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University of Idaho

CAMPUS MAGAZINE

FALL ISSUE, 1948

Twenty-five Cents



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Pat O'Connor graces the cover of this issue. She was chosen by a board of five fortunate frosh who shall remain anonymous. No, there are no staff vacancies on the Cover Girl Selection Board.

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TIGHT SPOTS

AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



You're all agog! You meet your super dream boy when you're movie bound! And you start to feel guh-guh-guh! Don't do a fadeout! Don't resign from the human race! Just rush up and offer him yummy Life Savers. Maybe *he'll* go to the movie, too.



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What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.



All They Asked Was An Even Break

Building a new country was no easy job—but Americans tackled it. All they asked was an even break.

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INN**



The Home of Moscow's
Finest Food

Too Short A Life

By BETTY PETERS

The sound was at first a mere suggestion, gradually it rose in crescendo, arresting in its flight the solitary figure of man and horse. The man's hand rested upon the horn of his saddle as he listened. The horse, nosing at the sparse vegetation beneath his hooves, tore out a cheat of grass.

"Coyote," the man said, and he turned his head to the small rise beneath him. The moon is there, he thought. He could see

its coming as he gazed at the silhouetted sagebrush on the crest of the hill. Each brush was as finely etched as the ink drawing he had once seen in a picture-book. While he watched, a coyote appeared on the rise and tilting its head, answered the call. The sound of the horse's jaws paused as he lifted alert inquisitive ears and stared toward the direction of the sound. Presently he dropped his head among the cheat grass again.

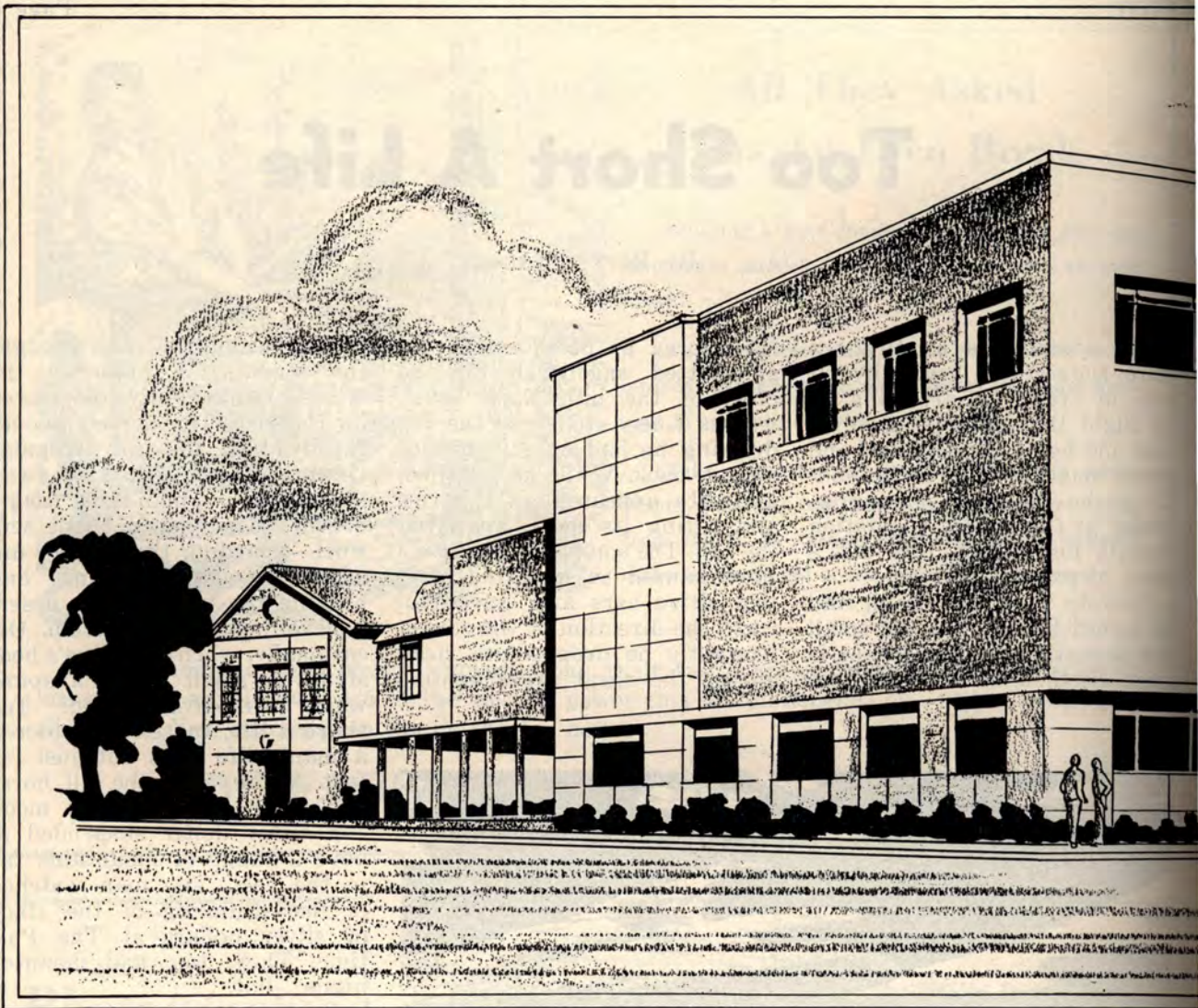
All the night sounds, thought the man as he touched the horse's flank lightly and stared up the rise. The horse's hooves faintly beat out an irregular rhythm as he picked his way through the man-sized sagebrush. Each bush a silent sentinel—guarding the hills in unorderly columns—seeing and hearing the ways of the desert—never speaking of them. Occasionally, when the horse's hoof struck a small stone, a spark was born—lived, died. Too short a life, mused the rider—a man's life goes out just as fast. At the top of the hill, horse and rider first saw the moon—a silver dollar suspended above a range of mountains far to the east. The man watched it rise—thinking of the stack of silver dollars at The Pastime. They, too, had mounted higher, but. . . .

He erased the thoughts from his mind, turned the horse's head and started down a gulch. Two juniper trees thrust their scrawny branches outward, as if fearing their bit of ground would be consumed by the ever-present sagebrush. The gulch, he noted, was dry—what was that phrase of the cowboys'—dry-gulch—to kill a man. He remembered the peace he had experienced other nights a year ago when he had ridden down the gulch—funny—a hard-soft smile flickered his face. Again he struch out across the sagebrush land. Once he crossed a well-defined trail, but he did not turn. He only stopped a moment to intently follow with his eyes its writhing form, twisting—like a rope. . . .

He heard the scurrying of minute desert-things as they moved from the path of his

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Let's Go Now!!

By LOUIS BOYLE

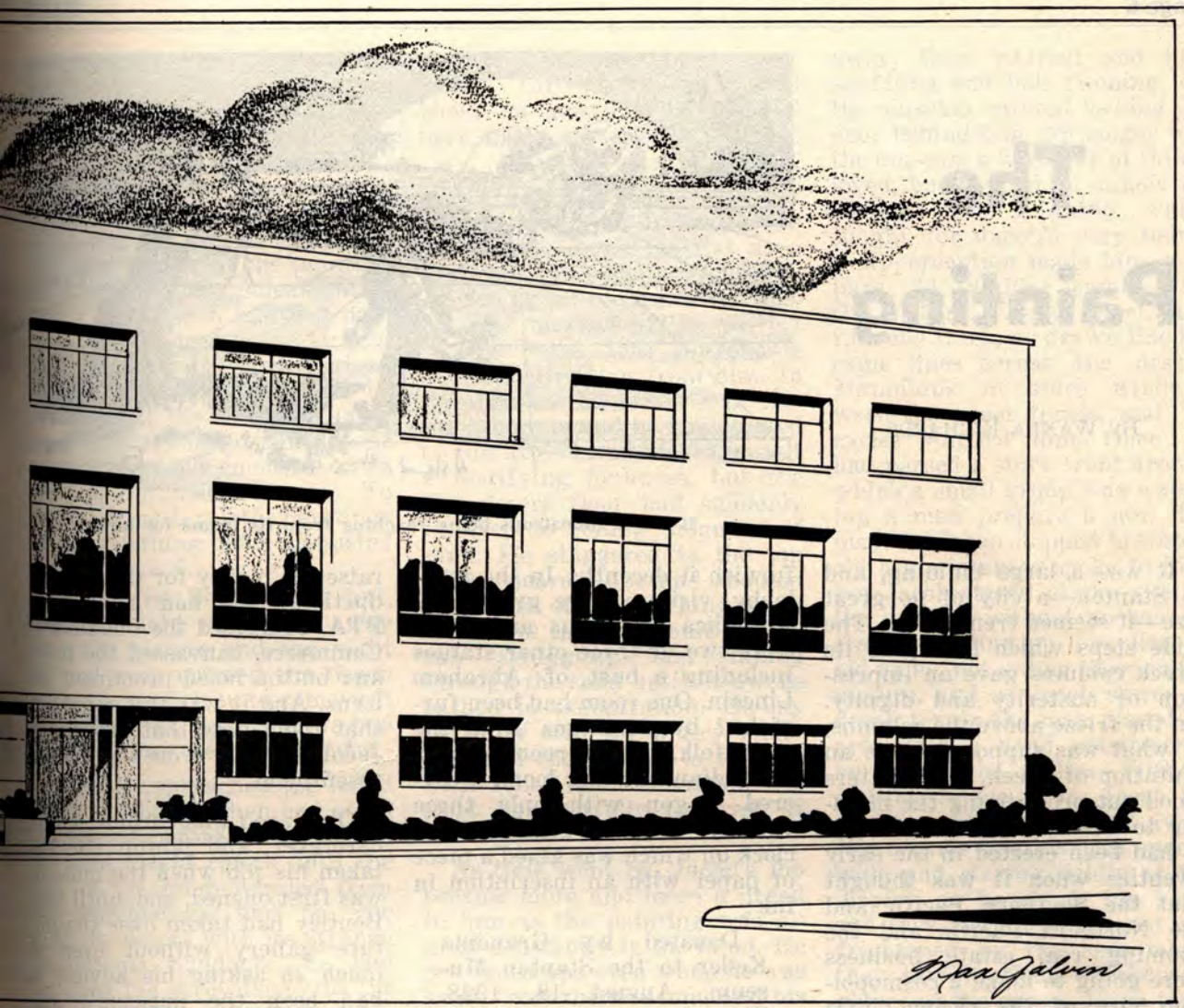
Although existing facilities of the University of Idaho, both instructional and non-instructional, are admittedly inadequate, expansion of the physical plant according to a plan now in existence can make this institution during the next decade the pride of the state.

