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# BLOT



SPRING ISSUE, 1948

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



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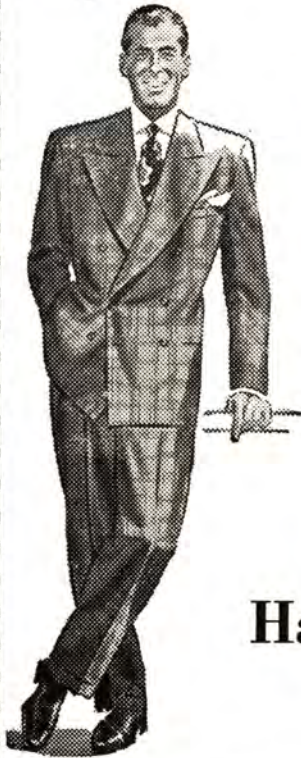
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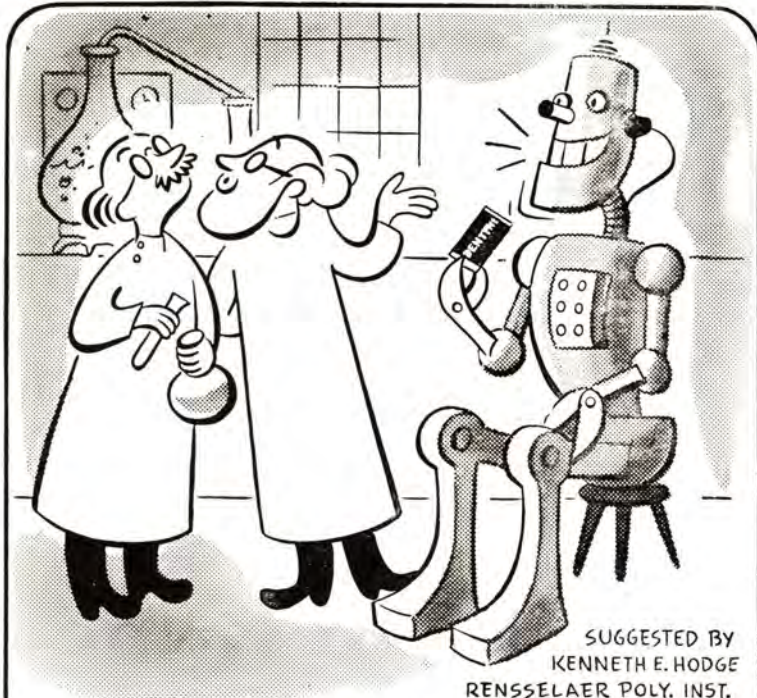
## FROM A LEAKY PEN

From a private Gallup poll conducted among three disinterested individuals, we have undeniable proof that this column is the last thing anyone reads in Blot. So this is hardly the place to say our cover girl is Mary Stringer, the art work is by Bob Finlayson, and the photo by Fred Farmer. It would be better not to mention it at all but—whoops!—it's already done.

Some college magazines deliberately try to imitate national magazines, with varying degrees of success, but Blot leaps blithely from one issue to the next without an idea of what will turn up. From the looks of the copy for this issue, however, we're going "slick" on you—full-page ads (see opposite), helter-skelter make-up, sophisticated stories (see "Change of Tempo" and "Hawley, You Lyin' Skunk!"), and a pseudo-intelligent "think" piece ("Two Students"). If you don't like it, just tell us so, and we'll come down off our high horse for a gala May issue. . . .

(Dots are believed by many writers of our day to be a good substitute for effective writing. They certainly are an easy one. In case this reads badly, let us have a few more . . . . .)

