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FROM A LEAKY PEN

If you don't like trumpet blowing, please skip this and turn to page 30. There's an article on saxophones for you.

The pile of exchange magazines from other colleges and universities is fast growing into a storage problem. But we won't throw them away. When we're feeling pretty low and the printers are waiting for our star feature writer to finish an article on the dramatics department, they come in handy to bolster up our morale.

Blot was established to give outlet to the literary talents of the campus, and to then include the typical humor magazine features to widen the readership appeal. Following this editorial policy, it can maintain the approval of the university, the people of the state, and also give the students what they want to read.

Sixty-five percent of the college magazines published today have no connection with their respective universities. They are sometimes difficult to identify with any university. They are published by students without faculty guidance (a nice word for censorship) and exist from month to month as long as the staff is not kicked out of school. Their schools shrug and

(Continued on next page)



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COVER GIRL

Jean Wallace, an Alpha Chi Omega from Soda Springs, plays Santa Claus on our December cover. Any doubts about what you want for Christmas?

The color photograph is by Fred Farmer. Bob Finlayson designed the layout and filled in the background.

BLOT solicits stories, poems, essays, short one-act plays, or any other type of literary work, serious or humorous, photographs and cartoons, from any full or part-time student registered at the University of Idaho. All work should be typewritten and double spaced and left at the office of BLOT, Department of Journalism. All rights remain the property of the author.

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claim no responsibility, although the magazines represent them to the rest of the collegiate world as surely as do their athletic teams.

Well, we are proud that Blot is a campus magazine that is not disowned by the university. Although we cannot hope to print material that will not be offensive to anyone and still have a magazine, we are, nevertheless, not ashamed of our efforts.

With ASUI backing, an energetic staff, and the reception that has been given the magazine, Blot can live on indefinitely holding its head high.

May Blot never become a blot on the Idaho campus.

Pepsi Gags

Marvin Alldaffer was one of those we know who have entered Pepsi-Cola's Easy Money contest (see inside back cover.) He sent in this typical bit of his humor for the He-She department.

He: Do you know what a virgin dreams about?

She: No. What?

He: Good, have a Pepsi-Cola.

That last line was thrown in for the benefit of the judges, who seem to have decided preference as to beverages. Anyway, a week later he received \$50 in the mail. His folks had finally caught on to the hint\$ in hi\$ letter\$. He hasn't heard from the judges yet, probably because they don't get it either.

This month in addition to the Little Moron Corner, the He-She gags and the cartoon, Pepsi is adding a Daffy Definitions department. Some of you with a better sense of humor than Marvin's might pick up a little cigarette money here—to be spent, of course, for Camels or Chesterfields (they advertise in Blot).

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

Lt. Rinehart and his bride will leave immediately for the Aberdeen proving grounds.

—Sioux Falls Argus-Leader.

They tell us a plane has set a new record at 650.9 miles an hour. Now if we can only think up some good reason for getting anywhere that fast.

Before the FINAL CURTAIN

June Thomas



Remember when the theatre seats in the U Hut ran all the way back to where the campus post office is now? Probably not, but in the good old days of about 1920 to 1930 the Hut was strictly a place of dramatics. Upstairs where the offices are today, there was a balcony to accommodate spectators of the one-act plays. A little restaurant served snacks after the play of the evening while thespians and critics made chat-chat. The one act plays presented in Hut provided the testing and selecting ground for experienced actors to be used in major productions in the auditorium.

From the first the university's years were always highlighted by dramatic efforts of some sort. Before Professor John H. Cushman came to us in 1919, anyone who had sufficient interest took charge of play production and, though there was no dramatics department, classes in interpretive reading have long been offered.

In 1919, Mr. Cushman arrived

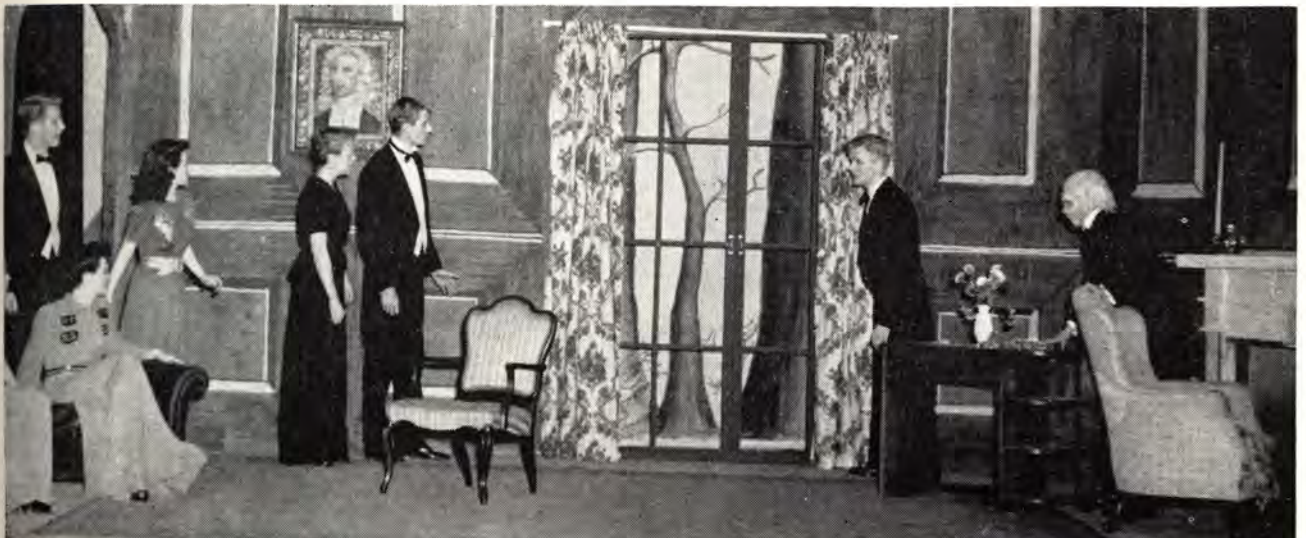
at Idaho as an assistant professor of English. He had studied at Brown University, received his M.A. from Harvard, and taught at Syracuse University from 1914 to 1919. He started right in with dramatics productions and was chiefly responsible for organized dramatics efforts until 1930.

Reversing his gears of memory, he recalls a certain Jean Collette who was his pupil in the middle of the roaring twenties. Says Cushman, "She was a tiny thing who didn't mind dressing up to look terrible so of course she was fine for comedy." After the 1928 production, "Good Gracious, Annabelle," the reviews stated that she "brought laughs every time she spoke a word."

Off and on from 1918 to 1927 Talbot Jennings, who is now famous as a Metro Goldwyn Mayer and Paramount scriptwriter for elaborate historical productions such as "Marie Antionette," "Northwest Passage," "The Good Earth," "Mutiny On the Bounty," "Frenchman's

Creek," "Anna and the King of Siam," and "The Black Rose," was a student and an instructor at Idaho. Through Professor Cushman, he turned for the first time to playwriting. Several of Jennings' own plays were presented here along with his adaptations of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," "Twelfth Night," and "Merchant of Venice." Later London applauded Leslie Howard in Jennings' "This Side Idolatry," in an amplified but no more enthusiastic manner than our university had applauded his "Wayfaring Man" and "Homespun."

F. C. Blanchard, instructor in dramatics, came in 1930 and was here until 1936. Jean Collette, after starting her teaching career at Idaho in 1933 as an English instructor, joined John F.



(Ted Cowan)

"Dear Brutus" was the first university dramatic production of this year. Seen here after the discovery that a magic wood has appeared where a garden used to be are Polly Harris, Dick Peterson, Pat Barnes, Shirley Brandt, Margaret Payne, Guy Terwilliger, Bill Davidson, and Jack Rowe.

Sollers in taking over dramatics in 1936. Mr. Sollers was technical director on their first play, a cockney comedy, "The Bishop Misbehaves." He used a ceiling in the setting for the first time, improving the acoustics by projecting the actors' voices out to the audience. The house was sold out for that one and later **Argonaut** headlines announced that "Noah" would float again with Sollers and Collette. This joint management of dramatics came to an end in 1942 when Sollers left for Stanford. He is now at Lawrence college in Appleton, Wisconsin.

Because of the war and the resulting teacher shortage, Mr. Sollers' vacancy has never been filled. Miss Collette has carried on alone and now with the university's peak enrollment of 3,700, she says she has more time for her work than ever before. Paradoxical as this situation may appear, it is all a part of an interesting trend of the times. In peaceful times the leisure arts thrive and pre-war advanced classes typically had 30 to 40 students enrolled. With the coming of the war, there was a consequent falling off of enrollment, and subjects which were technical and practical were favored. Even though some fine art comes out of war, there is less general interest, according to Miss Collette. For the last five years fewer people have been taking beginning courses, and as yet not enough students with an interest in fine arts have come along to crowd the advanced classes. Miss Collette is no longer substituting as an English instructor as was necessary during the war. Her time is devoted entirely to the activities that center around the Hut and branch out to the auditorium stage.

Always completely busy and undaunted by the prospect of more heapings of work, Miss Collette reasons that there are only twenty-four hours in a day, she's got them filled, and since she would have them filled anyway, everything is fine.

Jean Collette graduated from Burley high school and came to the University of Idaho when she was only a very little girl.

She stood five feet tall and weighed only eighty - nine pounds. When she heard that Mr. Cushman remembered her as being only half her present size she commented without a pause, "So I am. Let's see, I weigh one hundred and seventy-eight now."

When Jean graduated in 1928 she left an impressive list of activities. She was president of the English club, vice president of the Mortar Board and YWCA, a member of Curtain, Spurs, AWS. and Delta Gamma Rho, national forensic honorary. In addition to being active in dramatics and debate, she worked on the Blue Bucket staff, college mag of the time. She was a member of Omega Alpha, a local sorority now Delta Delta Delta.

After Idaho she taught at Colorado Women's School in Denver, took graduate work in dramatics at the University of Colorado and at Northwestern University. She dabbled with various small theatres without a straight part. Hers was always the role of the comedian complete with crazy costumes.

In 1930 she saw Europe to confirm, as she says, what she had been reading in college textbooks. Her prewar summers took her to New York to see the plays. Always her first love has



(Ted Cowan, Pat Hamilton)

Crew work is an essential but unseen part of any production. Seen above are Harry Lamson and Ted Cady testing the lights for special effects in "Dear Brutus." The greater part of the actor's work, long hours of rehearsal, is also unseen. Below, JoAnne Elam, Maurice Paulsen and Rich Pennell rehearse a scene for "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

been show business. At anytime she'll go anywhere to see a play if she can possibly make it.

No matter how glamorous it may be to think of Miss Collette as a French mademoiselle, she insists that, despite the French name, her strongest blood stream is one-fourth Irish. In her reactions and temperament she is more definitely Irish though her apt hand gestures hint of a French ancestor's influence.

The number of plays put on each year is about four. The variety ranges from modern to classical with occasional musical productions such as "Sing Singleton Sing." As is the general situation at our university, so too the equipment and space allowed for dramatic productions is definitely inadequate. A new theatre is far down on the new building budget because of priority for more urgently required buildings. Those who have ever witnessed a performance of any kind in the auditorium realized what an architectural monstrosity it is. The difficulty of seeing and hearing the activity on the stage was appreciated in 1915 when advanced publicity for "Paolo and Francesca," an Italian play of that year under the direction of Miss French of the Speech department, read:

"Those desiring to see the play, and this should include everyone, must procure their seats early and reserve them well forward in the auditorium else some of the charm and delicacy of the play may be lost to them. Get seats as near the front as possible."

That is as true today as it was then, and heaven help the poor soul who gets a seat in the "dead spot!"

When the crews for the current play start their work, they find the only place to build sets, sew curtains, or do any of a hundred odd jobs, is the stage proper. Next they find that it is in continuous use from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. and that the actors take over at 7 p.m. until late in the evening. What is facetiously called storage space is a large haw-haw which is the unexcavated part of the northeast corner of the Ad building. Here are little recesses cut out of the

THE CLUB FOR CULTURE

It's the very best club in the city,
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It's very select and upliftin',
And we're hittin' the Five Arts strong.

We're studyin' the Russian novels—

The French and the English we're through.