We have the plan; its execution depends upon the will of the legislators and upon the Board of Regents. Typical of its provisions, which may be made public at this time, is the construction of an addition to the Student Union Building.

The student at Idaho in 1950

will enter the dream shown above on these pages to find a cafeteria double the size of the present Bucket. The bookstore will be larger, and there will be adequate office space for the Graduate Manager, Alumni Secretary, and other staffs. Locker rooms for town students will

Idaho Constructed Seven Buildings Prior to 1909, Four Since. Is Further Delay Wise?



The Board of Regents will soon consider construction of this proposed addition to the Student Union Building.

occupy the remainder of the floor.

Two large banquet rooms will adjoin the present ball room; when their sound-proof doors are opened, these three units will provide a dance floor that will put the "all" in the term, "all campus dance." There will also be a "little theater" and a reading room on the second floor.

The new third floor will be occupied by the student offices. Gem, Argonaut, and —happy thought—Blot will have their headquarters here. A photo lab will be at the disposal of these publications. Bright spot of this floor will be a room for town women.

Recreation-hungry Idaho students will find a home in the basement where there will be

a bowling alley and a hobby and crafts room. Billiard and pool tables will also be provided.

This dream is coolly described by its architect, Hugh Richardson of Lewiston, as a "north wing, 70 by 120 feet, plus improvements in the existing structure." Its construction awaits completion of foundation studies and the arrangements preparatory to the sale of bonds.

This matter is in the hands of the Board of Regents which is exploring ways and means for construction at the earliest possible date. Important considerations in this regard are, of course, construction costs and enrollment figures, both present and future.

Meanwhile, we who are now in college can enjoy the almost completed clubhouse at the golf

course. The field house going up on McLean Field gives additional evidence that something is being done to keep Idaho on a par with other Western schools.

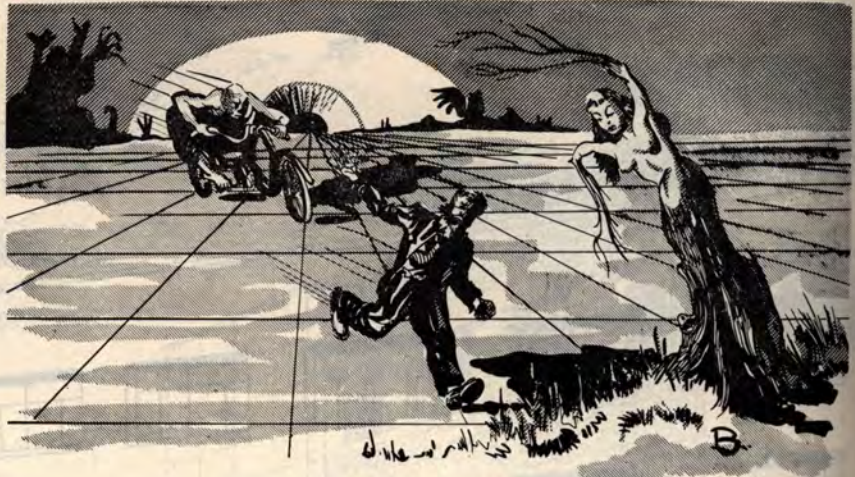
But what about the other buildings, classroom buildings for instance? It another "T.C." the best we can hope for? It seems evident to this student that there is immediate need of new engineering, agriculture, and forestry buildings, to say nothing of the need for a music hall, a library, and just plain classroom space.

Anyone who has tried unsuccessfully to procure from the library, reference material that is stored in the Administration Building basement will agree. So will the student who has no-

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The Painting

By WANDA RICHARDS



It was a monstrous being reaching from its frame for him.

It was a large building, and in Stanton—a city of no great size—it seemed tremendous. The wide steps which led up to its Greek columns gave an impression of austerity and dignity. On the frieze above the columns, in what was supposed to be an imitation of Greek, great letters stood out proclaiming the building to be the Stanton Museum. It had been erected in the early twenties when it was thought that the Southern Pacific and the Northern Pacific and the booming real estate business were going to make a cosmopolitan city of the sleepy, little town. The money to build it had been donated by foundations with impressive names, wheedled from the public by oratorical editorial in the Stanton Gazette, and raised by the city fathers in many bond issues. Now, although the bonds were not yet paid off, it was Stanton's main point of interest. It could be seen from the railroad station—a branch line still furnished Stanton—and taxi drivers always made the two block detour from the station to the Royal Hotel to show newcomers this magnificent edifice.

"That's the museum," they would say over their shoulders in casual tone. "Better see it before you leave town."

Newcomers rarely visited the museum, and in fact, very few townspeople went into it. There was not really much to see on the inside, because the city had never been able to afford to

furnish it decently. In the main lobby, visitors were greeted by a replica of Venus and there were two or three other statues including a bust of Abraham Lincoln. One room had been furnished by donations from the townfolk. In this room was an old Indian weaving loom, a covered wagon with only three wheels, and a grandfather's clock on which was glued a piece of paper with an inscription in ink:

Donated by Grandma Keller to the Stanton Museum, August 18, 1928. This clock was brought across the plains by George S. Keller in pieces, summer '52.

Other nicknacks included a plaque on the wall on which were pasted various denominations of Confederate currency, and the floor was cluttered with objects, some quite old and some fairly new, none of them very interesting.

Only the picture gallery had real color. Here one could gaze upon reproductions of De Vinci, Rembrandt, Van Gugh, Picasso, and a multitude of paintings; classical, modernist, and non-descript. This room was the result of the work of a young and ambitious art instructor at the local high school. She had worked untiringly for five years from 1940 until 1945 to furnish this room, and when she left Stanton for a new school she had left with a deep sense of satisfaction in a job well done. To

raise the money for these reproductions, she had cajoled the PTA, addressed the Chamber of Commerce, canvassed the town, and button holed prominent citizens. And it was this room and that room only that aroused in Jacob Schuller a deep and bitter resentment.

Old Jacob was curator, guide, caretaker, and janitor. He had taken his job when the museum was first opened, and, until Miss Bentley had taken over the picture gallery without even so much as asking his advice, he had been the museum's only lover, mistress, and critic. Jacob had placed most of the museum pieces in their present positions, and until Miss Bentley had brought the paintings in, no one had ever challenged his complete authority. Now he could not enter the gallery without a feeling of bitterness. He especially hated the strange pictures of surrealistic art, glowing in the darkness by their fluorescent lights, and he felt a change in his affection towards the museum as towards a lover who has been disfigured. He entered the gallery as infrequently as possible, and then only to dust or clean up. When he did go into the gallery he could not keep his eyes from one picture for which he felt an almost morbid attraction. It was a picture of a glaring white desert on which straight lines converged in the far distance. In the left foreground was a crumbling ruin of some ancient civilization

and from this protruded an arm and hand holding a large eye in its upturned palm. In the background a bicycle ridden by a man with one eye in the center of his forehead was going nowhere, and a deep fissure in the surface of the desert ran across the right corner of the painting towards ruggedly bleak hills. Jacob would push his dust mop towards the picture and stop to stare in strange fascination; sometimes for minutes, then he would shake his shoulders and head as if trying to rid himself of uncomfortable emotions, mutter and continue to sweep. To the other modernistic paintings he gave nothing but a disgusted glance.

After Miss Bentley had left, Jacob thought of doing away with the picture and one night he had even entered the room with a screwdriver to remove it from the wall, but his nerve had failed him at the last moment.

He had approached the hated thing slowly and then had stood transfixed before it staring at its hard bright colors until the rest of the room receded from his consciousness and he saw only the desert with its strange inhabitants. Suddenly, he had dropped the screwdriver to the floor and had run from the room in terror. He had not entered the room even to dust for almost two weeks after that.

