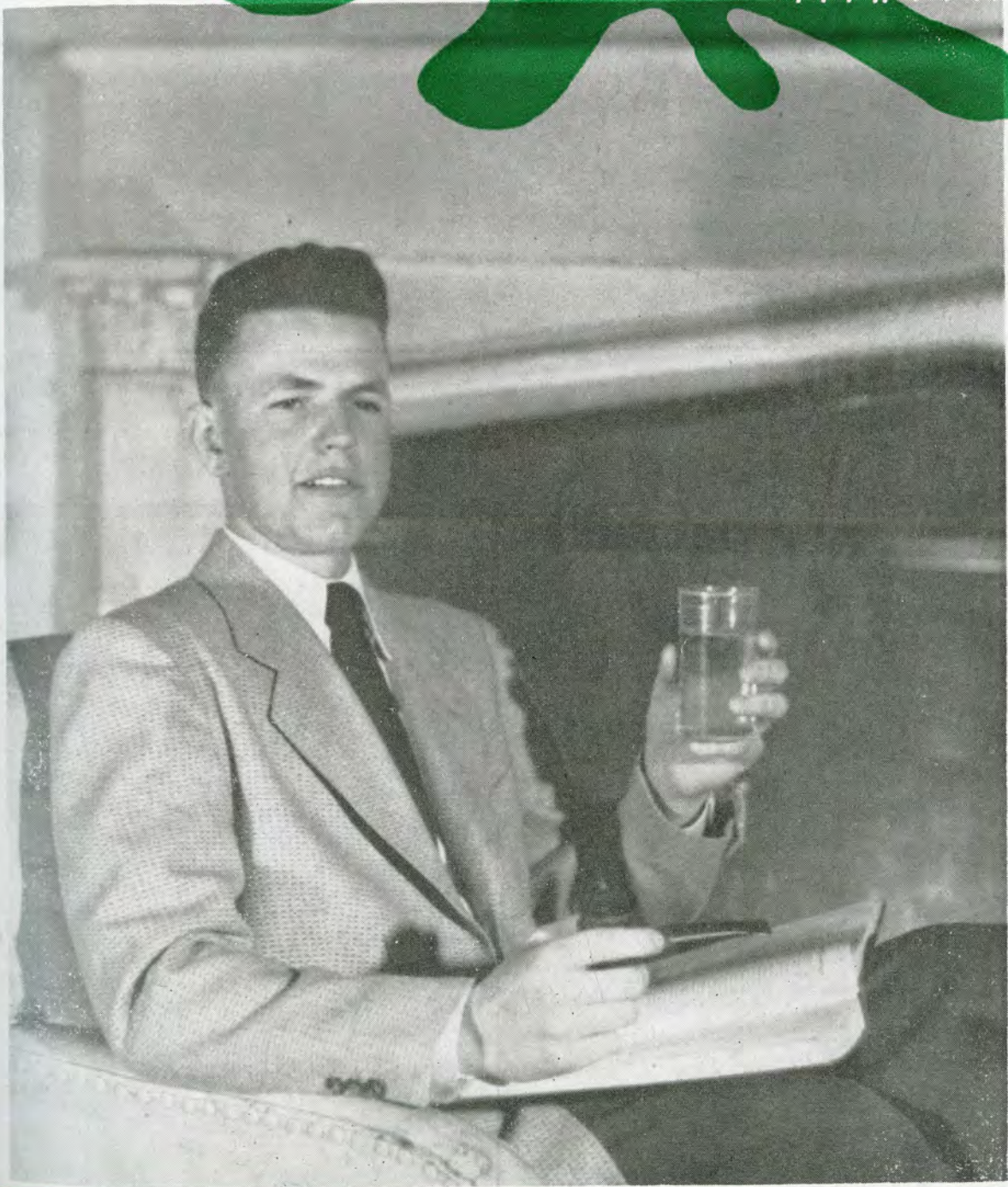


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# BLOT



**JOE SCHMID**

*Christman Hall*

*"The Gentleman of Distinction"*

**25c**

University of Idaho

**MARCH, 1947**



EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!



1945 NEWS ITEM  
Cigarette Shortage  
Still Acute  
Crowds Queue Up... Millions  
Try Different Brands... Smoke  
Whatever They Can Get.

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



# EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!

Result: *Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best.*

IT'S ONLY a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not. And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their Taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

Thus the demand for Camels... always great... grew greater still... so great that today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

*Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.*

*According to a recent Nationwide survey:*

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



When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—the brand named most was Camel!

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."*





# BLOT

Vol. 2, No. 3

March, 1947

University of Idaho

Moscow, Idaho



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# Gentleman of Distinction

Joe Schmid, elected by advance purchasers of this issue to be cover man, claims both Fruitland and New Plymouth as his home. Actually he lives on a farm half way between. A sophomore in ag engineering, he says his main interest outside of his studies is playing at the piano.

Our cover, showing Joe as the typical Gentleman of Distinction is really quite a joke, for Joe neither smokes nor drinks. The photo is by Ray Billick.

His cover photo is the second honor for Chrisman hall within two weeks. The week before Bob Garrett was named Swoony Sam

at the AWS-I club carnival. The same organization and cooperation then went to work and placed a Chrisman man on the Blot cover. They sold over 100% advance sale tickets.

Joe's nomination is a story in itself. The boys couldn't decide whether to nominate him, Bill Toolson, or Jack Frederickson. So they took a deck of cards and designated a certain ace for each one. Joe's was the ace of spades—the card of death. Then a disinterested party shuffled and dealt. Sure enough, the ace of spades turned up first.

## Black Jo

What keeps a watch at night?  
 What makes the sea all right  
 It isn't the wind in the lines  
 Nor the rush of the sea;  
 It's bonny black jo that wakens me.

Here, it's rugged black jo,  
 It's rugged black jo and strong;  
 Though it's rum we prefer, to hell with it, sir,  
 We'll have rugged black jo and strong.

So your eyes are as heavy as shot,  
 And dreams are courting your thought?  
 It's no way to be, for a lookout at sea;  
 But I've got a cure that can't go wrong,  
 It's bonny black jo and strong.

Here, it's rugged black jo  
 It's rugged black jo and strong;  
 So damn it, I cry, give me a shot in the eye  
 Of rugged black jo and strong.

So you haven't racked out in a week  
 And you're fixed to do a sneak?  
 Calk off on lookout is what you're about;

But all that you need is a lusty old song.  
 And a cup of good jo and strong.



Here, it's rugged black jo,  
 It's rugged black jo and strong;  
 It'll float a horseshoe, make a lookout of you,  
 It's rugged black jo and strong.

And what keeps a man on the 12 to 4  
 When the night is as black as the motives for war?  
 It's the thought of a gal and the gab of a pal,  
 And bonny black jo and strong.

Here, it's rugged black jo,  
 It's rugged black jo and strong;  
 It's our comfort at sea, and it comes to us free—  
 It's rugged black jo and strong.

Luke Ellingson.



*Campus candidates for*

# *Murphy and Goss*



*Bill McFarlane, Glessnor Bradbury, Ray Stommel, Betty Stevenson and Tom Sandmeyer meet over coffees at the Nest.*



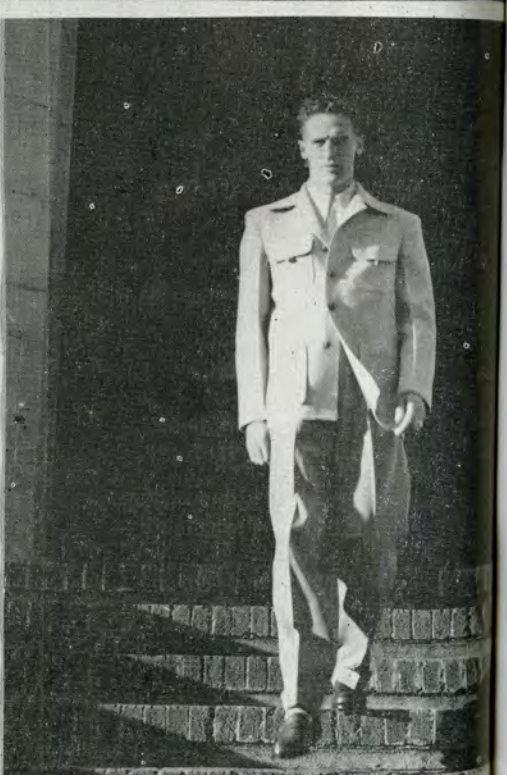
*The "vet quintet," Johnnie Powell, George Pete Barrington, "Champ" Champedus and Percival knock 'em out at the pre-election.*



*Steadies Jon LaFrenz and Chuck Cramer and pals Barr Smith and Carol Bull find dancing upstairs at the Bucket agreeable*



*Pat Barnes, Dot Galey, Pete Swantek, George Weitz and Orville Barnes find bridge lots more fun than class.*



*Norm Fredekind, wearing a Murphy and Goss ensemble, a Rombro all blue and yellow plaid loafer coat (buttoned, patch-pocketed); pastel waffle-weave Rotmer gaberdine; Van Heusen sport shirt; and loafers by Edgerton.*



# It's a Mighty Nice Day

She was working that afternoon for one of the professors. Her job was to take dictation, answer the telephone for him, straighten out his files, and check quiz papers, a fairly ordinary job required of many students who work part time while going to school.

He had just given a quiz the day before, a true-false affair that required a minimum of checking. She was at her desk, correcting the papers, a slim blonde girl with a ski-slide nose and saucy eyes.

"Erasmus was called the 'Prince of the Humanists'." True.

Above her desk and outside the window, the sky was a soft, tender blue that promised things; the blue of spring, of picnics, of love.

And what am I doing? she asked herself restfully. True. False. False. Check 'em off, kid. You get paid money because it's true, false, and true.

There's a road, her mind kept wandering, that goes down the hill and around the bend. It winds itself around the curves of the fields like ribbon around a woman's throat. There are apple trees down there, with their lovely, lovely blossoms - - -

I could put on a pair of slacks and a sweater and go hiking perhaps, or golfing, or maybe just wandering. Look at those clouds, she switched her trend of thought abruptly, as she saw them. Just look at them. Cotton-batting clouds, like castles in the sky. If those are castles, I wonder if God has installed American plumbing in them as yet? She giggled to herself at the thought.

True. False. Damn Erasmus. Wonder if he ever had the urge to wander down a spring road? But he probably never paid any attention to apple trees, or anything like that. He probably just strutted around in that stupid old garb of his, being the "Prince of the Humanists". Gee, but I hate a show-off. True.

The door slammed, and she glanced up. The professor came in with several books, looking tired, his thin shoulders hunched with

his year's struggle against the overpowering boredom that prevails in an afternoon class.

"Have you finished the quizzes yet?" he asked, sitting down at his desk opposite her.

"No," she said. "I'm getting Erasmus all mixed up with apple trees."

"Eh?" he glanced at her through near-sighted eyes, squinting at her. "Well, when you're through, I'd like to have you take a letter, if you would."

Yes, she thought. You want to order six more copies of Ancient History of Classical Philosophies, by Dopey, Idiotic, Dimwit, and Scatterbrain, for a very important theological point you wish to make on the period philosophy of—but why go on?

"Yes, sir," she said aloud, and returned to the papers scattered carelessly on her desk. Her dress seemed wrinkled, binding, and she twisted uncomfortably in her chair; checked "True" when it should have been "False", swore, and looked for the Professor's reaction.