And the lives of the German composers—

We've cussed and discussed them, too.

I know of all the famous artists,
And the pictures that made them great,

For I've wrote them all down in a notebook

'Cause I knowed I'd forget, sure as fate.

We have read up on sculptors and buildin's,

We can tell you each style at a glance—

We have voted 'gainst all things modern,

Especially the jitterbug dance.

We talk very down east and Southern—

To pronounce any R is a sin;
Oh, it's very select and upliftin'

And only the bluffs can get in!
—May Napier Burkhart.

dirt and jocularly called "tombs." Lumber, props, and costumes are stored within. Everywhere in this fine maze of ratholes are pipes to bump the noggin on, dirt floors to pace upon, piles of wood, and dusty rooms filled with ancient stage pieces and props.

The section of cement rooms below the stage is given to make-up and dressing rooms. The "Doghouse," so-called because a dog would have difficulty getting inside, is a special joke as storage space.

But despite all, the show must go on and everybody loves it because that's how it is in the branch of fine arts that is known as the theatre. There's a magic for all foolish mortals at the mere mention of dramatics no matter how slight or significant the effort may be. The drama-

tics honorary to which the students and faculty members who have passed certain eligibility requirements in acting, playwriting, or play production belong is the Curtain. Its roll of members include those who have made their points on crews and in casts of such outstanding productions as we have seen this year in the presentation of "Dear Brutus" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Though the campus audiences delight in criticising every mistake they can catch in these plays, they find far more to applaud and enjoy.

Still the experience a dramatics major gets is sufficient to enable him to carry on with others who are trying to crack show business. A few of the University of Idaho students who are making good in dramatics now are: Marion Wilson who is being sponsored by Helen Hays on Broadway; Grace Lillard, a girl to watch who has played two continuous years in the Seattle Repertoire theatre; Ray Hyke, a Lewiston boy who is going up in Hollywood bit by bit in such films as "The Best Years of Our Life"; Don Swinney, technical manager of the Indianapolis Civic Theatre; Ned Bowler, dramatics instructor at the College of Idaho; Howard Carpenter, in charge of the radio station at Coeur d'Alene; Chip Walter, going to the top in dramatics at Northwestern University this year; and Abe Goff, in the dramatic role of a representative in the United States Congress. We wonder how Jack Rowe who played Lob in "Dear Brutus" and who has already had one fling at Hollywood will fair, and how far Gayle Manion, a favorite English instructor will go when he resumes his career. When one of our alumnus becomes a top-flighter, as Talbot Jennings or Marion Wilson, it is pleasant to claim they got their start in dramatics at Idaho.

In the good old days we observed how tough a man was by the number of nicks in his gun. Today it's determined by the number of nicks in his automobile fenders.

MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL



Guy E. Terwilleger, Jr.

A feeling of weird disquiet, linked with a passing impression of the supernatural, overwhelmed truckdriver Jerry Strand. A feeling that was somehow repellent and quite beyond classification. Perhaps even a warning. Wandering eyes strayed back to the road in time to see an antiquated junk wagon swing out from a side street. But that was all—just time to see it—before the crash, then blackness.

Brushing aside an ethereal void Strand knew no pain. Through the heavy rain an obscure edifice bowed an appearance, and at the same instant thunder roared and lightning flashed. To Strand this structure was bewildering, its filmy shape appearing as a ghostly coffin standing on end. The four walls, consisting of grotesquely spliced wood, glistened damply before they were swallowed up by a new downpour.

Gathering strength Strand raised one arm and pushed on the battered door of his truck. It scraped inward. He couldn't believe his eyes, there above him was another door — another truck door. Half standing, he

forced it up. The rain beat against his face but he did not feel it. Crawling from the wreck he walked around the mass of distorted metal. Something puzzled his brain. The truck lies on its side, he thought. I came through two doors, but if that remains true, why am I not crushed beneath it.

Suddenly unbearable pain assailed Strand. Something seemed to be crushing the life from his body. He opened his eyes and, misty as they were, he knew he lay pinned under his truck. He struggled for freedom but his body seemed entirely useless to accomplish anything beneficial. He cried out in anger at this uselessness and cursed his being for its weakness. "The pain!" Over and over he muttered this word. If only he could get away from it, black unconsciousness or complete oblivion would be welcome, anything to escape.

Some inner voice warned Strand that he must leave this crumpled mass if he wanted to arrive on time. But it didn't tell him where he was to go and what he must get to on time. The rain had ceased falling. Look-

ing around he discovered only one structure visible — the strange abstruse house. Maybe help awaited there, it must be occupied, wasn't that a light? He turned toward it, and at once had but one care in the world, to reach that old building.

But the building seemed elusive, it moved away from him as he approached. He laughed aloud at the thought of a walking house.

With the laughter pain returned to Strand. He felt wet, but then it had been raining. This wetness though, it was warm and still ran off him. The rain had stopped, at least he couldn't hear its pattering any longer. Then he thought of blood, and connected it with pain, and blood and pain brought forth the idea of bleeding to death.

"Death," said Strand, and stopped walking. "Now what made me say that?" He mused over it awhile before continuing on to the house. "My mind sure gets around, better watch out or I'll be talking to myself, and answering, too."

The coffin structure didn't move now, but grew larger with

each step. Only two blocks lay between them. From out of nowhere several people appeared, each walking toward the grim edifice. But those beings, what had happened to them? Here was one with a bloody pulp for a face, over came a young girl, but how crushed and deformed her body was. And on came these ghastly vessels for human life. Strand looked at himself, half afraid of what he would see, but he was all right.

The others reached the house first; a square of light beamed out as they entered. For some unknown reason Strand could not get there until the door had been closed. Undaunted he pushed onward to a flight of seven steps, at the top of which he found a bell. Gathering courage he gingerly gave it a push, wishing immediately afterward that he hadn't. It didn't sound like an ordinary bell; its ring started out low, rose to a high pitched wail, and sank down again. It sounded almost like a siren on a police car—or an ambulance.

Siren! Amulance! The pain made Strand put these two words together, oh God, how he hoped it was an ambulance. That would mean a doctor, and a doctor would give him a deadening sedative to relieve the pain. Or would he? Perhaps he, Jerry Strand, was too badly injured to have a shot of morphine, or whatever it is they give you for that purpose. Pain! Thinking the word only made it worse, so why not think of something else. That was it, concentrate on what he would do when he felt well again.

"If I ever get out from under this truck," he began, "I'll buy one that doesn't weigh so much. But, in a case like this, any truck would be too heavy." There, he was back at it again, thinking of truck weights made him conscious of how this one felt pushing down on him. But it wouldn't push much longer, he could hear the siren die out and the sound of tires screeching as brakes were applied.

"The hinges need oiling," Strand said to himself as the door of the black coffin creaked

open. This was indeed odd, there was no one to greet him. Well, he would just walk in; someone would soon discover his presence. The door complained loudly as he pushed it shut after him.

Looking around he found everything finished in black, on the tables stood magnificent vases of lilies, to the side of an especially beautiful vase an open doorway was visible. A shadow fell over the opening and a shuffling of feet sounded near by. Strand decided the occupants must be in this room. Entering the doorway he saw all the people he had seen earlier, not a one was without a serious injury. Footsteps sounded from behind and he turned to see a short, thin man approaching. The man spoke.

"You were almost too late!"

Jerry's head swam. What were those words he heard? He couldn't be sure whether the man had said, "You were almost too late," or if it was, "We were almost too late." But whichever it was he did know one word was 'almost,' and that meant—what did it mean? Oh, well! he didn't really care so long as they got him out from under this truck. He wondered what the truck looked like now, but, then, he didn't care about that either, he'd buy a new one. Yes! he would get one that didn't weigh so much, it would be much lighter.

From a great distance a voice asked about pain. A white capped face peered down at him, he wanted to say something to that plump face, but words were stopped by a sharp pain.

"I was mistaken," Strand murmured, "your face is not fat." He stood before the little man, no his face wasn't fat, it was thin—and very white—almost too white.

"If you will sit down, Mr. Strand," the short one broke in upon his thoughts, "we will now proceed with our business."

There remained but one vacant chair in the room, the one standing near that of the young girl Strand had taken so much notice of on the bleak street out-



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The Idaho capitol building, is a symbol of the state as well as the city of Boise.

CITIES OF IDAHO

BOISE: Hub of the State

Art Riddle

The state capitol building, the scene of Idaho's 1947 football victory over undefeated Utah, and an exciting array of night-clubs, all at the end of 325 miles of tortuous mountain highways—that's the typical Idaho student's idea of Boise.

But to the 236 university students from Boise and vicinity, the capitol city represents more than that. At the slightest provocation, they will rave about Boise's modern business district, its tree-lined residential streets, and its recent, rapid growth.

Boiseans, who are almost all Boise-boosters, will tell you about the cleanliness of the city, its over-all wealth (richest city of its size in the U. S., according to the Saturday Evening Post), and of its progressiveness.

If they are young enough, the boosters may mention the beauty of Boise's high school girls.

Located on the Boise river, 45 miles east of the Oregon line and about 150 miles north of the Nevada line, Boise is nestled at the eastern end of a fertile 60-mile valley. Pine covered mountains form a backdrop to the north,

sagebrush plains spread outward to the east and south.

"Boise's population is 55,000 if you include a few miles outside the city limits to the south and west," quote the Boise boosters. That is probably an exaggeration. The 1940 census counted 26,130 noses in the city proper. A noticeable wartime increase in population — try to find an apartment or a parking space — has brought estimates varying from 35,000 to 47,000.

Exactly 94.4 per cent of the capitol city's population is white, according to the 1940 census, with 91 per cent American-born. The largest Basque colony in the United States, over 4,000 strong, adds names like Madrietta and Goicoechea to the city rolls.

Approximately 250 Croats were listed in the census, along with 200 Chinese and 50-odd Negroes. Swiss, Austrians, Danes, Bulgarians, Hollanders, and Greeks are represented in the population having come to Boise during the construction of Arrowrock dam just before World War I.

"Boise people are smart," a booster may say. He is right,

and can prove it by the census reports. Second in the state only to Moscow in educational status, Boiseans over twenty-five years of age have an average schooling of 11.3 years if male, 12.1 years, if female.

The city's educational system is relatively well-planned and equipped, although the primary schools are overcrowded at present due to an expanding population. Sixteen elementary schools are supported by taxpayers, with Boise Junior college available for two years of higher training. Two denominational schools and two commercial colleges also train young Boiseans.

Physically, Boise is a busy city in the commercial district, but quiet and peaceful in the residential sections with their leafy trees and green lawns.

Downtown Boise is growing metropolitan in appearance as the years go by. Today the city boasts 27 office buildings, over 450 retail stores, and eight first class hotels. Not built along vertical lines, it's highest building, exclusive of the state capitol's dome, rises twelve stories.

Boise citizens are church-go-

ers. About a sixth of the city are of the Mormon faith, but 22 other denominations are represented. Altogether the city has 47 churches, including two supported by Boise's Negroes and one Chinese temple.

Seven theatres provide recreation for Boiseans, who like all Americans, seem continually hungry for entertainment. A municipal swimming pool, 15 parks, and a zoo are crowded on summer Sunday afternoons. Winter skiing grounds are located just north of the city in Bogus Basin.

Unlike sleepy Moscow, Boise furnishes plenty of places to go after midnight. Fifty-odd night clubs dispense drinks across the bar and furnish places for young couples to dance.

A fact worth noting here is that before the war, Boise had no more than a dozen night spots. Big sprawling Gowen airfield, built south of the city during the war, soon changed that. Thousands of air corps men, mostly from eastern cities, descended on Boise every night, craving entertainment after working with their clumsy B-24 bombers on the shadeless airport.

Uncounted hundreds of these Gowen field boys have returned to make Boise their home. This may partially account for the air-mindedness of the city. Four small airports, not including the commercial municipal field, launch and receive small planes.

The despair of Boise high school students, who tend to be wild automobile drivers, is the police force. About 40 snappily-uniformed men patrol the city using nine squad cars equipped with two-way radio. Three motorcycles, also radio equipped, are quick to nab traffic offenders.