Before the peculiar transformation overtook Jacob, he had been a model of punctuality and habit. People had been able to set their watches by the time which he opened and closed the museum. Inside the museum he had gone contentedly about his job, and had never been too busy to explain some strange object to a casual visitor. Since the opening of the museum in 1928 Jacob had been a familiar and friendly sight in the town and at the museum. People who knew him well noted the change in him that year, but most of them attributed it to his age.

Jacob was seen less and less around town those days; finishing his work at the museum in the late evening he would go home to his furnished rooms where he often brooded for long

periods. He no longer ever looked through his beloved books on museums which had been his most favored pastime.

One night Jacob had a dream which he could not forget for days after. In the dream he was on a white desert as flat as a table top and smooth as marble. As far as he could see the desert was marked off in perfect squares with lines converging in every direction from him. In the distance he saw a man riding a bicycle and he had started to run after him because he felt a terrifying loneliness, but the flat desert floor had suddenly changed to rolling mounds of sand. He staggered to the top of the nearest one and shouted and heard only a mocking laugh in return. In blind panic he had run struggling and falling through the sand until he awoke bathed in perspiration. He lay perfectly still for a few moments and then began to tremble with relief and exhaustion. He slept only fitfully the rest of the night.

As time went by, Jacob's job became more and more a dread to him as the painting was almost constantly in his mind. He felt no escape even when he was away from the museum, and his repugnance for the picture became so great that he found himself glancing at it in deep distaste each time he passed the gallery. When he dusted the room, he often stood staring at the painting with an emotional intensity that neared hysteria. The mutilated torsos, and bleak, weird landscape seared a picture of complete desolation into his mind. He no longer saw any of the other pictures in the room, and the other sections of the museum with their strange collections became of less and less interest to Jacob.

One evening as he was preparing to turn out the lights and lock up, Jacob passed the picture trying to avoid looking at it, but he walked only a few steps and stopped, then slowly turned and gazed at it as at a monstrous being reaching from its frame for him. His face became distorted and his body shuddered. Slowly he backed

away, then whirled and half shuffling and half running left the museum without locking the door behind him. No longer was the museum a harborer of things loved, but instead an unholy receptacle for a thing which fought for Jacob's very being.

Apperception made him compare old familiar sights with the picture. Every street, and railroad track, or drawn line became lines across the desert. Mannikins in store windows were the queer torsos, and bicycles startled him. Once he had passed a store front around which a small group was watching a man prepare a new display. As Jacob stopped to watch, old acquaintances spoke to him, but Jacob stared at the man in the window without answering. He was setting up a replica of old ruins, not unlike those in the picture, and as Jacob stared in dumb terror the man placed an arm with a hand outstretched on top of the replica. Without waiting to see more, Jacob began to mutter and back away. His friends saw his eyes opened wide and staring wildly at the display as he shook his head, and they were both amazed and frightened by the look which they saw in them. Without a glance at the group, Jacob turned and hurried down the street never pausing to look back.

There was an outer change about Jacob in those days too. He no longer cared about his appearance, often going to the museum unshaven and unkempt with his shock of gray hair in wild disarray. His large bony frame took on a more exaggerated stoop, and his body seemed wasting away beneath his clothes. He was no longer punctual about opening and closing the museum, and the few people who now went into the museum were not noticed by Jacob except when he would mutter at them and shuffle away. He never acted as guide, nor even tended to his work as he had been used to; instead his care became sporadic and disorganized. He would sometimes clean one section over and over again while leaving another part of the museum untouched for days. Vis-

(Continued on page 24)

There's Good Spruce Tonight

By ASA

"They were the friendliest, most lovable little creatures. Spruce never hurt anyone, and then they went and exterminated them." Joe sighed and drained his glass.

"You want another, Joe?" I asked.

"Got any money?"

"Yeah. Bartender, bring another pitcher." I felt like a wheel buying pitchers for the guy who brought the Spru to Idaho.

"Things haven't been this bad since B.S. When we had Spruce, anybody could get along on G.I. pay. Even buy cigarettes," he added wistfully.

"Joe, why don't you start at the beginning." I had wanted to get the story first hand ever since I transferred to Idaho.

"I don't even want to talk about it," Joe said, brushing his sleeve across his eyes.

The bartender set our pitchers down, and I paid him. Joe was weeping openly now.

"Go ahead, Joe," I said, pouring him a glass. "Do you good to talk."

"Well," he said, "I was lost when I found them.

"I was working in this distillery all summer down in the primitive area, see. Job didn't pay too good but working conditions were fine.

"The weekend I got lost, I was carrying sacks of corn and sugar in to the still and lugging five-gallon cans back out to the fire road. I lightened every can I carried; and before I knew it, I was high. School was going to start in a week, and I was making the best of a good thing.

"The trail forks just below the still and damned if I didn't take the wrong fork the third time in.

"I'd sat down on the sack of corn I was carrying and was trying to figure out where I was, when I started hearing this strange music. Spru-u-u! The strangest, sweetest music I ever

heard, and it was coming from over the mountain.

"Well, I just couldn't help heading for that music. I left my sack of corn in the trail and took off: I knew I was lost, but I didn't give a damn. Know how you feel after the fifth one? Well, that's how this music affected me.

"The music was getting louder and louder. I just got to the top of the ridge when I meet this old duffer with a long beard.

"Hi, old timer,' I say, 'what are you doing way up here in the hills?'

"Big war coming up, son,' he says. 'You're welcome to dig

grin came around a rock.

"You've had it, son,' the old boy says with a groan. 'That's a Spru; plural is Spruce. Look at a Spru thirsty-like, and he'll drop dead out of sheer happiness. Depending on how you pour a Spru, it comes out Schlitz, Bo, or Bud. The ears make the finest pretzels, and the eyes are just right for frat pins. They give black coffee and aspirin, don't eat nothing, and multiply like mink. Son, they are the curse of humanity.'

"Ridiculous,' I say, looking at the Spru. Damned if he didn't drop dead!

"Well, one Spru led to an-



"There were Spruce all over the Ad lawn!"

a hole next to mine, but don't go over the ridge. That yonder's the Valley of the Spruce.'

"Sorry, old timer, but I hear strange music, and I got to follow it.' I started to go around him, but he stopped me.

"Don't go no farther, son. A Spru is a curse to humanity, bad as the Bomb.'

"Just then the cutest, friendliest little fellow with beautiful blood-shot eyes and a foolish

other. I must have passed out. Next thing I knew, I was back down at the fire road and a Spru was holding my head and another was hustling up some black coffee and aspirin.

"I knew my job at the distillery was washed up, so I just went home. A week later when I got on the Special to come back to school, I had a pair of Spruce in my trunk.

"Kept them in my room up at

the house. They almost multiplied out the windows, but I managed to stay fairly even with them.

"Three weeks after school started, I made my first class. Econ lecture, it was. All at once I woke up. There was strange music in Ad. 102 and a Spru was nuzzling my hand.

"The P.A. system was breaking a blood vessel. 'You, back there! I've been watching you! Get out! I didn't ask you to take this class!'

"I picked up my Spru and went. Out on the Ad. lawn there were Spruce all over the place winking their beautiful blood-shot eyes at co-eds and grinning their sweet, foolish grin.

"Well, there wasn't any point in keeping the secret. The next day, the Arg headline was 'There's Good Spruce Tonight.' Arg never came out on time again.

"Naturally, the Administration didn't approve of Spruce. Said they gave the school a bad name. Maybe they did, but people started transferring in from all over the country.

"The matter was finally referred to the Dean of Women's

clear across campus. They just plain refused to accommodate a politician!

"Things racked along for a while with Spruce multiplying all over the place. Nobody minded Moscow, even its weather, when all you had to do was look thirstily at a Spru, and depending how you poured him, get Schlitz, Bo, or Bud. That black coffee and aspirin was sure fine Monday mornings, too.

"Spruce contributed a lot culturally to the University, one way and another. About the best musical comedy I ever saw was 'All God's Chillun Got Spruce.'

"Oh, there were drawbacks to Spruce. Take the football team: The Vandals weren't doing worth a damn and then it came out that all the ball players had their rooms in the Spruce—excuse me, had Spruce in their rooms. Even old Bistro hands wre for getting rid of the Spruce if that would beat Washington State.

"Then one day a Spru that was watching football practice caught a ball that was juggled in the backfield and ran eighty yards through both teams. They gave him a suit, number 7, and Idaho beat Montana 39 to 0.

and then reopened as a tea room. One well known joint reconvered to a church.

"What finally beat the Spruce was a coalition of the temperance interests and the brewers. They didn't have much of a case morally, and they knew it. Well, they started screaming that Spruce was communistic and offered their eyes as proof. That's all it took!

The Administration started to feel the heat. Parents were jerking their kids out of school, and there was a threat of a legislative investigation. About this time, a couple Spruce that wandered over to Pullman had their heads clipped by the Canwell Committee.

"Well, the Administration had to do something, so the word came down from city hall to assemble all Spruce at Neale Stadium for extermination by the disciplinary committee. The reason given was that Spruce had proved to be a curse on good scholarship.

"No mention was made of the communist issue. Idaho is, you know, a liberal institution, and courageously refused to engage in red baiting.

Spru-u-u-! ! They made the sweetest music and were sure easy to live with.

Here's the story of their short, happy life at Idaho.

office. Someone up there decided that if Spruce dropped dead out of sheer happiness when you looked at them thirstily, it wouldn't be hard to look every Spruce in the eye and exterminate them.