—The Blotters

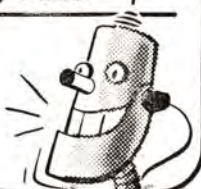


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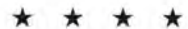


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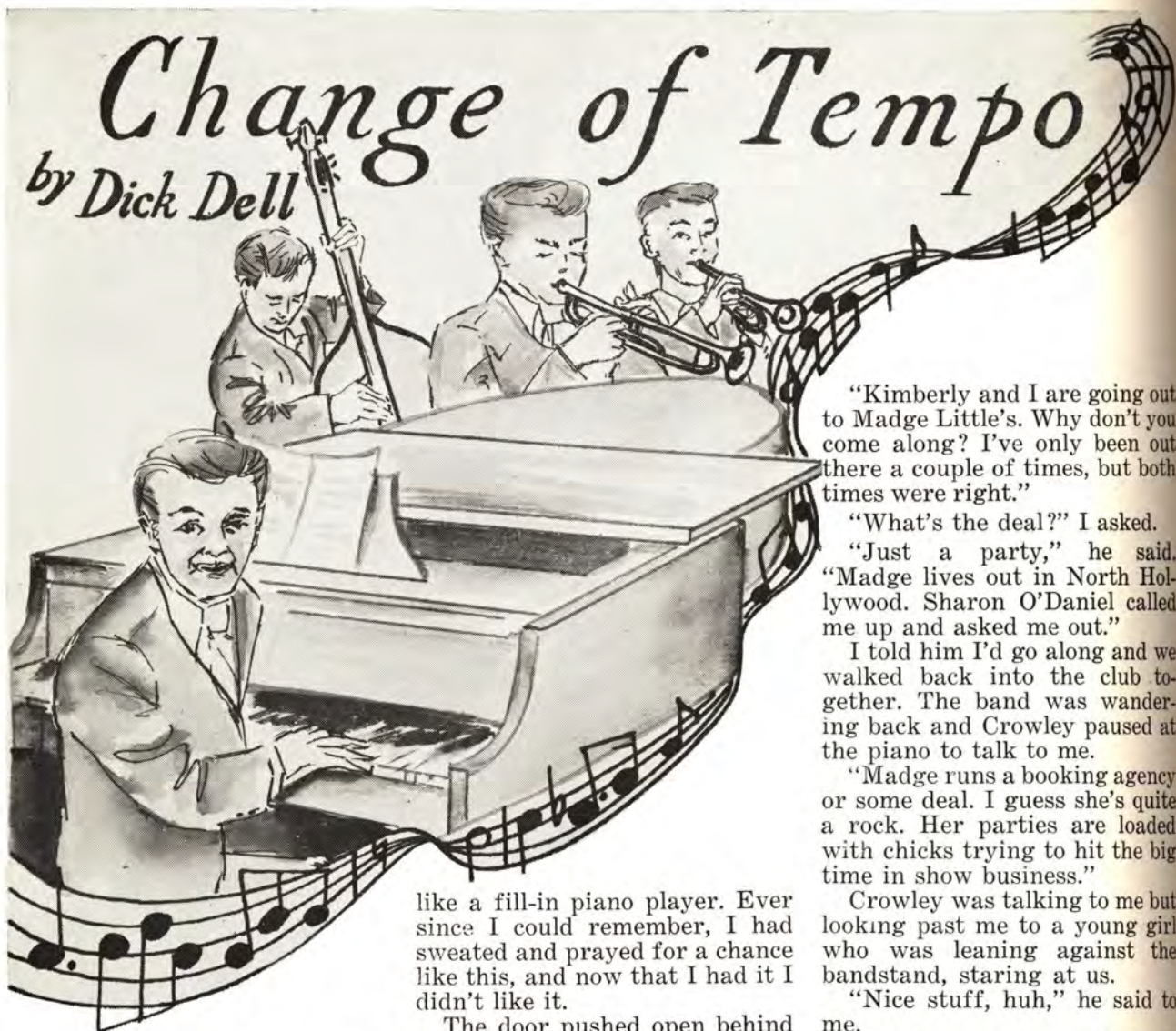
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I automatically hit the last chord of the intermission break, and turned to look at the shrieking crowd. It was loud, but it wasn't for me. While the rest of the band filed off stage, I pretended to busy myself with my music. I wanted to be alone. I stunk and the band knew I stunk.

When the bandstand was almost empty I walked off, down a corridor and pushed a rear exit door open. Outside I lit a cigarette and flipped the match into the parking area.