Boise is one of the few cities in the U. S. to employ a woman police magistrate. Determined to cut traffic accidents, Miss Edith Miller metes out stiff fines and sentences to erring autoists.

Incidentally, Boise's police department was one of the first in the nation to order a version of the war-developed "walkie-

talkie" radio for the use of its foot patrolmen.

Boise tied for second place in the nation among cities of comparable size last year for its low rate of traffic accidents. The police probably deserve a large share of credit for this honor.

The city has been called "Boise the Beautiful" since the late 1860's when Lafayette Car-

tee, discovering that virtually every kind of temperate zone tree will grow in the capitol's soil and climate, resolved to plant every kind of tree obtainable.

Tree lovers have made it a city of trees since then with 56 different species making up a tree population estimated at 55,-
(Continued on page 22)



Boise from the bell loft of the Union Pacific depot, looking down the capital boulevard. Below, street scene, showing Hotel Boise at right.



Richard Munkwitz

Mert paused in front of the Blue Flame Club and looked at himself in the reflection of the glass door. A blue neon sign flashed on the pane. His bow tie was angled perfectly, his hair well groomed and suit tailored to perfection. He pushed the door open. The atmosphere hit him like a hot furnace, thick cigarette smoke, glasses tinkling, heavy conversation and above the noise, a fat rhythmic beat of a re-bop combo.

He walked toward the bar. It was crowded as usual with people lined up two deep, shouting orders to the white coated bartenders. A blonde with upswept hair, and dressed in a low bosomed, black, tight-fitting dress, started to walk toward him. She was looking over her shoulder at somebody at the bar, when she turned around, saw Mert, smiled, and threw her arms around him as if she had not seen him for ages. She pressed her body against his and nervously whispered, "Get me out of here."

"Listen baby, what's your game? I don't get it."

"I will tell you later, but get me out of here now."

"Okay, if you insist." Mert looked her over again. She sure had it. Class standing out all over her. He wondered what she

was doing in a joint like this, he had never seen her before. He helped her on with a soft mink coat, and they walked out of the club. She seemed anxious to get out. The fresh air smelled good.

Mert interlocked his arm with hers and waded down a cab. The cab screeched to a stop and Mert opened the door, helping the girl in. She had a nice pair of legs. He followed her and slammed the door.

"Where to, Mack?" The cab drove turned around and pushed the meter flag down in one movement.

The blonde was still looking toward the club door. "To the Savoy Hotel, please."

Mert offered her a cigarette. "Well, give me the story. You seemed to be in a great hurry."

She relaxed in the seat, inhaled deeply on the cigarette and looked at Mert for a long time before she spoke. "I needed help, and you happened to be the first one that looked helpful."

"What's your name?"

"Mrs. Mildred Conner."

Mert muttered, "Not the D. A.'s wife?"

She turned away from him. "Correct. I am not proud of it, either."

"The D. A.'s wife in trouble.

What kind? Or am I being too nosey?"

She moved a little closer to him. He could smell her perfume. Her deep eyes softened. "I need \$2,500 to pay Rocky off on a gambling debt. It is too high to be made up by the meager allowance my husband so graciously gives me." She was getting angry. "Rocky threatened me tonight when I met you. I told him you were my brother."

"I think you gave yourself away, baby. That embrace didn't look like sisterly love. Besides, why don't you use some of your husband's money. He's loaded."

The cab suddenly stopped for a red light and Mildred lurched forward. Mert reached for her, stopping her from sliding off the seat. She settled back. Mert still had his arm around her when she looked up, searchingly. She was really beautiful. Could not be over twenty.

"My husband caught me gambling once before and he will cut off my allowance completely, if he finds out I have been gambling again." She did not seem to mind his arm around her.

Mert flicked his cigarette out of the cab window and said, "Do you love your husband?"

"I despise him. All he thinks of is convicting a criminal or saving his money. He is good in both."

"Why don't you get a divorce?"

"He said he would never concede to a divorce. No matter how much I hate him."

Mert held her a little closer. "I think I can square that gambling debt. I am Rocky alias Mert."

She stiffened and pushed away from him. "You Rocky! Impossible. Why, I was just talking to him."

"That creep was fronting for me. I own the Blue Flame club, and when I work at the Club, they call me Rocky. To all my outside friends, including you, it's Mert."

Mildred was still a little white as she forced a smile. "Well, Mert, how can I thank you?"

"You're not bad looking. Let's

(Continued on page 28)

No Title at All

As Told to Joe Mediocre

No!

Go away. Don't bother me.

What do you mean, waking me up at 11 in the morning? Can't you see that I'm supposed to be studying?

What's this about a story? You want I should tell you about how "Little Red Riding Hood" gets a wolf or about the "Three Bares?" Can't you see I'm still recuperating from last Monday's 8 o'clock?

Am I a member of SIM? Do I look like Margaret Truman? Why don't you stop sucking on that benzedrene tablet and go back to your typewriter?

But you don't understand, Sigma Iota Mu doesn't want publicity. You want I should become significant and get bounced?

See this bundle under my pillow—yeah—look, when I bring my lunch to bed with me that means I want to sleep late. Now go away, willya? This blonde I been chasing since two a.m. can't keep running forever.

Okay, okay, okay. If I give you the scoop will you leave me sleep?

Well, in the first place your whole attitude is all off—you see it ain't a big thing. We had our first meeting in the scullery at the Phi Delt house. As a matter of fact, it wasn't a meeting at all. There just happened to be a number of extremely insignificant characters in the vicinity and there was what is known as a meeting of the minds—if any.

It's plain to see that there was a crying need for our type of organization, one of such insignificance that it can handle the insignificant man's problems. What with the accent on importance, the insignificant man was fast becoming a lost cause.

First we felt it necessary to get a small and very unselect membership. Since all women have points of significance, it was obvious that we would have to limit the membership to men only.

The by-laws specifically state that membership will be limited to those men of total significance, and wheels of any diameter whatsoever are automatically excluded. Any person who has any claim to fame whatsoever or has performed any act that could possibly be construed as outstanding is automatically barred. There was a spontaneous motion to initiate the entire faculty, but it was overruled on the ground that such a move would be unbecoming to the dignity of the student members.

Got a match?

Thanks. Got a cigarette?

You see, with all of the regular organizations so involved 90 per cent of the time with matters of total insignificance, we figure we can do a very insignificant service by handling all the trivial and unimportant matters that come up. Being a Society of Insignificant Men, we are experts on insignificance.

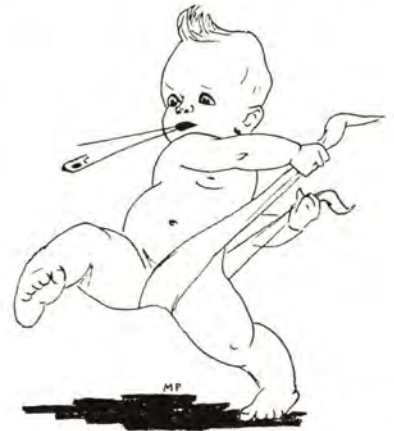
We are irrevocably opposed to politicklers. The only function a student officer performs is that of filling an otherwise blank space in the Gem. Besides, I don't like being beaten on the back; takes the crease out of my trousers.

Also we do not like campus joy organizations. For instance, what could be worse than dashing up what is mistakenly referred to as "Hello Walk" (we prefer "Agony Lane") and having a number of faces which you have never seen before and hope never to see again, peering at you through the mist and beam-sunshiny little "hellos" all the way to the Ad building. Twice I have attempted to make 8 o'clocks, but have been so unnerved by this cheerful practice that I was beaten back for additional gallons of coffee.

Another thing — why do all Idaho women feel that they are utterly irresistible to men. Even the most insignificant and glibble man cannot possibly be seduced at the Nest with seven other people in the same booth

all drinking coffee with both elbows fully extended. No doubt they will all some day make fine mothers. Personally, I already have a mother.

Who's our president? Fourth vice-president is as high as we go. Anything above that is too important for membership in SIM. He is chosen at random from the more insignificant members of the various living groups. There are many people on the campus who purport to be members; most of them are liars. We can conceive of nothing lower than a wheel trying to hide his self assumed importance behind our traditional badge of insignificance, the straight pin. Actually many of these imposters have had their



SIM Motto: "It ain't a big thing."

pictures in the Gem as many as three times, which is in itself disqualifying.

Since we consider all social functions insignificant—dances particularly — we are considering throwing a dance on some insignificant night like the third Tuesday in March at 7:57 p.m. Music would be provided by a piccolo player. Since everyone else has a founders' day banquet we thought it might be a good idea to follow along. Each member will provide his own hamburger and catsup. Mustard will

(Continued on page 29)

Why I Became a Nudist

June Thomas

**Clothes, clothes everywhere,
And not a darn thing to wear!**

In the air, on the ceiling, and all over the floor. Just one thing to do. I'll pick up the dirty things and wash them myself. Laundry sends them back in stiff hunks without buttons about a month after you send the dirty things to them anyway. Can't afford any damn laundry bill anyhow. Wash the damn dirty things myself. All I got left clean is this big ole yellow nightgown I've been saving for dress. Ought to be just about long enough if hemlines keep swooping. Might look sharp with the right kind of a belt. Good as some of those tied-up hunks of wool jersey.

There now, got the dirty things gathered up. I'll go get the pillowcase off my pillow and pack them in it. Now which end of the bed is that damn pillow at? Here it is under the mattress cover with my bedsocks. So that's where my French book was! Let's see now, I'll just take her Guzz flakes. She won't mind. And just a touch of Clorox for whiteness' sake. That's everything.

"Where am I going in this nightgown? What's the matter with this nightgown?"

"HOLIDAY GREETINGS"

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Oh, other people running around the place too. Men people, huh? I'll go put my rain coat on. Now I'll just put this red belt around here and sorta tug up this extra length a couple of feet. There. Sorta full around the middle but its short enough not to show under my lavender rain coat. If I didn't feel foolish about sending my clothes to the South to get rid of the northern dirt, I'd let Ma cope with the whole darn problem. Maybe I'll just pull the hood down so nobody will recognize me with this pillow case and Guzz. One more flight and I'm down. **Boon-dog, Kerrash.** Damn! That was quick. I never thought these assinine hoods were practical. Couldn't see anything if you had to. Well, I'll get a broom and sweep up the flakes. It's not everybody—kerchooeey—who can topple down stairs without breaking clorox bottles. There, got all the soap back in the box. Put the broom back.

"Hi! 'Bout through with the machine? Well, don't hurry. I guess I can wash some things out by hand while I'm waiting."

Does she have to wash this week too? Let's see—nylons, silk blouse, these, red anklets, then—and the rest ought to be all right in the machine. If I ever get to use it.

"No. No, no hurry at all. I've got oodles of time."

I wonder if she thinks I'd like to spend the rest of my life in this laundry room? I guess that's sudsy enough. Oh rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, all these duds in a tub. One - two - three squeeze. Bombs away. P lop, plop into the rinse water. This isn't half bad. "Oh yes, my watch did get rather damp didn't it?" Grrr.

"Oh my gawd. Yes, it did make the blouse a little pink didn't it? I get so tired of just plain white blouses, don't you? Oh, through with the Maytag? Not really? Well, thank you. Thank you."

Just a little ten dollar blouse shot to hell. Good night, couldn't

she have grabbed those damn red socks out of there! Well, how am I going to get water from the faucet to the machine? That's it. I'll turn on the faucet full blast and start dipping with the bucket. Hey, this does the job okay. Turn off the faucets. Plug in the plug. Pull this gadget out. Pour in the soap while the water swishes. Throw in the white stuff. Close the lid. Simple enough. Run these little hand - washed pink things through the wringer. There. Well, those clothes have swished about long enough to test. Raise the lid. "Oh. . . oh. . . ohh. . . oho."

Why didn't that babe tell me she left the draining hose attached? Not a drop of water in the machine. Hail Columbia. Nothing to do but to dip-sling-and-dump some more water in again. While this batch washes again maybe I can find a mop or a vacuum cleaner or something to dry this floor with. Must have had ten gallons dribble out. That babe must not have good sense.

