army I'd never been outside of the Inland Empire."

"You don't say. Bet you're glad to be back, too."

It was nothing very important but he knew that the old conductor was telling him it was good to have him home. He noticed, when he walked back to his seat from the water fountain, that people smiled at him with their eyes and nodded to him. They may not have understood what he had done but they tried.

The stubby train stopped at Pullman and then chuffed on through nine miles of nervous excitement. His palms sweated, though he continually dried them on his trousers. He opened his duffle bag and looked inside three times; he didn't know what he was looking for. He smoked a couple of cigarettes too fast and had to drink several cups of ice-water. They swept past the Idaho state line and he started to grin. He saw the university barns and the familiar "I" tower on the hill and to the left, just across the highway, were the same farm houses. He saw Circle Drive and its large, modern homes gazing assuredly over the drab little houses below. They rushed through the weedy road yard past the smoke-grimed houses along the tracks and pulled into the station where he knew no one would be to greet him. He hadn't wanted to meet anyone at the station so he didn't tell them when he would arrive. With a duffle bag over his right shoulder, his hat askew and his face bewildered, he looked hardly like the returning warrior as he descended from the train. He swung the bag to the ground and looked at nothing and everything. He breathed the cool, thin air. He felt a sense of climax. As he watched the dingy local puff furiously down the tracks, past the great pea warehouses and out into the Palouse hills he saw it draw the curtain on an unpleasant but unforgettable act in his life.

The soldier lugged his duffle bag over to the rugged little taxi driver whom he had known since before he could remember.

"Mr. Riley, will you put this bag in your trunk and bring it around to my house in about an hour?"

"Where's your house," asked Mr. Riley without lifting his eyes from the cigarette package he was unwrapping.

When the address was given the Irishman looked at him with a start, grabbed his hand and shook it with abandon while offering a free taxi ride. The soldier refused. He didn't want his family to see him

just yet. He felt uneasy, kind of lost, like after a drunk when you awaken in bed in a strange hotel room and don't know how you got there. He had changed, rather basically, during these past three years and though he was not apologetic about his new viewpoint, he knew it would not please his parents. Above all he wanted a happy reunion. Let the changes, as they must, reveal themselves but let the revelation be gradual. And so he wished to walk through town, to briefly atune himself to his environment, to find his old place in the old pattern (if the old pattern were there).

He took his leave and started through town to his home. As he turned up Main street he was surprised and a little displeased by the number of people whom he didn't recognize. He noted that the people looked tired but had lost the anxious expression which so many of them had worn on his last furlough two years before. There was an air of activity on the sunny street and the little stores seemed filled with goods; quite a contrast to what he had left. He turned up Third street toward the hopeful, new high school. Some boys were playing baseball on the uncompleted school field as he passed and across the street in the tower of the homely, grey Methodist church, where so many people worshipped, the clock sounded eleven. He walked on up the hill and turned left into his own neighborhood. He wanted to run, his home was only a few blocks away, but he checked himself. Take it slow, boy, find out where you are. And as he strolled along the maple flanked walks he was distressed by the sight of several run-down yards and some old homes unbecomingly remodeled into apartment houses. He was reminded of the lonely brownstone fronts in New York. The maples had not changed. Their translucent buds gave the big, mossy trees a tender, pinkish cast. High, golden fans of forsythia dominated the gardens and were enhanced by white bridalwreath. A saccharine odor of hyacinths permeated the air and myriad violets added their pungent fragrance. And of course there were the unassuming little white and yellow crocuses. He walked thus observing his town, until he turned a corner and saw his home at the street's end a block away. A great warmth filled him as he approached the place. It looked better than he had remembered although not much different. The grass had been trimmed back to the sidewalk's edge and the broad flower garden around the house was freshly watered and cleaned out. Evidently the kids didn't play on the broad, bumpy lawn as much as they had when he was a lad for the grass wasn't worn away any place by boys' football games and there were no divots dug in the most conspicuous places. The blue spruce was now broad and taller than the house beside which it stood. He remembered when it had been planted, he was five and the fat little tree had just reached his waist. The old house was big and white, half encircled by a broad, wooden porch and without much rhyme or reason—it was an inviting home. He paused a moment on the grass to reach down and feel it with his palm. Then slowly he climbed the steps, crossed the porch and opened the door.

—Sam Butterfield

FOOD

It was nine-thirty a. m., and the Nest was crowded with the usual throng of late-sleeping, breakfast-seeking students, milling to and fro from the coffee maker and doughnuts to the bulging booths and burdened stools. A young couple sat alone in a booth, stirring their coffee, and munching doughnuts.

"Boy, am I hungry. It seems that we never get anything to eat at Hays Hall. I always feel half-starved."

"You're lucky, Jean. If you had to sweat out those lines that we have in Willis Sweet, you'd be



"... never get anything to eat..."

completely starved. By the time you get to the food, it doesn't look like it's worth eating. Sometimes I wonder whether they serve the same food over and over again."

"It isn't right, Don. Someone ought to do something about it. Isn't there some way we students can band together to protect our rights?" She paused to accept the cigarette he offered, and continued. "After all, we pay for it, don't we?"

"You said it. A dollar and a quarter a day ought to be enough to give someone a nice profit, considering the kind of food we're getting." He held his lighter to her cigarette, and added, "I've got a notion to see Mr. Greene about this."

The girl considered this suggestion for a moment, and then said, "You might get into trouble, Don."

"Not me." He winked meaningly. "I'll go at it in a very friendly manner." He looked at his watch. "Gee whiz, it's almost time for my next class. I'd better be going. I'll let you know how I come out." He picked up his books, and pushed his way through the crowd that jammed the doorway.

Several days later, the telephone rang in Hays Hall, and Jean was summoned to answer it.

A rather dissipated voice at the other end of the wire said, "Hello Jean? This is Don. I want to

FOR THOUGHT

talk to you. How about picking you up right after dinner tonight?"

"Okay, Don. Say, you sound like you had a hard night."

"I'll explain all that tonight."

"All right. Goodbye, Don." She hung up the receiver, and as she wandered into the dining room to take her place, she was wondering just what Don had found out from his talk with Mr. Greene.

That night, as they were cruising along the highway, Don glanced at the girl, and stammered, "Jean, I feel like a heel."

When she didn't answer, but just looked at him with a question in her eyes, he went on. "I barged into Mr. Greene's office, expecting to find some kind of an ogre sitting there with greenbacks protruding from his pockets, and instead, I find a pretty swell guy. After we had talked a while, I felt like crawling into a hole." He pulled the car to a stop by the roadside, and turned to face the girl.

"Jean, do you have any idea of how much it's costing to feed us guys in Willis Sweet and Chrisman? Just make a guess at a month's meat bill, for instance."

"Oh, about a thousand dollars, I guess."

"That's what I thought. The meat bill for the month of November alone for Willis Sweet was \$4,453.43. The milk bill was \$1,551.00 for the same month. The total cost of the major food items purchased in that one month just for Willis Sweet, was \$11,504.93."



"... same food over and over ..."

"Gee, I never dreamed that it was that much."

The girl spoke with an astonished tone. "Does it cost that much in all the halls?"

"Comparatively, yes. Lindley's bill ran over thirty-seven hundred in November. I didn't realize that food prices had gone up so far. Mom always bought the groceries, and Dad always paid for them, while I was playing basketball or running around. I guess that's why I didn't know what the score was."

He lit a cigarette, and twisting uncomfortably in his seat, he said, "That wasn't all I found out, either. While I was standing in line for breakfast this morn-

ing, for the first time, I overheard a couple veterans talking. They were laughing about all the beefing because of the chow line system. One of them said that he had memories of chow lines of Guam that were more than four hundred men long. He stood in line, sometimes as long as two hours, just for a plate of spam and dehydrated potatoes."

"That made me feel a little silly, Jean. I know now that the line system is the only way they can feed a large number of men in one dining hall. I have just been a little too lazy to think of that before."

"Mr. Greene told me that the co-ops were having to pay so much for food at retail prices, that it was costing them almost as much as the larger halls, and they were doing their work besides."

"I went down to Campus club, and found the boys were sometimes getting meat fifteen to seventeen times a week, three glasses of milk per day, and dessert very often. So nobody is cleaning up on that deal; you can be sure of that. They've worked out a pretty good deal down there. Some of the boys are taking advantage of the experience that they get by waiting on each other, and are serving at formal dinner dances and banquets. They've put on banquets for the Elks, and they served the Fireman's Banquet too. From what I hear, they are doing a pretty good job."

"Jean, I'm afraid we've been doing a lot of crying when we should have been thanking someone. Think of what it's like for the married students. They've got to pay terrific prices for food, and, from what I heard, a lot of them are having a hard time making ends meet. That monthly ninety dollars is only a teaser, I guess."

"I was talking to one who was a freshman in forty-one, and is a freshman now. He told me that, five years ago, he felt the same as I did, but I don't think I'd have enough spunk to stick with it that long under any conditions."

"Maybe we ought to try facing the truth, Jean, instead of crying about it."

The girl was toying absently with the gearshift knob. Without looking up, she spoke. "Let's drop into the Perch for a cup of coffee on the way back, Don, and start all over again."

Neither spoke a word as they drove back to the campus, parked the car, and climbed out. It was long past mealtime, but the Perch was as crowded as ever.

They opened the door and stepped inside. The air was filled with smoke and laughter. Everywhere they turned, they were met with gay, hearty smiles, and affectionate greetings.

There wasn't a seat to be had, but they found room with a group that were standing at the end of the counter. Little by little, the tension left them. The gaiety of the place seemed to forgive them for their misguidings, and they began to smile with it.

This wasn't a place where hungry, dissatisfied people came to brew over their troubles; this was a place where those who came counted their blessings first, and then entered smiling.

—Harry T. Howard

Number One Veteran

"Lt. Col. Buchanan, report to the commanding officer immediately."

He filed the slip of paper just received by the message center clerk into a basket, straightened a few papers on his desk, and added a few more contour lines to a proposed airfield. The drawings were well done for here was a man who knew engineering from back to front. The large majority of his forty-one years had been devoted to following a career as an engineer and none of this time had been wasted. Little had he dreamed as a boy in the state of Washington that his ambition to be an engineer would cause him to wind up in the middle of war-torn China working on airfields for allied planes to use. A first lieutenant came to the door. He had a request slip for lumber and nails to be signed. Lt. Colonel Jess E. Buchanan, Corps of Engineers assigned to the USAAF, Headquarters Staff had become as familiar to him as his serial number itself and the Lieutenant was on his way shortly.

He put on his jacket in preparation to seeing the C. O. This jacket had collected the mud of India and Burma and now was covered with the choking dust of the Chinese Airfield where he was working. Over his left pocket was the ribbon of the Legion of Merit beside his other lettuce. "... for outstanding service in the preparation and revision of basic technical engineer manuals for troops in training and overseas at a time when they were in critical need," read the citation he had received at Ft. Belvoir, Va., before going overseas.