He returned her glance. He was sitting at his desk, having picked up a copy of a report on the latest findings of the Peabody Institute on something or other. His glance gently reproved her.

"Wonder what happened to that fellow who disappeared over in Spokane the other day," he said, making an obvious attempt to ignore her swearing. "He was quite a wealthy young man, from what I gathered from the newspaper stories."

"Oh," she answered flippantly, hoping to startle him out of his complacency. "He's probably run away with a woman."

"Having a lot of fun, I imagine. After all, it's Spring."

"Well, that's a possibility," the professor said gravely, "but then, it's hard to tell in a case like that."

She lifted her head abruptly. Are you kidding me? she thought immediately, but at his bland expression, she decided that he



couldn't possibly have been teasing her.

Don't expect life where there isn't any, she reminded herself. Now I know what it's like to be a college professor, and how hard it is. Now, when the sky is like the blue of a child's eyes and the wind like a caress, for him to be so completely unaware—to be able to sit in the middle of it and read a report by the Peabody Institute.

The telephone rang, its noise blaring in the quiet office. She picked it up, saying, "Professor Harmon's office."

"Sally?"

"Oh, Oh, yes." Her cheek dimpled and she glanced guiltily at the professor. "What's the scoop?"

"Wonderful day for a picnic, don't you think?"

"Oh, wonderful," she breathed, "But just now, I'm all tied up with a man named Erasmus."

"Wha-at?"

"Oh, don't get annoyed, Jimmy. It's not another man. The professor gave a test..." She was speaking softly, but she glanced cautiously at the professor, nevertheless. He appeared absorbed in his report, and ignored her after his first glance to determine whether or not the call had been for him.

"And you have to correct the papers?"

"Yeah," she said, gloomily.

"Honey, it's Spring. Let's act like it."

"Erasmus was a damned old Dutchman who never noticed Spring," she answered softly. "No, Jimmy. I really can't go. Not this time. You know how it is."

She hung up. The professor was looking at her. As she met his eyes, he quickly lowered them back to his report.



# SWINGIN' GLOVES

Not since the "golden era" of the Kara brothers, Ted and Frank, has the Idaho boxing team consisted of such a formidable array of fighters. In the past, Idaho usually has had two or three men who could be counted on consistently to win, but until this year, they were not able to send a team through the ropes that was so well represented in all weights as it is now. Starting from the flyweight division on through to the heavy-weight class, Vandal fans can be assured that their boys will put up a good showing.

When Louis August, former boxing member at Idaho, retired from coaching to accept a business position in Spokane, things looked pretty black. Who could replace the man who had so ably coached Idaho to eight Pacific coast championships and two mythical team titles? This situation faced Comdr. Ken Butler, former light-weight at the University of California, last December when he took over the reins as boxing coach.

In Idaho's first dual meet with Gonzaga, our Vandals were hard pressed to defeat the Bulldogs. Not so in the second meeting, for Idaho swept all scheduled bouts. Gonzaga was able to salvage only one exhibition match.

Much of this credit towards improvement can be given to the small, energetic commander, who not only puts forth all his effort towards a winning team, but also does not receive any pay for doing so.

Now that you've met the coach, let's meet the team. Classy little Ray Radford is usually under the white lights before the others have finished lacing their shoes. He is lead-off man. Although a winner in only one bout, the St. Maries 125-pounder deserves a round of applause in view of his never-say-die determination. He's had his share of bad luck for some time to come. All four decisions against him have been prone to a Brooklyn razz.

Carrying Idaho's colors in the 130-lb. division this year has been Dorsel McClure. In the last Gonzaga fights, McClure received a bad cut over the eye, bad enough to declare the bout "no contest".



Idaho's small, dynamic boxing coach, Ken Butler.

However, the little battler pleaded with his coach to let him stay in, and with tape wrapped clear around his head, he went on to win the decision.

While in the Navy, the 21-year-old Arco boy participated in one of the most thrilling operations performed during the recent war. He was aboard the aircraft carrier, U. S. S. Guadalcanal, when it singlehandedly captured the German submarine, U-505. This was the first time anything similar to this had been done since the War of 1812.

Paul Williams, filling in for McClure, who is ineligible, has shown marked improvement, especially in counter-punching. He showed well in his last go against Washington State.

Recently a proud papa (still is, no doubt) and the winner of five straight bouts this season, tall Ray Engberson has proved that he is the man not to meet in a dark alley. His slightly crouching unorthodox style completely befuddles all ring opponents. In addition, he constantly keeps them off balance with a corking left jab.

Bill Williams, 145 lb. Pacific

coast champion, first started his boxing career under Joey August, coach at Gonzaga. After receiving his sheepskin at Lewis and Clark High, Spokane, he came to Idaho and continued his ring experience under the guiding hands of Joey's brother, Louie August. He has never been defeated, and is one of the finest boxers to ever fight in silver and gold trunks.

A terrific puncher with either hand, blond Herb Carlson has all the makings of a national champ. His ring generalship is unexcelled. By watching his smooth punching you would hardly believe that he had learned to box by self-method. But he did.

The twenty-two year old Wallace star is what you call a "natural". In high school, he was welterweight champion of the Panhandle for two years, and in the Army he captured a middle-weight title. Taking a turnabout, he acted as assistant boxing coach (no pay) and with only five boxers on hand gave Wallace the Panhandle and State championships. He's "single", girls.

"I felt just like a little kid who has been left home." Those were



the words of Ted Diehl, tigerish 165-lb. puncher, on learning that he would not accompany the team on its trip to the Pacific Coast championships in Sacramento. He will get to go to the Nationals, however.

Ted is the kind of a slugger the fans love to watch—he stalks 'em, waiting to land that one lethal punch. This style of pugilism earned him honors as heavy-weight champ at St. Maries Pre-flight.

“Willing to take three on the chin if I can hit you once,” is the philosophy of Laune Erickson, team captain. He knows what he is talking about, too. The fact that he has twice been 165 lb. national champion is ample proof of that. He is the most “turrible” of the terrible Swedes. (Remind me never to get mad at that man.)

Idaho's 208 lb. heavyweight, Larry Hanson, is a hard customer to put to the canvas, the result of size 15 shoes. With these solidly planted, he throws a punch that will knock your head off. As a “gyrine”, Larry was instructed by the great Barney Ross, former world's welterweight champion.

—Darrill Babbitt.

### IT'S A MIGHTY NICE DAY

(Continued from page 3)

She stood up and went over to the window. The trees had donned their first delicate green dresses for Mistress Spring, the lawn was exquisite, and two couples were playing tennis far down the lawn on the course, their legs flashing in the sun. The sight made her sigh sharply and return to her desk feeling chained to a pencil and a few worthless sheets of paper.

What is learning? She was asking herself. You just chain yourself away from all that, and eventually find yourself mentally, really chained. Like the professor, who had been chained so long that he no longer feels his bonds.

“Sally.”

She raised her eyes at his voice. He was sitting with the report on his lap, his feet ruthlessly trampling papers in his lower desk drawer. For a moment, she was startled, knowing his precise, neat mode of living.

“Yes?” she looked down at her papers, then, thinking guiltily that too few of them had been corrected, after all.

“Pretty nice day out?”

“Yes, sir.” She answered dutifully, rebelliously thinking: Well, darned if you didn't notice it after all, you - - you fugitive from a first edition.

The professor picked up a cigarette, lit it, and glanced at her through the spirals of smoke between them. “Yep, pretty nice day,” he agreed.

“Yes, it is,” she said again, feeling a bit foolish at this conversation that seemed to get nowhere. “I'll hurry with the tests.”

“Oh, there's no hurry,” he said, laying down the burnt match carefully, precisely. “I reckon if it's got the better of you, I can just as well check through them. I've nothing better to do.”

“But, Professor - - -” she was confused, her eyes wide. “I, well, I - - -”

“Like you say,” he went on calmly, ignoring her spluttering words, “Erasmus was a bit of a damned old Dutchman. Although teaching the courses I am, I shouldn't like being quoted. Students have too little reverence for me—and for him, as it is. Still, it's been a long time and maybe the

(Continued on page 15)



Idaho mitt slingers. From left to right: Ray Radford, Paul Williams, Ray Engbersen, Bill Williams, Herb Carlson, Ted Diehl, Laune Erickson, and Larry Hanson. —Photos Courtesy Idaho Argonaut.





Here's the story on campus jazz and jazzmen. Some of them play it low and some of them blast. Most of them use standard chord progressions, several employ "re-bop" or model on the King Cole Trio, and a few play blue, gutty stuff. But whatever their individual differences you'll notice this about them all—where ever and when ever they can (and sometimes even when their audience wants them to play a Wayne King number) they play the best jazz they know how. You see, these guys have been around and have heard a lot of good music played in a lot of different ways. They've remembered what they heard, torn it down and worked it in with their own styles, maybe shifting the syncopation a little or trying different intervals, tossed in some original ideas and wound up playing a lot of good music. Some of it they've copied but most of the ensemble work and choruses taken by the lads and few chicks in these Idaho crews are original, improvised by them and often spontaneous. The only unfortunate part about all this is that occasionally some reactionary will approach the musicians and ask them to sound like Guy Lombardo. This usually makes the boys a little bitter.

Here are the people who play this music. First there are those who make up the "Gentlemen of Note" units. (Incidentally we aren't including the Gents because they don't play jazz. They play excellent scored music but except for an occasional solo they do not improvise. It's the little combos that we're concerned with.) The Quarter Notes is a particularly fine crew with Eddie Williams' horn and Bud Walters' reeds outstanding. Also there are Don Singer, piano, Adair Hilligoss, alto and clari, and Leroy Anderson, drums.

(Lower Left) The noteworthies are a brassier group employing a trumpet, trombone, tenor sax, piano and tubs; instruments played respectively by Earl Grimmett, John Grimmett, Earl Spencer (also vocals), Mary Lou Snooks (also torchy vocals) and Dean Shaver. A third "Gent" unit is a quartette composed of Vern Achenbach, tenor sax and very fine clarinet, Sig Norman, horn, Steve Gilbert, drums, and John Caple, 88.

A new outfit called "3 Dukes and a Duchess" (soitenly it's a



# Campus Jazz

quartette) under the leadership of Jack Furey is one that everyone should hear. Featured is Bert Christianson who plays wonderful clari, alto and, no foolin', a swing flute. They're a heavy rhythm group with leader Furey at the skins, petite Neva Nixon, 88 and vocals, and George Becker adeptly plucking the big wood. (Upper Right).

Unfortunately few on the campus are jam sessions. Before the war they were often held in many of the living groups but the revival seems slow. It's too bad because these bashes used to be inspirational, though noisy, for everyone concerned. Shown at left, center, are a few Betas knocking themselves out. Personnel are Don Julian, horn, Sam Vance, tram, Larry Meech, clari, Earl Hayes, piano, and Dick Ioset, drums.

Bob Olson's orch is a well-balanced crew comprised of leader Olson, trumpet, John Sheeley, clari and alto, Chuck Harland, piano, and "Bus" Grimm, drums. They feature scat ensemble vocals and some original numbers by 88 operator Harland, mostly "be-bop". Their ensemble jamming is rated excellent.