Maybe I can wring this mop out by using the wringer on the machine. Hate to get my hands on the dirty ole thing. Let's see. Just get these ends together, turn the doodattus back here, now very, very slowly it starts in. Just a little farther. "No. . . No. . . Oh. . . Oh. . . No. . . Come back here! Come back. Nooo. Not the handle, just the mop!"

Well, it didn't hurt the handle too much. But goodness, the wringer. How can I ever squeeze all the water out of those towels? Grandma says she had it hard. She doesn't know. If she had to put up with all the contraptions the woman of today is forced to use—that might make a good subject for my next English theme. Oh gee. I'd better hang this pile up. Yah, but where? Well if this isn't jolly. Not a damn bit of space on any of these damn lines for these dirty damn things.

PAUL LONARDO: 'Aging' Linguist

Ramona Bills

One of Paul Lonardo's philosophical observations is that "Life's greatest tragedy is old age," and Paul has reached the decrepit age of 26.

M. Lonardo was born on April 30, 1921, in Lawrence, Mass., of Italian descent. In 1935, after grammar school, he won a scholarship in a national contest which entitled him to a six months trip to Europe. He was graduated from high school in 1939, and received his master's degree in foreign languages at Boston University. He maintains that he was a good boy in school—due to the lack of time, not spirit.

During the war, Lonardo served in the Counter Intelligence Corps, a branch of the military intelligence, the nature of which often compelled him to work with the British troops. He remembers, not without bitterness, the merciless bombing of La Harve, by English planes, in order to exterminate the remaining German troops — disregarding the needless destruction of the French people in the city. In Antwerp, he witnessed the death of a close friend and his friend's wife, by a direct exploding buzz-bomb.

At times Lonardo found that his job consisted of more than acting as an interpreter. For example, he tells how the Belgian secret police were known to be stealing articles of warfare and food and selling them to the black market. A trap was set and the Belgians were caught in the act. He was assigned to be with the chief of the Belgian secret police while the trap was in waiting. He was with the Belgian chief in a cafe when he was signalled that the Belgian soldiers had been caught. His duty was then to arrest the chief.

On another occasion he was assigned to tail the mistress of a Gestapo chief. He was with her when the Allied police arrested her, and like the gentleman he is, accompanied her to

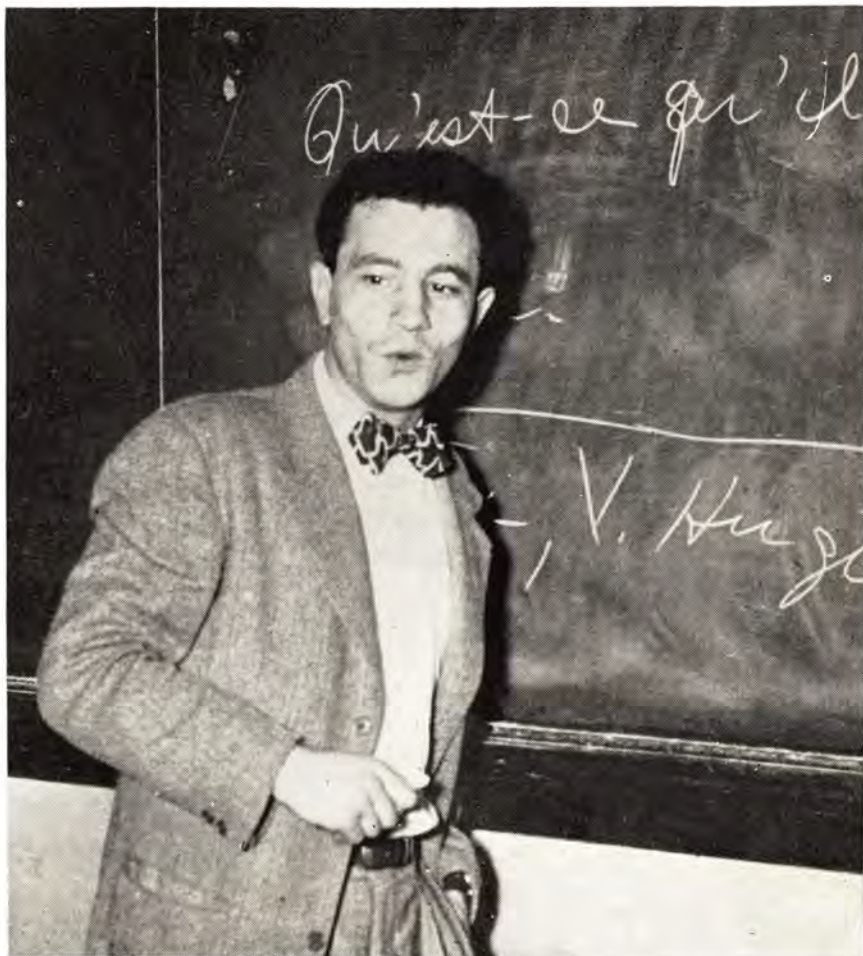
the jail before bidding her adieu and beginning another but less interesting case.

He also recalls a story that makes him smile. The first American into Brussels, he stood in the hotel when a small boy, accompanied by his father, approached him. After close scrutiny, he asked Paul if he were an English soldier. Paul replied, "No, I'm an American," whereupon the boy ran fearfully to his father and exclaimed, "Oh, look at the gangster from Chicago!"

M. Lonardo's hobbies are reading, receiving letters, and listening to music. Excluding cowboy ballads, he likes all types of music, particularly "I Can't Get Started With You," in the popular line, and "The Warsaw Con-

certo" in the classics. Anything composed by Strauss or Chopin ranks high on his list of favorites. Lonardo enjoys sports, especially football and boxing, the latter of which he did as a student. He comments that as a rule boxers are extremely sentimental at heart, hidden by a rough exterior, but he does not think it would be wise to have this publicized.

Lonardo is not married. Ever been in love? He smiled and told me of his "big romance." It happened when he was in the fourth grade. She was a sweet young thing of 10. He didn't realize that he loved her until she was absent from school for a week, and he missed her terribly.



Paul Lonardo

(Pat Hamilton)

ONE DAY'S LIFE WITH A



9:30 At the crack of dawn, lush, sophisticated G. G. Lumpalump is gently aroused from slumber in order to maintain the dorm's motto, "We never sleep in."



9:45 Having spent hours becoming smartly groomed, G. G. pauses to wake up sufficiently to reach the right class before dozing off again.



2:00 "Lumpie," as she is called by those who are familiar with her, is immersed in her five credit course in Social Relations for which she willingly does hours of research.



7:30 After a hard day, G. G. is just preparing for bed when the phone rings and someone in the dark and gruesome wants a blind date. She is always willing to oblige the fairer sex!

DAZE, or IDAHO COED

Photos by Fred Farmer



10:15 The theory of political theory is a stimulating subject as discussed by typical G. G. and other members of her class.



11:05 With a history quiz at one Miss Lumpalump takes advantage of a free hour to catch up on current events at the library.



8:30 Our heroine has just had a slight shock but with the Idaho Coed's Code in mind she smiles engagingly and prepares for a hilarious evening.



12:20½ Her escort having stretched a bit somewhere in the course of the evening, she ends a charming time while an unidentified spectator waits her chance to join in the group games.

"SEASON'S GREETINGS"

★

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Edith Stough and Ramona Bills

Now that winter has really come to the Idaho campus, the marvelous invention of the heater is the only thing that keeps numerous couples from freezing in their convertibles. After all, convertibles are built for summer.

The secret that Greg Potvin and Dick Schou, Phi Deltas, have been trying so hard to keep is that they are the ones who have decorated all of Moscow with Xmas trees.

What's this they say about Dody Holen, KKG, turning the heel? All too true, but it was the heel of an argyle sock that Bev Silverthorn was knitting for Jerry Douglas, Phi Delt.

Pat Knox's weekly trips down to the hotel to meet the 3:30 bus have become so regular that the Tri Deltas are beginning to set their watches by them. "What is this thing called love?"

By the way, could it be love that is prompting a certain girl from WSC to call Newt Cutler long distance two or three times a day? It was learned from a most reliable source (Bert Sorenson) that she harbors a burning hatred for the Idaho coeds who monopolize our hero's time to such an extent that she never gets to talk to him.

The prize for the best attempt at extemporaneous excuse making should be given to Dick Thomas, Fiji, when his date, Pat Kelley, KKG, asked him what he had been doing to get lipstick smears on his face while she had been upstairs.

Why is it and who is it that Mary Clyde, DG, has been calling "Yo-yo" since the beginning of the school year?"

It is an unconfirmed rumor that Bob Jasper has something to do with the fact that all the Alpha Phis buy their toothpaste at the Perch instead of the Nest.

Nowadays the registrar's office is the place to go if you

want a mid-afternoon snack. It is not infrequent that brewing coffee has been smelled in the Ad building hall around 4:00, and traces of white cake with chocolate frosting have been detected on the desks of the assistant registrar and the recorder.

The whole Fiji house is now praying for below freezing temperatures because after the application of a little water their front walk becomes quite a show place—not only for the "new look."

Ask Morgan Tovey if making an election bet isn't a good way to get a date on this campus. The provisions of the bet he made with Clarice Hovey, Alpha Phi, were that if she were elected, he would take her out; and if he were elected, she would have to go out with him. Either way the election went Morgan would be the winner. After his election, she kept up her part of the bargain, and the election bet turned out to be a great success.

George Burgess, DG, realizes the power of advertising after receiving a large U. of I. envelope containing an exaggerated advertisement about Bill Eastman.

Super-sleuth Gay Deobald has offered her services to the F.B.I. It was she who stopped and questioned a suspicious woman within the walls of Forney hall. She phoned the police, who further questioned the woman and released her for lack of sufficient evidence.

Gwen Thompson blushed after she answered a question Prof. Lonardo asked in French. She said "John, I guess," and found the question was "Where is the little boy going?"

They're calling Ken Draper "Droopy Drawers" again. A friend bestowed this appellation upon him last year and he retaliated by stapling her to the door of the gym and leaving her there.

Forney ought to serve coffee all morning on Sundays, so Peggy Pense won't have to run down to the Nest in her pajamas in order to wake up.

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KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN—

The Kaywoodie organization was 18 years old when the clipper "Glory of the Seas" was launched at Donald McKay's Boston shipyard, pictured here. Kaywoodie briar is seasoned according to formulas proven by 96 years, to provide smoking enjoyment. It is selected by our own experienced men with life-long knowledge. Kaywoodie's Synchro-Stem "drinkless" fitment has proven to be the best that pipe-smokers ever had. For fullest enjoyment of smoking, get Kaywoodie. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20. Pocket size instruction book on request.