He also remembered the specific section of the citation which commended him for "clarifying engineering problems where confusion and controversy existed. Through his initiative, sound judgment, keen foresight, and exceptional leadership, he made material and timely contribution to the war effort." He still couldn't quite see that he had done a bit more towards winning the war than any other of his fellow officers in the Engineers, or in any of the service for that matter, but Colonel Buchanan as all of his friends know, was a very modest man despite all of his accomplishments.

This modest personality and down-right honest sincerity has been one of the reasons why the Colonel had come so far not only in Engineering but in winning so many good friends. It was to help him in realizing an early desire all teachers have. Right now, however, Buchanan had a date with the C. O. which shouldn't be broken. It turned out that as executive to the air engineer, he was to plan the shipment by air of funds to pay coolies working on an airfield hundreds of miles away. The concern of his superior officers was somewhat puzzling. Why should this require so much preparation? The payroll totalled \$100,000,000 in Chinese money which was to be broken up into \$500 and \$1,000 bills. When the shipment was ready to go, Buchanan found out why it was so important. Aside from the fact that this was a lot of money, it was also so burdensome that it filled a C-47 plane. He was glad that this country had its inflation more or less under control.

The work in China was hot during the long summer months and conditions were not good. Every time the ground troops pushed the Japs back, the Headquarters staff would move in and set up shop. There had to be airfields for transport planes to bring supplies. The only routes were the Burma Road and the air. In trying to stem the tide which was slowing them to their knees, the Japs went to all extremes of fanaticism. Before they would withdraw from an area they made certain that nothing livable was left. The Colonel found this to be one of the major obstacles in airfield construction and maintenance. Frequently airfields taken from the Japs had been so completely demolished that it would be almost simpler to build new ones. It was a test of Yankee initiative and engineering ability.

The Chinese were cooperative with the Americans who were helping them fight the Japs. This cooperation often extended to matters of much needed recreation and enjoyment of American army men. The Headquarters staff received many invitations from Chinese dignitaries for dinner in their homes and Buchanan found that to call them dinners was a mild understatement. Twelve or sixteen courses at one sitting was nothing unusual. He used to like to talk about Idaho over a steaming dish of shark's fin soup or roasted chicken tongues and secretly longed for one good Idaho baked potato. As if he had been personally delegated to tell people about Idaho and the University, he frequently liked to reminisce about his days in Idaho and as a student at Moscow. Thousands of miles away he often remembered how he used to work after school as a janitor in a department store, as a hand in an old harvester plant, and as a quiz paper grader just so he could pay his way through Idaho's Engineering school.

He never forgot Idaho while he was in the Orient, and evidently some of the people with whom he worked did not either. On one of his jobs he worked with a contractor, a Hungarian named Sandor, who was the representative of Westinghouse and Pomona Pump Co., in China. Col. Buchanan told him about the State of Idaho and all about the university. Sandor seemed interested. Here was a man who knew Engineering like nobody's business, and who was indeed a good friend. What was this University at Idaho that could impress a man so much and instill in him such a devotion and pride? His nephew would soon be ready for college and why not send him to Idaho? Later on George Vajda left China for the United States and for the University of Idaho. Buchanan didn't know then but he would later be in a position to request that the ruling against admitting new out-of-state students be waived since the boy had already started the long trek to this country before he learned of it. He also didn't know that later George Vajda, nephew of a friend he had made in China would be enrolled in the University.

Then came V-J Day and Lt. Colonel Buchanan was soon on travel orders for the good old United States. He didn't mind this boat-ride. It was taking him home again. The trip was uneventful and gave plenty of time to think about the past and of the



President and Mrs. Buchanan, daughter Nancy, and son Johnny

future. He well remembered the day he came to the University of Idaho over twenty years ago from the magnesite mines near Chewelah, Washington. A year of construction in California and a year in the mines followed his graduation from Lewis and Clark High School in Spokane in 1921. He didn't quite remember 1904, however, when he came into this world, and the two years he spent in Iowa following his birth before he came to the West.

Life-jackets were the uniform for part of the journey, especially along the shores of former Jap-occupied areas where Jap die-hards were still trying to please the Great One by last-ditch stands. Standing on the main deck one night while at mid-ocean, Colonel Buchanan let his thoughts drift back to good old college days. He had given his share of business to the dealers in midnight oil at college, he thought. Besides getting top grades at Idaho he had engaged in various campus activities. In his senior year, he was elected class president. In 1927, he received the bachelor of science degree in Civil Engineering with highest honors. Immediately following graduation, he served as instructor in civil engineering at the university and testing engineer for the Idaho Bureau of Highways, developing a cooperative relationship between the institution and the state's road builders which has existed ever since. Just 18 years ago, in 1929 to be exact, he received his master's degree and in 1939 his civil engineering degree, both from Idaho.

Over his broad shoulders was a heavy mackinaw coat for the air was chilly at night. The silver leaf was covered by his life-jacket. As the convoy ap-

proached Pearl Harbor before the last lap homeward, an air of anxiety came over the ship. One more lap and the states. Now here at hand was Pearl Harbor where the first seed of the Pacific war came to life and spread. The Colonel could well remember when the news of the Jap attack reached Idaho. Immediately after the national defense program was organized, his duties as Dean of the Engineering school were supplemented with his appointment as head of civilian pilot training in Idaho. His job provided for the supervision of primary training for hundreds of young men who later became military pilots. He assisted in setting up the naval radio training school at the university of Idaho and directed the engineering, science and management of the defense training in Idaho's principal cities.

How far away those days back at Moscow seemed! What would they be like now? Nine years ago he left the university to become research engineer for the Asphalt Institute at San Francisco, where he was in charge of technical development work in the 11 western states on the use of asphalt in highway and airport construction and in industrial fields. He also edited the institute's magazine, **The Asphalt Forum**. In 1938, the university called him back to become dean of engineering and director of the engineering experiment station, the first University of Idaho graduate to occupy this post, and the youngest man ever to be a divisional dean at Idaho.

But engineering can not be learned entirely from books. Buchanan had as much practical experience behind him as he did book-learning. He lived Engi-

(Continued on page 27)



'Sno Fun

The second Sunday in January a bus pulled up to the lodge atop Moscow Mountain and a crowd of enthusiastic students piled out. They fastened skis to their feet and herringboned to the lift or made their way to the warm fireside inside the lodge, where they could sit around the fire, munching doughnuts and gulping hot black coffee.

It was the housewarming that culminated weeks of work to develop a "Collegiate Sun Valley" on the 6895 acres of university-owned land in the Moscow Mountain experimental forest. It was the re-

sult of long tedious hours of back-breaking effort on the part of the Vandal Ski Club.

The project began last fall when university funds were allocated for improvements for the area begun in 1941, when Darroch Crookes, nationally known skier and Sun Valley representative, made a ground and aerial survey of the region. The sum was in excess of the amount requested by the students and the athletic department and brought with it President Buchanan's assurances that he was thoroughly behind the project.

The ski club was a new organization, formed October 31 when Jack Numbers, now president, called a group of interested students together. The club has now a membership of over a hundred, with a charter accepted by the Board of Student Activities.

Work on the slopes was slow. The land had to be cleared for the run. An old CCC cabin had to be converted into a lodge and a fireplace built.

A bulldozer was employed to first clear the land, with students finishing the brushing with axes. Other club members turned to the old barracks, adding a kitchen and an open fireplace. Buses made routine trips to the hill every Sunday morning with the workers.

Enough wood was cut to last all winter. Poles were erected for the gas motor operated ski tow. For \$65 the club was able to furnish the lodge with one double leather seat, one chaise lounge, two chairs, and a rocker. Bob Remaklus is operating a concession stand, selling hamburgers, hot dogs, and coffee to hungry skiers.

Buses now run twice daily on Saturdays and Sundays to the run. The lift is operated from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. these days.

The run is 250 yards long at present. It is a beginner and intermediate slope, emphasizes Jack Numbers, built mainly for the students use, rather than that of the ski team. Longer runs are in planning. Following his 1941 survey, Crookes reported the possibility of a 1300-yard downhill course.

Building this year is only temporary, he reports, and a long range program for building one of the



"Rotten form, Smith!"

finest winter recreational areas is now being considered by the club. Plans to replace the lodge call for one or two buildings to be built from natural timber and stone of the area. The new site would be nearer the runs and pond.

Mrs. W. H. Boyer and Babe Brown are faculty advisers. Club officers are Jack Numbers, president; Jack Smith, vice-president; Bonnie Kuehl, secretary, and B. J. Ingraham, treasurer. Bill Larson, Jack Krehbiel, Bruce Hansen, Lou Berriocha, Larry Remaklus and Don Robinson compose the board of directors.

Snowfall in a normal year is five to six feet in the canyons below the present lodge, and less than a mile from the building the snowfall averages one foot. Ice of skating thickness on the two ponds is available 90 days of the year.

Jerry Early

A negro preacher asked his congregation: "What is the best thing in life?"

Deacon Green arose and said it was fried chicken. Then he spoke glowingly for several minutes on the virtue of the same.

Deacon Brown then arose and said that, while Deacon Green had a mighty good subject, he was sure that the audience would agree that watermelon was the very best thing in life. He followed this statement by a speech which lasted some time.

Sister Mary, in the rear of the church, slowly raised to her feet, "Parson," she said, "you better stop this argument before some nasty minded rascal gets up and tells the truth."

A sailor who had completed 30 years of faithful service retired with a comfortable fortune of \$60,000. He had amassed this large sum through courage, enterprise, initiative, attention to duty, faithfulness, military efficiency, the careful investment of savings, and the death of an uncle who left him \$59,999.50.



"How many times have I told you, Smith? That's not funny!"

The county fair had been a great success. One of the last contests was a spelling bee. The contestants had narrowed down to two, the local attorney and the stableman (a limey). The crowd breathlessly waited the next word. Here it came—"auspice". The stableman didn't win.

Opening day for the ski lodge brought students like those shown at left below to the fireplace where they toasted their feet, drank coffee, and discussed recent spills. At right, two members of the club survey the entrance gates of the sports area.



MON CHER

He was gathering material for a research paper in the library, hastily copying the material in his notebook, when he became aware of two girls sitting at the next table, whispering loudly in spite of library rules.

"I've tried and tried to get Jack to take me to his house dance Saturday night, but he just won't take a hint."

"Well, why don't you wear a sweater? You look awfully good in a sweater."

He tried to concentrate on his work, but their voices kept interfering.

"You do look so awfully good in a sweater."

He was annoyed because he didn't want to, yet could not avoid listening. Unsuccessful in ignoring them, he finally looked up to glare, only to find himself staring helplessly.

Michele! For one brief, incredulous second, his mind fought with the impossibility of her presence here, in this library, this country, or this hemisphere.