I felt miserable. I thought I should have stayed in Seattle. Things were different in Seattle. Up there I knew everyone, and everyone knew me. In L.A. I was just a lucky piano man who had landed a job with the top outfit on the coast—Jimmy Denning's. It was more than being treated

like a fill-in piano player. Ever since I could remember, I had sweated and prayed for a chance like this, and now that I had it I didn't like it.

The door pushed open behind me and Pat Crowley walked out. He took a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket and lit one.

"What do you say, man," he said. "We smell tonight, huh?"

I took a drag and looked at him.

"Sounds good to me," I said.

"It doesn't sound good to Denning. He's been burning all night."

I didn't know whether it was a hint or not so I kept quiet. This was Pat Crowley. Six years younger than my twenty-eight years. I had a good collection of Denning's records and Crowley's bass was on most of them.

"What are you doing after the job?"

"I thought I might go down to Jay's," I told him. Jay's was a spot that Crowley had introduced me to; a good place for after-hour sessions.

"Kimberly and I are going out to Madge Little's. Why don't you come along? I've only been out there a couple of times, but both times were right."

"What's the deal?" I asked.

"Just a party," he said. "Madge lives out in North Hollywood. Sharon O'Daniel called me up and asked me out."

I told him I'd go along and we walked back into the club together. The band was wandering back and Crowley paused at the piano to talk to me.

"Madge runs a booking agency or some deal. I guess she's quite a rock. Her parties are loaded with chicks trying to hit the big time in show business."

Crowley was talking to me but looking past me to a young girl who was leaning against the bandstand, staring at us.

"Nice stuff, huh," he said to me.

I looked at him, wondering if he really thought so or if he just liked being stared at from the floor.

"Awfully young, isn't it?"

He laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, back to the salt mines. I'll meet you outside after the job."

The first number was a good jump tune with plenty of piano. I felt fine when I received a good round of applause. Maybe, I thought, if I gain a little confidence I'll fit in yet.

While I was waiting for the second set, Denning walked over and leaned over my shoulder.

"You beat's a little ragged. Let's get on it, boy."

I flushed as he walked back to the center of the bandstand. During the half-hour network program I had only a short solo. I



## He didn't fit in her world because he was nothing, and she—everything

Illustrated by  
BARBARA BEDWELL

was nervous during the rest of the job and I was glad to quit at one.

I met Crowley at his car with Nate Kimberly, a trumpet man. On the way out to North Hollywood I didn't talk much. Crowley and Kimberly bored me and I felt out of place. I wished I had gone to Jays instead of with them. I lit a cigarette and listened to them chatter about women they had met on the road, and about different spots they had worked around town.

Crowley drove off Cahuenga down Coldriver Canyon and onto a side street into a nice residential district where he pulled in at a driveway of a low, sprawling, modern home. As we climbed out of the car I could hear music and voices inside the house, loud. I grimly killed the bottle which Crowley passed to me, and followed him and Kimberly across the lawn to the porch. Crowley rang the bell.

"Sounds like they're flying tonight. I wonder who's here," Kimberly said.

The door swung open and a sleek looking girl was starting at us.

"Patty, boy," she shrieked. "I've been waiting for you, darling."

She threw her arms around Crowley and kissed him on the cheek. I folded my hands in front of me, looked at the sky, and wished for sure I was at Jay's.

"Jeanne's inside, Nate," she said. "You've arrived just in time, really."

I winced. Crowley untangled himself and introduced me, casually.

"Kitten, this is Jeff, plays piano."

"Ooooh, how nice," she gurgled.

She ushered us into a very modern and very nice looking living room, at the moment cluttered with nine or ten men and women arrayed about the room playing games, drinking, laughing, and in general having what appeared to be a gay time.

Sharon took my arm. "The bar is right over there, have one and meet the crowd." She pointed across the room.

"Thanks." I made my way to the bar and poured a long Scotch and soda. Turning around I saw that Kimberly and Crowley were already immersed in the party. Crowley was talking to Sharon, and Kimberly was on the floor rolling dice with two girls and another man. I took a long drink and stood there watching the scene. A woman came towards me from a group around the fireplace. She looked very chic in a plain black dress and her dark hair combed to one side in a severe hair-do. She smiled at me. I smiled and saluted her with my glass.