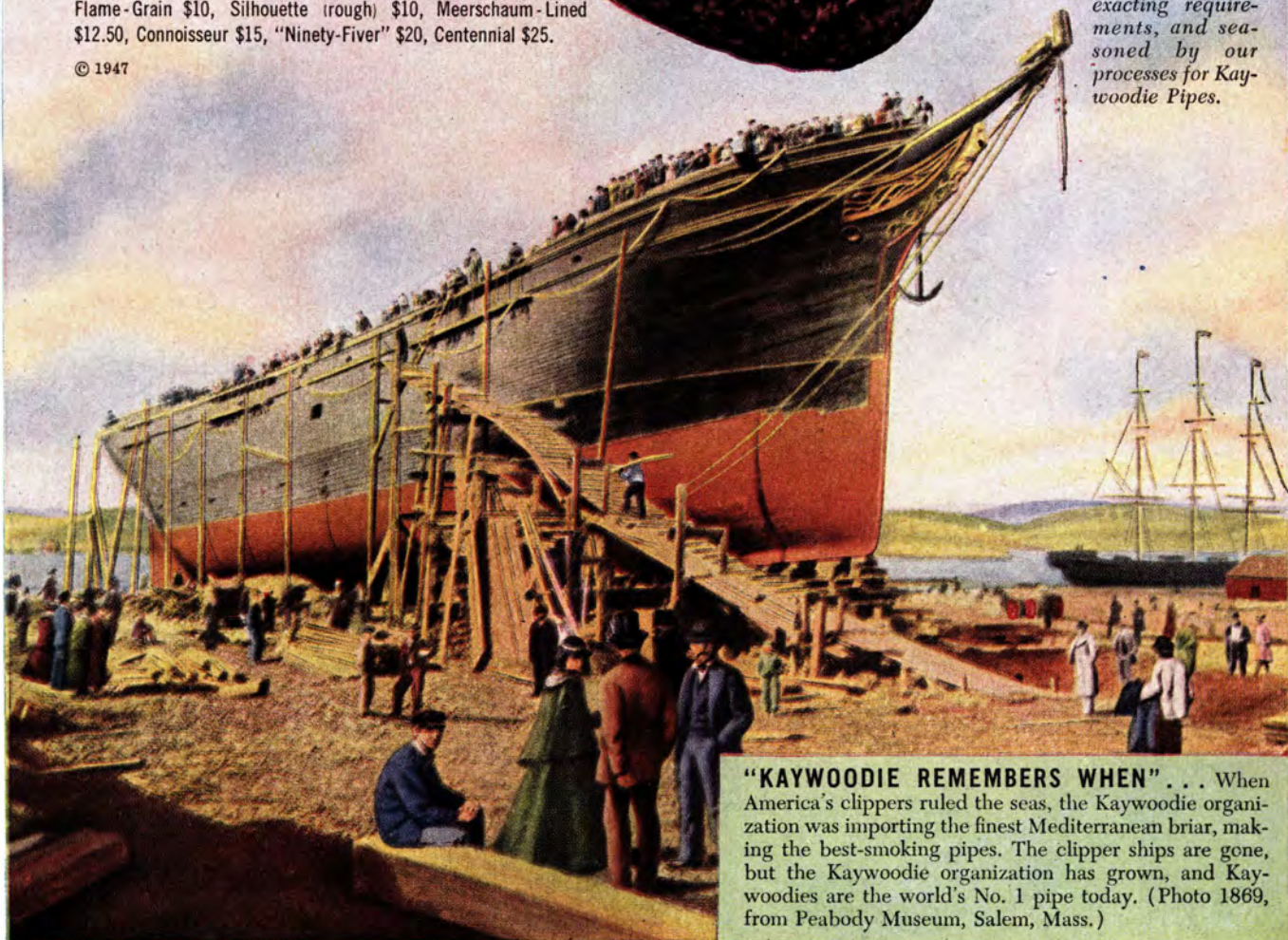
All Kaywoodie Pipes are available in a variety of shapes. Drinkless Kaywoodie \$3.50, Super-Grain \$5, Relief-Grain (rough) \$7.50, Flame-Grain \$10, Silhouette (rough) \$10, Meerschaum-Lined \$12.50, Connoisseur \$15, "Ninety-Fiver" \$20, Centennial \$25.

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"Silhouette" Kaywoodie, \$10. New Shape No. 59. "Silhouettes," rough-surface, light-weight pipes, come in other shapes also, \$10. Initials may be cut in solid band at jeweler's. Solid band is in "Silhouettes," "Ninety-Fiver" \$20, and Centennial Kaywoodies \$25, only. Always look for Cloverleaf trade mark and name Kaywoodie on pipe.



"Kaywoodie Briar" means briar imported by us, selected to meet our exacting requirements, and seasoned by our processes for Kaywoodie Pipes.



"KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN" . . . When America's clippers ruled the seas, the Kaywoodie organization was importing the finest Mediterranean briar, making the best-smoking pipes. The clipper ships are gone, but the Kaywoodie organization has grown, and Kaywoodies are the world's No. 1 pipe today. (Photo 1869, from Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass.)

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Miller



Marty
Murphy



Jeanne
McGuire



Lolita
Chetwood



Katherine
Burleigh



Rhoda
Hill

Sophomores are in the limelight every year about this time, and to help the cause along, BLOT here presents its Sophomore Queens—six lovelies from the Class of '50.



Grant McDaniels and Joy Ann Rossmann air a "live" program from the studios of KUOI, the campus radio station. Ted Cady operates the console from the control room.

KUOI PROGRAM SCHEDULE

MONDAY	
6:45 a.m.	Six Forty-Five Special
7:00	Yawn Patrol (Request)
3:00 p.m.	Jam Session
3:30	Lilting Latin Tunes
3:45	Nitwit Novelties
4:00	Mood Indigo
4:15	Decision Now
4:30	Yours for the Asking
5:00	Concert in Jazz
5:15	Spotlight on Sports (Live)
5:30	Western Jamboree
6:00	Dinner Music
6:30	Campus Clambake
7:00	Fascinating Rhythms
7:30	Music from "C" File
8:00	Club 660
8:30	Rendezvous With Classics
9:00	Design for Dancing
9:30	Something Old and New
10:00	One Night Stand
10:30	Music for Dreaming
11:00	Command Performance

TUESDAY	
6:45 a.m.	Six Forty-Five Special
7:00	Yawn Patrol
3:00 p.m.	Jam Session

3:30	Piano Rhapsody
3:45	Nitwit Novelties
4:00	Bucket Brigade
4:30	Yours for the Asking
5:15	Spotlight on Sports (Live)
5:30	Request Guest
6:00	Dinner Music
6:30	Parade of Albums
6:45	Here's to Vets (transcribed)
7:00	Fashion Forum (live)
7:15	Fascinating Rhythms
7:30	Dance Time
8:00	The Patti Miller Show
8:15	Lyrical Showcase
8:30	Redezvous With Classics
9:00	Treasurer Chest of the Familiar (poetry)
9:30	Rhapsody in Blue
10:00	One Night Stand
10:30	Music for Dreaming
11:00	The Hour Before Midnight

WEDNESDAY	
6:45 a.m.	Six Forty-Five Special
7:00	Yawn Patrol
3:00 p.m.	Jam Session
3:30	Piano Rhapsody
3:45	Nitwit Novelties
4:00	Mood Indigo
4:15	Vets News Review (live)
4:30	Yours for the Asking
5:00	Concert in Jazz
5:15	Spotlight on Sports (Live)
5:30	Western Jamboree
6:00	Dinner Music
6:30	Campus Clambake
7:00	Fascinating Rhythm
7:30	Dance Time
8:30	Rendezvous With Classics
9:00	Paulsen Playhouse (drama)
9:30	Something Old, New.
10:00	One Night Stand
10:30	Music for Dreaming
11:00	Command Performance

THURSDAY	
6:45 a.m.	Six Forty-Five Special
7:00	Yawn Patrol
3:00 p.m.	Jam Session
3:30	Piano Rhapsody
3:45	Nitwit Novelties
4:00	Bucket Brigade
4:30	Yours for the Asking
5:00	Broadway Melodies
5:15	Spotlight on Sports (Live)

5:30	Request Guest
6:00	Dinner Music
6:30	Parade of Albums
6:45	Here's to Vets (transcribed)
7:00	Fascinating Rhythms
7:30	Dance Time
8:00	The Students Bull Session
8:15	Lyrical Showcase
8:30	Rendezvous With Classics
9:00	Treasure Chest of the Familiar (poetry)
9:30	Rhapsody in Blue
10:00	One Night Stand
10:30	Music for Dreaming
11:00	The Hour Before Midnight

FRIDAY

6:45 a.m.	Six Forty-Five Special
7:00	Yawn Patrol
3:00 p.m.	Jam Session
3:30	Lilting Latin Tunes
3:45	Nitwit Novelties
4:00	Mood Indigo
4:15	Those Who Gave Most
4:30	Yours for the Asking
5:00	Concert in Jazz
5:15	Spotlight on Sports (Live)
5:30	Western Jamboree
6:00	Dinner Music
6:30	Campus Clambake
7:00	Campus Hit Parade
7:45	Music From "C" File
8:00	Club 660
8:30	Rendezvous With Classics
9:00	Design for Dancing
9:30	Something Old and New
10:00	One Night Stand
10:30	Music for Dreaming
11:00	Command Performance

SATURDAY

6:45 a.m.	Six Forty-Five Special
7:00	Yawn Patrol
12:00 n.	On Parade
12:15	Parade of Albums
12:30	Mellow Moods
1:00	Saturday Matinee
3:00	Jam Session
3:30	Nitwit Novelties
4:00	Piano Portraits
4:30	Yours for the Asking
5:00	Concert in Jazz
5:30	Concert Miniature
6:00	Dinner Music
6:30	Juke Box Jamboree
7:00	Fascinating Rhythms
8:00	Music on a Saturday Night
10:00	Design for Dancing

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The Old Home Town

Catherine Duncan

"I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't mean to block the entrance. Well, Avery Rich! I've not seen you for years."

The newcomer blinked, then said, "Why, Alan, my boy! What are you doing in the city?"

"Had your dinner, Avery? I was just thinking about dining here."

As Avery led the way through the cafe and among the tables, the difference between the two was striking. Avery was a plump, pink, important business man with a disdainful attitude toward The Common Man.

His companion, actually his own height, looked much taller. He was a broad-shouldered, slim-waisted contemporary who might have been a college athlete but for the edge of silver in his hair.

Each became absorbed in his menu, but Avery glanced at his associate from behind the bill of fare and heaved a sigh of relief. How typically Elmville!

"Well, Avery, where have you been keeping yourself? It's been a long time since you've been to Elmville."

"Oh, I'm a pretty busy man. The real estate business is a fast-moving one, you know. But say, Alan, how is everything up there?"

"But I'm not. . ."

"By the way, whatever became of Bob Brown; he ran the service station next to the drug store."

"You mean Bob Browning. Brown was in the hardware store."

"Sure, I remember. Wasn't it Brown that had the cute sister named Violet that I used to be interested in?"

"No, Violet was Bill Bradley's sister. Remember?"

"Oh sure. Do you remember the name of that horrible teacher we had—you know, the ugly one—Myers, that's it."

"Avery, that was Miss Mayer. Myers was the pretty little telephone operator."

Avery was beginning to grow a little uncomfortable and as he

manuevered the conversation to other channels, his friend was deeply grateful for his small-town life. He had a genuine pity for those who must live in the confusion of the city.

"Alan, what are you doing now?" Rich tried again.

"I'm the one and only lawyer in Elmville."

"Quite a distinction, eh? By the way, whatever became of your brother?"

"Why, I just. . ."

"Oh, never mind. Bruce never did have much ambition. You had all the brains in your family."

"Oh, I don't know. As I was going to say. . ."

"Gosh, it's getting late. What train are you taking?"

"The 8:40."

"Then we'd better be going. Let me drive you."

Avery led the way to a large black Buick and as they rode, he once again began talking about the old home town.

"All those good times we had, Alan!"

"But, I've been trying to tell you. . ."

"That barn dance we had when we were seniors. Remember?"

Avery's passenger heaved a sigh of resignation and murmured, "Yeah."

"Say, I forgot to ask you about that short, dumpy carrot-top your brother used to go with. What was her name now?"

"Agnes."

"Oh, sure. We used to call her Baggie Aggie. Bruce didn't marry her, did he?"

"He did. Sometimes those girls surprise you."

"Oh, she's probably improved somewhat."

The train pulled in just as they arrived.

Well, Alan, it certainly has been grand to see you. Give my regards to everyone."

The other alighted from the auto, and as he turned toward the train said, "I've enjoyed being with you, Avery, and just to keep the records straight—I'm Bruce."

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BOISE

(Continued from page 9)

000. The capitol grounds alone contain 125 trees.

Most streets in the residential districts are long, leafy tunnels covered by the overhead intermingling branches from the trees on either side.

Boise is 113 years old this year, having celebrated its centennial anniversary in 1934. In 1834, Captain B. L. E. Bonneville, French-Canadian leader of an exploring party, sighted the river after a hot dry trek across the sagebrush plains east of the present site of the city.

"Les Bois, Les Bois, Voyez Les Bois! (The woods, the woods, see the woods!)," the Captain exclaimed, thereby naming the "Riviere Boise" and also indirectly, the city.

Laid out in 1836 by several Idaho City men, Boise had a population of 300 within a year. Stores, saloons, and cabins appeared as if by magic. Incorporated as a city of the second class in 1864, it became the capitol of the Idaho Territory in 1865. Boise became a city of the first class in 1905.

Primarily a governmental and residential town, the "city of trees" has no large industries. Boise's workers are mostly of the skilled, semi-skilled, and professional trades.

Statistically listed as to the number of workers engaged in various fields, Boise's first five are retail trades, government jobs, construction trades, professional and related services, and wholesale trade.