And of course there's the All-Vet Quintette. This is unquestionably the finest jaz group ever to hit these halls. They play the intricate, blended stuff that's looming big out of L. A. and 52nd street. Outstanding among them is Pete Barrington, scat vocalist and terrific horn man; their leader is Johnny Powell, drums and occasional vocal licks. Reed man is George Hartwell, who specializes on his mellow toned clarinet, Harold Champness is an excellent bass man and vocalist, and Jack Percival presses the ivories in a fine manner. (Lower Right and at the "Swing Soiree" Upper Left)

Adair Hilligoss, Gent leader, who promoted the wonderful "Concert in Jazz" last December promises more of the same each Sunday evening this spring, probably to

be held outside. Adair plans to feature outstanding campus jazzmen and some from other schools and towns. The concerts should be well worth listening to. Also worth hearing is K. U. O. I.'s new program "Swing Soiree" each Tues-

day at 9:30 p. m.

Remember, though the U. of I. may not have the best football team in the northwest, it sure has the best jazz. Amen.

—Sam Butterfield.

Pictures by Dean Farmer.





## MOVIES . . . .

## Local Theatre Screens War Thriller

Last week I had the pleasure of attending a picture that will mark a milestone in the history of good movie-making. Hollywood has produced a genuine miracle of the celluloid it can well be proud of. I am speaking of the new Biograph production "The Birth of a Nation."

Like many others of its type, the unusual film is generously being released only in this area. It will be familiar to few local expounders of cinematic art, however, because of the unusual fact no advance publicity seems to have been released before these first showings. This seemingly strange treatment can be easily explained. The picture employs a new, revolutionary technique in screening, being run entirely without recourse to a sound track!! This type of production has three distinct advantages. (1) It greatly liberalizes education by requiring that all of the audience be able to read (2) The film can be run off rapidly—as it is in "Birth of a Nation" — because no necessity exists to synchronize it with a sound track (3) The hero does not have to take no as an answer from the heroine.

On entering the outer lobby of a local theatre to attend the showing, I was surprised and gratified to find there was no increase in the regular admission price. I paid the cashier fifty cents, received a ticket and joined the Sunday waiting line on U.S. 95. Having democratically waited my turn and received a degree in Chemical Engineering I gained admittance to the inner sanctum of the theatre. There a vacant seat awaited in the first row, located on the stage ten inches from the screen. This arrangement was satisfactory, however, during the entire showing with the exception of the third reel when a stallion stepped on my foot during Sherman's march to the sea.

Absolute silence now covered the audience as a select few of the theatre employees prepared for the weekly ritual entitled "Burning Last Week's Applications for New

Theatre Franchises." The ceremony was carried out with the usual finesse and deeply moved all who witnessed it. At the conclusion the spectators settled back in preparation for the film. However, there was yet one more interruption before the showing. In the rear of the theatre a young man rose and stressed his inability to see more than two-thirds of the screen because of the seats placed on the stage. When he began to vigorously demand a 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ c refund he was forcibly removed, a W.C.T.U. member took his place, and the audience was subjected to a very dry short subject.

At last the great moment arrived. The operator in the projection booth laid down a full house, raked in the chips, and sadistically threw the switch on a projector. The audience sat spellbound, literally glued to their seats as the words "Birth of a Nation" flashed across the screen in a blaze of silence. The names of the cast (mostly newcomers) next appeared in another flourish of silence and the reel continued.

My impression of the first scene was that grandmother had seen it somewhere before, but then I knew

I was wrong, tragically mistaken. Here was the life of a nation in the midst of civil war, stark and terrifying in its realism. Scenes depicting the attack of Union troops at Gettysburg, the midnight rides of the Ku Klux Klan, Will all ladies please remove your hats?, were emblazoned on the screen in rapid succession. The picture was authentic to a minute detail. The film itself had been warped into a condition of antiquity to depict the period. The props even looked like they had been through the Civil War.

Especially pleasing was the touching performance given by a newcomer, Miss Lillian Gish. Her acting was poignant and touching in the scene where she revises the facial topography of a Union soldier with a portrait of her father, complete in thirty pound frame. The tragic necessity for the destruction of the old masterpiece is mirrored in her face as she strikes the intruder again and again. Here I perceived the only thing seriously wrong with the entire production. The portrait was exceedingly poor, the artist having shown very bad use of perspective.

Near the conclusion of the showing I was surprised to find a large sardine now occupying the seat next to mine. In spite of the fact I knew fish were definitely not allowed in the theatre. I resolved to hide my prejudice and affably said hello to the creature. Its only answer was a quick look over the audience and then the comment, "I'm glad they don't pack us in like they do human beings." An alert usher immediately took the poor fish out and drowned him.

As the last scene grew to a close the entire audience was on their feet, carried completely out of the theatre with the excitement of the moment. I gropingly found my way to an exit and stumbled outside. There the sun cut sharply into the field of my vision, but it was warm, friendly. I took a clean, deep breath and strolled into the twentieth century.

—Ed Buky,



"You meany, my Daddy is **Not** a B.T.O.!"



# In Search of Sympathy

When I moved into the Village, I was certain that I had probably lived in worse places, or anyway, my grandmother had. All I needed to do was to apply a good dose of "Pollyanna" philosophy and I would be happy, or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Very carefully, I remind myself each day that if I didn't live here (and pretend to like it) that the Big Boy couldn't go to school, and after all, it is better than

1. Not going to school
2. Living with in-laws
3. No house at all
4. Fort Benning.

I repeat my daily litany and then I begin to gripe. Of course, it really wasn't on the schedule that Bob was to get chicken pox—and stay at home instead of going to the infirmary. But, unplanned as it was, I still had to carry meals to him.

My chief complaint is the stove! It has a definitely evil personality. Now my mother has a wonderful coal range, it has an oven thermometer, a big oven, a warming oven—she can even bake bread in it. (There is a rumor that some of the Village house wives can bake good bread—but I don't belong to that select group.)

But let me tell about my stove (and to think of that beautiful electric stove I had in the P. M. (pre-Moscow) apartment.) The top of this stove is exactly 16x25 inches, no warming oven. Why a cookie sheet won't fit in the oven at all. The only loaves of bread I've baked were so hard that the sparrows wouldn't eat them.

Cakes—after one experiment, I buy them. I never seem to learn though, my biscuits still resemble bride's biscuits, but at least I can blame the oven now.

And the joint front room and kitchen. I can never leave the dishes on the table and go peacefully in the front room to read. So, I must wash dishes right after a meal. Sad, Sad, I can't even blame my laziness on a poor memory.

The wind gets a good strong start across the village, and, by the time it gets to this number, it just blows through, taking all the warm air with it.

And the coal dust (the wind doesn't blow it off—just adds plain dust) on the windows and floors. I suppose though if I washed the woodwork twice a day and the windows once a day, I could keep it clean—only the paint washes off too easily.

The above is a fuzzy example of my complaints, plus a few more like the arrangement of the heating stove. Now, there was a real "engineer" of work who made that—well, thing. To put fuel in it—one must lift off the top of the stove—and whoosh—another quarter inch of dust over the woodwork.



And the ambitious clarinetist upstairs — I don't know what he is practicing but I'll be so glad when it is something more silent. Perhaps he'll get tired of that one note he plays all the time—or maybe I'm tone deaf.

(Continued on next page)



And the baby next door. At least two years old—her mother lets her run over and knock at my door. Always just as my little cherub is sound asleep, and I'm thankfully relaxing into an arm chair.

Then there is the one upstairs who cries. I have never figured out how a baby could cry so much. Why, every time mine quits crying you can hear the other one begin. People who don't live in this building are happy.

As you can see, I really feel sufficiently sorry for myself, but it is more fun to be the "brave little woman" and have other people feel sorry for me.

So, very casually, I introduce into the conversation with a home economics expert (one who gets paid for it) how really difficult it is to cook on a coal range, and keep food in an ice box. She coolly reminded me that she always cooked on a wood range — at home in the summer.

"O. K.," I say to myself, "next time I'll pick someone who lives in a house, has an electric stove, a washing machine, and a furnace with a stoker. She'll help me indulge in a little self pity, maybe even think that I'm a 'brave little woman'." So I did, so she looked at me more coldly than the home-ec-ers and reminded me that after all, "it's a place to live and you are lucky to have it."

Well, I thought, my mother will feel sympathetic with all my hardships. So I wrote a long and sad letter, poured out my troubles, husband sick, the baby cross, the washing to do by hand. Oh, did I ever feel sorry for myself. Rereading the letter I thought, "Poor girl, life must be hard for people living in those villages."

But even my mother — she doesn't feel sorry for me, reminded me that I always thought going to summer camp was fun, and certainly the village was easier—and the scenery is almost as good, when you can see it.

Only one hope for sympathy left. The other gals in the village. So, I start. Now they know what I'm talking about, floors that seem to be dirty five minutes after a good scrubbing, dirty windows, ice box pans running over, mice in the ceiling, earwigs on the floors, mud under the clothes lines, soot on the clothes.

But, none of them have any sympathy for me. The ones that aren't

## TOUGH CUSTOMER

One of the two barbers in the shop had been cutting my hair for a couple of minutes when an attractive young woman brought her little "tow-headed" in the shop for a hair-cut. The other barber, idle at the moment, swooped the little boy up and placed him on a board across the barber chair.

The fight was on. The barber, with a flexing of muscles, rushed at his little patron. The barber's smile showed confidence. The mo-



ment was tense. The child looked the barber straight in the eye.

With the gusto of a cheer leader, the little boy let out a nerve-shattering "Whaaaa."

keeping all theirs for themselves, frigidly remind me that they are glad to be living here because:

1. Their husbands can go to school.
2. They didn't like living with in-laws.
3. It is better than no shelter
4. And it is BETTER (in a chorus) than Fort Benning.

Of course, there is always one who says, "Did I ever tell you about the wonderful apartment we had in New York, with a Bendix."

Well, I gave up my search for sympathy, and decided that I might just as well be sorry for myself—nobody else was.

Unexpectedly one day, a bright young junior said, "you poor kids, confined to the Vets Villages" and I hear myself saying, "Oh, I like the Villages, it's fun. The units are so efficient—no waste space."

—Gertrude Leigh.

The hovering mother, with a timid little smile, said, "Jerry doesn't like to get his haircut very well." I wondered if she thought we were deaf.

In the meantime, Jerry, with that quality of tone known only to youth, was hitting a "Z" sharp. His small mouth resembled that of a young bird about to be fed. His face was a livid red, and the tears rolled from his cheeks in small rivulets to the floor.

The barber, in a sweet and soothing voice, said, "Here sonny, see the pretty doggy. Here dog. Here dog. I'll bet that little dog is hungry. I'll bet he'd like a piece of bread."

This quieted Jerry for one and one-half seconds.

Jerry then altered his campaign. He swerved, squirmed, and ducked, screaming with all his force, trying to jump down from the chair.

The barber threw his leg over on the seat of the chair to keep Jerry pinioned and exclaimed, "Now honeee I don't want to have to throw a head-lock on you."

Then is when I first noticed gray in the barber's hair.

Two new customers, innocently waiting their turn, decided to cast lots with the barber. One of them in a high falsetto voice called, "Here doggy-doggy. Here doggy-doggy. Bow Wow! Bow Wow! Woof! Woof!"

The other customer, from a corner in the back of the room where he was hiding out, yelled, "Throw a hammer-lock on 'im."

Peace came again. The barber was successful.

As Jerry and his mother were leaving, the barber, with perspiration standing out on his forehead, called out wearily, yet good naturedly, "Good-bye sonny."

Jerry, joyful that his torture had ended, looked back over his shoulder at the barber and replied in a sweet tenor voice, "Byeee."

It was then time for me to leave. As I was going out the door, I heard a sad sighing voice quietly say, "He sure was a tough-en. He sure was a tough-en. Next please."