"I mentioned something a while ago about Spruce being lovable little creatures. Well, the first thing you know, the agents from the Dean of Women's office are drinking Spruce on the 'I' bench. They just couldn't look them in the eye and leave them—sweet, friendly little old Spruce.

"The ASUI Executive Board figured they were of sounder moral fiber and tried the same scheme. Funny thing about Spruce. They can spot a phoney

"Well, the next game was with W.S.C. and the Cougars were really worried. Over at their rally there was a big sign that said, 'It Ain't The Vandals That Worry Us, It's a Spru That Makes Us Blue.' Incidentally, a Spru broke into KWSC and broadcast sweet music until the announcer got loose. But getting back to the game, a last minute ruling from the Coast Commissioner declared Spruce ineligible for intercollegiate football. We lost 19 to 14.

"Ironically, Spruce accomplished what a lot of people would have liked to have done long ago—they put every slip chute in Moscow out of business. The Vet's Club became a youth center and the Plantation closed

"On X-Day we took all our sweet, lovable little Spruce to the stadium, and the extermination squad of the Disciplinary Committee mowed them down. There hadn't been such wailing and gnashing of teeth and rending of garments since the Bistro burned.

"I'm ashamed to admit it, but I hid a Spru. Then I got to thinking what an un-American thing it was, so I went back to the basement and got him. While the Phi Delt bell slowly tolled a farewell, they exterminated the last living Spru on the Idaho campus."

Joe fell silent. The pitcher was empty, and I was broke. Overcome with emotion, I stumbled to the door and out into the rain.

Back Stage

By PATTY ROBINSON

House Lights. . . Stage Lights . . . Curtain! And the story that unfolds is brought about by the combined effort of actors and backstage crews. No one person can take full credit; it is the work of many.

Backstage in the theatre rarely enters into the fancy of the audience, nor are they eager to know about it. But its fever is as thorough as the grease paint in the actor's blood. There is magic and satisfaction in working with others toward the same goal. Here, only the earnest survive. It is no place for the slacker. You learn to know and respect these people. Joys and sorrows connected with the current performance are shared by all.

Characters abound in the theatre. They have to be to give so much of their time, and to place it above all else. Each is an individual and yet also a part of the unity. They work strenuously and play light-heartedly, living on excitement and action. There are no inhibitions here—you can see each person

as he is. Tempers may flare but are tightly checked and give way to good humor; dismay gives way to determination to make it right.

The stage manager is weighted by responsibility for the physical aspects of the production. His crew must learn to assemble flats, mix and apply paints, drive the right nail into the correct place, and build all sorts of gadgets. On concluding this course in learning by doing the stage crew member is nearly set up for building his own house. You learn to chop wood, mix glue with paint, stretch muslin, dye materials, stencil, fit doors and windows. Each play presents its own problems. The playwright often is not helpful in explaining how to create some phenomena. "Dear Brutus," presented last fall calmly asserted that Lob, the old gentleman, was to be seated asleep in a chair in the living room and was to be seen a few moments later through the garden window. A false fireplace with hidden exit was placed

near the chair. The actors went over the scene again and again to screen his departure. One performance was successful, the other was not. The paints are in powder form, and you must experiment for the desired color. It is a sad, sad thing indeed to finally discover it only to realize that you haven't kept track of your formula. The flies and the scene drops present their own special problems. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" called for a swan to be flown that little Eva could ride in for the heavenly apparition. In the process of rigging this up, one of the loosened ropes ran to the ceiling and one of the boys had to straddle a two-by-four and follow it to the floor.

Property crews must search for all hand props used throughout the play and furnish the furniture on the sets. They must make a color chart of each scene, and then cover the countryside for the type of furniture they desire. And what exultation on finding the long-sought red leather davenport or the blue chair! Properties tear their hair out on finding a handkerchief misplaced, and on getting a bucket of water on stage for the right cue.

The dressing group is liable to have a few arguments with properties concerning who is responsible for what. They "dress up" the setting. Curtains, drapes, articles not moved about or used in the plot are their responsibility. They track down the will-o-the-wisp articles as barometers and boat models, and if they don't find them they make them.

Make-up finds you buried in grease-paint. This is the fascinating department where you can change your appearance at will. Age, beards, race characteristics, and false noses are their products. During "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the small boy that

(Continued on page 22)



Grease Paint and Old Lace

Dating Habits of Idaho Males

By JUNE THOMAS

After an extensive investigation into the personal dating habits of men people on the campus of the university, this report to the students has been compiled as one in a series of reports intended to orientate and familiarize them with problems that are of concern. All types of males were studied including Greeks, Independents and Ishmaelaites.

Early in the analysis one fact stood out as a general truth. Dates are necessary. There are some places a man feels lost without a woman. In dancing, a dancer comes in handy despite the Max Shulman patent on men-shaped radios for women and women-shaped radios for men designed to go with all types of dancing. These are not now available for the general public, and it is understood that the electronic tubes give the partner severe shock in cases of passion when the volume of the receiving set is improperly adjusted. Also the male feels an urge for conversation intended to be shared with a female converser and that frustration may arise from this desire if unsatisfied.

Men as well as women have clothes that require an occasion which comes into existence only through dating. A man likes to put on a new tie with his best suit and be seen in the company of a girl with dame fame for smooth dressing. From a number of the statistics compiled it is shown that (1) food tastes better on a date, (2) movies receive higher ratings on dates, (3) dancing is more enjoyable when two participate, (4) drinking is more fun when the drinkers has an object of feminine beauty to contemplate over his glass rather than attempting to focus on an empty chair, and (5) arms of the male hold better and lips are used to greater efficiency



"More than two thousand Independents, Greeks and Ishmaelaites were interviewed in this survey."

when in an embrace with a female as tested against flagpoles, lamp posts, pillars, trees, and other substitutes. Over ninety-six per cent of the men thus tested agreed on the necessity of a date to get full enjoyment from certain activities and sports. The four per cent to whom a date did not matter were either half-dead, peculiar, alcoholics, or four-pointers. Every man in his right mind and in good health admitted that at one time or another he had felt he would like to have a date.

Many did not know what a date was, had not had one since coming to college, wondered exactly what a woman was, answered that figs were also good, and could only vaguely recall if they had ever gone out. When psychoanalyzed and given sufficient injection to allow them

to remember freely, an entry into their subconscious showed that dating and women were generally associated with pleasure and desire.

The investigation further revealed that dates are not always to be had and that women ask boys to escort them less than in former years. Men say they are not overly troubled by turning down offers from women but to the contrary find it rather hard to arrange dates. This is quite often due to having other men beat them to the draw in approaching the ladies.

There have been rumors to the effect that there are perhaps more men on this campus than women, but this is only based on the enrollment statistics and perhaps not entirely reliable due

(Continued on page 29)

Critical But Not Serious

By HAL CRAWFORD

There is an immediate threat of war. It is quite obvious that thoughtless action on the part of any of the major nations of the world will cause a disastrous war. However, it appears that if a war does start at this time it will be accidental and not according to any preconceived plan on the part of Russia or the United States

The United States does not want war; we could gain nothing from such action. Further, more aggression is repugnant to American ideals of government. Indicative of American distaste for war and of her sincere desire for world peace is the present policy of making an honest, unequivocal effort toward the economic recovery and peace of the western European nations. The same considerations have also been offered to all the free peoples of the world. We have gone so far in our efforts to reestablish Western Europe and other parts of the world, some economists are of the opinion that we may seriously disrupt our domestic economy.

In addition to our economic aid, we have been the primary leaders in the establishment of the United Nations, thus affording a world congress where nations may meet to peacefully settle their grievances. We have supported and encouraged this organization for this purpose only.

Russia, on the other hand, has used the United Nations solely for the purpose of furthering communism and for blocking the progress of world peace. Russia has helped no nation. Russia has forced her "liberation of the proletariat," by means of force and by fifth columns regardless of the desire of the peoples affected.

In no country have the communists come to power through a free election process. Furthermore, Russia has protested be-

fore the U.N. every proposal which would benefit all nations. "Nyet" has become the by-word of Russian foreign policy wherever she feels that something might arise which would not further her cause.

The Berlin crisis is a singular example of Russian foreign policy. Here she has created a controversy which is a hinderance to the welfare of the German people, a hinderance to the natural function of the United Nations, and, most important, a hinderance to the peace of the world. Russia knows that if democratic principles are allowed to function, communism has no chance.

Anyone who has studied the principles of communistic expansion can ascertain that the Berlin crisis is just one more step in the "phase of expansion without war." It is for this reason that I doubt Russia wants war now. Russia isn't certain that she has gained all she can without actually provoking conflict.

Russia, I think, harbours the idea that the United States will in the final analysis, follow her former ill-advised policy of appeasement. Additional reason for Russia not wanting war is the apparent inadequate condition of her present economic and political structures. Recent discord with Yugoslavia would indicate that the Russian hold is not strong as it first appears. Nor do I believe Russia thinks herself relatively as strong as she can be. Actually, a pacifistic policy on the part of the United States will allow Russia time to increase her industrial output—will allow her time to build up for war which she knows is imminent if communism is to succeed.