Boise's residential district contained 5,449 one - family homes in 1940, the date of the latest available figures. Almost 100 per cent electrified, later figures (1942) list Boise with 13,978 electric meters. With low electrical rates, 93.3 per cent of the homes had at least one radio, 68 per cent used mechanical refrigeration, 50 per cent cooked electrically.

The fact that Boise has no large industries, and thus has no large body of workers dependent on one concern, helps the city to maintain a relatively smooth course during troubled times.



It may be said that the city sustains a degree of prosperity above the national average during depressions, and slightly below that average during boom times.

The fourth estate is represented in the city by the Idaho Daily Statesman (largest circulation of any Idaho paper), the Evening Statesman, and Pioneer Statewide, a weekly tabloid-size paper. The Statesman papers are published by Margaret Cobb Ailshie, who established a reputation for hospitality entertaining servicemen during the war.

The future of Boise is tied up with that of the entire Northwest, potentially open to wholesale development. At each census the city has shown a growth over the previous count, and is still growing.

Any student taking the hilly 325 mile trip to the capitol city will observe Boise—a little city suffering growing pains. Where else could the small-town com-



munal spirit be found as exemplified by Boise's annual Music Week when the population sits on the Capitol building steps to be entertained by the city's school children?

And where else in a city of Boise's size can two-way radio be found on police motorcycles and strapped to the uniforms of foot patrolmen?

The Art of Skiing

Marjan Morris

First, a little case history on skiing. Skiers are an institution as old as the hills, although the hills, which stay still are somewhat smarter. Skiing was invented by someone who decided that to flounder comfortably through a few feet of clean, invigorating snow was not nearly as exciting as plunging head-first into it at 20 miles an hour.

As for the skis themselves, you have probably seen them. They are about seven feet long, made of overlaid strips of hickory, and come to a tapering point in an evergreen bush. They are narrow, in order to do away with old-fashion equilibrium. About one-third of the way from the rear there is a harness made of metal clamps and steel springs. Into this the foot is locked, to remain until the arrival of some kindly passerby. The bottom of the ski is carefully waxed, because if it weren't the ski would move along at merely the normal breath-taking rate of a piece of smooth wood slipping over icy snow.

Then there are ski poles. They have metal-pointed tips and circular bamboo guards to prevent them from sticking more than six inches into the snow, or you.

Now you are ready. But wait! Before you go off on the ski lift you'd better learn a few skiing terms. On the way up you will still be able to move your jaw, and you might get into a conversation with some other addict. Here are a few things you must talk about freely:

Herringbone: A term that refers to the accepted method of going uphill under your own power, so called because of the pattern the expert's skis leave in the snow. His tracks resemble a herring's spine. Your tracks will resemble your own spine!

Stem Christie: A simple way of stopping while going downhill, based on the theory that when the skier toes in, bringing the points of his skis together, his forward motion will stop. Ac-

tually you will find that your skis come together, cross each other and keep going their separate ways indefinitely.

Schuss: This just means going straight downhill at full speed without making any turns or checking your forward motion. It isn't considered cricket to start shrieking with fear until you've gone at least a hundred yards.

Slalom: A simple affair—down the side of a hill a course is marked with large beflagged stakes planted every twenty feet or so. Merely descend the hill in a series of turns. This gives you a weaving motion that carries you through, between, and onto the stakes.

So much for the jargon. I will not try to describe the Kick Turn. It would involve a long discussion on 'How to Get Back Onto Your Skis,' which would in turn get us into the problem of "Removing Fouled Skis," a maneuver in which you draw one knee up sharply to your chin. That gets us into the problem of what to do for a bitten tongue. No, let's not discuss the Kick Turn.

The first time I went skiing (pronounced She-ing) I started to follow some people down a hill. Everything would have been all right if I hadn't run into that tree that must have grown up in the time it took me to reach it from the starting place, because I don't remember seeing it there before and nobody else hit it. Well, I took the tree out by the roots and kept on going.

By the time they let me out of the First Aid tent it was late afternoon, and I decided that if I was going to get any real thrills I'd have to be quick about it. So I wasted no time in getting to the top of the ski jump. Off I went. All I remember of the trip down the chute was a blur of white snow and green pine trees. Then I was soaring through the air like a gull, and burrowing through the ground like a



groundhog. "Fall down," yelled some sympathetic bystander. Attempting to do this I attained perfect balance for the first time. Then the wind was whizzing past my ears, and I was whizzing past people's ears. As a last resort (which I was staying at) I landed head first in a snowbank. I've promised to go skiing again though . . . and I will, just as soon as they remove the last piece of ski from my gluteus maximus.



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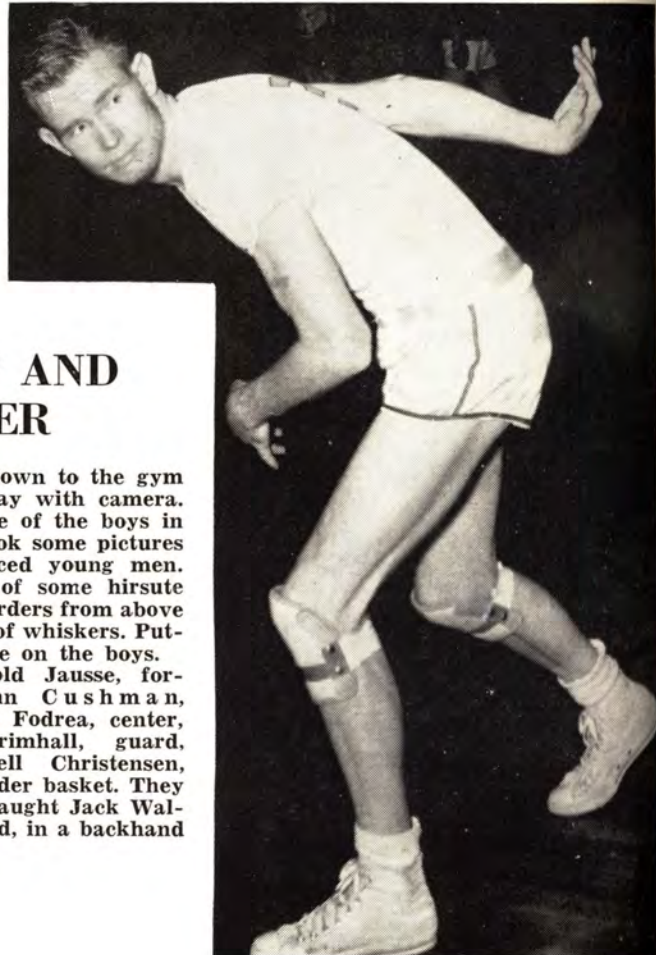
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HOOP AND HOLLER

Wandered down to the gym the other day with camera. Caught some of the boys in practice. Took some pictures of clean faced young men. Took none of some hirsute creatures. Orders from above say no pics of whiskers. Putting pressure on the boys. Posed Harold Jausse, forward, Glenn Cushman, guard, Don Fodrea, center, Preston Brimhall, guard, and Wendell Christensen, forward, under basket. They look ruff. Caught Jack Wallace, forward, in a backhand pass.





Also bouncing around the floor were balls maneuvered by Glenn Cushman, Wendell Christensen, Joe Grove, guard, and Jack Rainey, forward. That cartoon is the doing of someone else on the staff.



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MIRROR, MIRROR. . .

(Continued from page 7)

side. It took all his courage to sit beside her. When he was seated the host stepped to a small platform. Behind him hung a dark velvet curtain, gently swaying with a maddening rhythm. Emblazoned upon it were a purple coffin and a red figure of a woman that seemed to quiver with life. The little one clasped his hands and bowed his head. Almost at once he commenced a weird, haunting chant.

"Oh, Great Mirror of Life and Death, you who have the power to decide man's destiny when his life would leave him, I must again call to you for aid. These mortals shall stand before you one by one, show them how they look that they may decide what course to take, Life, or Death. They see not in their own eyes how badly they have been damaged by man-made devices, they do not know in what great peril they now stand. The power for recovery in some is great enough, but these who have that power must be shown or they shall die needlessly.

"Tell them, show them, and if possible help them to regain the road to life that they have temporarily lost. They are in your hands, let them stand. . ."

"Aside! Stand aside!" The void filled with a voice booming from among many others. Strand heard feet moving, his own feet felt broken and lifeless. Or was it his feet? He wasn't certain, his entire body ached, so much so that he couldn't really be certain of anything.

"Lift it off," the loud voice called. There was a grinding of gears and a sudden relief of the unbearable pressure. Strand liked the man whose powerful speech had brought this relief—that is, he liked him at first, then suddenly he hated him. New agonizing pains shot through parts of his body that had been numb due to the intense pressure. The truck might not be so bad after all.

From the depths of these new pains Strand again rose up and found himself seated before the small man, who, at the time, was



"I knew the bathroom scales was off!"

smiling mockingly at his guests. "So you see," he was saying, "it is entirely up to you. If what the Great Mirror shows you is worth saving you are free to go, only the Mirror can tell you. And remember, the Great Mirror never makes a mistake.

"What can a mirror tell me?" Strand thought. "I've seen myself enough to know what I look like." He looked at the girl, what would she say, or do, when she looked into the glass. A striking comparison to this scene came to him. He remembered it from his childhood. He had read a fairy story in which a wicked queen had a magic mirror hanging in one of her castle towers.

Strand was confused, what



was all this rubbish, it didn't make sense. He wanted to leave, but some force held him fast to the chair. An old lady moved out from her position in the room and walked behind the mystic drape. But how could she do it? Both her legs were broken! A chill wind blew through the room for an instant, then died out. The elderly woman emerged from the covered space, looked straight ahead as if no one else were present, and left the room.

The young girl leaned over. "You don't understand?" she asked. Strand shook his head. "We are being judged, all in this room are near death, the Mirror behind that curtain shows us what has happened. If we feel capable of recovering, we may leave, and live." He still didn't understand, what did she mean by saying HE was near death?

"What happened to you?" he finally offered.

"I was driving the junk wagon you hit," came the rapid answer.

"But surely you realize how you must look to others. How did you manage to get here?"

"You still don't understand." She paused for a moment. "We who come here cannot see ourselves as others see us. To us we are just the same perfect specimens we have always been. I see myself as I have been all my life. You see yourself that way, too. Only the Great Mirror will reveal to you your condition."

The ebony curtain swayed and Jerry Strand swayed with it, a shrill noise dug into his mind. He guessed he was in an ambulance. It was light and he could see objects far away. Beside him lay another figure swathed in white bandages. This other person groaned loudly. He wanted to wail, but couldn't; he hadn't the energy.

Things were happening so quickly, what time was it? A moment ago it had been light, light, now things were getting very dark. Was it night? Maybe his eyes were just heavy and weren't wide open, but he could almost feel that they were open.

There were only two of them now, Strand, and the girl. The

girl rose, glanced a wishful look at him, and moved to the curtain. It seemed a long time before she emerged again, but yet he knew it hadn't been more than a minute or two. It ended in a gay laugh rippling around the room, and why not, the girl was whole again. She was beautiful, so much so that Strand hoped he might see her again soon.

The little man smiled and motioned for Strand, it was quite a friendly smile. A thin hand pointed to the curtain. Automatically Strand went to it, but in his heart was fear, a fear of the unknown that faced him at that moment. There before the monstrous mirror he stopped.

There was something in that mirror, but he couldn't be sure what it was. Was it a face? He tried to laugh at the idea of looking into a mirror and seeing another's face. Suddenly from the depths of the mirror a subdued, awesome, commanding voice sounded.

"This is you Jerry Strand, not as you see yourself, but as I see you. Yes! this mass of mutilated flesh you see was your face. The distorted column of blood and bone you recoil from is your body in its present state. Decide! Make your decision, once and for all."

Strand tried to tear his eyes from the image, but all he could do was think and repeat the lines he now feared.

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who is the . . ."

What had the queen done when confronted like this? She had fought it with all her power. A queen could fight back, and maybe win. How could he win when there was no will or strength left in him to fight back? The image grew larger and in complete desperation Strand threw his arms over his eyes.