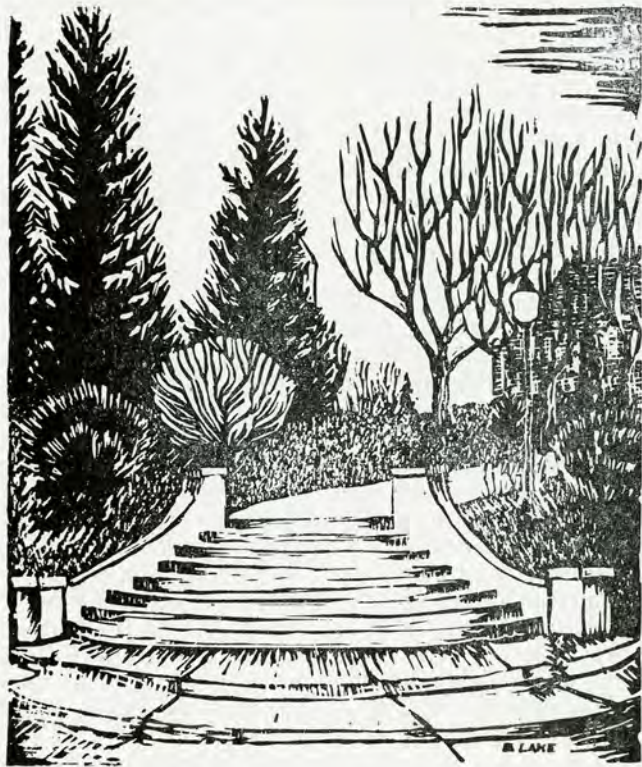
—John Dillon.



During the time that I have been back at the U of I after winning the war for Uncle Sam I have often heard the veterans reminisce about the old days before the war. May I drag a few characters, events and situations out of the past for the review of the old-timers and for the relishment of the newcomers?

First, a hasty review of the night life of the by-gone era. In those days it was not necessary to call up three weeks in advance for a date — only two were required. It is definitely true that the girls on the campus today are much better looking than they were then.

The Vet's Club and the Bistro were unheard of. The Ad Club was about the only club capable of entrance but any college student who was able to sneak into the place acquired a guilt complex about house breaking. The clubs were not missed in those days, however, because there existed much more inexpensive alternatives. At



## The Good Ol' Days

Wright's Fountain and the upstairs in Walgreen's all sorts of delicious "mix" were obtainable at reasonable prices.

### Friday Afternoon Club

The Nobby Inn was the center for beer and it was here that the F.A.C. originated (Friday Afternoon Club to the uninitiated). The originators of this fabulous club are lost to antiquity, but its membership extends to representatives of every living group on the campus. Soon after the war broke out the F.A.C. came into its own when its members patriotically carried through a program of acquainting themselves, with the subject of "What to do in an Air Raid." A very fine fellow who was undoubtedly bucking for the job of Senior Aid Raid Warden of the Beta house, was the leader of this drive to bring the realities of war to the Nobby. He went to each of the club meetings in possession of a whistle, and, at an appropriate moment in the afternoon, he jumped on a chair and blew all of the air out of his lungs into it. At the same time he shouted, "Air Raaayd." At this signal, all the members ducked under tables, or,

if those recesses were filled, they lay flat against the floor. When several seconds had elapsed, this Twin Falls lad again blew his whistle and at the same time shouted, "All Cleear." Then, everyone came out of their shelters enlightened as to the horrors of modern warfare and occupied with an added stimulus to pursue the high ideals of the F.A.C.

### Nazi Scare

As long as we are on the subject of air raids, which leads to a discussion of Nazis, let me tell you of the terrific scare which once came over the campus. It all began when this certain unnamed chap came home late on a Friday night fairly inebriated and with a devilish twinkle in his left eye. This particular lad was noted to all who knew him for what often resulted at such odd moments, and so to keep up his reputation, he went into a trance in an effort to dream up something that would out-do even the time he tapped the taxi driver on the head with a black-jack and then quickly threw the instrument to his buddy sitting beside him, and said, "Now Jack, you shouldn't have done

that." So it was that sitting there that Friday night in deep contemplation he hit upon this devilish, dirty, filthy trick.

He went to his bed and stripped off one of the sheets (the dirty one of course) and ripped it into two halves. Just to show himself how drunk he was he tied the half he didn't need into knots. To the other half, however, he applied black shoe polish in the form of a large, well-shaped Swastika. Then, continually casting sly glances to either side, he tucked the forbidden article under his jacket and made his way, crawling in a crouching, running position of cunning to the flag pole in front of the Administration building. Within a matter of seconds the ghastly piece of linen was hoisted to the far top of the pole.

### Fascist Intrigue

As dawn broke upon this mecca of hate fluttering in the breeze, the good people of Moscow did also. A cordon of cops was immediately thrown about the scene to curb the demonstration. Speculation was rampant. The Associated Press got hold of the juicy tidbit and broke its neck to plaster "Uni-



versity of Idaho, Hotbed of Nazi Intrigue," all over Southern Idaho. Frantic parents wrote to sons and daughters at far-away Moscow, asking them for elaborate explanations concerning the deplorable conditions. In Moscow, neighbor eyed neighbor and student eyed student. The situation was stirring—vitality and electrically tense.

Then, on the morning of the fourth day some super sleuth from the F.B.I. found that the illegitimate flag contained a laundry mark. Summoning all the knowledge which he had picked up in trade school, this perceiving agent succeeded in tracking down the culprit. The police were plenty mad to think of what they had been made to look like, but they showed leniency in doing nothing more than giving the perpetrator a severe reprimand. Then, the whole affair was quietly hushed up.

#### Phi Delt Bell

The perennial Beta attempt to get the Phi Delt bell usually resulted in plenty of scuffles. One of the last, and probably most violent, occurred one night when the Phi Delt suddenly awoke to find their house subject to a Beta infiltration. Their first cry was, of course, "Defend the bell." General confusion broke loose and some one called the cops — probably some D. G. who wanted to sleep. In the retreat (even Betas don't fool around where cops are concerned) one poor guy was left behind. The Phi Delt found him hiding in some dark recess. The story from this point is quite confusing and as far as I am concerned the fellow might still be there—bones and all.

#### Dreaded TNE

The mystical and secret organization of Theta Nu Epsilon! "These words strike disgust into the hearts of every red-blooded student." At least these are the type of words with which Jason used to continually beat at the organization in many of the issues of *The Argonaut*. That this organization was secret there can be no doubt—its life depended on it! It was actually so condemned and so ostracised on the campus that a person found even belonging to it was eligible for expulsion from the University. Therefore, it flourished. Members, not daring to wear

their pins on their outer garments, wore them on the inside of their vest pockets. Pledges were required to furnish a certain amount of cash for their initiation—all of which went for booze. The initiations usually took place in some remote cabin safe from the searching eyes of the outside world. Members drank White Horse Scotch; pledges drank "rot-gut" whiskey. Of course the idea was for the pledge to "pass-out" and, as one can well imagine, it must have been quite messy at times.

There was once a story concerning one of the more violent of these episodes which occurred on a wintry January night. The participants were returning from their secret ceremonies when one of the pledges, in somewhat of a sorry plight, wandered away from the rest. The members, having a few bottles of White Horse still on their persons, did not notice the absence for an hour or so. It was then discovered that the poor fellow was missing and a search was organized. When they found him he was covered by a blanket—a half inch of snow. The lad was a bit stiff and so a special process of rejuvenation was employed which

had previously been developed by two T.N.E. members to a state of near-perfection. He was revived and, oddly enough, is still normal even to the present day.

#### Bow Wow Wows Campus

Here is a person whom all the old-timers will remember — Bow Wow. It is impossible for me to spell his last name and it really

### Dictator

Curse the man  
Who was the man  
Who thought the thought  
That brought the plot  
To order the man  
Who was the man  
That shot the shot  
That put the man  
Where he could turn  
A Nation's thought

—Luke Ellingson.

makes no difference except that it was instrumental in bringing him his first fame on the campus. Formerly, the freshmen elected their class officers at a freshman assembly during registration. At this particular assembly, when nominations were asked for freshman class president, Bow Wow arose and nominated himself. Whoever was at the blackboard, though, could not spell his last name no matter how often Bow Wow repeated it, and so he was asked to go forth to write it himself. The guys and gals got such a kick out of the whole incident (Bow Wow had pulled a couple of hot puns in the process) that they elected him their president.

Bow Wow immediately used his high position to conduct Big Time Operations. He staged charity dances and dances with prizes—some say he usually won a sizable portion of the first prize for himself. He pushed his magnetic personality forth into everything. He was everywhere and yet, after a few weeks, he was nowhere. About Christmas, he realized that his prestige was on the wane. People no longer said, "There goes Bow Wow, the president of the Frosh class." Instead they said, "Nope, guess I won't say it after all — damned if I want a libel suit on my hands."

Anyway, Bow Wow knew he had to do something spectacular to bring himself back into the view



"I do love you, even if you are an Idaho athlete."



of the public. He really did not mind at what angle this view might be, but he just could not face the mediocrity to which he had been relegated. Therefore, when he was in California during Christmas vacation he conjured up a telegram to the faculty and students at the University of Idaho. The potency of the telegram is self-evident. It ran something like this, "We are regretfully having to inform you your beloved Bow Wow killed here yesterday in six-way collision. Bow Wow, a lone pedestrian, was focal point of collision. Mashed remnants in last breath asked us to send remains to you. Are shipping all pieces immediately. Signed, Citizens of East Burp, California."

It seems that no matter who the person is, in death all the bad is forgotten and only the good remains. When **The Daily Idahonian** carried the story, strong men wept. Old ladies cried in their beer. Friends, enemies and even people who just knew Bow Wow — all went into mourning. The item made A. P. and so even those students in remote parts of the state were not spared from the tragic news marring their Christmas vacation. When school was resumed on the Monday after the holidays, the name, talk of Bow Wow was everywhere, and when a live and healthy Bow Wow

stepped off the 12:15 on Thursday, it was only natural that a general reaction set in.

It was inevitable that Bow Wow would someday go too far in his playing with fate. The many things which he instigated to keep himself in the eyes of the public were sure to lead to trouble. The end came when he set up a keg of beer in front of the Blue Bucket and doled out its contents free for nothing. In the melee that followed, the Blue Bucket lost in a tug-of-war for the retention of several of its doors and general havoc broke out within the place itself. Bow Wow, untarred, left Moscow a few days later.

The next year found Bow Wow at the Southern Branch, the next at the University of Texas. Two reports have reached me as to his activities at Texas. One was from an Idaho graduate who saw him there, the other was from a student at the University. The Idaho man said Bow Wow was driving a block-long Duisenberg, was telling the students about the years of his supremacy at the University of Idaho and claimed he was writing his "College Memoirs" for the **Saturday Evening Post**. The Texas student told of how Bow Wow had immediately nominated himself for Freshman Class President, and, failing in the election, began living by the reputation he spread

about the campus concerning his former days at the University of Idaho.

To all appearances, he had been the President of several classes, Student Body President, a Big Shot in several other activities and a football hero. When he began to push himself into and become active in various activities at the University of Texas, some of the students got suspicious and investigated him. They found that they had been duped. That they had fallen for a very excellently-portrayed bluff in even allowing him a voice on the campus. They found that he had never even enrolled at the University of Texas but was working at a job—as a "front" for some Mortician.

Where he might be now is anyone's guess.

—Jim Kennedy.