"Would you mix me a drink?" she asked.

I put my glass down. "I'm not the sharpest bartender in town, but I'll try. What will be be?"

"What are you drinking?"

"Scotch and soda," I said. "But only because it was easy and fast." I waved my hand at the array of bottles. "You can have what you want."

"Mummm," she put one finger to her cheek, cocked her head and gave a puzzled look at the

bottles. "How about a Tom Collins?"

While I was mixing her drink, she stared at me.

"I take it you're not enjoying the party," she said.

"Well, not yet," I said. "With a little more liquor I'll be able to stand the noise anyway."

She laughed a very nice laugh, and I handed her the drink. She held it towards me and we touched glasses and drank.

"My name's Jeff Creighton."

"Madge Little."

I coughed and took another drink. "That's unfair," I said. "You should have told me." She laughed again.

"Let's find a more comfortable spot to talk," she said, and led me to an empty divan.

I sat down holding tight to my glass, expecting to get a phoney act from a would-be Bette Davis, but she surprised me. She was real and had a good sense of humor. In fact I found out that she didn't like the party any better than I did.

"Madge Little," I mused. "You surprise me."

"Yes, I know. You expected to see a decrepit old hag or some such beastly thing."

"Frankly, I didn't expect anything as nice as you."

She was easy to talk to and we were soon discussing each other's pasts. That is, with reservations. I found out that she had inherited the booking agency and had carried it on successfully since her father's death, some five years previous.

"How did you get started in music, Jeff?"

"The same way everyone gets started in it. When I was a kid music was all I thought of. I had my own band at the University of Washington and after that I jobbed around Seattle and the Northwest for years."

"Well how did you end up down here?"

"Just one of those things. I was playing at a club called the Golden Pheasant just outside of



*Her arms came up around the back of my neck, warm and soft.*

(Continued on page 19)



# "Hatcher, You're a Lyin' Skunk"

By NEWT CUTLER

Old Charlie pulled himself up to the pot-bellied stove and tilted back in his chair. He touched a wooden match to the tinder and watched it flare redly in the half-light before touching it to his pipe. Puffing contentedly, he looked at me through a haze of smoke and said:

"Wal, son, just what kind of a story is it that you want to hear?" His voice crackled with the temper of his sixty-odd years in the timber.

"Well, you know what I want, Charlie. Just some sort of a story that I can use for background material in this article that I am writing about early logging." I leaned toward the table and turned the smoking kerosine lamp down.

Old Charlie leaned forward slightly. Reminiscence of the old days in the woods gleamed happily in his eyes.

"Then I'll tell you about Chuck Hatcher and Swede Olsen. It happened in the middle of the twenties, about '25 or '26, I think."

He relit his pipe, his wrinkled cheeks sucking inward at each puff.

"Hatcher was a short, stocky man, only about five-eight, but with broad shoulders and thick chest," he continued. "His hair was black and straight and his eyes shoe like two coals from that fire there.

"Sure, he was a braggart, too, but it was in a likeable sort of way, I guess. At least no one ever took him serious. Like the time he came in with the story that he had made the preacher's daughter down in Mill City. He probably did, too, 'cause he had a way with the womenfolks.

"Swede was as different from Chuck as pine from tamarack.

"He was tall and thin and his blonde hair waved in little kinks over his head. While Chuck liked to tell about his accomplishments, Swede never had much to say, but there was a cunning sort of slyness about him. Some of the boys used to say that he was kind of dumb, but there was a lot of brains under that straw-colored hair on Swede's head.

"There were some that said that Swede and Chuck were in the big war together, but you could never get either of them to talk about it much. They just squabbled, mainly over women. Sometimes you would think they were deadly enemies and the next time you saw them they would be in some bar somewhere with their arms around each other singing and drinking. 'Wait 'Till The Sun Shines, Nellie' they used to sing. Way off key and with a bunch of words that they had made up. But most of all they liked to play jokes on each other—that was their favorite sport.