The girl, feeling his gaze, looked up at him. Her slow glance duplicated another he had once known so well. Then she winked, the sauciness of her action destroying the imagery. He continued to stare, while the girl glanced swiftly at her friend, determined that this tribute to her charms should not go unnoticed.

With difficulty, he turned his eyes back to his books, thinking helplessly that a man can have been married almost three years, have a child, and that still a pair of brooding dark eyes could take him so far back to an episode he believed he had forgotten.

He couldn't read. He was obsessed with a desire to find out whether her fingers were the same slim weavers of magic and her ankles the same twin columns of symmetry and grace.

He mentally cursed, hating the unnatural resemblance that a chance young girl should have to his past. He had no interest in her real person; he would have shrunk, in fact, from meeting her. He felt only a violent possession of her because one with her black hair and smoky eyes had loved him, long ago.

The girl glanced up at him again provocatively and flirtatiously. That look was as foreign to the face as the wink had been. She should learn to veil her eyes slowly with her lashes, as though secrets were to be hidden there, to match that Gallic face, he thought. He recalled Michele's habit of saying "**Mon cher**", and looking at him in just that manner.

It seemed to him, however, that the more he looked at her, the more the resemblance faded. He realized that she thought him pleasantly bold, and finally becoming a bit embarrassed because she was all but dropping her handkerchief on the floor for him, he gave up the thought of finishing his paper.

He slammed his book shut, dropped a notebook, swore, and picked it up. Glancing guiltily at the librarian, who returned his look icily, he left hastily.

Behind him, the two girls looked at each other, confused.

"Well, what on earth's eating him? I thought I was making quite a bit of headway."



"You dope," said the other, "He's one of the married veterans."

"Well, gee, why didn't you tell me?"

"Did you care?"

Outside the door the man stopped, angry at himself for leaving, since he would only have to return again for his material, yet unable to re-enter the library.

He wondered why a chance face should haunt his thoughts. He believed himself to be in love with his wife, told himself that Michele had been only an interlude, and also felt his life to be as full as it should be. Yet—

It was a dull, winter day. The snow was tattle-tale gray, and a few lonely leaves swung disconsolately on their branches, hoping for a chance breeze to carry them to rest.

He walked awhile, aimlessly, kicking at the snow and thinking that a man lives for so many years only in the future and dreams only of that future, when he suddenly awakens to find that too much of his dreams and his bright future has become only a past and a dead hope.

His heedless road led to his own street, and almost before he knew it, he was at home. Catherine greeted him.

"I'm glad you'r home early Pete. Davy's been a little beast, just a little **beast!**" He's asleep now, but I need you here to take care of him while I go downtown."

He dropped his books on the table and threw his coat down without answering her.

"Well, then," she snapped, "for heaven's sake, be sour!"

He knew that she was confused and angry at him for not answering her, yet he felt too trapped to be conciliatory. Is there always a time when a reminder of the past seems to stretch a tight chain across a man's chest, he wondered, and why?

He was watching Catherine preparing to leave. She came over to where he was slumped on the divan, for a kiss, her eyes seeming to ask the same question: Why?

Because he had been noticing the change in her, from the swift girl to the settled, plump young matron, he felt immediately remorseful, and returned her kiss. She smiled at him, almost as she used to.

"I thought you might be getting the flu," she said.

Don't be ordinary, Cathy, his mind tried to say. Be gay and frivolous; something to bring me back to you. Say something from our youth together.

"Do you remember the night of my last furlough before I went overseas?" he asked.

"Darling, don't bring up your tiresome old Army now. I have to go downtown. They have Crisco at the store and I'm out, completely out!"

He watched her leave, his mouth set, thinking

that although Michele only represented a youth, the past now unobtainable, he could never cease remembering.

Suddenly, he felt a small body fly at his legs and looked down at his son in sleepers, with his blonde hair tousled and his eyes red with sleep.

He picked him up. "Hello, kid," he said.

"Daddy, dress me, dress me!" the boy cried imperiously, beginning to squirm fretfully.

He bent his head to the childish storm.

"Okay, Davy, okay."

"Where's Mommy gone?"

"She's gone after some Crisco, Mon cher, she's gone after Crisco."

—Shirley Cowan

University Composite

IDAHO—Students and instructors; frosh, pledges, U.C.'s and grad students, vets and civilians; girls and wives; BMOC's, non-descripts, wheels, and BWOC's; bewildered new students and the "at home" P. S. B.'s; big-wigs, smoothies, deadpans; Greeks and Barbs; BTO's and short-hitters; moochers and providers; saints and sinners; bookworms and big time joes; Phi Beta Kappas and hangers-on.

Coffee time at the Nest—"Cement Mixer"; making an eight o'clock—"Give Me Five Minutes More"; Johnnie's—"Shoo Fly Pie and Apple Pan Dowdy"; firesides and pledge dances—"Huggin' and Chalkin'"; registration lines—"September Song"; pin passing and tubbings—"Rumors Are Flying"; The Bucket lounge—"Pushing Sand"; Phi Delt jam sessions—"Atomic Power"; Junior Prom—"Dreams"; The Special—"White Christmas"; studying for finals—"Coffee Time."

Frosh housework; a pack of Luckies; well-worn bridge decks; a forgotten I.O.U.; sneak dates, coke dates and double dates; one minute telephonic no's and fifty minute yes's; the I Tank, I Bench and the Memorial Steps; the golf course at night and the Arboretum; Circle Drive, Third Street, and Elm Street; the white bank and its white checks, counter checks for not more than five dollars, the red bank and its red checks; a snooze in class; the "atmosphere" of the Nest; an empty fifth; the Perch smelling of fresh paint; a paddle, a crest and a jewel; housebills due; the Holly Dance; Tuesday and Friday Argonauts; homecoming decorations; mixers at the gym; pep rallies; the sheep barn fire; senior serenade plays in the auditorium; short classes this morning; playing bridge at the Bucket; the Gem; Yawn Patrol.



Quote: Hello; where's my tie; how about a tobacco tube; be sure and vote; and a big "I"; how about a coke date Tuesday; Mac's have some new records; goodmorning; why does it get so late so early; damn this rain; so I said to her—; where can I get an apartment; four hearts . . . double; oh, for the lean years again; but EVERYBODY goes to the

Nest; two coffees, two hamburgers, and a pack of Camels; what's on at the Nu-Art; just threw one away; how about this dance; were you in the 148th; one pitcher, four glasses; neat-darby; are we going to have a quiz next period; see you in the smoker after first; 2425; white and sweet; she's out of circulation; beaucoup plenty; I don't have a fourth. Unquote.

Units of Idaho . . . glimpses of Idaho life.

Jers.

To a Professor

Though many bards in ages past have told of famous tyrants who with zeal unchecked bebloodied brows and backs, or bodies wrecked when men's ideas were not of kingly mold. And though the scribes have writ in days of old how dark-robed priests changed minds by means select,

when some opinionated, new-formed sect had sought to leave the iron-fenced papal fold. Yet none were fortunate as I to know a tyrant who has powers to break and bend, that put the despots of the past to shame. Each day he tells his pupils thus and so and warps their very minds to his own end. Small wonder students tremble at his name!

—Dick Williams

ANSWER THAT PHONE!

He took another puff on his cigarette as he lay staring upward into the darkness, thinking. That was all he could do. Think. The same thoughts turning over and over in his mind, driving him slowly crazy. Elsa. Damn that woman—she had ruined his life.

He remembered when they had gotten married. "It'll just be a business arrangement," she had said. "I'll go my way and you'll go yours." She had gone hers, spending most of his money as she went. He wished he had never met her.

It all started ten years before when he was only twenty-four. He had taken her around to all the spots in Detroit. He had thought a lot of her then. Then it had happened. They had often gone to Caraso's for a few drinks. Usually they gambled a little, too. But that night it had been more than just a little he had lost nearly \$10,000. They knew him at Caraso's. They knew that his father had left him nearly two million dollars. What they didn't know was that the will stated that he couldn't touch it until he was twenty-five. Eight months away. Working to support himself had been another provision. Old man Duven had been a self-made man.

It wasn't until after he had talked to the lawyer and tried to borrow money from the estate that he decided to do it. He juggled the books at the insurance company where he and Elsa worked and borrowed \$10,000. He just borrowed it; he would pay it back. He didn't tell Elsa about it but he knew she would find out, for she was the only one, besides himself, who saw the books in those eight months. It had been a good job, well covered, but then she had been in a position to notice. He didn't think she had, though, until that night. He had been taking her home from a movie and for the first time in weeks he had nearly forgotten about the money. The radio in his car was playing soft music and the sky above was studded with stars. Suddenly, without looking at him, she reached over and switched off the radio.

"Rod," she said, still not looking at him, a peculiar tone in her voice. "Rod, you are going to marry me." He looked at her sharply. Neither of them had ever spoken of marriage before. She continued, "I know about the way you juggled the company books. I know why you juggled the books. I also know that you will be heir to a couple million dollars in a few months. I'm cutting myself in." Her voice was icy now. He was seeing her for the first time in her true light.

"It will just be a business arrangement, Rod; I'm taking out my insurance." Yes, she was taking out her insurance, two million dollars worth. Two weeks later they were married. He couldn't refuse. It was blackmail and she was making it legal.

Ten years had passed. Ten years of slavery. Ten years chained to a nagging, grasping woman, whose only aim in life was to climb every social ladder that she could. She wasn't even a wife. She was just a woman who sometimes lived in the same house that



he did. A woman with a joint bank account. Divorce? She wouldn't think of it. He had brought it up several times in the last few years and each time she had simply laughed louder. She had everything she wanted, why should she give it up? Wasn't she seen in all the better places with any of the town's wealthy playboys that she wanted? Oh, yes, she was making her name known. Everyone said, "There goes Elsa Duven, the millionaire socialite." They never said, "There goes Elsa Duven, the wife of the millionaire Rod Duven," as they used to do. She had stolen everything he had ever had. Now when she found out that he had lost everything in this last crash of the market, she would finish ruining his life. Scandal, probably jail, if—

He lit another cigarette and watched the lights of a passing automobile move across the wall of his bedroom. For six long, gruelling weeks he had been thinking about it. He had lain there hour after hour. Smoking and thinking. Thinking and smoking. He tried to sleep. It was impossible. Maybe he had better check that gun again. He got quietly out of bed and slipped down to the den. Once inside, he turned on the light and locked the door. The shot gun was hanging on the wall. Taking it down carefully, he broke the breech and looked at the tiny crack in the chamber. It was so small that it could hardly be seen, but it was there. When he had gotten the barrel from that repairman down in L. A. he had been warned never to shoot the gun.

"A half dozen shots and that gun would blow up in your face," the old man had said. Just a relief he had told him. Again he examined the crack. He felt better now. Everything would be alright. Elsa and her current playmate were leaving for Modesto the next morning to go duck hunting. He knew about how much hunting they would do. Most of their time would be spent on the skeet range of the exclusive Palm club. Lots of people would see it happen.