On the other hand, Russia may be of the mind that her maximum strength has been reached and to delay war would only relatively weaken her in-

ternational position. However, Russian ignorance of western ways belies that possibility. I reason that Russia would prefer to wait and let the international tension dissipate in hopes of creating a false sense of security, thus causing the U. S. to reduce her armament, (a grave possibility). At such time, her maximum striking power could be employed in one decisive blow to conquer this country.

Russia also seems to have the belief that in case we do not reduce our armaments the financial outlay incidental to such an arrangement would reduce our national economy to chaos. In the event of such a happening, Russia with the help of a fifth column and that of the dissatisfied workers would probably forment a revolution.

To summarize my opinion, let me quote from an editorial in the Kansas City Star: "The situation is critical but not serious; and war is imminent but not in the near future."

The United States in taking stock of the Russian attitudes can only deem it wise to maintain a reserve army and keep well abreast of technological advances made in ground and air weapons. This may seem warlike; to do otherwise would be foolish. It goes without saying that we should do all in our power and consistent with honor to maintain peace.

I have been asked to predict the course of the next war and the eventual victor. To say anything of the course of the next war would be purely conjecture, and I am not a magician. What is the saying about "...and the devil take the hindmost?"

Following another war, if there are any survivors, they must realize that there is only one hope for the fulfillment of just political destiny of the world—a well balanced World Federal Government.

Which Twin Has the Poni Home Pernament?



*One pernament cost \$12.50 — The other cost
\$.12½ — Can you tell which twin has the Poni?*

Misses Brenda and Bovina Boise of Gurdlesnap, Idaho, adorable daughters of Mrs. and Mr. Clem Boise, have been using the Poni home treatment for over three years. Today neither of them have a bit of their own hair on their heads. Both girls are members of Cow Omiga sorority, and after introducing the Poni to their sorority sisters the group is known as the "Bald Bossies." The Cow Omigas are known for their adorable sweater girls. Remember, for that skin you love to touch—on your dome—use a Poni Home Pernament.

To and Back Again

*Walking along a drum
called the sidewalk
and watching the trees
wave their arms at the sky
seeing the sun squint through
sullen clouds
and wondering at the birth of day.*

*The birds are real; the sky
is real—so is the muddy creek,
that border line to a
synthetic world.*

*On the campus; reeling streets
staggering houses and paper people
stepping through cut out walls.
Blue gray smiles of dawn
and whiskering light of night
a world of screaming books
and people filling empty gaps
with each other.*

*Into the Nest; an army of voices
and regiments of cups
and shrouded stools
cigarettes crawling on the floor
and laughter slapping at the walls.*

*Eyes and smiles thrown at each other
and pools of coffee, poker chips of butter horns
and muted pitchers with grimy ears
spoons shouting at the cup
and faces lining up to be recognized.*

*Napkins grabbing at the spill
and sugar creeping through the drops
and coffee, coffee, coffee
then up a sarcastic hill.*

*Through a brown door, into a sleeping chair
jumping into note books, pushing words together
pickup up rags of words, weaving a doormat of lessons
swabbing page's decks with ink
and tracking up the floor with conversation
cutting through a marsh of people
and drinking the frost with lowered eyes.*

*Hitting each other with half said Hello's
and pulling books from a sea of tables
and thinking all around the walks
and up the steps through a door again
then talking through cups of coffee
bending eyes over half smoked cigarettes
and comfortably folded into the belly
of the Nest once more.*

—Sally Jo Coon

"November Style Review"



The gentleman on the left displays an abundance of intelligence in his selection of the "McCurrach Bold Look Tie." His companion on the right is sporting the Lee "Adventurer," the appropriate headwear for the ambitious young man. His more conservative business head chooses the Disney "Ahwahnee." However, both agree that the longer, looser, loungier Kuppenhimer trojan weave suit coat is the proper garb for any occasion. All the aforementioned articles can be obtained at

MURPHY'S MEN'S APPAREL



"Voici une très belle etudiante!"



Mary Jo Nelson



"Rendez-vous"



"La 'Douce Sal' aime s'amuser!"



Jackie Sherbert



"A un thé d'après-midi"

Mademoiselle

Vous présente une journée dans la
vie de la "Douce Sal d'Idaho."

Sims



Betty Hogan



"Demi-mondaine!"

Nadine De Lores



"Battre le sac!"

Betty Biker

They Always Call Her Beautiful

By SHEILA DARWIN

What with football queens, frat sweethearts, freckle-nosed Daisy Maes, bewitching beauties, and all other campus lovelies, Blot "puts its little foot in" and presents six eye-catching fashion queens for your perusal and approval.

Aw, come on, tear yourself from those fascinating faces . . . let's take five and consider their costumes — clothes, you know, that's what this is supposed to be all about! We've pictured for you a not altogether typical, but possible, day in one lucky Idaho coed's life. Say a November Saturday . . .

soaring in a boxy coated glen plaid suit. Note the straight, straight skirt and new long hemline which average straight-A ratings in this fall's fashion spotlight. Speaking of light, take a gander at those footlight musketeer booties she's wearing. In hunter green suede — could be red, brown, black, or grey — they're a terrific twosome for keeping those ten little toes toasty and warm these crisp winter months.

Class over, here's Sal bundled for a romp in the snow. And

are these days? Hooded rain-wear, jackets, coats, dresses, formals, even separate hoods and authentic Scotch tartans to match with winter outfits when cold blizzards blow. Incidentally plaid wool tartans and stoles are tops for hand made Christmas gifts. Fuzzy hand knit angora mittens to match add that finished touch.



Afternoon finds our coed smooth and lovely in a basic little black dress. Nipped in at the waist with a double sequin-buckled belt, the skirt is long and gracefully full. The high plain jewel neckline is a perfect background for rhinestones, pearls, or Grandmother's heirloom brooch on a velvet ribbon. To "dress up" her ensemble Betty Biker chooses crushed black elbow length gloves accented with

Unlucky at registration strategy, "Sweet Sal" has a 9 o'clock; but we find Mary Jo Nelson chipper and chic sending those sleepy Saturday morning spirits

whom would you rather coast with than Jackie Sherbert, skitogged in water repellent tweed with sung fitting jacket and bright plaid lined hood? Have you noticed how popular hoods



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IN THE OFFICE OF KIND OLD DADDY MAKE-A-BUCK . . .

DADDY HAS JUST GIVEN \$1,000,000 TO HIS FAVORITE CHARITY



rhinestone bracelets. Tiny rhinestone earrings to match attract eyes to her crispy short hair cut—so right for “new look” wear.

Reenie Sims portrays our dinner dancing coed in sophisticated gold black jersey. Styled for tall slender girls, this dress takes simplicity for its pattern keyed by black jet studs at the waistline. After all, gold jersey is such rich fabric, it can afford to be strictly simple.



Again gloves are news in this outfit—in long black rayon they highlight the champagne gold dress fabric. Worn with gloves, this dress is wonderful for winter dances, without them, it will double for formal fraternity dinners this spring.

Say you prefer formal dresses beautiful but bare? How about the lovely white faille gown Betty Hogan models for one of the many winter balls where Idaho coeds wear their best evening attire. Orchids to back interest, which in this gown is furnished

by the peplum tier flowing into a floor length train in back. Low, low necklines, such as this off shoulder sweetheart version, are wonderful for showing off what



is left of tawny summer tans. Evening bracelets and necklaces, chokers, and pendants are beautiful with such picturesque gowns. Aimed at creating a dainty mood Betty's dress is a perfect example of the 1948 trend toward “picture frocks” in formal wear. Tiny white or gold metallic mitts teamed with little tom thumb flared packets are the very latest on the evening accessory roster.

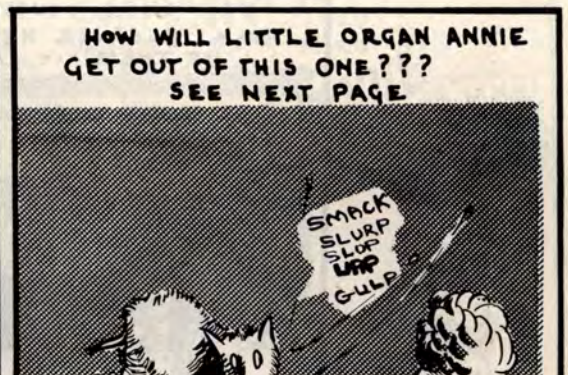
And we come, at too late a. m., to the end of Sweet Sal's day. Here is our sleepy gal, petite Nadine DeLores, a dream walking in a quaint night dress styled after Grandmother's. White eyelace ruffs the snug cuffs and

forms a high little collar to ruffle under her chin. Slightly daintier than the flannel men's pj's, wooly hoods, ski-socks, and Idaho warm-up suits worn by most coeds we've seen, Nadine's white cotton nightie with snuggly bunny fur scuffs rates “genius” in our fashion IQ of campus slumber wear. Quilted robes to study and lounge in are tops on most fashion wise coeds' Christmas lists, and, of course, fur slippers still hold their sway as favorites for keeping footsies warm on icy sleeping porch floors.

Well, kiddies, there's our picture of one day's wardrobe highlights for Sweet Sal. True, true, we know you're still raving over Ava in her well-cut sheet. But after all, sheets are hardly the proper duds for U. of I. weather. Watch here in future editions and we'll try to tip you off on what are!