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"I wish the government would pay the veterans more promptly"



# Patti of the Leotards

"I'd never been to Idaho and I wanted to see it." And that's how Idaho got its Texas representative of modern dance—Miss Patti Utgard. They told her there was good hunting up here and plenty of skiing since the University of Idaho was right next to Sun Valley.

The whole thing started when Mrs. Boyer of the women's P. E. department asked the University of Colorado at Boulder to recommend a P. E. instructor for teaching. Miss Utgard was suggested and the two fellow Texans began corresponding. "She sounded so nice in her letters, that I thought I'd like her for my boss." Patti hasn't changed her mind either. She turned down a Texas offer though Texas was the state she wanted to teach in. Now she loves her job and the response her classes show to modern dance is her source of inspiration. Attired in the dance dress of leotard, she puts her girls through their paces just as she was trained by Charlotte Irely at the University of Colorado and later, after graduating, under the famed Hanya Holmas at the Colorado college.

Though every inch a native Texan, Patti was born in Amherst, Wisconsin on the fourteenth of July. Mr. and Mrs. Utgard were as happy as the French and their Bastille to have an athletic little sister for Drexel who would surely be a football player with a football coach for a father and a beautiful mother who had seen her games from the cheer leaders' spot.

Well, the Utgards moved to Dallas, Texas when Patti was only two. She promptly began acquiring that infectious Texas drawl and passed through grade and high school getting into all the sports, dramatics, and speech "a gal like me" could get into. Dancing was always her favorite activity while football and boxing were the things to watch. She did a lot of watching and cheering when a certain Dallas boy was in the game or the ring.

In 1940, Drexel made little All-American at the University of Pennsylvania and Patti had decided on Colorado for college because they had girl cheer leaders,



**PATTI UTGARD**

She had enrolled at Ripon College in Wisconsin and after a Freshman year that had kept her busy in sports and plays she went to Boulder and got to be cheer leader. Perhaps belonging to the swimming club helped round out her 5'4½" into those charming 128 pounds, but anyway this Texas gal is a mighty cute brownette. As a matter of fact she was crowned Queen of Ripon in a contest that offered her a RKO movie contract. She very embarrassedly refused and blushes to this day when remembering that the contest was to choose the most pulchritudinous sweater girl.

Patti did her practice teaching at Boulder in their high school and university. Wesley Foundation work has always interested her,

and one summer she traveled all over the United States building up the recreation program in the Methodist church.

Our green-eyed gal had a big fall in her modern dance class and injured her back quite severely. That didn't keep her from attending the modern dance convention in Seattle in November as Idaho's chairman of dance. Her work rates as a serious but joyous part of her life. Patti has established the first orchestra group on the Idaho campus and hopes she has given the dance group a desire and the skill to keep it going. She's very proud of the excellent performance her girls turned in during the run of "Sing Singleton Sing" and has reason to be for her job of choreography showed skill.



Yes, Patti likes Idaho, but her heart is deep in Texas—you see, at Christmas she got engaged to the Dallas boy and if you were to ask her about him she would probably sit back with a look in her eye that makes a person wonder and say "... oh he's a sweet little thing." What a look!

Of course she rides horses—all Texans do! She saw her first game of ice hockey this winter and she thinks it's quite a game. This little gal has so many interests, can do so many things, and has had such a full, wonderful life that no one could begin to tell it all—besides Patti must remember she is a member of the faculty.

Some hilarious incidents are best not printed but she remembers well the day she walked into her class, "History of Physical Education," to teach her seventy Vandal football players their first lesson. She had no idea Idaho students had such a warm feeling toward their teachers. They stomped on the floor, howled, and whistled to greet her. Whether they learned anything or not, she learned from her experience with that class more than she had in her lifetime. A new joke every day greeted her and "all those cute little things"

gave her many headaches and many more laughs and memories for she never knew what was coming off next.

When you drop into the gym you are apt to find Miss Utgard attired in leotards or white shorts, blouse, socks and shoes ready and willing to play golf, tennis, ping pong, or anything you suggest. She always has time to be friendly and helpful. The reflection of a life filled each day to the brim with fun and accomplishment shines out to the observer of the sweet kid who is a full-fledged athletic instructor practicing true southern hospitality every day at Idaho. That's Patti.

—June Thomas.

**IT'S A MIGHTY NICE DAY**

(Continued from page 5)

historians have weeded out his more frivolous interests. After all, even Dutchmen fall in love. I believe," he continued deliberately, "that it has something to with propagation of the species."

This time she couldn't speak. She sat a moment, wondering how she could have been working for this man for so many weeks and never realized that he was still

young in heart, and could sense so easily longing and rebellion in another. Perhaps, it occurred to her for the first time, there are compensations in growing old and losing youth, if one gains wisdom and self-control in the process.

"Go ahead," he smiled, deepening wrinkles that were embedded deeply in his years from laughing at life and its follies. "Call your young man. Don't just sit there looking foolish."

She suddenly smiled, dazzlingly, and glanced out at the sky, still like a technicolor movie, and picked up the telephone.

"Like you said," she said to him, as she dialled, "It's a mighty nice day."

—Shirley Cowan.

The car was parked by the side of the road under the sheltering shadow of a great oak. Slowly over the rim of the hills rose an orange moon, great and grinning, and seeming as if full of desirable things. Suddenly she slid slowly into his arms with a little sigh.

"Alex, dear," she whispered, "do you love me?"

"No," came the halting reply. "but I certainly admire your taste."



"I'm very proud of my little kiddies. I think they did real good!" So says Patti Utgard (right) of her troupe of tap dancers in the recent musical comedy, "Sing, Singleton, Sing." From left to right the dancers are Pat Miller, Idaho Falls; Dawn Barnes, Rupert, Mary Stanek, Orofino; Dorothy Dean Stanley, Twin Falls; Marilyn Clark, Burley; Betty Tellin, Blackfoot, and Virginia Dreher, Sheridan, Wyo. Not shown are Colleen Haag, Bruce Stucki, and Ed Frandsen, other dancers in the show.



# They Climbed the Golden Stairs

St. Peter was the kind of a person you might call a "fidgety cuss". Whenever he grew impatient at some recalcitrant angel he would nervously drum his fingers on his desk, dawdle with his watch fob, or show his intolerance by tearing at his hair or plucking at his Adam's apple. On this particular day he was more than impatient — in fact, he seemed to be frustrated to the point of breaking down completely.

"Horatio!" he thundered at the quivering, white-robed, winged figure who served as his private secretary, "put away that bottle of Five Harps and come in here at once!"

Horatio knew that when St. Peter said "jump" he meant it. He took a last quick tug at the flask, hastily hid it in his overcoat pocket and hurried into his boss's office. St. Peter was no celestial being to tangle with, even when he was in a good mood.

"You fool," his employer greeted him, "if you were human you would be utterly drunk. I wish you were mortal again. Then you would be lying in some gutter, passed out, and I wouldn't always have to be looking at your ugly face."

"I'm sorry, Sire. I won't - -"

"Shut up. Beat your wings down to the North Gate and escort back here the five new pledges who were kept in solitary for insubordination during the past week. It's time I had a talk with them. Go!"

A few moments later the five "pledges" were standing before St. Peter's desk, wondering just how the wizened little angel with the alcoholic breath managed to whisk them through the air, and why they were suddenly jerked from confinement to face St. Peter. They knew the man they faced sitting in his swivel chair was the custodian of the Pearly Gates division of Heaven because of the autographed picture on the desk which was signed "To my good friend and competitor, St. Peter, with regard and affection—Beezelub".

"Where did you die?" St. Peter directed his question at the eldest



of the group, a thin poker-faced man who wore glasses with thick lenses and who was dressed in a conservative gray suit.

"Moscow, Idaho, sir. I was driving home in Sixth Street after conducting a lecture in the Internal Relations club when these students (and he pointed to the two young men and the two young women who stood beside him) motored madly down Elm Street and crashed into my Ford at the intersection." He turned and glared at the others. "And they positively ruined my car, I'm sure of it."

St. Peter turned his gaze toward one of the young men. "Is this true?" he asked.

"Well, I guess so, Pete. Ed, Mary, Lucille and I all had a few drinks down at the tennis courts, and I found it kinda hard to stop the car at the corner. But this old geezer of a professor - - - he referred to the older man by nodding his head - - - "could have averted the collision if he had watched where he was going instead of gazing into the sky."

St. Peter adjusted his necktie. "What's your name?" he asked the young man.

"Farrell Bell."

"Why did you cuss out the gate keeper?" St. Peter asked.

"He had a nasty way of sneering at Lucille."

St. Peter lit a cigarette, leaned back in the swivel chair and in-

haled a deep breath of smoke. Then he opened one of the desk drawers and drew forth a large manila folder and opened it.

"All four of you students were in Professor Black's class in Medieval History, weren't you?" He stated his question for the welfare of the general group but Bell answered.

"Yes. Old Willow here gave us all D's at the nine weeks."

Professor Black grabbed Bell by the collar and started shaking him, but before he got very far, St. Peter had leaped across the desk and dropped him with a left hook.

"Horatio!" he yelled.

The private secretary flew into the room, folded his wings against his side, and stood at attention.

"Drag this man out," he said, as he gestured at the professor, "and give him to Gabriel. His pledge duties will consist of ten thousand years at shining Gabriel's bugles. Shove off!"

St. Peter offered them all cigarettes, but they declined.

"I happen to know you were all doing B work," he said, "and Black gave you D's for spite merely because he once overheard you talking about his wife."

Bell looked aghast. "You sure do know a lot of things."

"The pledge duties of you four people," he continued, "will be very light. In a year all four of you will be members of the Royal Order of the St. Peter Divisional branch if you do the job well. If you fail, you can help the professor shine bugles."

"What are the duties?" one of the girls asked.

"For two hours every day," St. Peter answered, "each of you will be required to match drink for drink with Horatio. By doing that Horatio's stock will be gone in a year and I'll be once again blessed with an efficient secretary."

"BBBBut," the girl stuttered, "I'll get tight. My mother let me have a Tom Collins once and I felt woozy all day!"

St. Peter laughed. "Don't worry. Nobody is able to get a buzz on up here. You won't feel a thing, and that's the beauty of it."



# GO, VANDALS, GO

The name "Vandal" originates from a band of brave warriors of Western Germany, who migrated to Spain and remained there until they met defeat at the hands of the Visigoths. They abandoned Spain and fled across the straits to Africa where they established a new kingdom. They were given the title Vandals when they sacked the city of Rome in the year 455, A. D.

The name as applied to our Idaho teams, started during the basketball season of 1918, not as the appellation "Vandals", but first as a similar phrase "wrecking crew". The proud papa of this word "Vandal" was an undergraduate named Lloyd (Jazz) McCarty.

But to appreciate the forces which ultimately led to this union of medieval history with twentieth century Idaho, let us go back to the beginning of the fall of 1917.

Ernest K. Lindley, who later became a famous journalist as a Washington correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune, and upon whose writings this article is based, had just entered Idaho as a sophomore transfer from Indiana university. There he became associated with one "Jazz" McCarty, sports editor.

When in November, Idaho scored its first football triumph in three years (over Whitman, 16-0) McCarty's phrase "wrecking crew"

initially broke into print. In his column "Jazz Articles", he made reference to it in a paragraph of his story: "Speaking of Mr. Jazz, 'Sloughfoot Benz', erstwhile captain of the Montana 'Bruins', had better watch his step when his eleven clashes with the Idaho 'wrecking crew' come Turkey day!" This was the seed of his ultimate creation.