"Their jokes were something to watch. All the boys waited to see what would happen next.



They would start out with little things like the time that Chuck put the garter snake in Swede's bed. The next night Chuck couldn't find his bed and had to go to sleep in the hay at the barn. Swede had rolled up all his bedding and crammed it under the cookshack.

"It all started with things like that and built up. It was about that time, winter of '25, I think it was, when they met Nancy Degan, down in Mill City.

"Seems they had both gone down for this big Thanksgiving dance in town. They were standing there on the sidelines, all decked out in their Sunday best, watching the crowd. It was lady's choice and some big fat gal came up to them and asked,

"'Would one of you gentlemen care to dance?' Quick as a flash, Swede spoke up and said,

"'I'm sorry, ma'am, I don't reckon I know how to dance but my partner here would be much obliged.'

"All Chuck could do was to give Swede a dirty look and go dance with the fat girl. He was especially mad when he saw this little blonde come up and ask Swede to dance. Well, this little blonde was the Nancy Degan spoke about and the rest of the night they chased each other around the floor, Chuck trying to duck the fat girl and Swede trying to duck Chuck.

"After the dance Nancy made both of them take her home so they wouldn't fight over who was going to get the honor. But that didn't do much good. Right after they left her place they got into a fight in the middle of the street that wound them up in jail for three days.

"That started another womanfeud. Both swore that Nancy was in love with him and him alone. Chuck would come back from town and accuse Swede of taking Nancy out and there would

(Continued on page 25)



# HERB CARLSON

## AND CHAMPION GLOVES

By NEWT CUTLER

"And in this corner at 160 pounds, 1947 National Inter-Collegiate Champion Herb Carlson, from the University of Idaho!"

The crowd roars and another inter-collegiate boxing match is on. His lethal right cocked and ready, the University of Idaho's favorite son, Herb Carlson, moves in to chalk up another win in his long chain of victories.

If Carlson watches his step and keeps his guard up, he may wind up with one of the most unique titles in the history of inter-collegiate fisticuffs. Ordinarily, to box on a varsity boxing team and compete for national inter-collegiate titles, a man must be at least a college sophomore. During the war, however, special rules applied whereby a freshman could compete under the same standards.

Last year, during the 1947 boxing season, and before these wartime regulations were lifted, Carlson, then a freshman, moved in to nab his first national crown at 155 pounds. This year he has stepped up a weight and will box at 160 pounds. The important fact is that Herb still has three years of college boxing eligibility left.

This makes his record unique in that, so far as the records show, he is the first boxer at any weight who has a chance to win four national intercollegiate crowns.

Two former Idaho mitt-slingers, Ted Kara and Laune Erickson, both national champions, might have copped this distinction long ago had they been able to box when they were freshmen. Also, they might have been able to turn the trick if they had been allowed to box in two weights during the same season.

Carlson is a blonde, blue-eyed, wavy-haired, good-looking youth, with broad shoulders and slender hips. One might visualize him in any field of sports, but his finely cut features make him look anything but a national boxing champion.

Herb hails from Wallace, Idaho and his boxing probably dates

back to the day that his father presented him with a set of boxing gloves when he was seven years old. The fundamentals of the boxing game he learned by slugging it out with his brothers in the middle of the Carlson living room.

While Herb was going to Wallace high school, he fought 23 fights and won 22 of them. That one fight he lost in 1942, when he was a freshman and is the only fight that he has ever lost. He went back that very year to win over the same opponent. During 1941, '42, and '43, he held the North Idaho Panhandle high school championships.

In July of 1943, Carlson's box-

ing career was brought up short by his entrance into the Army Air Corps. While in basic training at Miami, Florida, he fought five fights, some with semi-professionals, and won every bout. When he went into the aviation cadet program in November of 1943, he had to give up boxing altogether and did fight again until he enrolled at the University of Idaho in the fall of 1946.