END



Appraisal and a Plea

BLOT, now in its third year on the Idaho scene, has taken a long, hard look at itself and it not too happy.

In comparing itself with other college magazines, Blot can find only negative consolation in the fact that it is not as bad as some. It has not yet featured a stripper on the cover and its joke section has not caused it to be banned.

Although Blot's art and photography get a solid four point and an occasional short story rates a "good," most of the magazine has not justified the strain and pain of publication and the reader's expenditure of a quarter a copy.

Blot's primary purpose is to provide an outlet for the literary efforts of Idaho students; it does not exist as a medium for the circulation of stale jokes. Since no amount of good photography or are can compensate for the generally poor quality of the fiction, what appeal the magazine has had, has been its jokes.

This must be disappointing to the students who revived the old

CONTROL
THE BOOT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

PRECISION
THE BOOT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

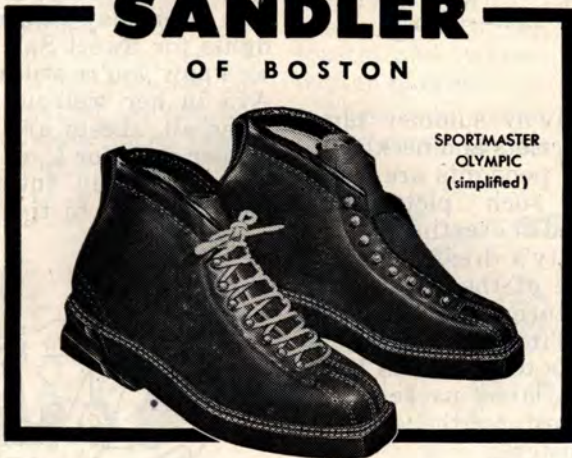
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Blue Bucket Magazine under a new name three years ago. These people assumed personal financial responsibility for the first issues and finally were accorded A.S.U.I. recognition. Their faith has not been justified by either the quality or quantity of manuscripts submitted for publication.

Several explanations suggest themselves. The first is that Blot is new, and, if given time, it will improve. This is wearing thin.

A better reason is that, lacking an office, Blot is scattered from West Sixth Village to Hays Hall. This limits interest in the publication of the magazine and causes a waste of effort which, under a more efficient arrangement, might improve the magazine.

The best reason is that the University of Idaho is not the sort of school in which a literary magazine might be expected to thrive. Being a state institution, the prime emphasis is upon the preparation of young people to earn livings in agriculture, engineering, and the sciences. The University of Idaho can not be expected to be overrun with the bubbling talent that gives Stanford the "Chaparral" or Harvard the "Lampoon," although it would seem that somewhere among Idaho's 3,700 students there are the five

(Continued on page 32)

QUESTIONS

- A** Underline in comparative degree, I reveal my smoking superiority.
- B** In a letter sequence, I'm twenty-five, When you add a man, I come alive.
- C** Look sharply, Mac, and find a pin To join two pieces, and you may win.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

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1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
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4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

WATCH FOR THE WINNERS IN NEXT ISSUE



A Good Place
to Eat When
You are Hungry

Dine Well at the

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There's Dancing
in the
Vandal Room



BEFORE that important
weekend date, visit . . .

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WYLER WATCHES



Drop in and Check Our
Orange Blossom Engagement
and Wedding Ring Ensemble

Gem Shop

Sea Story

My ship, Sea Going Tug, U.S.S. ATA 207, had been on constant patrol for two years in the South West Pacific area. All of the crew had long before acquired a thousand-yard stare, and minds wandered upon slight provocation.

Occasionally, some exceptional evidence of sea-happiness would break the dull routine and be the source of great merriment to all aboard. One such incident resulted from the ship's executive officer's misjudgement of the length of time we were to be at sea on a particular trip.

Since he had for this reason failed to provide himself with an adequate supply of toilet toap, he was forced to borrow a bar from the leading radioman. Negotiations were completed for the transaction, but the radioman could never remember to deliver the precious article to the officer.

To serve as a reminder of this to himself, the radioman wrote on a card in large letters the word "S-O-A-P," and he placed this card on the radio gear in front of his chair.

Since it was the most likely place to hear scuttlebutt concerning when we were to be ordered home, the radio shack served as a place of social gathering. One especially frequent visitor was a S/Ic who could neither read nor write.

When he entered the radio shack soon after the radioman had put up his reminder, the seaman came face to face with the card with its impressive message, "S-O-A-P." Although not bright, the seaman knew this strange word-group was important. After an all-out attempt to decipher the message, he touched the radioman on the shoulder.

"Chief," he said, "I just know that's our orders to go home, but I can't make out the code!"

—W. H. Bishop

BACK STAGE

(Continued from page 10)

played the little darkie was a towhead. He was leary of "that black stuff," but given some to play with, he finally submitted to the torture. When black powder paint was sooted through his hair, he became infatuated with his mirrored reflection.

A new switchboard in the university auditorium simplifies the lighting some. The electricians crouch up in their tiny nest facing the stage to catch all light cues. They are responsible for warming or cooling the stage with ambers and blues for anger or love scenes, for spots, for turning off a light as an actor flips a switch. The traveling spots in the balconies make it possible to light parts of the stage while leaving the rest of it in the dark. But these balconies are most uncomfortable, and no one is eager to climb up to them an hour and a half before the play and remain there until the audience is gone.

The sound crew sits back stage straining for cues for telephones, doorbells, whistles, background music, and footsteps. They may be down on their hands and knees simulating horse hoofbeats with wooden shells, or trilling pipes for a fantasy scene.

Costumes study color, and the mood of every scene. They may have historical, period, or racial costumes. They may have to whip up an elephant or a donkey. The tombs beneath the Ad building hold many secret treasures, among them Shakespearean outfits, dress suits, clothes of the 1920's.

The director is the head of all this business. He not only has the scenes to block, the actors to coach, and the many different rehearsals to see through on schedule, but he must be in touch with all these groups to see that everything is done and is correct.

Each preparation for every performance builds up as plays do to the final climax, the last show, but it begins again and builds up for the next production. "Nothing is as dead as a past show."

After the Game

People gasping
Standing gasping,
Cocktail glasses
Teeming masses.
People smoking,
People drinking,
Coughing, choking.
Getting stinking.
Some discreetly
Boiled or fried
Some completely
Ossified.
Liquor spilling,
Trousers sopping,
Steady swilling,
Bodies dropping.
Glasses falling
On the floor,
People calling,
"Drop some more,"
Heavy smoking
Air gets thicker.
Some one croaking
"No more liquor." ...

What? WHAT????

No

more

liquor.

People snicker,
Unbelieving,
No more liquor?
Let's be leaving.
No more drinking?
Groans and hisses!
What a stinking
Party this is.

CWB

Harvard Lampoon

Treat Yourself to
REFRESHMENT!

Korters

ICE CREAM

at your
favorite fountain

Idaho Dairy Products

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THE PAINTING

(Continued from page 6)

itors often saw him mutter to himself and gesticulate as though conversing with an unseen enemy.

His condition became such that there was talk in the town as to what could be done. Jacob became the topic of conversation in every barber shop and every store among those who knew him well, and even among those to whom he was only a familiar character about town. Even the city council spent two hours one night trying to decide how to best handle the affair. A pension was out of the question and some argued that the museum should be closed anyway. At last it was decided to send a delegation to talk to Jacob and see if it was possible for him to make arrangements to live with his only son in San Francisco. They were to tell him that the city no longer could afford to keep up the museum or pay the salary for a caretaker. Two men, both influential and both long friends of Jacob's, were chosen for the task. They decided to approach him at his rooms where it was felt the talk could be more informal and therefore more friendly.

On the night which they had chosen, they made their way to Jacob's rooms late in the evening when they knew he would be home from the museum. At their knock they received a muffled invitation to come in. Jacob was sitting in the only rocker, and he had been sitting with his head in his hands. As the men entered he raised his head slowly to stare at them with unfriendly eyes. Both men were uncomfortable and embarrassed and neither knew how to approach the painful purpose of the visit.

They began by chatting about the weather, and telling Jacob that they had missed him at his usual haunts to which he no longer went. Jacob remained silent throughout, looking at them hostilely.

"How are you feeling, Jake?" Mr. Evans who had known Jacob for twenty-five years asked. "You know, people are getting a little worried about you, a lot

of people think you need a good rest after all the years you've worked at the museum" He spoke in what he considered to be a friendly almost jocular voice, but which was abashed and hesitant in spite of himself.

Jacob's brows became heavily furrowed and his eyes darkened threateningly. He almost shouted as he answered, "NO! NO! I don't need rest. I'm fine! What do you want?"

The two men were thoroughly disconcerted by Jacob's belligerent attitude. They went on trying to explain that they wanted to do only what was best for the old man, and that they wanted him to take life easy. They even mentioned a small pension in spite of the council ruling. Jacob only sat dejectedly shaking his head and looking at the floor. Not until Evans mentioned that the city would have to close the museum did he look up again, and then it was a look which made both men straighten. His eyes were wide and his face purple and twisted in rage. He rose from his chair waving his arms and screaming at the visitors.

"NO! NO! NO! GET OUT! GET OUT!"

Both men retreated towards the door hastily, and neither made the slightest effort to calm Jacob so great was their bewilderment at his reactions.