Clearly an accident, hadn't he used the gun not over three weeks ago?

The next morning he awoke late. He listened for some sound from Elsa's room. Probably gone. He dressed quickly and called, "Elsa!" Silence. He looked into her room. She was gone. Down to the den, he was almost afraid to open the door. The gun was gone. He breathed easier now. Everything was going just as he had planned. Soon he would be a free man. He would move to a new town, maybe Seattle, and make a fresh start. But today he had to do things he had always done as if nothing was going to happen. Everything had to seem natural. He had told Elsa that he was driving to Redding that morning on business. He didn't tell her that the business was to sell their \$50,000 home in the mountains. This would give him enough to make his new start.

"Maria," he spoke to the maid. "If anyone calls within the next two hours I'll be at the club."

"Yes sir." She handed him his hat as he went out. He backed the car out of the garage and drove down town. A traffic light held him up for a few minutes. How long will it be before it happens, he thought. What if it doesn't work? Honk! The light had changed. He drove on to the service station and left the car to be serviced. The club was just across the street. He needed a drink.

"Hey, buddy, watch that light." A cop on the corner was yelling at him. He needed that drink bad now. He had been so wrapped in thought that he had nearly been run over and the sight of the policeman had given him cold chills. At the club it was somewhat better. Men whom he knew spoke to him. He settled at the bar near an old friend and ordered a bourbon and soda.

"Why the nervous look today, Rod?" His friend spoke. Nervous? He hoped he didn't look as nervous as he felt.

"Nerves, I guess, just nerves. Haven't been sleeping very well lately." That was right; he hadn't been sleeping very well lately—what man could?

"Well, have another drink. It'll fix you right up. Bartender! Another drink for old Rod, here!" He was feeling pretty gay. "Did I tell you, Rod, I'm celebrating today. On this fine day in October my divorce from my ever-loving wife becomes final. Have another drink to help me celebrate."

"Yeah, sure." He wished that he could have been celebrating a divorce instead of this. The suspense was terrible. Why didn't that damn phone call come? He looked at his watch. It was nearly one o'clock. Surely, it must have happened by this time. He decided to postpone his trip to Redding. It was getting too late. On his way to the office at the rear of the club, he passed a mirror. He hardly recognized his own reflection. His face was drawn and haggard. No wonder his friend had remarked. He waited for the call to Redding to go through. Wait! Wait! That was all he ever did. It was driving him crazy. Before long he had contacted the agent and explained that he would not be up for a couple of days. The agent sounded angry. He could wait. He hung up on him. Back to the bar. Have a few more drinks and go home. Fumblingly, he lit another cigarette. He finished his drink and got up to leave.

"So long, Rod, take it easy." His friend was speaking.

"Yeah." He started back to his car. The policeman was still standing on the corner. God, how the sight of that blue sent shudders through a man. He stopped at his office and picked up the morning mail. He would go over it at home. He had accomplished his purpose. He had been seen going about his regular duties. No one was the wiser.

He put the car in the garage and went in the house. Maria took his hat at the door.

"You may have the rest of the day off if you wish, Maria." He wanted to be alone when that phone call came.

"Thank you, sir." She disappeared towards the servant quarters. He walked to the window and stood staring out into space. What if the gun didn't explode? It would, he was sure of that. What if they decided not to do any shooting? He was near to panic. Damn, why didn't that phone ring? Get hold of yourself, Rod, old man, everything would be all right. He tried to console himself by thinking about what it would be like not having Elsa around, always nagging, always wanting more money. What was that? Just Maria leaving. He would have to calm down. Too jumpy. Read the mail, that's what he would do. It would take his mind off his troubles.

He went to the liquor cabinet and took out a bottle of his favorite brand of scotch. Better have a drink while going through the mail. He had always done that. Helped him concentrate. He tore open one of the letters. From one of the stockholders. Why this? Why that? They wanted to know all the answers. He took a long drink of the scotch. It choked him and he coughed. Good God, why doesn't that phone ring? He was going mad with waiting and that damn whiskey tasted terrible. He moved the phone a little closer and opened another letter. Someone wanted to sell him something. He threw it in the waste basket. Be glad to get away from all of this. The telephone rang! Remember, Rod, you have to sound as though you are all broken up over this thing. His voice shook as he answered. "Hello."

"Hello, Mr. Duven," it was his secretary. He hardly heard what she said. Something about a contract for some steel. What was happening in Modesto? It should be all over by now.

"Yes, yes, let the contract go through, now don't bother me." He slammed the receiver down. His stomach was beginning to hurt. God, what was the matter? He took another drink. Pain stabbed through him. He shoved his chair away from the desk and clutched at his stomach with pain tightened hands. His eyes rolled and came to rest on the bottle. He stared at it with a look of amazement. POISON! ELSA! DAMN THAT WOMAN!

It was getting hard to breathe. Call a doctor—he had to have a doctor. Why had he let the maid go? One last desperate attempt to reach the phone. He fell forward.

All was quiet in the room and a dark ring was forming on the carpet as the liquid from the overturned glass dripped silently to the floor. The telephone began to ring, shattering the deathly silence. It rang insistently for several minutes, but Rod Duven, face down, arms outstretched, did not move.

Beginning the three-part serialization of a caustic satire on the sorority system—a bit of dynamite only BLOT dares present

THIRTY- SEVEN SISTERS

By MAURICE PAULSEN

Part I—The Rush

"You know, this university is getting to be a lousy bureaucracy. It is!" Polly exclaimed. "I stood three hours this afternoon going from office to office, just getting registered."

"Yeah," Betty agreed. "And the questions they don't ask you. Why, this place has more on me than the FBI had on Dillinger."

"And to think I've still got to finish up tomorrow and pay late registration fees," Evelyn added. Evelyn was the actress of Eta Alpha Pi, a tall girl with blue eyes and a sweet smile. "I gave up at three this afternoon and went down to the Inn with Mary for a coke."

Mary fingered through a university catalog. "I've still got to have two more hours. Think Problems in Newspaper Publishing and Promotion would be over my head? It comes at the right hour."

"Isn't there a prerequisite?"

"I suppose so," said Mary, flipping a page.

"Why don't you take that course in Modern Lit?" Betty offered. "Everybody says it's a cinch."

"I don't need three credits. Only two."

Polly suggested the contemporary art course with the movies.

"But sweetest, Christina flunked it last semester. But flat!" Betty exclaimed. "Almost kept her from graduating."

"That doesn't prove a thing," Polly said. "Christina sat next to Randy and she used to brag about what hot necking sessions they had when the lights were out."

"You could give it a try for a week or two and switch if you don't like it," Ev suggested.

"Or have to sit by a girl!"

"I suppose so," Mary sighed. "It would be swell having all afternoon free on Tuesdays and Thursdays."

Easter Johnson came in, slamming the door behind her. She was the sorority's pianist, the backbone of the song sessions.

"Hi, Easter," Polly said. "Did you finish?"

Easter flopped herself into a sofa. "Yeah, and am I tired! Another rushing tea at five. How can you expect a girl to look her best after a day in registration line?"

"Well, today's the last of the rushees," Polly was a junior, and had survived two previous rush weeks. "Rushing ends tonight, and then we can relax."



A
Blot
Special

"They're pretty well weeded out now, so there aren't so many."

"At least we don't have to be so formal." Ev exhibited her thespian talent with a stiff, formal bow.

"And there won't be any more alumnae running around until homecoming. Am I tired of having them prance in here and tell how they were here in '26 or '21, the piano was down here and the sofa up there. Why can't they stay home and tend to their knitting and grandchildren?" Betty asked.

"You'll be one of them someday," Polly reminded.

"If I ever graduate."

"And remember," said Polly, "we've got to put on the dog tonight to catch that Lanier gal."

"The one that's filthy with money?" Ev asked. "Simply filthy?"

"That has its attractions, but she also can sing. The Zeta Chi's darn near pinned her last night. That's where you come in Easter. If you really lay it on thick," Polly said, "They haven't a chance."

"Well," Easter said, "piano playing and voice are two different things."

"At least they go well together," Polly said. "In my freshman year we had a piccolo player and a jew's harp artist."

Sharon Lee Clark and Gwen Charles came in.

"Hi, girls. Finish?"

"Barely," Sharon said. "They are just closing down."

"Guess who I had to take for history," Gwen said.

"Not McAlister!"

"Yup."

"You won't learn anything, but maybe you can get an A if you go up after class and apple-polish a little," said Polly.

"They say he's the most absent-minded prof on the campus."

"He is," Sharon said. "He's twice as bad as Mrs Wilcox gets at times."

"Oh, Mrs. Wilcox isn't bad," defended Polly. "I thing she's a swell housemother, even if she is strict and kind of a prude."

"Yeah, but have you ever seen her when she gets excited?" reminded Ev.

"I know," said Easter. "She flies into itty-bitty pieces. Remember the time Martha fell asleep in the bathtub with the water running and the door locked?"

"When the extra drain was plugged and the water ran over and down the hall," added Mary.

"That's it," said Easter. "I thought I'd die." She went into an elaborate burlesque of Mrs. Wilcox's hysterics until someone noticed the time.

"Three minutes to five!" Gwen exclaimed. "It can't be that late."

"Try taking up your problem with Western Union," quipped Maurine, who had just entered with Martha, her inseparable companion. Both were from upstate and were never seen apart. Maurine dominated the pair; though attractive, she had her stubborn and brattish streaks. Martha was a dull but ardent follower of Maurine's. Somewhere during the first two years Maurine and Polly had had a clash. Nobody was too sure just what it was about. Last spring the matter seemed to be under control and everyone looked toward the new year with hopes for an undivided house.

Most of the girls dashed upstairs for last minute changes. Maurine was already dressed, and went in to see Mrs. Wilcox, the housemother. Carol Quinn, the president of the group, was in her room talking to her.

"Of course," Mrs. Wilcox was saying, "there are always a few of those undesirables. But they are pretty well weeded out by now, aren't they?"

"Not all of them," Maurine said as she entered. "Meaning?"

"I know who she means," Carol said. "She's letting personal enmity enter into this."

"Who are you talking about?" Mrs. Wilcox asked.

"Laura Mifflin, Polly's friend," Carol said.

"Laura?"

"She's not the sort of girl we want," said Maurine.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Wilcox.

"Well," said Maurine, "she's unattractive."

"She's ugly," added Martha, chewing on a candy bar.

"Don't say that about a girl—any girl," said Mrs. Wilcox. "No girl who tries to keep herself clean and neat can be called unattractive. She is described as 'not what you would call a beauty, but an awful swell kid, loads of fun, lots of personality, lots of drive . . . ' You've got to play up her good points."

"Poppycock!" exclaimed Maurine. "If we take in a lot of her sort, first thing you know the boys will start to call us The Flour Mill, where all the bags come from."