Jerry Strand suddenly felt the ambulance stop swaying. A white robed figure leaned over his mutilated body, listened for a few minutes, and straightened up. Deft hands pulled the white covering over. He looked at his companion and asked, "How's the girl?"

"She'll live."

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HIT AND RUN

(Continued from page 10)

get together and see each other again." She blushed, but did not say a word as the cab came to a stop in front of the hotel. He started to kiss her but she turned her cheek. He took her soft chin around and kissed her lips, then she softened in his arms and embraced him. He helped her out of the cab and slipped back in again, rolling down the window. "See you tomorrow at eight," he said. She nodded.

Mert began to see Mildred more often in all the bright night spots, but there was a constant fear of Mildred's husband hanging over their gaiety. Mert knew he was falling for the girl, and she wasted no time saying she loved him. But it began to bother him. When he held her in his arms the thought of her husband would enter his mind. He had to do something about it.

One night it happened. They were in a cozy cocktail bar. Mert was talking to her when she began to get white, her eyes yidened. She was looking over his shoulder. Mert turned and he saw the D. A. standing behind him.

Mildred was the first to speak. "Why, Arthur, I thought you were working on a case. I would like you to meet a friend."

Arthur's face was red with anger. "I have no ambition to meet your friend. Get your coat, you are coming home with me."

Mildred did not move. She sat and looked at Mert. Arthur reached out, twisting her arm, forcing her to stand up. Mert suddenly stood up. "Get your hands off her," he bellowed. He started to swing at Arthur's chin but the D. A. was waiting. He blocked his blow, hitting back hard. Mert felt Arthur's fist smash into his mouth, lifting him back on his heels and over a chair. Mert stood up, lip split and bleeding, to see Arthur and Mildred leaving the lounge. A large group had gathered around staring at him. Mert whispered, "I'll get him. Wait and see."

The threat became an obsession. Mildred fed it, and it grew.

The next time they met, Mert told her of his obsession to get even. He said he would kill the D. A. if he had the chance. She cold-bloodedly suggested a hit and run murder. It would be easy with hardly any risk. He would steal a car to erase all identity and do the job himself, then they could leave together, free. It was a wonderful idea and they found themselves talking about it as freely as if they were planning a vacation.

Every day Arthur walked to work early in the morning and for several days Mert timed him, as he arrived on a specific crossing. It was so early in the morning that hardly no other pedestrians were on the streets.

One morning Mert was driving in his own car to check the time

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"Drag up a couple chairs and sit down."

Arthur would cross the same street, when he saw a large Buick parked in an empty lot. He drove his car around the corner, parked it and walked back to the Buick. It was a heavy sedan. No one was in sight as he slipped behind the white plastic wheel. The key was still in it. He pressed his foot on the starter and the engine immediately turned over, he eased up on the clutch, slowly moving forward, trying not to make any excessive noise with the engine.

He had timed it right as he eased up to the corner only two blocks away from where Arthur would cross, engine still running. It was very quiet and occasionally little swirls of dust would form in the gutters, build up, picking up papers and spinning them high toward the roofs of the tall buildings.

He glanced at his watch. Arthur should be nearing the crossing now. Yes, he was standing on the corner with a cane in his hand. He eased the Buick closer to the crossing as Arthur stepped off the curb. He jammed his foot on the accelerator, and the heavy car jumped forward, pushing him back in his seat. The speedometer instantly rolled up to 20-35-40 miles an hour. Mert caught a look of astonishment on his victim's blurred face, and then the whole car vibrated from the impact. He had caught him in the center of the bumper.

It seemed so easy. Mert slowed down on his speed and joined the heavy traffic on the main street. People were beginning to go to work now. He turned on a secondary road and parked the car, walked several blocks to catch a bus to where his car was parked, and drove home.

When Mert arrived at his apartment he called up Mildred. The phone rang for some time before he heard a click and Mildred's voice.

She sounded sleepy. "Hello, who is it?"

"It's Mert, say I. . ."

She cut him off in a whisper. "Talk quickly dear. Arthur has stayed home today. He is sick."

Mert dropped the phone to the floor, and stared at the wall. He heard the phone rasp: "Hello—Hello, Mert, are you listening?"

NO TITLE AT ALL

(Continued from page 11)

be provided at strategic points along the curb in front of the Bucket. The public is cordially invited.

We advocate that either women wear eight less coats of lipstick or that Long get some red cups as there is nothing so nauseating as starting to inhale a cup of badly needed joy only to find that the entire edge of the cup is glopped up with a thick coat of gooey red slime.

Bitter? Of course I'm bitter. You'd be bitter too if you were peacefully in your own sack when some jerk ups and wakes you up to tell him about something that doesn't make any difference at all.

No. No, I don't want to be quoted. Look, my name is Buster Horowitz. I was born at the age of 3½ and I was 12 before they would let me in the house. As a matter of fact my father still won't speak to my mother. Also it has been 15 years since Tom Mix was my favorite movie star.

Yes, we were very disappointed that during our "Be Kind & Considerate to Idaho Coeds Week," no one seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing. The sentiment of the carnations we distributed to campus women at random was entirely lost, for we received several very charming letters thanking us for them.

It's not that we feel that nothing is a big thing, it's just that we're convinced that most of the matters that are stressed on this campus are not big things at all. After trying to sit on the same side of a booth with two coeds no one could possibly convince me that there is no such thing as a big thing.

Now if you'll just go away I have a peanut butter sandwich and a chocolate malt here to get down before I rack up again.

An actor is a man who before a theatre full of people can walk to one side of the stage, peer into the wings filled with theatrical props, dirt, dust, stagehands, old clothes and other actors and then say, "My, what a wonderful view from this window."

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"HAPPY NEW YEAR"

Birth of the Saxophone

Oscar Trepin

Not only do prepositions and conjunctions constitute a difficulty for everyone who tries to learn English and who has to remember that one travels **by** train, not **in**, **on** or **through** train, but these elements of speech are constantly playing havoc by diminishing, alerting, or demolishing what one has already said.

In his exhaustive book on "Belgium," Hugh Gibson, writing on the Walloon city of Dinant, says: "A certain Mr. Sax, although a respectable burgler, invented the saxophone here." The most important word in this sentence, dangerous and destructive as well, is the conjunction **although**. Mr. Sax was a respectable burgler—that is clear—but it is no less clear that Mr. Gibson objects to saxophones; so in the final judgment, the great man of Dinant does not come out so respectable after all, because he invented the saxophone, which evidently he should not have done. Respectable people do not invent saxophones.

However, the story of Adolph Sax's life shows that the gods, overruling the objections of Mr. Gibson and a great number of other people, wanted Sax to live and invent this instrument. Being born on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, he sustained a series of disasters which are record-



Dinant

ed with great accuracy.

As a child Sax rolled down the stairs and was bruised so severely that he should have died. He didn't. He swallowed a needle. He lived. He jumped on a burning hot stove. He howled but survived. He drank a generous portion of vitriol and remained unhurt. He was poisoned by metal fumes and took arsenic. He came through. A good solid brick fell on his head—it bounced back. And finally he was rescued from drowning. After that they called him "the little ghost from Dinant."

Unhappy History

Dinant is only a small place, its streets running parallel to the Meuse River, protected by the high limestone cliffs from the winds. It has been unlucky all through history. In the fifteenth century 800 of its men were thrown into the river after a rebellion against the Duke of Burgundy. In 1914 the Germans destroyed 1,100 of its 1,500 houses, killing 700 men, women and children. Idaho veterans of the European campaign of World War II who passed through the town say it again failed to escape the ravages of war.



(Fred Farmer)

Earl Spencer makes sweet music for university dances on an instrument developed 100 years ago.

Sax was born there under the shadow of the bulbous-spired church, one of 11 children of a prosperous instrument maker. After studying music in Brussels, he decided to leave for Paris in 1842. He had already a number of small inventions to his credit and, arriving in the capital of France, he wanted to open a workshop to perfect and manufacture them. He started from scratch and for some time he lived in complete misery, but fame, fortune, and a lot of troubles were in store for him.

Help From the Great

Several times his earthly possessions were sold, but he kept going, and the most famous musicians and composers of his day patronized and helped him. Meyerbeer called him "the genius of copper and sounding brass." Rossini spoke of the sounds produced by Sax's novelties as of "the most beautiful, sonorous mass" he knew. Bizet used his inventions in the "Suites Arlesiennes." So did Richard Strauss in his "Symphonia Demestica," which in-

cludes a quarter of saxophones. Debussy wrote a "Rhapsody for Saxophone and Orchestra."

He perfected the saxophone in 1844. Before that time wind instruments were built on the supposition that the composition of the metal or of the other materials determined the timbre of the sound. Sax discovered one of the basic laws of acoustics, that "the proportions given to a column of air vibrating in a sonorous tube, and they alone determine the character of the timbre produced." On this basis he was able to develop the volume and the quality of the sound of his instruments to such an extent that he could outplay any combination of instruments and still stay within the boundaries of music and good taste.

His enemies—the other instrument makes—argued that his instruments were "beyond human power." His friends replied that "Those who first saw the Pyramids thought them to be too high."

In 1845 he had his first decisive triumph; his orchestra was to compete with the most powerful group of his day on the Paris Champ de Mars, a kind of Golden Bowl. His competitor was a Mr. Carafo. The Paris music world was divided between the Saxons and the Carafons. Sax came out triumphant, and the



Adolph Sax

government made the use of his instruments compulsory for all the military bands of France.

Meets All Comers

In 1852 he beat with 12 saxtubas of his invention a group of 1500 instruments. Nothing and nobody could outblow or outfanfare the "cuivres de Sax" which had become a byword through all Europe. The Revolution of 1848 reverted to less sonorous instruments, but the Emperor Napoleon III reinstalled them. Out of Germany Sax's enemies brought the batyphone, a tube cylindrical in shape except for the bell, to combat his dearest brain child, the saxophone, which was of parabolic shape. The batyphone turned pale and went back to the oblivion of its Teutonic woods.

At one time his competitors filed a lawsuit against him to prove that the word saxophone did not and even could not exist. But in "La Belle Helene" the poet Halevy had made Ajax rhyme with Sax, and the backbiters of the Belgian sonorous giant were again defeated.

Explosive Ideas

For several decades Sax spent his time fighting off his numerous and unrelenting enemies, inventing new instruments, and perfecting old ones. He was not satisfied even with his musical successes. When the siege of Sebastopol was going on he dreamed of a superbomb which was to be a mortar-bullet 11 yards wide and weighing 550 tons. With one shot this projectile would demolish a whole city. "It would tear apart, smash entire walls, ruin fortifications, explode mines, blow up powerhouses," he wrote, "and in a word, exert a irresistible action of devastation, in a wide range, not to mention the horrible fright this explosion will pro-

voke." This weapon would have been called the Saxocannon. We have been spared it.

Sax is remembered today, a century after he invented the saxophone, chiefly for this instrument and for the saxhorn, the father of a family of brass wind instruments with cup-shaped mouthpieces.



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THE FASHION QUANDARY

Shelia Darwin

Fashions change by the month, by the season, even by the hour, but style trends revolt only once in an era. Not since the depression-hit "flapper" days of the 1920's has there been such a drastic revolution in milady's clothes, how she wears them and what they are designed to achieve for her. Milady of the "New Yorker," "Vogue," and "Mademoiselle" may very well be wearing Dior's plunging necklines and Hattie Carnegie's ankle-swishing skirts, but lets take a squint at our own Sweet Sal of Idaho and the duds she prefers these snow-flurry days. . .

Starting from the toes up. . .how about those that are toasting in the new fur-lined boots we wear on drizzly morning dashes up Ad Hill? Ann Dingle down at the KAT house has a fire-house red pair with white fur tops that really defy King Winter's icy blasts. Wooden shoes are still preferred by many coeds, as well as the new suede booties and loafers in Christmas reds, greys, and greens. P. S. They're wonderful for showing off handknit angora anklets! Wanna join the "I Wanna Knit" class?

Joking aside, it's nothing but enlightening to see the variety of good-looking sweaters a pair of steel needles, a few balls of yarn, and a good instruction book can turn out. Just a little perseverance and there you have them, classic cardigans, cabled pull overs, and the brand new cap sleeved, long torso jobs that really catch your study-worn eye when teamed with straight school skirts.