When they had gone, Jacob stared wildly at the closed door and then slowly sank back in his chair with his head cupped in his hands. He sat immobile for a timeless interval and then with a great shudder he raised his head and stood up and in his eyes was the look of a man berserk. Snatching up his key ring from the table where he had thrown it he ran from the room leaving the door open. He shuffled down the long dark stair well and hurried out the door into the night, pusting brusquely by a person about to enter. On the street he broke into a hard, painful run and he ran with a blind sense of direction because he saw nothing but images of straight lines on white deserts. He arrived at the darkened museum and hobbled painfully up the steps; his breath

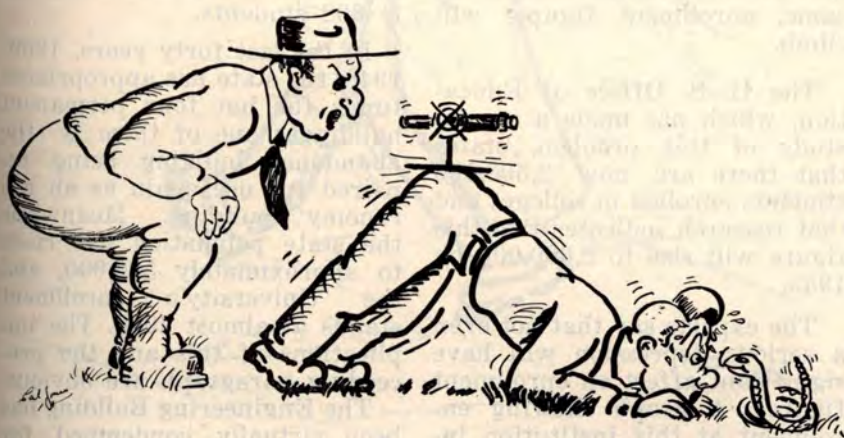
coming in great gasps as he clutched at his side with one hand. His chest heaved with each choking breath as he shook the doors in vengeful rage at his failure to open them immediately, and the rattle of the doors echoed into the dark recesses of the building. When he at last swung the door open, a pain shot through his side that made him cry out in agony. Groping for the light switches he staggered and clutched at the wall to keep his feet. His finger nails broke and bled as he tried for a hold on the rough wall, and he fell to his knees. The blood rushed through his head and throbbed until his eyes saw only dull red flashes. His breath came faster and made a hollow, retching sound in the still museum. With his fingers tensely outstretched he again reached to the wall and staggered erect. After searing minutes of misery he found the switches and turned a blaze of light into the building. Then with his deft hand still clutching his side, he lurched forward stumbling towards the picture gallery. Once he had to stop to lean against a pedestal on which lay an Indian tomahawk. His fingers closed around the handle and he knocked the pedestal over as he stumbled forward. At the entrance to the gallery he was again forced to lean against the wall for support as his knees buckled under him. For seconds his head was on his chest and loud sobs racked his body. When he was able to look up, his eyes

sought the painting, but he saw only a swimming, swirling pool of light which slowly revolved and finally focused into a white desert. With a savage intensity, and with the tomahawk dangling loosely at his side, he began to make his way along the wall on which it was hung. Using one hand for support he shuffled slowly forward, his face a mask of pain, and rage, and hate. When he was within a few feet of the picture he gave a screaming inarticulate cry and leaped forward swinging the tomahawk over his head. With the first blow he shattered the frame, and then he fell on the canvas with both hands tearing it apart as he fell with it to the floor. On the floor he lay still with his head cushioned on the torn white desert.

He was found later that night by passers-by curious about the lighted museum. As the story about the visit by the city councilmen became known, it was thought that Jacob had gone back to the museum that night to bid farewell to his only love in life. Some believed he had been seized by a heart attack while gazing sadly at the pictures and then in his fall had grasped the one which was found broken and torn. But no one could explain the tomahawk.

I hear the board of Regents is trying to stop necking.

Is that so? First thing you know they'll be trying to make the students stop too.



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LET'S GO NOW! !

(Continued from page 4)

ticed the exposed steel beams supporting the engineering building. Emphatic agreement will come from him who is one of the two-hundred seated behind the eighth row for a lecture course in the auditorium.

Despite the evidence of over crowding and of obsolescence of much of the plant, there is the widely held belief that expansion of the University is unwise. The present high level of college enrollment, so the argument runs, is a temporary condition. Soon the veterans will be gone, and in the event of a depression enrollment will drop still further, leaving the people of Idaho a large pink elephant in the Palouse hills.

President J. E. Buchanan has this to say of the matter: University of Idaho enrollment figures are not expected to drop; but, on the contrary, a continued rise is expected. In the first place, reports President Buchanan, there has been a steady increase since the turn of the century in the number per thousand of population that has attended college, and there is no reason to expect that this trend will change. The fact that a high school education is becoming available to an ever-increasing number of Idaho students supports this argument. Also, the President has pointed out population of this state is still increasing, so that even if the percentage of the population that attends college remains the same, enrollment figures will climb.

The U. S. Office of Education, which has made a special study of this problem, states that there are now 2,500,000 students enrolled in college; and that research indicates that this figure will rise to 2,600,000 by 1955.

The experts say that not even a serious depression will have significant affect on enrollment figures. A graph showing enrollment at this institution indicates a slight decrease under

the immediate impact of the last depression; and that after the first shock, enrollment actually rose steeply.

Another factor which will necessitate enlarging college facilities is the wave of "war babies" just now entering grammar school. Long range provision for this condition should begin now.

At this point, let us examine the means by which expansion is financed. Non-instructional buildings (the new addition to the SUB will fall in this category) are financed by sale of self-liquidating bonds issued by the Board of Regents. Memorial Gymnasium, Idaho's truly fine dormitories, and the infirmary were all financed in this manner; and according to President Buchanan, the Board of Regents will continue to employ this method.

Instructional buildings and utilities, on the other hand, are paid for by appropriation by the state legislature. Almost every student feels that in the past the legislature has failed to make appropriations sufficiently large to permit the University of Idaho to keep pace with other schools. Here are his reasons.

In the first twenty years of operation, 1899-1909, the state built eight permanent buildings, one of which, the original Administration Building, being totally destroyed by fire. Seven useful remained and are still in use. At the end of this period, 1909, the population of the state was 325,000 and the total enrollment of the university only 302 students.

In the last forty years, 1909-1949, the state has appropriated funds for but four permanent buildings; one of them is the abandoned building being repaired for use again as an agronomy building. Meanwhile the state population has risen to approximately 530,000, and the University's enrollment stands at almost 4000. The implications of this and the preceding paragraph are obvious.

The Engineering Building has been virtually condemned for the past twenty-four years. It

was temporarily reinforced last year with structural steel interior frames to avoid collapse. In this regard, President Buchanan has stated: "We have added, added, added, and added temporary wooden buildings and continued to use abandoned old residences for forty years. These are each year causing a mounting repair and maintenance bill that is reflected in higher operating budgets. Our most recent additions are six war-surplus wooden buildings already past their intended five-year life as designed for war purposes."

This should leave little doubt

that a construction program should be undertaken at an early date, that the ten-year building plan prepared by University officials be followed or even accelerated. The 1947 legislature appropriated funds for the first phase of the work; completion will depend on biennial appropriations from Boise.

The heating plant is undergoing large-scale expansion and modernization at this time. Let us hope that this is an anticipation of heating demands by new dormitories, engineering building, and all the other structures so sorely needed.

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Too Short

(Continued from page 3)

horse. Here, for an instant he sensed that lost air of peace—here away from the gulch and the road. He stopped and turned in his saddle, studying the western horizon. A faint rim could be traced against the darkness of the sky. Flat mesas blended one into another. Star twinkled, far above the sagebrush land. As he sat motionless in the saddle, the moon, rising higher, cast a revealing light on his face. Two clear blue eyes were caught for a second as they gently caressed the still desert land—then turned hard, unseeing—scanning the region of the west.

The horse nickered, starting the man from his momentary vigil. His spur was more insistent now that he urged the horse to a greater speed. Silence was broken as the horse's hooves beat a more staccato step. Sagebrush hurried by—blurs of darkness now scarcely sensed by the rider. He could feel the tiring of the animal as it covered mile after mile. Its sides quivered, there was a sweat beneath its mane. As the horse and rider paused near the crest of another hill, a mournful lonely howl echoed down to them. The man said nothing. Silently he spurred the horse.

"How many people work here?"
 "Oh, about one out of ten."

—Boys' Life

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DATING HABITS

(Continued from page 11)

to standard deviations, uncontrol-able influences, and other varia-tions in the computing system of the registrar's office. If, as ru-mor has it, there are three men to every co-ed there still should not be any shortage of faminini-ty for any Idaho girl can handle at least three men in her life though perhaps not on the same night.

If there is a situation of more men than women, then this re-port would recommend that a committee be formed to place the problem on a mathematical basis allowing every man on the campus two dates a week with a woman. This would con-sume two-thirds of the week's evenings spent on dating by the women and leave one third of the nights in the week for study, knitting argyles, going steady, perch and nestology, and mis-cellany. On this basis, the fresh-men women, being kept out of the running on four nights of the week would also be taken into account in the plan of pro-portional representation and could be used to advantage on their nights of freedom to rest the overworker sophomores, jun-iors, and seniors. This plan, after careful consideration at the Fri-day and Saturday Afternoon roundtables, was approved over the three-dates-a-week plan for men since no time would be left to the women and they might dissipate, inebriate, suffocate,

and no longer delegate them-selves to the cause after a time.