"Maurine!" Mrs. Wilcox was shocked, or pretended to be.

Polly slipped into the housemother's room, almost unnoticed. She had made a quick change, and was now in her Sunday best.

"Laura is an excellent student. She was in high school anyway," Ev continued. At the sound of Laura's name, Polly perked up her ears.

Sweet little Mary added, "She seems to have a fine head on her shoulders."

Maurine sneered. "I've seen better heads on beers."

That did it. Polly grabbed Maurine by the shoulder and spun her around. The old fight was on again. "Just a minute, Miss Metz. I don't know who you think you're fooling, but you know as well as I do that the one reason that you don't want Laura Mifflin as a sorority sister is that she was a high school chum of mine!"

"Now listen—" Maurine objected.

"You listen! Laura will be as fine an addition to our house as any single other pledge candidate. She has brains that will help our grade average, ideas that are really clever for artistic competitions, a pleasing personality—"

"Did you read that book too?" Maurine sneered.

Polly ignored that. "And if you try to blackball her just because you don't want another girl in the house who prefers my friendship to a worthless association with you, I'll see to it that the account is well settled personally."

"Girls!" Mrs. Wilcox exclaimed. "After all! You're supposed to be ladies!"

The sorority girls gathered in the living room just before five, looking their best, excited as usual.

"I keep thinking how worried I was last year," said Mary. "My cousin came up with me and nobody wanted her and it almost killed her and she quit and went home."

"Any girl," said Ev, "who comes to college solely to join a sorority belongs at home."

"Yes," agreed Mary, "But I heard of a girl in Louisiana who committed suicide because—"

"Well, I guess everyone is here," said Carol, stepping to the center of the room. Carol was a picture of a young businesswoman, pert and smartly dressed in a brown suit. She was president of Eta Alpha Pi. "Everyone take a good look at her neighbor. Make sure the stockings are straight, that the makeup is right, that the hair is in place."

They had hardly finished last minute adjustments when the doorbell rang.

"Here they are now!"

The girls formed a line to the right of the door as Carol went to greet the rushees. As the freshmen entered, unnaturally stiff and formal, they were received individually by the members. Then they were given seats, while members stood or sat on the rug.

Carol raised her hand for silence. "We are very happy to have you girls back again this evening, and since, as you know, this is our last rushing tea before you make your very important decision, we hope you find us quite to your tastes. Make yourselves comfortable and tea will be served shortly."

Little groups formed in various parts of the room. No rushee was without two or three members who were supposed to take special note of her. Conversations were stilted by a fear of disapproval.

Carol was with a girl from her hometown whom she knew but slightly. "I just want to say that if you are considering any other sorority, if there's any

question, don't be afraid to ask us about it, Sally. Feel free to ask us **anything**."

"Of course," Sally said. "Who was the tenth president of the United States?"

Not too sure of how she should take this, Carol laughed a bit forcedly and said, "I'd heard you were pretty sharp. But seriously are there any others?"

"Well, the Alpha Omega's seem very interested in me."

"Naturally they would be," answered Carol.

"They are a good sorority, aren't they?"

"Well, I've always defended them. Even when they got involved in a scandal last winter and some of the frat boys hung a red lantern on their balcony, I thought that was unfair. Of course I know they aren't very serious about most things—they have the lowest grade average among the girls—but I imagine they have a good time, if you want to go in for that sort of thing."

"Well . . ."

"And if you're the rowdy, boisterous, easy type—which I'm sure you aren't—I should say that the Alpha Omega house is just the place for you."

"I didn't know."

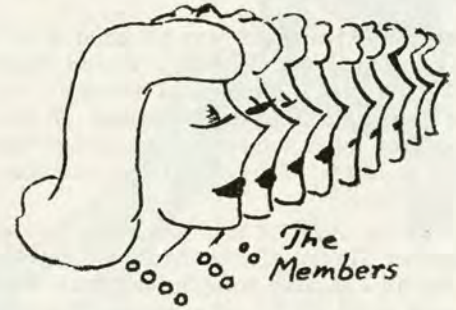
"You see, Sally, your sorority is going to be one of the most important things in your life. The ties and bonds you make here now will last throughout the years, and the love of your sisters will follow you always. No matter what should happen, you will still find the loyalty, devotion and understanding of Eta Alpha Pi."

Martha had been appointed to observe Laura. Naturally Maurine was nearby and so was Polly.

"We have great fun in our rooms at night. Sometimes we make fudge or popcorn, but of course Mrs. Wilcox doesn't allow it," Ev was saying. "We study a little and gab for hours."

"Some people seem to think that college is a place to study," Martha added.

Ev went into an act. "Youth," she said, flinging out her arm, "is the time to enjoy oneself. It is so brief, so fleeting. Like a song on a summer's day. Away then with the books. They can wait 'til youth



is gone, and then may serve to call back memories from the past."

Polly laughed. "Ev's an actress. She's been working on Mr. Truneczek for a year to get a good part in a play."

"Mr. Truneczek?" Laura asked.

"He's the dramatics director. Any fool knows that. Even you do, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," gulped Laura. "Yes, of course."

Maurine decided to go a bit further. "We are thinking of a new basis for pledging this year. Some of us think we ought to pick just the best looking girls so we can have a good reputation with the frats."

Everyone pretended she had not seen Laura's uneasy movement.

Polly flamed. "And some of us think we ought to pick our girls on character and ability." Laura smiled at her.

Betty had singled out Judy, a cute brunette rushee. "Oh, you needn't worry," she was saying. "The very fact that you're here this last time means you're as good as pinned."

"Really?"

"Well, almost. There's still a lot of red tape, so don't get your hopes too high. Has there been any other house that you've even considered?"

"Well, I thought of remaining an independent. It's a little cheaper."

"An independent!" Betty exclaimed. "Heaven forbid!"

"Are they so bad?"

"My dear, if you're not a Greek, you're not anything. All the big shots on the campus are Greeks. They hold all the offices. Why, the Greeks are the only campus party that amounts to anything at all, and that's merely because we have organization. Numbers aren't enough. Of course there are the Independent candidates, but we don't give them a thought. Their candidates are usually kids working their way through, and majoring in speech. They need the practice at delivery. We don't worry about the riffraff." To Sharon she said, "Remember last spring how the Independents got all huffed up and brought out tooth and nail to elect their candidates?"



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I 'most died laughing at their futile efforts to organize."

"Well . . ."

"And they have absolutely nothing of the love and companionship of sorority life." Betty added.

"That's right," said Sharon. "Sorority girls are girls who are drawn together by some invisible tie. They are girls who love each other and want to do everything they can for each other. That's why we take only those girls whom the sorority agrees that they like."

As was to be expected, Amelie Lanier was getting her share of the attentions. She dominated the group that surrounded her. "Back at boarding school," she was saying, "all the girls were jealous of my ancestry. Of course, they were jealous of my money too, but that was to be expected. I remember tracing back my forebears for them, clear to Charlemagne."

"Are you a descendant of Charlemagne?" Easter asked.

"Yes, indeed."

"Who's he?" Mary asked innocently.

"Pul-ease!"

"Go on," Easter urged.

"William the Conqueror was another in my line, and the English line traces down to the War of the Roses, before the American scion breaks off."

"When did the roses ever have a war?" Mary asked.

"Mary!" warned Easter.

"Then I have a great-uncle Herbert Lanier who fought in the Zulu war."

"Really?" said Mary, seriously trying to be sociable. "On which side?"

"Pul-ease! I can bear no more of this utter ignorance."

"Oh, Mary was just trying to be funny," said Easter. "Weren't you, Mary?"

Mary felt a nudge in her side and laughed ostentaciously. "Of course." When Amelie wasn't looking, she returned the nudge.



"I can see that there is little culture here. Your library has only the modern light novels, your rooms are inartistically decorated, and there's no sign of good music. Now the Zeta Chi house has a drummer, a fife player, and a French horn."

"Excellent combination," said Mary. "At least we have a pianist."

"Who?"

"Easter here."

"Really? How fortunate. I should like to hear you play."

"I'd be glad to," said Easter. "Have you any favorites?"

"How about 'Only a Rose' from 'The Vagabond King'? Can you play it?"

"I think so."

"Good," said Mary. "Why don't we give it a try right now? Easter can play and Amelie sing." She turned to the others. "Quiet, everybody. We're going to be favored with some music."

A hush fell over the room. Easter and Amelie took their places at the piano. The wide range of the song gave Amelie excellent opportunity to display a lovely soprano voice. When she had finished, teacups clattered again and voices rose. Several of the girls approached to congratulate her.

"With you as our song leader," Gwen said, "we wouldn't have any trouble at all winning the spring songfests."

"You will pledge here, won't you?" Easter asked.

"Well, the Zeta Chi's . . ."

"Of course, if you prefer a drum, fife, and French horn accompaniment . . ."

"Oh, it wouldn't be that," Amelie said.

Maurine stepped up. "Have you ever heard any of the frat boys mention the Zeta Chi's?"

"No."

"They don't."

The rushing tea was under full swing. Everyone was trying to be so nice that any good impression that might have been made were discredited. Maurine went back to Polly and Laura. They were discussing the sorority system in general.

"The pity of the sorority system," broke in Maurine, "is that the girls who don't belong in it at all

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never seem to realize the fact and are terribly hurt when they don't make it."

Martha got the idea, and added her two-bits worth. "It's usually someone who has a close friend in some house who she thinks can get her in and then is soooo disappointed when she finds the other girls don't want her."

Polly caught on. "Wait a minute."

Maurine took no notice. "The best thing to do is to cushion them by letting them know the facts ahead of time."

"Of course," Laura said uneasily.

"Now take you, for instance," continued Maurine. "Would you feel so bad if you weren't invited to join here?"

"Well . . ."

"Of course she would!" said Polly.

"Just my point," said Maurine. "She should know that it takes the approval of all the members in the house to admit any one pledge. Any member can blackball any pledge candidate."

"What are you getting at?" asked Polly.

"Nothing," said Maurine, tossing her hair. "Only we just don't like to see people's feelings hurt."

"I'm beginning to see," said Polly. "You two intend to put the pinch on Laura."

"What?" Laura said, wide-eyed.

Polly turned to her. "Laura, you might as well know this. These two are not exactly my dearest friends. They have nothing against you, except what they wrack their brains to manufacture, but they know that you're an old pal of mine, and out of sheer spite for me they intend to blackball you."

Laura stared at Polly. A tear trickled down her cheek. She turned to Maurine. "Is this true?"

"Turn off the waterfalls," sneered Maurine.

"No sob act will ever melt her heart," said Martha.

"Assuming she has a heart," added Polly.

Maurine smiled. "Okay, since we are putting the cards on the table, perhaps you would like to know the background to our whole story."

"I don't want to know," sobbed Laura. "I don't care. I don't care about anything."