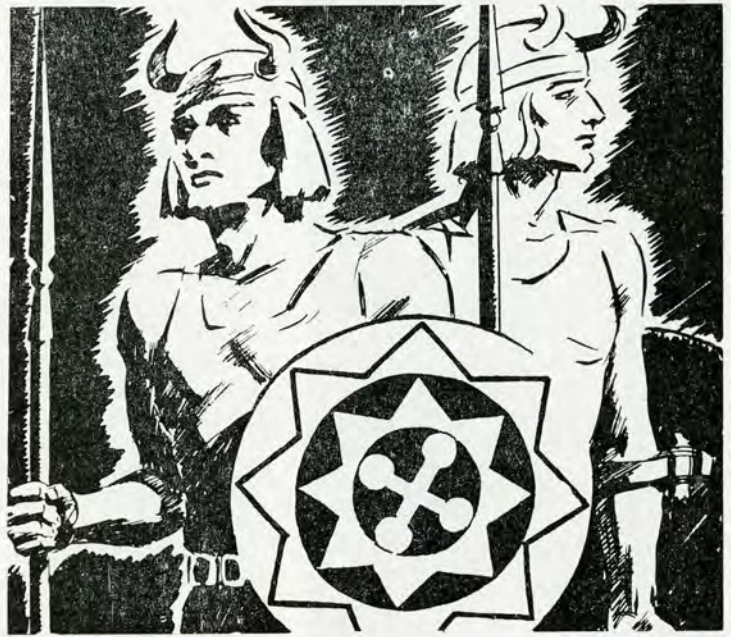
McCarty was sure that his potential nickname was the one to fit all Idaho athletic teams, but Sutherland, editor of the Argonaut and Lindley were equally certain that it just didn't click. Moreover, it was too long for headline purposes, it lacked distinction, and, at best, seemed more suggestive of football than of other sports.

Lindley, as a headline writer for the Argonaut and as a member of the basketball team, had a dual

they had gone, St. Peter leaned back in his chair and mused to himself as he looked up at the cloudy ceiling above him.

"Fools," he chuckled, "I'll have 'em guzzling hootch for eternity. And the professor will not only shine bugles, he'll shovel coal into the main furnace as well." He broke into a roaring laugh, pulled some putty from his face, lifted one end of a carpet, pulled out a pitch-fork and strode from the room.

—Stan Godecke.



interest in the selection of a suitable name. But Sutherland and he had already wracked their brains without success. McCarty remained silent, but shortly after (in his column) appeared this paragraph: "The opening game with Whitman will mark a new epoch in Idaho basketball history, for the present gang of 'Vandals' have the best material that has ever carried the 'I' into action'. The Vandal had been born.

The following year, sportwriters for the Spokane, Boise, and Portland papers, had taken up the name and by the end of the season it was fairly well established so far as the basketball team was concerned.

Since that time, our boxers and harriers have made the Vandal famous nationwide, and our grid and hoop teams have carried its name into battle from coast to coast. Go down, Vandals!

Darrell Babbitt.

"It's hard to believe we're married, Joe."

The voice came from the lower berth of a Pullman sleeper. A half hour later, "You know, Joe, it's hard to believe we're married."

Fifteen minutes later "It's hard to—"

From the upper, "If you expect anybody to get any sleep around here, why don't you prove it to her?"

"But what happens after we get to be members?" Bell asked.

St. Peter mashed out his cigarette in a little glass ash tray on the desk.

"Then you can have your pick of any damn job around here that you want. Now Horatio will show you to your new quarters, take you to the wine cellar, and get you started."

Upon these words Horatio came back into the room and led the four students to the door. When



# Thirty-Seven Sisters

## PART II—COSTUME DANCE

A big sign hung over the door to the living room and dining room. It read, "Pledges. KEEP OUT!"

Excited pledges upstairs wondered what could be the theme of this, their very own dance. What could the members be making in the basement? Why wouldn't Gwen let them see what she was sewing?

But in the forbidden living room work on the decorations was proceeding as scheduled.

Gwen handed Easter a few more silver stars to hang from the ceiling.

Mary came in, almost entwined in the red-and-yellow drapes she was carrying. "Polly and Ev will be down in a minute," she said.

"Good," Sharon replied. "We could sure use a couple more hands."

"You never see Maurine or Martha around when there's any work to be done," said Gwen.

"Who is Maurine bringing, or hasn't she decided yet?" asked Easter from the ladder.

"She isn't still hoping to get Larry, is she?" added Mary.

"She hasn't a chance," said Gwen. "Polly's had him around her little finger ever since the last night of rushing last September."

"After two months you'd think she'd find other interests," said Mary. "I wouldn't waste much time over any one guy."

"You've got to admit she did get a couple dates with Larry though," said Easter, coming down from the ladder, "those times when Polly went home for the week-end."

"And you can lay chips on it that she did everything she could to win him back," added Sharon.

"She's still got an ace or two."

"Joe Martin told me that Larry is thinking of giving Polly his fraternity pin," Carol said.

"Gee, that would be swell."

"Think he will tonight?"

"Who knows?" said Carol.

"That ought to cook Maurine," said Mary.

"Maybe," said Betty. "But in spite of how hot she can get, she doesn't cook easily."

At that moment Maurine and Martha came in, not to help, but to sit around and criticize. Mary and Easter were tacking the gay drapes over the double-door to the hall.

"Who's your date for tonight, Maurine?" asked Betty.

"A Sigma Chi."

"Too bad it isn't a certain Nu Zeta," laughed Carol.

"You'd better say goodbye to Larry," said Gwen. "Polly's got him hook, line, and sinker."

"The poor fish," said Maurine.

"Bet you'd give an arm to know what kind of bait she uses."

"That isn't hard to guess," came back Maurine.

"Oh, no," said Carol. "Not Polly. You, maybe. But not Polly."

"Whatever she uses, she's made a good catch," added Gwen, "and I don't think she'll lose him."

"Never count your fish until they're in the basket," said Maurine.

The phone rang. Betty answered it. "Eta Alpha Pi, good afternoon. What? Long distance? Polly Jackson. Yes, I'll call her." Betty left to call Polly.

"Long distance," observed Maurine. "At least it isn't Larry calling her up again."

"What's the matter, jealous?"

Polly came down in slacks and went to the phone. "Yes, this is Polly Jackson . . . Who? . . . Oh, hello, Dad . . . Yes . . . yes, but the dance is tonight . . . What? . . . Who, Axel? . . . But Dad, I've got a date with Larry . . . I know, but— . . . The son of Mr. Swinleisler? Who's he? . . . Oh . . . But Dad, Larry will never forgive me . . . The son of a business prospect, yes . . . Ten thousand dollar contract, yes . . . What does he look like? . . . That's a fine thing . . . Well, you'll have to get this Axel a costume—it's a gypsy costume affair, you know. Couldn't I get one of the other girls to date





him? Okay, but I don't know what Larry is going to say . . . Yes, I promise . . . Okay, Dad. Goodbye."  
 "What was all that?" asked Carol.

"Dad. He's after a ten-thousand dollar contract and he's sending up his client's son for me to take to the dance."

"What about Larry?" asked Gwen.

"Yeah, what about Larry?" echoed Maurine.

"I'll have to break the date, that's all. I sure hate to. I've never broken a date before."

Betty had an idea. "Why don't you pawn this guy off on someone else?"

"I promised Dad I'd escort him myself."

"Well, you don't have to be yourself, do you?"

"I don't get it."

"I mean," said Betty, "couldn't someone else be Polly Jackson, just tonight?"

"No. I'm only asking for trouble that way, and there's too much money involved. Dad would never forgive me if I muffed the deal."

"But how could this guy know you aren't somebody else?"

"There's a picture of me on Dad's desk at the office and another at home. This Axel, whoever he is, has surely seen one of them. Dad is always pointing me out."

"That does it."

"Then you are going to break your date with Larry?" Gwen asked.

"I'll have to."

"When?"

"Right away, Oh, but what will I tell him?" groaned Polly.

Maurine smiled. "Tell him

you've found something better—"

"Let's go upstairs and figure out something," said Carol. "Or we could go for a little walk."

"All right." Carol took Polly's arm.

"Let me know," said Mary, "if you pick up anything." The girls went downstairs to bring up the beaverboard gypsy wagon which was to be part of the decorations. Maurine and Martha didn't volunteer. Nobody really expected them to.

"Too bad Larry went to all the work of having a costume made, and now he won't be wearing it," said Martha.

Maurine narrowed her eyes. "Maybe he can still wear it."

"What?"

"Look, Martha." Maurine smiled obsequiously. "Poor Polly's all aflutter and she doesn't want to face Larry now and break a date. You would be doing her a favor, you know, to call Larry quietly and tell him yourself."

"But that wouldn't be cockroach."

"Cricket."

"Okay, but it wouldn't be right."

"I think Polly would appreciate it."

"Why don't you call him?"

"Oh come now, let's not be naive."

"I get it."

"I didn't think you could be that dense."

The call was placed. "Larry? This is Martha Carrier. Over at the Eta Alpha Pi house . . . Yes . . . Look, I hate to be the bearer of bad tidings, but I have some news for you that isn't too good . . .



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3rd and Main

Polly wants me to break the date she had with you for tonight . . . Now hold on! . . . I don't know why, except that she got a long distance phone call a few minutes ago and now she's planning to come with an old friend, I guess--"

"That's it," coached Maurine. ". . . she asked me to call you . . . I don't know who he is, Axel somebody . . . No, I don't know why she didn't call you herself . . . Please! Yes, probably an old flame . . . No, I don't know what he looks like, I told you that, but he must be something for Polly to throw you over without batting an eye . . . Who? Maurine?"

Maurine tensed, Martha winked. "She's upstairs . . . Okay, I'll call her down . . . Yes, I'll say you just called. Just a minute." Martha covered the mouthpiece.

"He asked for me?" Maurine inquired.

"Yeah. Playing right into your hands."

"Good. He hasn't forgotten me, I see."

"Who could?"

"Well, here's where I go to town."

Ev had entered with wood for the fireplace. "Is that Larry?" she asked.

"Shut up," snapped Martha.

"What are you telling him?"

"Listen, if you want to hear," said Maurine, "and when you get your ears full, fill your pockets." She picked up the receiver. Suddenly her voice was soft and gentle, almost cooing. "Hello, Larry? Why Yes." She sat down. "Oh, of course I'm going to the dance tonight. It's our pledge dance, isn't it? But I haven't a date to it; I'm going to be the hostess . . . Well . . . of course I'd love to go with you . . . Of course, darling . . . Oh, I can get someone else to be hostess. Why haven't you called me up before? . . . Oh, I see. Threw you over, huh. I expected that—she isn't the steady type, you know. Yes, I heard about some old flame of hers coming up for the dance . . .

"Yes, it will be great fun . . . But don't expect me to trade more than **one** dance with her. I want you all for myself, darling. No, I don't know who he is, Axel somebody . . ."

Polly and Carol came into the room. Polly was headed for the phone when she saw Maurine using it, so she sat down to wait.

"Don't talk that way, dear,"

Maurine gushed, "it makes my heart melt . . . Yeah, it's running all over the floor . . . My Lord, there goes the rest of it . . ."

Carol smiled at Polly. "Now she admits she's heartless."

"Yes, we will," Maurine continued, smiling fatuously at Carol. "Yes. Goodbye, Larry, darling."

Polly leaped to her feet. "Larry!"