In concluding this report on dating habits of the males, we have seen that there is not at present an equal distribution of the female and have prescribed a cure for the situation. The man who has his woman at pres-ent is indeed fortunate. He is living a happier fuller life than the men on the campus who only know what a woman is from what they remember of their mothers, sisters, and the long skirted, out-grown haircuts that sit shrouded in mystery by them in classes.

The movies have helped men remember that one half of all the parents in the United States are female. For further aid to those men who have all but given up hope of ever having a date, it is suggested that they can read books about women, look at photographs containing women, but records made by feminine vocalists, and use careful obser-vation when meeting girls as they flit about the campus to en-courage the mind to not forget that two sexes do exist.

Hope is not to be given up merely because one has not had a date for several years. Per-sistance will win out in the end. The understanding women found at Idaho surely would never turn down a male seeking a date since they are able to understand how vitally men need compan-ionship and recognize their duty to date.



"I see Maule is flunking chemistry again!"

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PANDEMONIUM

By JIM SPOERHASE

"Who made her dress?"
"I'm not sure, but I think it
was the police."

—I—

Adolescence: When a girl's
voice changes from "no" to
"yes."

—I—

Sue: "Pull down your dress,
the men can see your garters."
Sal (obediently): "How's
that?"

Sue: "Holy smoke, pull it up
again. Now they can see your
brassier."

—I—

One pullet asked another did
she have a good time on her
date.

Said she, "Heck, no, all that
capon talked about was his op-
eration."

—I—

"You'll never see me again,"
she cried fiendishly as she
gougued out his eyes.

—I—

JOKE:

The difference between a
sewing machine and a sweater
girl—The sewing machine has
only one bobbin.

—I—

Two old maids went for a
tramp in the woods. The tramp
escaped.

—I—

"Yes, madam, what can I do
for you today?"

"I'm going to get married
next Tuesday and I would like
to get some silk pajamas. What
color is appropriate for a
bride?"

"White is the preferred col-
or if it is your first marriage
and lavender if you have been
married before."

"Well, you'd better give me
some white ones with just a
wee touch of lavender in them."

Then there's the sweet young
thing who bought a bicycle so
she could peddle it in the coun-
try.

—Mis-A-Sip

—I—

Judge: "So they caught you
with this bundle of silverware?
Whom did you plunder?"

Yegg: "Two sorority houses,
Your Honor."

Judge: "Call up the down-
town hotels, sergeant, and dis-
tribute this stuff."

—I—

First Class: What's worse
than a giraffe with a sore
throat?

Tenderfoot: Centipede with
corns!

—Boys' Life

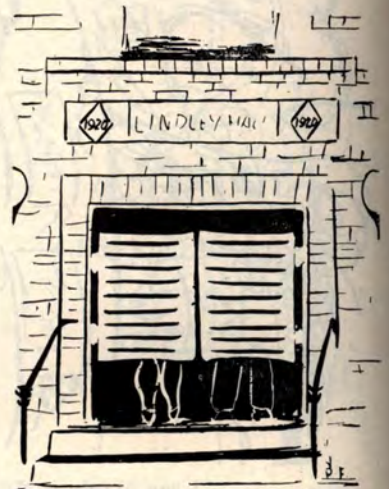
—I—

A girl likes a quick-witted
lover because she doesn't want
him to be slow to grasp things.

—I—

"I didn't raise my daughter
to be fiddled with," said pussy
cat as she rescued her offspring
from the violin factory.

—I—



"You're an apt boy. Is your sister apt, too?"

"If she gets a chance, she's apt to."

—I—

The two biggest wolves in the country: Chase and Sanborn. (They date every bag.)

—I—

I studied abroad for a year, and then I married her.

—I—

The little boy looked at the girls in their midriff bathing suits and asked: "Papa, why do the good looking girls wear their water wings all the time?"

—I—

Then there was the high salaried Hollywood director who was always trying to make a little extra.

—I—

"Well, my boy," said the minister to the three-year-old, "what did Santa Claus bring you?"

"Aw, I got a little red chair," said the kid, "but it's no good. It has a hole in the bottom."

—I—

Murgatroyd
Was a cow more athletic than Mudderly.

She hopped a picket fence and was

Destroyed
Udderly.

—I—

"How do girls get sables?"

"The same way sables get sables."

—I—

"Is Mary the home-loving type of girl?"

"Naw, ya gotta have a roadster."

"Grandma, get out of the stable! You're much too old to be horsing around."

—I—

"Why do men have hair on their chests?"

"Well, they can't have everything."

—I—

Fashion Note: They're wearing the same thinks in brasieres this year.

Many a heaving breast is nothing more than a hope chest.

—I—

One bashful girl worked all her cross-word puzzles vertically so she wouldn't have to come across.

—I—

Did you hear about the girl who went to a masquerade dressed as a telephone operator and before the evening was over had three close calls.

—I—

A student in art class awoke When the prof in anger bespoke, "The woman perchance Is late Renaissance But the girdle she wears is Baroque.

—I—

First Guest: "How did you find the women at the party?"

Second Guest: "Simple. I just opened the door marked 'Women' and there they were."

—I—

The Bee is a busy little soul. He has no time for birth control. And that is why in times like these,

There are so many sons of bees!

—I—

"Judge," cracked the prisoner, "give me a sentence with the word *freedom* in it."

—Boys' Life

—I—

First Guy: "That gal's gown is certainly biblical."

Second: "What do you mean?"

First: "Lo and Behold!"

—I—

Johnny asked—Mary refused. Johnny begged—Mary blushed.

Johnny insisted—Mary gave in.

So little Johnny carried Mary's books for her.

—I—

The bather's clothes were strewed

By the winds that left her nude. When a man came along,

And unless I'm wrong, You expected this line to be lewd.

—I—

"I had a date with a general Christmas last night."

"Major General?"

"Not yet."

—I—

"I'm losing my punch!" exclaimed the co-ed who hastily left the Christmas party.

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... APPRAISAL AND PLEA

(Continued from page 20)

or six above-average writers that could put Blot on its feet.

There has been no lack of offers of help from people who "want to work on the Blot." The need, however, is not for people who can chase ads or type a few hours a week; it is for writers, and they do not seem to be in the school.

This is not—repeat, is not—an argument that Blot be discontinued. It is rather a plea to those who are writing great little local color pieces about life in Northovershoe, Idaho, or who make Shulmanesque fun of the college gods. Poetry inspired by Moscow weather, moonlight on the pea warehouses, or even by young love is also welcome.

If your reaction to this issue of Blot is that you can write better than Blot's present stable, make us know it. Submit your manuscripts to Fiction Editor Bill Pettyjohn at ATO or to Bob Finlayson at Chrisman.

W.L.J.

—I—

First Class: Do you believe in the motto, "Once a Scout, always a Scout?"

Star: Sho. Only after the age of sixteen a Boy Scout becomes a girl scout!"

—Boys' Life



Driver of the car (unfamiliar with the road): "I take the next turn, don't I?"

Muffled male voice from the back seat: "Like hell you do."

—I—

Q—Why is it that cows can't keep their figures down when playing baseball?

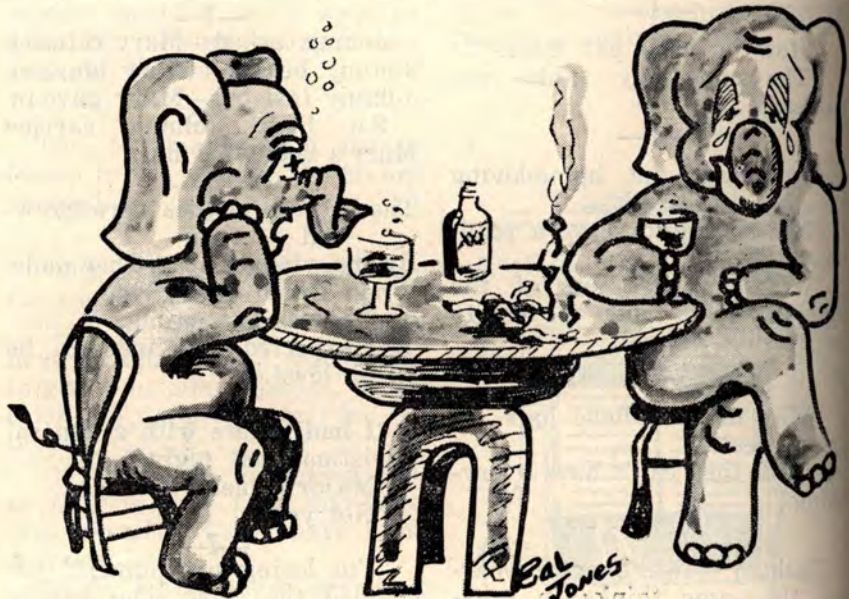
A—Too much activity in the bull pen.

—I—

First Composer: Where did you get the idea for your second symphony?

Second Composer: From the swing arrangement of my first!

—Boys' Life



—"and then, I see little pink men flying around."

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