Herb was discharged from the Air Corps as 2nd Lieutenant in December of 1945. After his discharge, he went to work in the Coeur d'Alene mining district near his home town of Wallace. Mining towns have always been

(Continued on page 18)



HERB CARLSON



**Term papers are usually devoid of humor and original ideas, but here's one you'll consider either the best or worst you've ever read.**

# TWO STUDENTS

WALT JAIN

NOTE: Opinions expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect the opinions of Blot or of the university.

*Setting:* A typical fraternity study with miscellaneous socks and cigarette packages on the floor.

*Time:* Three days before finals.

*Curtain* finds Jain slowly and reflectively typing at one of the desks. Zeke, notorious bull artist, enters from left, wearing a towel. Jain obviously does not welcome the intrusion.

*Zeke:* Hello.

*Jain* (erasing error): Hello.

*Z:* Why don't you shave?

*J:* Why don't pigs chew gum?

*Z:* You are not very sociable.

*J:* (erasing error): No, I am writing a term paper. I should get an "F" if I write carefully and if I am free from distractions.

*Z:* What do you want an "F" for?

*J:* Writing this paper is sheer ecstasy. I need no mundane recompense. I may have it published in *Blot*, though.

*Z:* Well, I hate writing term papers, myself.

*J:* Oh, on the contrary, I like to prepare them; they provide an opportunity to say what one is not permitted to say in class. I almost regretted the end of the war because censorship was stopped, robbing me of a medium through which I could needle the brass which read our letters about its incomparable stupidity. If the university were to outlaw term papers, I should consider it an abridgment of personal liberties and appeal to the C.R.C.

*Z:* May I see this gem of premeditated failure?

*J:* I have not finished it yet. Anyway, if you had an ounce of intuition in you, you would know that you are not welcome in this room until after quiz week.

*Z:* Please! I'm writing a term paper myself for abnormal psych, and I am interested in your case.

*J:* Well, mine is for ethics. One thing that was accomplished in the class was general agreement that contemporary ethics is not able to cope with the problems of this so-called atomic age.

*Z:* I can agree with that.

*J:* Well, the contemporary attitude is that morals, ethics, and philosophy in general are to be tolerated, but that in the end practical considerations must determine courses of action in international relationships. The thesis of this paper is that our survival depends upon our abandonment of practical expediency as a national policy. Further, I say that we need no look for a shiny, new and novel

categorical imperative—any one of several classical ethical systems will serve.

*Z:* Which have you chosen?

*J:* Plato's.

*Z:* Ah, Plato!

*J:* Or, if you will, Socrates'.

*Z:* Ah, Socrates!

*J:* Stand by, I'll read you this bit from Plato's "Protagoras." Socrates is speaking:

"... Well, then I shall say, if you agree so far, be so good as to answer me a question: Do not the same magnitudes appear larger to your sight when near, and smaller when at a distance? They will acknowledge that. And the same holds of thickness and number; also sounds, which are in themselves equal, are greater when near, and lesser when at a distance. They will grant that also. Now suppose happiness to consist in doing or choosing the greater, and in not doing or in avoiding the less, what would be the saving principle of human life? Would not the art of measuring be the saving principle; or would the power of appearance? Is not the latter that deceiving art which makes us wander up and down and take the things at one time of which we repent at another, both in our action and in our choices of things great and small? But the art of measurement would do away with the effect of appearance, and, showing the truth, would fain teach the soul at last to find rest in the truth, and would thus save our life. Would not mankind generally acknowledge that the art which accomplishes this result is the art of measurement?"

"Yes, he (Protagoras) said, the art of measurement.

"Suppose, again, the salvation of human life to depend on the choice of odd and even, and on the knowledge of when a man out to choose the greater or less, either in reference to themselves or to each other, and whether near or at a distance; what would be the saving principle of our lives? Would not knowledge?—a knowledge of measuring, when the question is one of excess and defect, and a knowledge of number, when the question is of odd and even? The world will assent, will they not?"

"Protagoras himself that they would.

"Well, then, my friends, I say to them: seeing that the salvation of human life has been found to consist in the right choice of pleasures and pains, in the choice of the more and the fewer, and the greater and the less, and the nearer and remoter, must not this measuring be a consideration of their excess and defect and equality in relation to each other?"