"Damn you, Maurine!" Polly was mad.

"Ah, ah, ah," Maurine waved a finger in the air. "Remember where you are. No rough language at a rush party. What will the pledge candidates think of us?" Then she laughed.

"I suppose," said Polly, "there is no way to prevent your blackballing Laura, but I want you to know, Maurine, that this little affair of ours is just begun, and it's going to be a battle to the finish."

"That will be a pleasure," said Maurine. "Bets will now be accepted at the windows."

"My bet is placed," eagerly added Martha. "This is going to be a contest to see who can stoop the lowest."

"And you ought to know who that is," said Polly.

Unfortunately the pleasant little conversations were brought to an untimely end by Carol, who stepped to the center of the living room with raised hands.

"I'm sorry to have to announce that our time is up, girls. It's been very nice having you rushees here with us again, and we hope you have enjoyed yourselves. We hope, I mean, we **know**, that you will want to come back to us soon and this time permanently. We are all ready for you to move in anytime. So when you get the bids tomorrow and you send us your acceptance, you will be one of us. So we'll be seeing you then, won't we?"

The rushees answered with an enthusiastic silence. None of them was brave enough to say anything. Amidst the goodbyes, Easter went to the piano, and while the rushees were leaving, accompanied the members as they sang their good-bye song to the



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tune of "I've Been Working on the Rail-road," or "Someone's In the Kitchen with Dinah." It really doesn't matter.

The members' first awe of the chapter room had never quite faded, and they were silent as they paraded into the mysterious chamber again. But that was soon forgotten and the inevitable chatter began. Carol called the meeting to order, and after the opening amenities, it was moved and seconded that the rushees be considered for pledging.

"To make it as brief as we can," said Carol, "we'll simply signify by hands, unless someone calls for a secret ballot."

First Peggy Mahan was voted to be pledged. "Carried. She will be sent a bid tomorrow morning. Next Judy Warren. Any Remarks?"

"Her mother was an Eta Alpha at Michigan." "Then I suppose we'll have to take her."

They took her, then Sally Peters. Next up was Amelie Lanier. A general murmur was audible.

"We could use some new landscaping," Maurine suggested.

"I think she's a brat," said Gwen. "Me too," added Mary. "You'd think she was the Queen of Sheba."

"She may be a little spoiled," Polly said, "but we can help her. After all, that's what sororities are for—to help girls get along socially at college and to prepare them for later life."

"Been reading the by-laws again?" Maurine asked.

"We'd be fools to pass up a dame with her dough," added Sharon.

"That conveys the general idea anyway. And she can sing," said Easter.

"All in favor of pledging Amelie Lanier, raise your right hand." After some hesitation, they all did. "Carried. Next Christina Hargram. Remarks?"

Sharon began, "I hear she has a rather questionable character."

"I've seen her on the balcony of the Star City already," Mary said.

"You know what one girl can do to a house," added Gwen.

**When I was young
And in my prime . . .**

"She's rather slovenly in appearance, too," said Sharon.

"You should see the stoop she goes out with," said Mary.

"Anything in pants," added Gwen.

"After all," said Sharon, "we must be careful how we pick our friends."

"—to pieces!" This was from Polly.

There were four negative votes on Christina. One was sufficient.

"Next, Laura Mifflin."

Eyes turned to Maurine and Polly. They saw both of them stiffen in defiance.

"I think she's a swell girl," said Ev, looking at Maurine, "and would be a definite attribute to the house."

"She sure is smart," added Mary.

When nothing more was said, Carol called for a show of hands.

Maurine rose. "I call for a secret vote."

"Just a minute," said Polly, rising. She turned to the girls. "Once this vote is taken, there is nothing I can do about it, so you might as well hear me now. As you know, there hasn't been any love shared between Maurine and me since last Christmas, and you know why. Laura Mifflin is an old friend of mine, whom I should like to see in the house, and who

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All the time.**

I honestly believe would make a definite contribution to our sorority."

"Rave on, rave on," said Maurine.

"You didn't see the other houses chasing her, did you?" said Martha, smiling up at Maurine.

"That's because she didn't go to other rushing parties because she wanted to be pledged here," explained Polly.

"Too bad" Maurine sneered.

"Maurine intends to take out her spite on me by blackballing Laura," declared Polly. This brought a murmur of astonishment from those who weren't aware of the intensity of the hostility.

"Just a minute, Miss Jackson, with your wild accusations you can't back up. How do you pretend to know what I intend to do?"

"It wouldn't take a mind reader to figure that out. So that your little deed couldn't be proved, you just called for a secret ballot."

"Okay," said Maurine. "If that's the way you feel about it, let us take the secret vote, and just to prove to you that I don't intend to blackball her, I'll show you my vote marked affirmatively."

"Pretty clever, aren't you? You'd like to get that vote taken at all costs. Of course you'd vote yes, but your little Charlie McCarthy wouldn't."

Martha perked up. "Who, me?"

"Now that you mentioned it, yes."

"Just a minute, you two," interceded Carol. "you know we aren't to allow purely personal feelings to enter into pledging, but should think always of the good of the house. Now if there was something about Miss Mifflin herself—"

"She's homely," announced Martha.

"It isn't her fault she wears glasses," defended Polly.

"No," said Maurine, "but why must she wear such little ones that leave so much of her face sticking out?"

Polly fired. "Too bad they ever let you in."

"Isn't it?" retorted Maurine. "I may not be a raving beauty, but on the other hand," she said throwing back her shoulders, "I have my points!"

The girls laughed. It was a strike against Polly.

"Let's take the vote," said Gwen. "I've got a date."

"So have I," said Maurine, sitting down. "A N Zeta. He'll be here in fifteen minutes."

"I move the question," said Ev.

"Very well," said Carol. "Pass out the slips, Easter. Everyone mark them 'yes' for admittance and 'no' for refusal." While the slips were being distributed, they voted to admit Ivy Snow. Then Minerva Headstrom was defeated by six raised hands.

"Well, Easter?" said Carol.

Easter solemnly announced two no's.

"I call for a revote," said Polly.

"You can't," sneered Maurine.

"I think," said Evelyn, "everyone has seen what sort of sisters we have in Maurine Metz and Martha Carrier."

Maurine leaped to her feet. "You can't say that I voted against Laura!"

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'Till early break of day.

And when our journey's over
And we are on the ground again
That urge of streaking skyward
Runs in every tingling vein.

All the day we sit and hope
That we can fly that plane.
Up into the Godly world
And feel like this again.

—Maynard Marquette

"We can soon find out," said Carol, "by holding an open vote, even though it doesn't count. Then we can see who the objectors are. All those in favor of pledging Laura Mifflin raise your right hand."

All hands shot up but those of Maurine and Martha, who, after an exchange of glances, also raised theirs.

"So it's unanimous this time," said Ev in disgust. Carol smiled. "Yes, and so the motion is carried. Laura Mifflin will be pledged."

"What!" exclaimed Maurine.
 "It was the first vote that counted!" said Martha.
 "This **was** the first vote taken on the subject of pledging Laura Mifflin," announced Carol. "With the secret ballot I said merely to vote 'yes' or 'no' but I didn't say what on, so it could hardly be legal."



"Carol, you're a darling," exclaimed Polly.
 "But this isn't cockroach," objected Martha.
 Evelyn laughed. "Cricket, my dear. The word is cricket!"

The rest of the meeting was relatively unimportant, except to the rushees who sat in their dormitory rooms wondering what their future would be.

"She'll be so happy," said Polly to Carol afterward. "I wish I could tell her now. She's probably crying her eyes out."

"Sometimes a little rain makes the sun seem brighter. She'll know in the morning." Carol was a wise girl.

Upstairs Mary said to Polly, "Wonder who this guy is that's taking Maurine to dinner?"

Ev said, "Must be a regular ogre to see anything in her."

"She says his name is Larry MacDougall and she acts as though he is Prince Charming," said Polly.

"Larry MacDougall!" exclaimed Betty.
 "Know him?"

"Yeah," sighed Betty. "He's from my home town and has been in New York working. I didn't know he was coming to school. Oh."

**But now that I
 Am old and gray,**

"What's the matter with him?"
 "Nothing, That's just it. He's just heaven!"
 "Have a crush on him?" asked Mary.
 "Every girl did. But no one could touch him!"
 "No one?" Ev turned to Polly. Mary got the idea too, and smiled to Polly.
 Then Polly caught on. "Oh, I wouldn't do anything like that."
 "I don't know," said Ev. "She said it was going to be a battle to see who could stoop the lowest and she about broke her back in the first round."

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The doorbell rang and, there being no pledges yet, Polly went to answer it. It's hard to say what changed her mind, but it might have been the tall, bronzed man that waited at the door.

"Hello."

"Hello," he answered, with appreciation in his inflection.

"Is there something I can do for you?"

He was jolted back to the memory of what he came for. "I'm calling for Maurine Metz. Will you tell her Larry MacDougall is here?"

"Of course. She is expecting you, but she's not quite ready. Won't you come into the lounge and wait a minute?"

Polly asked Mary to call Maurine. Mary winked and went upstairs.

Larry swept Polly's figure with his eye, and then flashed a dazzling smile. "I don't believe I've had the pleasure of meeting you before," he said.

"You needn't be so formal. I'm Polly Jackson."

"Swell. You can call me Larry."

They sat down and started talking. At least Polly did. Larry just stared at her. As she talked of her home town, he raised his arm and rested it on the edge of the sofa behind her.

Polly smiled to herself. It was almost too easy. A moment later he dropped his arm a bit, and declared, "You're very beautiful."

Polly smiled at him and went on. "I suppose in a place like Watertown there are lots of nice girls. There usually are in bigger places. Of course there are swell kids in smaller towns too. Aren't there?"

His eyes had never left her, but his mind had strayed far from her idle talk. "Yes," he agreed to something.

"I—ah—suppose you have a girl back home?"

"Not in particular."

"Betty says you were very popular."

"Betty? Betty who?"

"Betty Fiske."

"Oh."

"I suppose New York must be wonderful. I've always wanted to go to a big city like that. I'll bet you just loved it, didn't you?"

"Have you—I mean," Larry faltered, "are you in any way—well, have you a steady?"

Polly smiled to herself. "No. I sort of free lance."

"Good!" Larry said, a little too eagerly.

"What do you mean?" she questioned.

"What are you doing tonight?"

"Are you crazy?"

"It wouldn't be hard to be crazy over you."

That ended the joke in it for Polly. He was serious. She looked up at him, and he smiled down on her. Suddenly she wanted to cry. She didn't know why. Something was happening to her, something that had never happened before. "You have a date with Maurine, remember?"

Larry moaned. "Oh, I'd forgotten why I'm even here."

"Perhaps some other time," she said, rising, not wanting him to see how she really felt. Then something of the woman came back to her, and she added, "That is, if you're not too involved with Maurine."