Maurine rose, completely composed. "Yes."

"Do you think you're coming tonight with **him**?"

"Not only do **I** think so, but Larry seems to be laboring under the impression too. In fact, he called to ask me."

"Ask you!"

"Yes," said Maurine. "It seems he heard you had another date so he figured he was free to search for greener pastures."

"Yeah," added Ev. "And it's no great mystery where he heard it from."

"What do you mean?" asked Polly.

"The minute you left, Martha called him up and told him."

"What!" Polly glared at Martha.

Martha was nonchalant. "I thought you'd rather not face him yourself." She tossed her hair with her hand. "Is this Axel **really** handsome?"

"You little cats!" Polly exclaimed.

Evelyn stepped in opportunely. "Actionable slander, m'lady. I'll plead extenuating circumstances. Metz vs. Jackson. If it please. Your Honor, the plaintiffs in the case may not actually belong to the **species Filus**, but, by heaven, sir, they try!"

\* \* \*

Silver stars twirled gently on their black threads, now hidden by the dim light that enveloped a scene of gaiety and beauty. A small orchestra played dreamy music to which a colorful group, costumed as gypsies, were dancing. Two couples lounged on the sofa, now transformed into a gypsy wagon wildly painted and decorated with astrological figures.

Maurine was dancing with Larry. His broad smile flashed as he danced in and out of the group, but Maurine did not see the restless eye that was watching for Polly. Finally he saw her. So that was Axel. He was short and awkward; he kept stumbling into or



tripping Polly.

The music stopped. Jack Hanson and Martha walked over to Polly. They were to exchange the next dance. The usual introductions were made and while waiting for the music to begin, Jack said, "That's a pretty costume you're wearing, Polly."

"Thanks, Jack. I like red."

"Me, too. I'm in it most of the time," Jack punned.

"In what?" snapped Martha. "Red, or Polly's dress?"

The music started. Jack danced Polly toward the orchestra. "Pretty here tonight," he said.

"Yes."

"Are you having a good time?"

"Do you want the truth or the usual hypocritical answer?"

"Huh?" Jack didn't get it. "Oh, the pleasure is all mine." They lost themselves in the crowd.

Ten minutes later Polly was with Axel again. He was seen to whisper something and gesture toward the porch. Polly agreed without enthusiasm, and they filtered through the dancers and past the French doors.

"Not so stuffy out here," said Axel.

"No, and it's certainly a beautiful view."

"I'll say." Axel was watching Polly rather than the view.

"Look, you can see all the lights on the campus. All the frat and sorority houses, each with its own little glow, its own little story, just like ours, just as important as ours — to them, yet out here with real stars up there and real moonlight, the world seems so immense and our little troubles seem so insignificant."

"Yeah," said Axel. "It sure is pretty."

"And so big. It makes us so little in comparison. Practically nothing." Axel didn't see the tear that started in Polly's eye.

"Emerson said, 'If a man would be lonely, let him look at the stars.'"

Polly sat down on the bench. "It is lonely," she sighed.

Axel sat close beside her and squirmed even closer. "It doesn't have to be lonely."

"I'm cold, Axel. Let's go back."



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"Sometimes I hate people."

"Me, too."



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Axel put his arm around her. "I can keep you warm, baby."

Polly giggled, "Why Axel." She expertly eluded his embrace.

"Ah, come on, honey. You don't want to be a starched collar all your life, do you?"

"It has its attractions."

"Ah, come on," Axel whined.

Polly got to her feet. "Ah, come on yourself. Let's go back in and dance."

"Ah, to hell with that stuff. It's no fun. It's only the buildup anyway for what comes later."

"Well, nothing's coming later, so forget it."

"Ah, just one kiss."

Polly held him at bay and taunted, "Darling, dearest, I didn't know you cared, sweetie-pie!"

Axel took her seriously. "Oh, but I do, I do. Come on, after one of my kisses, you'll change your mind."

"No conceit in your family."

"That's it. Cuddle up to Axel, baby."

Polly broke away from him, and started for the door. "I'm going inside before you sweep me off my feet."

"Hey, wait a minute, Polly."

"Dad should have sent along some wolfbane to keep off the would-be wolves. Are you coming or do I solo the rest of the evening?"

"I'm coming."

The tenth dance Maurine had deliberately exchanged with Polly. When the music stopped, she led Larry over to where Polly was standing. "Well, Polly," she said, "here he is. The tenth dance, you know."

"Hello, Larry."

"Hello, Polly."

Maurine was delighted at the strained atmosphere. "Remember now," she gushed, "no tears, no recriminations." She tossed a shoulder at Larry. "And don't swallow everything she tries to feed you, handsome." She grabbed Axel and started off. "Come on, Shorty."

Polly and Larry began dancing.

"Nice looking guy you found yourself," Larry said.

"Are you kidding?"

"No," Larry answered, in full sincerity. "He's an old flame of yours, I understand."

"What!" Polly pulled herself away from him and stopped dancing. "Who told you that?"

"Maurine. And Martha too when she called for you this afternoon to break the date."

"Called for me! I never told her to call!"

"Well, you were going to break the date, weren't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Let's keep on dancing. People are noticing. But what?"

"I was at least going to call you myself and explain."

"Martha explained sufficiently. It's an old story."

"Larry! You can't believe that little squirt is an old flame of mine, can you? Did you see him?"

"Yes. But maybe he has money."

"Please don't insinuate that I'm a gold-digger. If I were I would

## TRUTH REVEALED

Some come to college  
To major in art;  
Some come to college  
Because they are smart;  
Some come to college  
To do what they can;  
But I came to college  
To find me a man!

Marie Hampton.

never have fallen so head over heels in love with you."

"Where have I heard that before?"

"Larry, you're being detestable."

"Not so loud. Everybody's looking. If you want to scream, I'll take you out on the balcony."

They maneuvered through the crowd and stepped out into the night. Polly turned to Larry. "Now if you'll just give me a chance to explain . . ."

"Start talking. Who is the guy?"

"Axel Swinleisler."

"That's enough."

"But I don't even know him."

"I got a glimpse of you two out here a few minutes ago," said Larry. A sarcastic smile spread over his face. "You acted like perfect strangers."

"If you had spied a little more, Mr. Sherlock, you would have seen that I was doing my best to evade him."

"How utterly gallant. Saving it for someone else?"

"Yes."





"I understand she's not very popular around the campus."

"Who?"

"You."

"Oh, come now. I only make the same mistake once."

"Let me explain, Larry, please! He's the son of one of Dad's clients."

"How nice to have the family approval of your lovers in advance."

"Dad called long distance this afternoon and demanded that I take him to the dance tonight. I told him I couldn't break my date with you, but he insisted. The deal was worth ten thousand. He made me promise that I would personally escort this little prodigy and he wouldn't hang up until I did."

"What!"

"You see I had to bring him."

"Why didn't you tell me this?"

"I was going to when I phoned to break the date, but Maurine and Martha heard my conversation with Dad and phoned you first."

When I tried to get you later you wouldn't answer."

"And they thought he was an old flame of yours."

"So they said."

"But what about this little balcony scene with Axel a few minutes ago?"

"I told you that was no fault of mine. I wanted a little air and when we came out here he made a pass at me."

Larry was quiet a moment. He knew he had been too hasty to make conclusions. He looked at Polly. There were tears in her eyes. He didn't say anything. He just drew her close and kissed her.

Polly knew of nothing for awhile. Her soul was dancing among the stars that used to seem so cold. Now they were little knot-holes in the floor of Heaven, letting a little bit of the glory up there peep through.

"The stars," she whispered. "Each one of them is a friend of mine, each reflecting my happiness."

Larry was fumbling at her blouse. "Maybe it isn't as brilliant as the stars, Polly," he said, "but it's a little more tangible, and I want you to have this."

"What is it?" she asked, trying to see, but he held her chin up with one finger.

"Don't you know?"

"Oh, Larry. Your fraternity pin!"

"I think you ought to have it. We are supposed to wear it next to our hearts. And you have my heart."

The stars were reflected in Polly's moist eyes. "Oh, Larry," she whispered, "I love you so much."

"You'd better," he said in a hoarse voice, "or I don't care if I go on living or not."

"Your pin. Oh, it's beautiful."

"It's a symbol of our love," he said. "Come here." And he took her in his arms again.

Someone inside was calling Larry. The doors to the porch opened and Maurine stepped out. She saw Larry and Polly were oblivious of her. She stared at them a moment, and then huffed back into the living room, slamming the doors.

Larry and Polly glanced up, laughed, and went to it again.

Maurice Paulsen.

(To be concluded in the MAY issue of BLOT)

For That

# SPRING DANCE

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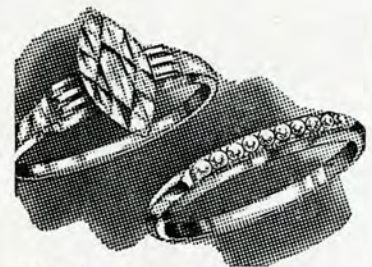
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# Beatrice, the Bare Bear

## A Fable

Beatrice was born without any hair, except on the tip end of her tiny tail, which greatly disconcerted her family. They were the socially astute Chicago bears and it displeased them no end to have one of their number different from other bears. Beatrice's mother (who spoke with a broad A) had been an English musical comedy star and knew Noel Coward so well that she called him "No" for short. They put all the blame for Beatrice on her mother's low beginnings in a Cockney music hall and threatened to have her thrown out of society unless she agreed to send Beatrice away to a school in New York, where none of the other bears in Chicago could see her.

Weeping, her mother bundled Beatrice into a swaddling cloth and put her in the care of a rattle-brained French governess named Mimi Scrimant, who assured the bereaved mother that she would, "etrangle le petit fils de la chienne!" With those words she bid the family adieu and delivered the tiny bare bear to Miss Pettibone's School for Exceptional Bears.

It was here that Beatrice experienced her unhappy childhood, which led her to take up Yogi. All the other bears hated Beatrice, but she didn't care. When they snubbed her, she'd just smile a little smile and run to her room to contemplate her navel. Already she knew fifteen Yogi positions and she'd ordered a book she'd seen advertised in the back of True Story, that guaranteed to teach her all the rest. But underneath her facade of gaiety, Beatrice was very unhappy. She was damned unhappy!

So, on her twelfth birthday, she ran away to the city. She went to the Astor bar the first thing, where she flung open the revolving door and cried, "Look, I'm here!" But the only one there was a brown bear from Georgia named Mose, who was cleaning up. (It was eleven in the morning.) He looked up only long enough to sigh sadly and say, "Clothes is sho' gettin' brief, dis yar," and go back to his mop. So, feeling very lonely and let down, Beat-



rice took the fifteen cents she'd saved up through the years and walked to Schrafft's where she had breakfast.

When she finished, she went back to Times Square and what a crowd was there. Frank Thinatra, an emaciated singing bear from Jersey City was opening his new musical, "Hybernating on a Star" and all the bobby-bears were there, screaming. When they saw him in his plaid pelt and bow tie, they went wild and tore down the ropes from around the front of the Roxie and streamed in. Beatrice didn't know what it was all about, but she was eager to learn, so she followed the crowd in. When Frankie would almost faint all the bobby-bears would swoon, but not Beatrice (she was very old for twelve.) Disappointed, she made her way to the street and began to search for a job.