Then there was the plaid straight skirt—straight almost to the knees, that is ending with a wide pleated hemline, that walked into the Perch ahead of us the other day. The gals thought it terrific, but one fellow we hastily interviewed merely blinked, chug-a-lugged three cups of black jo, and feebly whispered that he wasn't quite yet adjusted to the "new 1947 silhouettes"!

And shades of Lillian Russell, here come artfully padded hips back into the campus coed's date dresses, suits, and even formals. Realizing that it takes taste to accept and reject new styles wisely and still emerge looking really smart, only the "willowy" gals go in for these.



"I merely stepped out for some Dentyne Chewing Gum!"

"It wasn't the confinement that was getting me down, Guard—it was doing without Dentyne Chewing Gum. Boy, how I missed Dentyne's keen, long-lasting flavor. Helped keep my teeth nice and white, too!"

Dentyne Gum—Made Only by Adams



As long as we're reverting to ancient history, we should also mention the "Gibson Girl" look that is being noticed more and more in school clothes this winter. One prof we know remarked that these tailored shirtwaists and tightly-belted, flaring skirts reminded him of his own college days when they were the standard coed's attire.

Flash!!! Your style scout wishes to report the results of a disheartening poll. Result: the Idaho college man refuses to accept the latest dictates of fashion as far as evening dresses for his dream girl go. This winter's ankle length, "covered up" formal styles seem to be running an insignificant second to the strapless, frothy skirted gowns whose hems have swept the floor at every class ball and formal house dance since way before most of us were struggling with the multiplication tables.



Don Robertson

Evelyn "Bedo" Inghram signs out in a plaid sport suit—a MacArthur cut jacket and slit hemline skirt — with Omar Campbell, wearing the new low-V two button sport coat.

But, enough of Sweet Sal's wardrobe, how about a gander at the style conscious Idaho male. Possibly the most cheerful thing about the fall men's fashion picture on U.S. campuses is the general improvement in quality and variety evident in nearly all categories of men's wear.

Suits show a trend away from the full drape exaggerated shoulders, and extreme low-button placement of suit coats and jackets of last year and immediate post-war styles.

Corduroy, the college man's standby, seems to be more popular than ever before this fall. It appears now not only in slacks and jackets but also in lighter weight sport shirts. These well-tailored wool, flannel, and corduroy sport shirts even seem to be displacing to some degree the more shapeless checked or plaid lumber shirts which have long been leisure hour favorites at the U. of I.

Wool is still the heavy favorite for socks, but have you noticed how rapidly the new ankle lengthed argyles are winning campus masculine approval. The loafer (much to the horror of older folks who envision a flat-footed generation) is still the No. 1 leisure shoe on campus with brown and white saddle shoes running close competition.

Most noticeable among fellow's "glad rags" this year is the return of flashy sportcoats in bright, solid colors. We think they're wonderful even if you can almost hear them coming a mile away! One SAE we noticed was knocking them cold at the Nest last Sunday in a handsome purple jacket with a yellow tie. What won't they think of next!

That's 30 for now kids, here's to fashions. You wear them, we'll write about them!

"Now that the war is over, I'd like to get abroad for a year or two."
 "Take my advice and marry one for keeps."

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PANDEMONIUM

"You quit your job as a stenographer because your boss had ideas? What did he do?"

"He asked me to show a little more—what did he call it?—incentive!"

— I —

Detective — "You're looking for your cashier? Is he tall or short?"

Banker—"Both."

—Lampoon.

— I —

A fraternity man and a cute freshman chick were enjoying a small supper in the private room of the hotel. As the waiter cleared away the desert dishes, the Greek-letter man cleared his throat and purred, "Now, dear, how about a little demitasse?"

"I might have known there was a string attached!" she exploded.

And there's the man on the flying trapeze who caught his wife in the act.

— I —

"Doctor," she said loudly, bouncing into the room, "I want you to tell me frankly what's wrong with me."

He surveyed her from head to foot. "Madam," he said at length, "I've just three things to tell you.

"First, your weight should be reduced by nearly fifty pounds.

"Second, you should use about one-tenth as much rouge and lipstick.

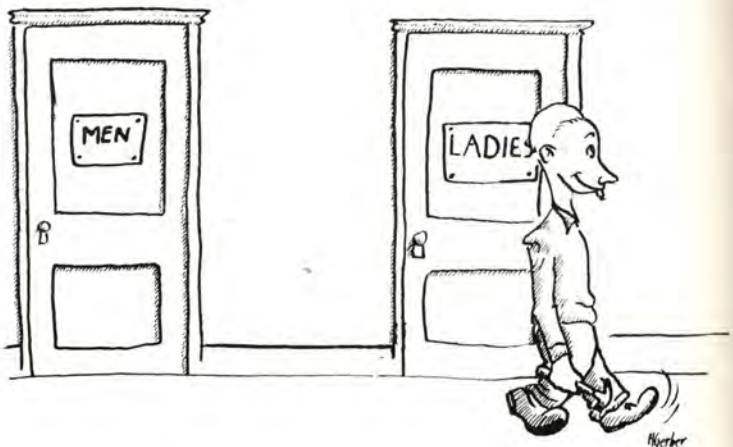
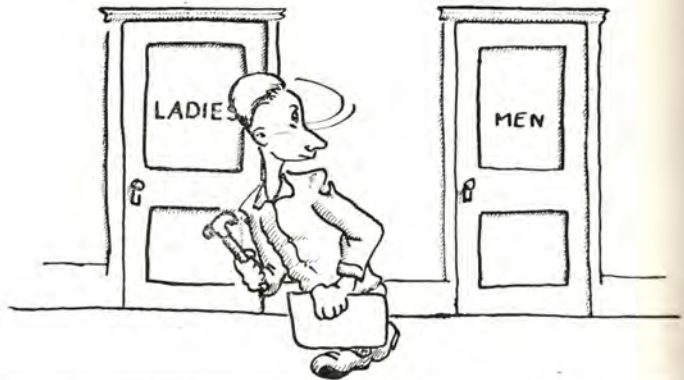
"And third, I'm an artist—the doctor lives on the next floor."

—Yellow Jacket.

— I —

"Swear that you love me."

"All right, dammit, I love you."



Herber



"Come on, take it off—I promise I won't talk!"

A kiss that speaks volumes is seldom a first edition.

—I—

Is it formal or can I wear my own clothes?

—I—

"Who gave the bride away?"
"I could have, but I kept my mouth shut."

—I—

"Would you like to drink Canada Dry, sir?"

"I'd love to, but I'm only here for a week."

—I—

Wife: "Our new nurse is very scientific. She won't let anyone kiss the baby when she's around."

Hubby: "Who'd want to?"

—I—

All a sweater does for her is make her itch.

—I—

Coach: "What is his name?"

Manager: "Osdzkludivitzity."

Coach: "Put him on the first string. Boy, will I get even with the newspapers."

—I—

She: "Say you love me, say it."

He: "You love me."

—I—

A bachelor is a man who never Mrs. anything.

—I—

We wonder why the iceman smiles so

When his glance happens to meet

The sign: "Please drive slow;

The child in the street

May be yours, you know."

I used to love my garden
But now my love is dead;
For I found a bachelor button
In black-eyed Susan's bed.

—I—

During the coal strike last winter it was so cold that the Varga girls got down off the walls and climbed in bed with us.

—I—

"I have a friend who made a fortune exposing chorus girls."

"A social reformer?"

"No, a costume designer."

—I—

"Whenever I get down in the dumps, I buy a new hat."

"I was wondering where you got them."

—I—

Papa Robin: How did that speckled egg get into our nest?

Mama Robin: I did it for a lark.

—I—

The brain of the average college student is the most amazing thing known to science. It starts to function the minute he jumps out of bed and doesn't stop until he reaches the classroom.

—I—

"Madam, may I see your daughter?"

"No! Get out and stay out!"

"But madam, see this badge. I'm respectable. I'm a detective."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Come right in. I thought it was an SAE pin."

—Scottie.

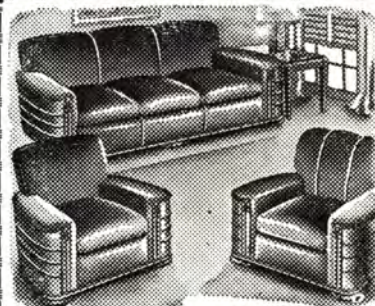
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TIME ALL THE TIME

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**KENWORTHY
NUART
THEATRES**

Grandpappy Morgan had wandered off into the woods and failed to return for supper, so young Toliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in the bushes.

"Getting dark, gradpap," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Supper-time, grandpap."

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hungry?"

"Yep."

"Well, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Well, why ain't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

—Mis-a-sip.

—I—

"You look broken up. What's the matter?"

"I wrote home for money for a study lamp."

"So what?"

"They sent the lamp."

—I—

Mother (entering the room unexpectedly): "Well, I never!"

Daughter: "Oh, mother, you must have."

—Unique.

—I—

"Honey, ah loves yo' bathin' suit!"

"Sho' nuff?"

"Man, it sho' does!"

—Mis-a-sip.

—I—

A middle aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a window into a garbage can.

A Chinaman passing remarked: "Americans very wasteful. That woman good for ten years yet."

—I—

Professor: "I won't begin today's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice: "Go home and sleep it off, old man."

—I—

"Didn't I see you going down the street the other day with an apple in your hand?"

"Quite so, old chap, I was going to call on a doctor's wife."

—Annapolis Log.

Hear about the cross-eyed practice teacher who couldn't control her pupils?

—I—

He: "Only a mother could love a face like that."

She: "I'm about to inherit a fortune."

He: "I'm about to become a mother."

—I—

Said the actress, "I've always wanted to do 'Life With Father,' but they sent me to a women's prison."

—I—

"You'll have to hand it to Venus de Milo when it comes to eating."

"Why?"

"No hands."

—I—

"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car."

—Frivol.

—I—

"I'm sorry, lady," said the ticket agent, "but this two dollar bill is counterfeit."

"My God," gasped the woman, "I've been seduced."

—Green Gander.

—I—

Then there was the girl who wore black garters for those who had gone beyond.

—Wet Hen.





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There's nothing to it—as you can see from the samples below. If, by coincidence, the words "Pepsi-Cola" turn up somewhere in your gag, don't worry about it. We don't mind. (Matter of fact, we kind of like it.) So start your stuff in now—for Easy Money.

GOOD DEAL ANNEX

Sharpen up those gags, gagsters! At the end of the year (if we haven't laughed ourselves to death) we're going to pick the one best item we've bought and award it a fat extra

\$100.00

LITTLE MORON CORNER

Our well-known moron-about-campus, Murgatroyd—now a student in the school of agriculture—has developed a new theory on sheep-feeding. He makes a daily ration of Pepsi-Cola an important part of their diet. "Duuuuuuuuuh, of course," said Murgatroyd recently, when questioned as to his reasoning, "everybody knows that Pepsi-Cola is the drink for ewe!"

\$2 apiece, believe it or not, for any of these we buy!

HE-SHE GAGS

If you're a He, and know a She—or vice versa—this should be your meat. Here's your chance to strike a blow for the home team in the battle between the sexes—and maybe win three bucks besides!

He Ubangi: I hear that Mbongo has left his wife.

She Ubangi: Really? Why?

He Ubangi: He says that every time she drinks a Pepsi, she smacks her lips, and he can't stand the clatter.

He: Why do you call my date "Pepsi," when her name is Betty?

She: Oh, we all call her "Pepsi" because she goes with anything!

He: I never knew what real happiness was until I married you.

She: Darling!

He: Yes, and by then it was too late.

Three bucks apiece for each of these we print. Let your conscience be your guide.

Daffy Definitions

Here's a column that must have some deep underlying significance. Darned if we know what, though. All we know is that these rate a buck each—and the daffier, the better.

Frustration—having a Pepsi-Cola and no bottle-opener.

Stork—bird with a big bill.

Professor—textbook wired for sound.

Thirst—obsolete term; dates back to pre-Pepsi-Cola era.

Cooperation—one bottle of Pepsi with two straws.

Paying \$1 apiece for these is like giving you a license to commit burglary. But—\$1 apiece for those we buy.

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