Maurine came down stairs unseen. Mary figured Polly had had enough time.

"Look," said Larry. "How about Wednesday night?"

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"You do it!"

Polly turned to him. "I don't know why not."

"Swell. I'll call for you at seven-thirty, if that's okay, and we can go to a show or down to Harry's or something."

"Fine."

Maurine thought it time to make her appearance. "Oh, hello Larry." She shot a fiery glance at Polly. "Sorry I'm late, but they just told me you were here." She put her bag on the sofa to give her hair another toss. She thought this attracted men. "I hope Polly here hasn't been boring you with her idle chatter. Give her half a chance and she'll talk a leg off you. She's such a child." She smiled sweetly at Polly, who smiled just as sweetly back.

"Not at all. I quite enjoyed her company."

"So I see. Well, shall we go?"

They left. Ev came out from behind the curtain. "I must say, you didn't do bad at all for the first time. In fact, you knocked him cold."

Polly still stared at the door. Then she smiled sadly at Ev. "The funny part is that I didn't even try."

"Now just follow it up. Did you see Maurine flame up when she saw you two holding hands?"

"Did she?"

"Sure. But let her stew."

The door opened, and Maurine flounced back in. "Just came back for my bag." She got it, then wheeled on Polly. "Look, Polly Jackson. I heard you accept a date from Larry. And if you know what's good for you, you'd better heed my advice, and that's simply this: Lay off; See?"

Polly colored. "No, I don't see!"

"Larry's mine! I got him first and I intend to keep him, for good! Maybe even marry him!"

Polly sneered. "You have big plans."

"I always said sorority houses were getting to be nothing more than matrimonial bureaus," Ev quipped, "—sort of male order houses!"

"You keep out of this, Ev!" Maurine snapped.

"Look, Polly. Tomorrow you're going to call Larry up and break this little double-dealing date of yours, see? Sorority sisters aren't supposed to go around stealing each other's guys."

"Oh, sorority sister now, is it? From you that sounds a little ridiculous."

"Maybe so. But Larry's mine. Hands off."

"You needn't worry about your little lamb's straying. He's done strayed! And as far as I'm concerned, I shall attach my strings to whomever I please in spite of you and all the King's men!"

"Okay," said Maurine. "But remember dear, all's fair in love and war."

"Your little prize is waiting. Hadn't you better go to him—while you can?"

Maurine smiled patronizingly. "You'll excuse me?"

"Gladly."

At the door Maurine turned. "Oh, and forgive me, dear, but you should wear dress shields if you're going to get excited and perspire like that. You'll simply ruin all your frocks."

From the Fireside . . .

Contributors to this column are asked to send their bits of wisdom and picturesque speech to BLOT, Department of Journalism.

Headlines, streaming across yellowed journals, screaming the news of fifty years ago. (Joyce Hanson). A bee, looking only for the sweet in life. (Elizabeth Robinson). Smokestack, pointing like a finger at a star (Jewel May).

Sign outside restaurant:

"Eat here or we'll both starve."

Oil transports sped along night highways, their trailing chains clattering on the pavement, emitting sparks into the darkness like a miniature forge (Al Tegarden). Fate, cajoling me into the delusion that everything is a choice resulting from my own unbiased free will and discriminating judgment. (Mel Snow)

The foundation of every state is the education of its youth. (Dionysius)

Melting snow, leaping from the housetops and beating itself against the pavement below, imitating its brother rain, and with all his anguish. (Mrs. Virginia Jackson) War, a vicious threat menacing the lives of millions of helpless and innocent victims, spreads like a contagious disease through a peaceful countryside and changes an amiable, tranquil people into an angry, tumultuous mob. (Bill Moad)



As angry as a farmer with a shotgun. (Naomi Hobza) Opportunity is not a stranger who knocks at our door in disguise to bring good tidings, but what we make out of today. (Glen Neilson)

Nothing but a humbug trying to be a bugbear. (Jewell Tanner)

As though a white man were anything more dignified than a whitewashed Negro. (Paul Hurlless)

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Nickle, Please

I was just sitting there beside the telephone in sagging contentment when it rang. It rang once and then again. The lady of the house was nowhere in sight. After due deliberation, I lifted the receiver and ejaculated a hello in my telephone voice. From the other end of the line I received only a buzz followed by a click. The next step was obvious. I hung up too.

The lady of the house bounded in at this moment. "Who was that?" she gurgled.

I explained and she leaped to the phone, dialed, and shrieked for several moments until it was definitely decided whether Samuel should be allowed to pitch his new tent in the snow or not. Samuel told them all where they could go and that he was pitching his tent.

I found myself remembering that I had been missing the afternoon radio dramas. Thoroughly confused by the S.B.O. (Soap Box Opera) and the weird intuition that had endowed my hostess with the psychic power to know who to call, I demanded to be told why it was necessary to call anyone back. What kind of a phone was that?

The solution proved to be just another ingenious system for beating the telephone company and their pay phones. When daughter Betty wished to communicate with mama, she dialed, the phone rang, and she hung up when it was answered. Mama then flew into action and called Betty's number. They had their conversation and, more important, their nickle was saved from the insidious coin box.

I had heard that some people would expend a million dollars worth of energy to save five cents, but until now I hadn't been convinced. After a sumptuous repast of dandelion greens and dandelion green tea, I bade my generous hostess farewell and pondered as I strolled home—one foot in the gutter and the other on the curb since I find walking with both feet planted firmly on the ground exceedingly difficult. I was pondering the ways and means by which private enterprise could beat a public utility.

Millicent often spoke to me of her brother, Horatio of Leavenworth, who composes novels in his spare time. Horatio had dropped into the phone booth of his favorite drug store to make a free call. Not everyone is clever enough to manufacture his own nickels at home in the refrigerator from a self-designed mold. As Horatio unfolded a bit of damp newspaper and reached for the coin slot, the door of the booth slid open and a detective reached for him. I believe that Horatio is entitling his next novel **The Mystery of the Water-Soaked Coin Box.**

Further investigation revealed that not only I but also the psychologists are puzzled by the strange conduct of well-paid, well-dressed individuals who go to absurd lengths to complete telephone calls without nickels or to get their coins refunded. Their ultimate triumph is to get something for nothing. A corps of spotters, detectives and engineers hired by the telephone companies constantly try to forestall this petty thievery, but as soon as they eliminate one type of abuse another one develops.

Harry the Hat, so called because he wore a top hat stuffed with handkerchiefs, spent many happy

hours gagging the return shutes of pay phones with his hankies. Later he would go around and pull out his hankies with a jackpot of nickles. People complained when they didn't get their nickles back from the uncompleted calls and Harry got locked up. Now a gate that closes like a mail slot inside the chute has eliminated gagging.

Professional criminals have found the present case-hardened jimmyproof coin box more impregnable than the average safe and have expanded to easier rackets leaving the field to the amateurs who never say die.

Did you hear about the medical student who mastered the art of thumping on chests and decided to apply it to the telephone? He found that by tapping the phone with various instruments and pressures he could make the gong ring. The five and twenty-five cent gongs have different tones, and a dime rings the nickle gong twice. For long-distance calls, these gong sounds are the only evidence the operator has that the proper coins have been deposited. Our friend was able to complete a forty-five cent call after only a few months of practice.

An amateur electrician once ripped a coin box from its mooring on the wall and carried it home to his rooming house to rewire it. His landlady, with conduct typical of all landladies, phoned the police, but before they took him away he claimed that he had discovered twenty-two different ways of making a call for nothing. There was also the St. Louis strong man who learned that a tilted phone returned coins. He upset a row of four phone booths and landed up in the hospital with twenty cents and a sprained back. How can people be so cheap or is it just a challenge to their ingenuity? It's a miniature war between good old private enterprise and the public utility that never stops.

Oh, yes, Hee Hee Hee! Don't mention this to anyone but I manufacture my own nickles from solid carbon dioxide that turns to gas in the coin box leaving no evidence. They'll never catch me!

—June Thomas



"How long have you been noticing this trouble?"

Wife of Bath's Tale

Original story by Geoffrey Chaucer
Retread by John Reid

To many of us, Chaucer is an article from which to drink coffee. Such an unfortunate situation must of course be remedied. "The Wife of Bath's Tale" is narrated by a plump floozy who strangely enough is known by the name of the "Wife of Bath." This queen must have been quite a gal, having outlasted five husbands and was then looking for a young man to be the next victim. Her ax-handle beam and red kisser probably were quite a drawback to the local Romeos, but the king-sized supply of cash which the five previous husbands hadn't been able to take with them kept her in the running. Her version of the proper status of marital life follows.

It seems that in the old days too, the boys pitched their share of wild oats and one "lusty young bachelor" hereafter referred to as Joe, made the sad mistake of getting caught. The king, who had no sense of humor, ordered our hero to imitate the headless horseman, which as any fool can plainly see makes it difficult to neck. This scared hell out of Joe who dearly loved his smooching. Every night Joe would pray for crop failure of his wild oats and every day he would try to talk the queen into picking the king's pocket for the key to his cell. This routine wore him down to a shadow but they guarded the shadow too. Finally Joe's pleas were joined by those of the queen and the other ladies of the court who had ulterior motives and wanted Joe available for duty again.

The king, to keep peace in the Royal household, let Joe take off like a big bird with only one slight string on the whole deal. The scoop was that he should find out for the queen, who obviously wasn't very bright, just "what thing it is that women most desire." To find the answer to this question, he was given a year to roam the countryside, which was a damn fool thing to let him do with a reputation like Joe had. However, Joe was no sap and since he had no choice anyway, he accepted. He rode merrily away, probably figuring that this would be a cinch and thinking that after he had found the answer, he could get on with the spring planting. But after eleven and a half months had elapsed, his spirits were soaring like a lead balloon because no two squares in the land would give the same answer. The final day before he had to return to have his neck massaged with an ax, he found an old hag who would have made Lena the Hyena look like Hedy Lamar. Since Joe was just about at the end of his rope in more ways than one, he even stooped so low as to ask this witch what women "desired most". To his surprise, she was a hep character and answered that she would guarantee to tell him the right answer if he would give her one wish after she had saved his life. He agreed so they started the journey to the king's court, with the hag riding her broom at a discreet fifteen-foot interval behind our hero, who wouldn't even touch her with the ten-foot pole he carried for such occasions.

The people of the court, being a morbid crew, had all come to see how Joe would look with his noggin

in a basket. He surprised everyone when he reported that women want to be their husband's boss in answer to the \$64 question, but nobody could deny the truth of it. He was saved and naturally Joe thought his troubles were over.

Then the old woman, who had a face like five miles of bad road, parked her broom outside and zoomed in to demand her wish, since she had given him the right answer. She insisted that he marry her which wasn't at all to the liking of Joe, who as you may have gathered, was the Errol Flynn type. When she wouldn't take no for an answer, he decided it would have been better to have lost his head but it was too late to beat his gums now, he was hooked but good! With visions of seeing his lawyer about an annulment and muttering, "It shouldn't happen to a dog," he cheerfully joined the ranks of married men the next day in a very private ceremony.