She looked all day, but naturally, since she'd flunked her multiplication tables twice at Miss Pettibone's, she had no difficulty

in getting one at Sak's Fifth Avenue, behind the perfume counter. There, she would stand all day, in her black v-necked dress and pearls selling Tabu and Chanel number five to all the dowager bears, who would come in. Finally, she saved up enough money to buy herself a long black wig that parted in the middle and if she pouted hard enough, she looked just like Hedy LaBear. She was a wonderful success and in a year she was a buyer so she bought herself a mink coat and leased a little flat in Greenish Village. But all the other bears hated Beatrice because she had a mink coat and all they had was just old bear, so very unhappy, she drifted back to Yogi.

Then it happened—One day she was standing behind the counter, when He came in to buy a dram of "On a Bare-Skin Rug." He was a polar bear and like all polar bears, he was frigid, but he had a great mane of white fur and a look that made Beatrice know that he was really big in all the little ways that women bears love.

It turned out that he was Leopold Bearski, an eccentric Russian Symphony conductor and he couldn't wait to show the town to Beatrice. He took her out of Saks that very afternoon and when she found out that he knew all about Yogi, it was love. (Why, he knew even more positions than she did!) He bought her a penthouse that overlooked absolutely everything. He introduced her to New York society and she was made overnight.

She had all the jewelry and money that she could use and a lot that she couldn't. Every Sunday afternoon she'd get so dressed up that she made Mrs. Vanderbear look like the mop-bear in the Stork club and go to the symphony broadcasts, where she'd sit in her box at the BBS (Bear Broadcasting System) and throw coy glances and rosebuds at her Leopold.

So they lived happily ever after. The moral? "Just because you're born bare, doesn't mean anything. You can always pick up a little fur!"

—R. A. M. Booth



# The Beachcombers

Mouldy Moe and Laguna Oroony were strolling down among the seashells, seaweed, and seagulls when they spied a familiar character, their old pal Sepulveda, wading out among the pickled herring. At the sight of Mouldy and Laguna she came foaming through the phosphorus (she was pretty well lit, anyway), and struggling over monstrous sand dunes to greet them.

The vout trio decided this reunion called for a celebration, so they collected their thoughts, and since there wasn't much of a collection they let the matter drop (it landed with a thud). Then their minds rested on "The Sunken Chest", but not for long as it was uncomfortable. The mere thought of food made the pangs of hunger bear down on them. Squashed, but still struggling, they entered "The Sunken Chest" for a short snack. Eyeing the me vooty menu they ordered reety vooty with hot sauce and avacado seed soup, among other melloroony morsels. After the third helping of hoyreetabob they began tapping on the ceiling and nailing avacado seeds to the roof! At this sight the waiter fell through the roof (he was standing on the ceiling at the time).



MOULDY MOE

After this escapade Sepulveda, Laguna and Mouldy moved on to further adventures! They sized up the show—wrong size! The strolling flatfoot gave them the eye, but they gave it back as they didn't know what to do with it. Then they tore up the road (and threw it away) and came upon the cave of Beachcomber Beatrice, who was stringing seashells by the seashore. "Come into my cave and see my hyroglyphics", said Beachy. So, heaving a sigh of re-

lief (how repulsive) Laguna, Sepulveda, and Mouldy entered Cave 805, which has underground connections, and enjoyed the atmosphere of Beachy's abode. Pretty soon Beachy's boy friend, Chattinooga came to call so the vout trio hit the road (only not so hard this time).

As they preambulated down the sandy shore they caught sight of Smoky, their buddy, who was puffing on a sea-weed! Smoky, who was rather green around the eyeballs, looked like a technicolor



LAGUNA OROONE

movie — quite groovey. Smoky looked Laguna in the eye (the one in the middle of her forehead) and said "Go die!" At this remark the vout trio went hobbling down the coralstone beach.

The next person they ran into was Petropavlovsk, with whom they had a long Russian discussion. It seemed that Petty had just returned from the old country where her folks lived in Vodka Village. Hoya! They left Petty to her sanddune and traversed around to Crystal Cove.

Well, whadyaknow, there's Tanu-Tuva, building sandcastles by the dozens. She screams with delight at the sight of these three and offers them multi jellybeans and gumdrops. Beaucoup gossip was exchanged and Laguna, Sepulveda, and Mouldy headed back toward town.

Stopping at "Waterlogged Walts, the home of good malts", they sat sipping strawberry sodas like mad. Who should come roaring up at this point but Driftwood, who'd been drifting around for quite some time (cutting capers in Cucamonga, mostly). He tells the wee three of a new version of the Balboa Hop "called the Santa Monica Struggle". He also gives them the latest scoop from Seattle, Spangle and Spookaloo. After slipping Driftwood the check they were off (mentally and other-

wise). Driftwood just sat and beat his head against the counter, screaming "I've been slipped the mouldy".

Next Laguna suggested a dip in the ocean, and Sepulveda said that was right down her alley, only the ocean isn't on an alley. Anyway, they waded out into the wicked waters for a reviving swim. Nothing reviving about it except Mouldy, under artificial respiration. At this point exhaustion hit them (knocking them down) and they decide to call it a day. On second thought best they call it a night (it was pretty dark out). So back to their seashell shelter and insomnia. Melloroony nightmares, that is!

Marjan Morris.

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**WHAT'S THE GAG?**



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**Kyle's Photo Supply**

The hit song from the ASUI musical comedy, "Sing, Singleton, Sing"

*Moonlight in Sun Valley*

Words By  
**TED SHERMAN**

Music By  
**HALL M. MACKLIN**

Verse:

"I've seen the moon-light shin-ing on the Na-bash, I've sailed a-long up-on the

Moon-light Bay, I've seen the ris-ing moon up-on Mi-a-mi, a set-ting

moon in Cal-if-or-ni-ay. Still tho' an-y moon can set me pin-ing

I am par-tial to a cer-tain one; strange-ly, it's the moon I've seen a-

shin-ing down up-on the Val-ley of the Sun: "Moon-light in Sun

Val-ley, with a song in the air - Moon-light in Sun

*Includes musical notation for voice and piano, with markings for RITARD and CHORUS.*



Val-ley, with a spell that is rare glim-m'ring on the moun-tain

ran-ges and sil-v'ring the trees shim-m'ring on the lake in

ripp-ling fil-a-grees; Moon-light in Sun Val-ley

why must the moon ev-er wane? Moon-light in Sun Val-ley

when shall I see it a-gain? out of all my dreams there's one dream I'm

wish-ing were true, Moon-light in Sun Val-ley with you."

Copyright 1947 by H. W. Macklin & T. A. Sherman

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**WARD'S PAINT AND HARDWARE**



# PANDEMONIUM ★ ★ ★

We heard about the tipsy premed the other night who called up Dr. Wasserman of national fame and when the good doctor answered the phone our inebriated friend said, "Hello, is this Dr. Wasserman?"

The voice said, "Yes."

Our friend said, "Are you positive?" —Pelican.

**Our idea of a lazy student is one who pretends he is drunk so that his fraternity brothers will put him to bed.**

Sigma Chi: "Hey, don't spit on the floor."

Pledge: "S'matter? Does it leak?"

**Pome:**

I wish I were a kangaroo  
Despite his funny stances  
I'd have a place to put the junk  
My girl friend brings to dances.

**Gentlemen may prefer blondes, but the fact that blondes know what gentlemen prefer has a lot to do with it.**

Goil: "Get hot!"

Schlemeel: "Get hot? Oh boy!"

Goil: "Yas—get hot from mine house!"

Preacher: "Modern dancing is mere hugging by music. What shall we do to reform it?"

Half Asleep Sigma Nu on Back Seat: "Cut out the music."

GI: "Can you read my mind?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Go ahead."

She: "No, you go ahead."

Phi Gam—Why is your tongue so black?

Beta—I dropped a bottle of liquor where they're tarring University Avenue.

Notice: If the person who stole the jar of alcohol out of our cellar will return Grandma's appendix, no questions will be asked.

—Syracusan.

SAE: "How does that red-head kiss?"

TKE: "Have you ever tried to play the tuba?"

First Kangaroo: "Annabelle, where's the baby?"

Second Kangaroo: "My goodness, I've had my pocket picked."

Progressive school child: "Hey—I found out how people have children."

Another PSC: "So what? I already know how they don't have them."

Dean—Know you? Why I knew you when your mother got kicked out of college.

"I passed by your house yesterday."

"Thanks awfully."

First NROTC—You were really making time in your car after the dance last night.

Second Ditto — What was her name?

**Home is where you can scratch any place it itches.**

"If you don't marry me, I'll take a rope and hang myself in your front yard."

"Ah, now, Herbert. You know Pa doesn't like to have you hanging around."

Gamma Phi Blonde: "Isn't that a beautiful butterfly on my knee? It must think that I'm a flower."

Delta Chi: "That's no butterfly, that's a horsefly."

Dad wrote to his son at college: "I'm sending you the \$10 in addition to your regular allowance as you requested in your last letter; but I must again draw attention to your incorrect spelling: '10' is written with one zero, not two."

**Parting —**

Date of mine, ere we part  
Keep or give back my heart,  
I care not which. What's been has been;  
But lady, I demand my pin.—Log.



"Remember when we thought that jungle training was impractical?"



NO VACANCIES



"Not even in a frat house?"

Lee Balderston strolled into a bar and sat down on a stool alongside a cute little lass.

"Do you care for horses?" he asked.

"No," came the chilly answer, "I wait on tables."

"Captain, is this a good ship?"

"Why, Madam, this is her maiden voyage."

It's all right to tell a girl she has pretty ankles, but don't compliment her too highly.

Pome:

An enemy, I know, to all  
Is wicked, wicked alcohol.  
The good book, tho, commanded  
me  
To learn to love mine enemy.

Golfer (unbalanced by some afternoon drinks) to opponent, "Sir, I wish you clearly to understand that I resent your interference with my game. Tilt the green once more and I chuck the match."

"Won't you join me in a cup of coffee?"

"You get in first."

### DEFINITION OF A BLUSH

A blush is a temporary erythema and colorific effulgence of the physiognomy, etrologized by the perceptiveness of the sensorium, when in a predicament of shame, anger, or other cause, eventuating in a paresis of the vasomotor filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby being divested of their elasticity, they are suffused with radiance, emanating from an intimidated percordia.

Dissertation ended.

The footsore hobo walked along the highway, thumbing his nose at the passing cars. Eventually, he came across another hitch-hiker, who watched the hobo's gesture in amazement.

"Hey, feller," cried the second hitch-hiker, "if you're looking for a lift, why thumb your nose at the cars? You'll never get a ride that way."

The hobo shrugged, "Who cares?" he chirped. "This is me lunch hour."

One KKG thought for a long time that Western Union meant cowboy's underwear.

Now that they're making streamlined bathtubs, they should invent a cake of soap with hydraulic brakes.

This isn't in the Scriptures, but many long years ago when the Lord was creating the Earth, he decided there should be sex life. First he went unto Adam and spake, "You shall have twenty years of sex life."

And Adam said unto the Lord, "Thanks, God."

Presently the Lord came upon the monkey and spake unto him, "You shall have twenty years of sex life."

And the monkey answered, "My God, ten years will be enough."

And Adam asked unto the Lord, "May I have the other ten years?" and the Lord consented.

Soon the Lord came to the bull and said unto him, "You shall have twenty years of sex life." And, like the monkey, the bull answered that ten years would be plenty.

And Adam asked unto the Lord, "May I have the other ten years?" and the Lord consented.

And so it came to pass that man has twenty years of sex life, then monkeys around for ten years and bulls around for ten more.

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We have it —

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