Well, enough of that. What I wish to show is that if our choices of courses of action in international relationships were weighted in Socrates' scale, we would find that we are at present accepting the greater of two pains when we follow the course which practical considerations, that is, *appearances*, seem to dictate. Do you follow me?

*Z:* Shoot.

*J:* Usually, when I read Plato to guests, they



leave. Even though it does not seem pertinent just now, let me ask you a question. Will you grant that the aggressor in any conflict presumes that he is stronger?

Z: How about the little guy in the bar who hits a big guy? How about Japan's attack on the United States?

J: The little guy *presumes* that he is stronger. As for the recent war, the act of initial aggression was our steel and oil embargo which would have stifled Japan in a few months if she did not fight.

Z: O. K., go ahead.

J: Then we may say that the responsibility for conflict lies with the nation which presumes itself and is presumed by others to be strongest. That nation at the present and for the few years before another power possesses atomic weapons is the U. S. While we have this strength, we determine whether there shall be peace or war.

Z: The obvious choice is peace.

J: Now, do you grant that European recovery is necessary if we are to have peace?

Z: Yes, there can be no peace otherwise.

J: Now I shall try to show how pleasures and pains have bearing on this argument. One effort towards insuring peace is the Administration's program for relief and reconstruction. The question here is whether practical or ethical considerations determine the rejection or adoption of this legislation. The partisans of the practical viewpoint argue for rejection because government purchases of food and equipment on the domestic market will result in price increases and inflation. They argue that we would only be assisting potential commercial and political enemies. They argue that we need tax relief, a thing impossible if the program is adopted. "Surely," they say in effect, "it may be morally desirable to prevent the starvation of these people, but it just isn't practical."

Z: That is what I say. We went over there and saved the bastards; now they want what's left of our shirts.

J: Take off your pack. Let's take the other approach. I say that adoption of the Administration's program is justified on a basis of choices of pleasures and pains in accordance with the bit of Plato I just read to you.

Z: But they can help themselves recover. If they only—

J: Look. I grant that government purchases

will bring the pain of inflation unless we accept the pain of price control and that price control is ineffective unless we accept the pain of rationing. I grant that we shall have to forego the pleasure of overfilled bellies, and the pleasures of new automobiles. I grant that we shall continue to bear the pain of high taxes. And all of this I justify because it will repay to us the pleasure of *survival*; where as any other course which does permit us our overfilled bellies and new automobiles will carry with it the pain of annihilation by that extremely *practical* agent, the atomic bomb.

Z: Phooey. Automobiles have nothing to do with it. The next war will again be a clash of ideals. Ways of life. East against West. Democracy against Communism.

J: Listen. Man seldom hazards his life for an ideal. Please don't be so naive as to suggest that the last war was fought for anything but goods.

Z: I should like to argue that point, but it's getting late.

J: Let's get back to the point. I have shown that the responsibility of war lies with the stronger power. Now, if we deny to starving Europeans the means by which their productive capacity may be restored, we commit a hostile act against them. They will have no alternative of survival other than association with Russia. With the bulk of the world's population thus driven into her sphere, Russia will then possess the strongest nation's prerogative of aggression. Also, during the period during which we continue to do business as usual, Russia will produce an atomic bomb. That is the price in pain which we shall pay if we choose the immediate pleasure of overfilled bellies and new automobiles. By doing what was practical, or possibly by making an unwise choice of pleasures and pains in August, 1945, we established the precedent of atomic warfare. We have no right to expect mercy.

Z (shrugging): If war comes, it comes. We'll all have to fight. There's no choice there.

J: In the first place, if war comes we won't have a chance to fight. And in the second place, I'm not about to fight in anybody's goddam war.

Z: Do you really mean that? That you wouldn't fight?

J: Yes.

Z: Don't you feel any sense of duty to a system which permits—even *pays*—you, who have not done an honest tap of labor in the last two years, to go to school where you miss half of your classes and further permits you to knock this system in the classes which you do attend?