That night his conduct rather surprised the blushing bride for Joe seemed to act a little distant, in fact he preferred to sleep under the bed, which was strange even for those times. When Gravel Gertie demanded to know the reason for such behavior, he spared no detail in telling her how gruesome she was. For some strange reason this seemed to surprise the old gal, but being a good sport under her acres of wrinkles, she gave him a square deal. She told Joe he could have his choice of her being faithful but in her present rambling wreck condition, or have her be a carbon copy of Betty Grable with all the accompanying perils from the ice-man and delivery boy. Like any normal guy, Joe figured this was strictly a bunch of bull, so he told Grandma sarcastically that he would let her make the choice. Now comes the part that must have required a strong stomach. He planted a big smooch on Lena and to his amazement she turned into a regular Varga girl who was also true to him. With luck like Joe had, and with his new revised edition of a wife, they lived happily ever after. The morale of the story is, "Let your wife put a ring through your nose and you'll never have any troubles."

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GRILL

The University That Wanted to Sniff Roses

A Modern Fairy Tale

Once upon a time there was a beautiful university in the far north country. Some people didn't care much for the school . . . they were bad and indifferent. Then there were the beautiful, loyal people who claimed some day the little university would become a famed center of learning, and the home of victorious teams in football . . . and basketball . . . and mostly football.

Nothing was seriously wrong with the beautiful university's health. Nothing, the doctors had said, that a transfusion wouldn't clear up completely. It seemed that everyone had noticed the school's sickly pallor, and most of all the pale green color of the face and shoulders of the administration building. Indeed this was a fearful worry to people for miles around. Often they wondered if anyone cared enough to save the life of the beautiful university.

Clouds . . . years . . . students . . . rolled by. Still there was no doctor to prescribe proper treatment. Alas, the university had almost despaired of becoming the home of victorious teams in football . . . and basketball . . . and mostly football.

And the saddest building on the campus of the beautiful university was the administration building. Gradually he grew weaker and weaker; his face and shoulders became greener and greener. The very worst thing was that the building was sad, very very sad. And even more sad was the fact that the little building knew the students were sad. Obviously it was a sad situation. True, the students were happy enough when studying to be lawyers and professors and mineralogists. But the sadness would creep over each of them after each football game . . . and sometimes basketball games . . . but mostly football games.

Most of the students and faculty never thought about it, but the administration building knew more than they did about everything. For couldn't he hear what the students said in his corridors and classrooms and on his steps? And if he listened carefully and held his breath and was ever so quiet . . . couldn't he hear the talk behind the doors marked President and Bursar and Dean? He frequently told himself he was the most informed individual in the vicinity, vowing at the same time never to reveal his secrets. Even a building knows that a secret is no secret when it is told.

Now you know the reason why the ad building was usually sad. He moped and moped and moped, never ceasing to hope and hope, however. For buried 'way 'way deep in his heart of hearts (his heart is in the large clock) was A DREAM. Impossible perhaps, but nevertheless A DREAM. The dream was: That some day bands would play . . . all the students would laugh always . . . and headlines would be friendly . . . for his beautiful university would have victorious teams in football . . . and basketball . . . and mostly football. The best part of his dream was the beautiful university playing in the Rose Bowl. By simply closing his eyes and sniffing gently the scent of roses was borne to him on the breeze. For he dreamed of a garland of roses about his neck . . . and happy day . . . the sad situation would not be sad.

More clouds . . . years . . . students . . . rolled by. No doctor had appeared to make the building's DREAM more than just a dream.

His pulse low . . . his face and shoulders, green . . . his attitude, sad. Came the fall of 1946 and 1947. Still no victorious teams in football . . . and basketball . . . and mostly football. He moped; his condition became critical.



Till a ray of hope danced over the hills. The sick building raised his head for the first time in months to listen while the students and faculty spoke of budgets and politics and Beepody reports. It seemed that new doctors were being called in on the case. He listened to every conversation now. Perhaps they did care!

Most important of all, he noticed that a new doctor had arrived. The now alert building watched this new doctor hasten through his doors early every morning . . . and leave late each night. "Busy," he thought. He heard many voices say that the new

doctor was a practical man. Then on the first floor another voice said the new doctor was a quiet learned man who was treating the entire case with the keen, analytical methods of an engineer. Hurrah! Hurrah!

Hope made the building's blood run faster than it had in many a year. For hope springs eternal in buildings, too. Now he could close his eyes anytime, and his dream had the clearness of reality. Sniffing gently, ever so gently . . . he could smell the roses and could almost see the garland about his neck.

He bent his head to look at the roses more closely.

—Dorothy Dean Stanley

The Mill

Tonight as I sat poring over books and memorizing facts, my mind estrayed a moment from its task, and from the nooks and niches of my brain the things I laid there in the past began to tumble forth in marvelous profusion: formulas, fowl anecdotes, some poetry not worth the waste of words, a paragraph that was to be the crowning speech of some great play and countless other unrelated bits. Appalled, I sat and watched this strange array and asked myself, "What are the benefits?" Perhaps someday I'll have the power of mind to use such things and send them forth refined.

—Dick Williams

Number One Veteran

(Continued from page 7)

neering. In summer months he engaged in a wide variety of engineering activities, including drafting, bridge design, water and irrigation studies, and research work. He worked on construction projects in Idaho and other western states, was the author of a dozen technical papers in the field of engineering, and was a member of the leading professional engineering societies. But in 1942 he came into an altogether different phase of Engineering. All basic techniques were the same but the goals were different. That year saw Jess E. Buchanan called to active duty with the rank of 1st lieutenant. He had had ROTC in college in which he had advanced to the rank of cadet colonel.

The California coast line appeared, looking good to everyone. It wasn't long before he was again Mr. Jess E. Buchanan. Then in just eight months, it became President J. E. Buchanan, the first Idaho alumnus to occupy the state's top educational post. In electing to remain at his own university, he passed up an opportunity to head one of the largest and most outstanding colleges of engineering in the United States, at Iowa State College. When the Idaho regents requested Buchanan to assume the presidency it also appealed to the officials at Iowa State College to release him from an appointment announced only a short time before.

"The opportunity to become president of my own university, a chance which comes to few men, was too appealing to refuse," said Jess Buchanan.

—George Denman

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PANDEMONIUM

“May I kiss your hand?”
“Whazza matter, is my mouth sticky?”

Little Tommy, age five, wished to bid his little sister Mary, age three, good-night. He knocked brazenly upon the door of the nursery and requested of his sister, “Tan I tum in?”

“No,” Mary replied emphatically. “Nurthy thaid it isn’t nith for little boys to thee little dirls in their nighties.”

A short pause, and then from inside the nursery door, “Otay, you tin tum in now . . . I took it off.”

“Too bad about the disappearance of Professor Martini. He was a profound thinker.”

“Yes, he was always thinking, no matter where he was. The last time I saw him he was in swimming and he suddenly called out: ‘I’m thinking! I’m thinking!’”

“You fool! Professor Martini spoke with a lisp.”

The teacher was giving her class a temperance lesson. On the table were two glasses—one filled with water, the other with alcohol. In her hand she held a live, active earthworm.

Dipping the worm into the glass of water had no effect on the worm, but in the glass of alcohol, it curled up and died.

“Now, Johnny,” said the instructor, “what lesson do you get from this experiment?”

“If you drink alcohol, you won’t have worms!”

The other evening a high spirited young man was established at the corner of Sixth and Elm, calling out to all the girls that passed, “You’re the prettiest blonde I’ve seen on campus this term; you’re the best looking brunette I’ve seen today,” and so on as fitted the occasion. One of the best-looking brunettes finally turned around and said:

“Do you really think so?”
“Yes. What are you doing tonight?”
“The same thing you are,” coyly.
“Oh, out looking for girls?”

Sigma Chi: You see, if we enter into a companionate marriage, we can live together awhile, and then if we find that we’ve made a mistake, we can separate.

DG: Yes, but what’ll we do with the mistakes?

Mother: When I was your age, young lady, a nice girl wouldn’t think of holding a man’s hand.

Daughter: But, mother, nowadays, a nice girl HAS to hold a man’s hand.

Cop (to guy in gutter)—Drunk?

ATO—Naw, I’m just holding this parking place for a friend.

Minister’s daughter: “Let’s go to church tonight. Father’s text is ‘Love Ye One Another.’”

Boy friend: “Can’t we just stay home and practice what he preaches?”

A South Alabama candidate for sheriff received only three votes. Day after the election he wore two guns.

“What them guns for?” a citizen asked. “You weren’t elected sheriff.”

“No,” said the defeated candidate, “but a fellow without any more friends than I got needs to pack a couple of guns.”

Mary had an aeroplane;
In it she loved to frisk.
Wasn’t she a silly girl
Her little * ?



STANFORD CHAPARRAL

“Big, round and beautiful—just like your eyes, sweetheart.”

Kappa Sig (visiting infirmary patient): “Do you know old man, that’s a swell looking nurse you have!”

Patient: “I hadn’t noticed.”

Kappa Sig: “Good Lord! I had no idea you were that sick.”



Mrs.: "It might do some good for wives to go out on strike sometime."

Mr.: "Go right ahead. I've got a peach of a strikebreaker in mind."

(CENSORED)

Gamma Phi—I'm turning in early. I don't feel well.

Pledge—I hope you'll feel better tomorrow.

Gamma Phi—Oh, I guess I'll live, but there's no use doing any studying tonight unless I'm sure.

Willis Sweet—I've got to buy my girl a birthday present. What'll I get her?

Lindley—Does she like you?

W. S.—Oh, yes.

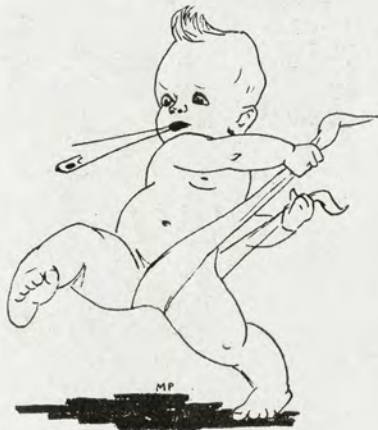
Lindley—If she likes you, she'll like anything.

Larch Hall—"It's disgraceful. I'm sure two rats were fighting in my room last night."

Greene: "So what do you expect to get for \$3.00 a week? Bull fights?"

Mother (putting Junior to bed). "Shhh — the sandman is coming."

Junior: "Fifty cents and I won't tell Daddy."



News Item:

Mrs. Frank Scully, wife of the author of the best seller, "Fun in Bed," today gave birth to a seven pound eight ounce daughter.

After the show, it's . . .

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