J: Now there is something for which I would fight: The right to cut dull classes. Maudlin newspapermen of the "I Was There" school said that the war was fought for blueberry pie. I will admit that this is a better thing to fight for than some of the issues over which wars have been fought in the past. However, in the late-hate, the issue seemed to be to be clearly the right of the individual to 11 o'clock coffee in the Bucket.



Hamilton  
**Walt Jain**  
*The greater of two evils.*



# It's Cheaper if Everyone Works

"I live in an Idaho co-op."

Does this mean that the members slave hours every day, that poor, struggling students are cast aside to live in inferior living quarters, or that they are social outcasts?

Not at all! Actually, members of the co-ops do not work more than an hour a day while they are "on shift." Ridenbaugh girls pick their own jobs among the many available such as hashing, drying dishes, etc., and work

two weeks out of every two months, while the men rotate their work and are only on work shift one week out of every five. Two hashers from a men's living group do the heavy work—scrubbing, running the dishwasher, etc.—at Ridenbaugh while the men do all their work at the Campus and Idaho Clubs.

These houses are almost completely run by those living there. The students hire the cook, elect a kitchen-dining room manager

(this job is split and held by two persons at Ridenbaugh), a book-keeper and a buyer. They are responsible to the executive boards which discuss all matters needing attention and then submit their findings to the rest of the students at house meetings for a final decision. A proctor and his wife are paid by the University to act as host and hostess at the men's co-ops while a housemother is provided for the girls. The University also provides the steam and electricity for the halls though they pay for what electricity is used in the dining room and kitchen.

Except for work shift, life is much the same in the co-ops as in the other dorms. Each has its own standards committee which sees that the policies decided upon are put into effect. Customs peculiar to each distinguish them from other living groups, so newly pinned or engaged girls may be seen eating pie under the table at Ridenbaugh the first time it is served after the event takes place.

The co-operatives began on the Idaho campus in 1933 when the depression was keeping many intelligent, ambitious young people from acquiring an education. The University took its oldest building, Ridenbaugh Hall, where young men had been living but not eating, and turned it over to seventy of those who were having the hardest time financially. The venture was such a success and the demand for such accommodations increased so rapidly that in 1935 the Idaho Club was built to house 118 men and Ridenbaugh became a girls co-op. In 1938 the Campus Club was added as another co-op of the same size as the Idaho Club, and when Willis Sweet was completed that same year, Lindley Hall also became a men's co-op.

By this time 25 percent of all students were managing their





By BOBI BRETZ

Photos by Fred Farmer

own living groups under this system. The notable success of this movement has attracted widespread attention and the project received favorable comments in both the New York Times and the Christian Science Monitor.

Since the failure of co-ops on other campuses had been quite universal, the progress here at Idaho was watched with extreme interest. The success here is attributed to several factors: the University has provided the buildings with low rent, the buildings have not been so old as to require exorbitant repairs, and they have housed sufficient numbers to make quantity buying possible.

In 1938 the National Youth Administration gave lavish praise to the co-ops here, its officers even going so far as to say that they were considered the outstanding achievement in student aid for the preceding five years. No other university or college in the United States has had them on so large a scale. Since the war, the number of students attending school through this means has shrunk. However, there is still a great demand for these accommodations. This fact is illustrated by the fact that Ridenbaugh and the Campus Club are filled to capacity, and when the Idaho Club was returned to the men, it was swiftly filled with those eager to save on their expenses.

The reason that the University was slow to start co-ops was the fear that they would be considered inferior socially by those from the other living groups, but as the girls from every house on the campus flocked to the functions held at Ridenbaugh during its career as a men's group, this was dispelled.

Today the co-op still plays an important part on this campus. Though the national income level is greatly increased over the 1935 level, there are still many



girls and men who would be unable to attend without this aid. As the system operates now, if any student wishes to continue his or her education badly enough, it is possible to do so by living in one of these dorms. The difference between \$105 and \$157.50 a semester for board often can mean the difference between attending school and staying home.

Besides the monetary angle, the experience of living and working together has turned out many of the outstanding personalities on the campus. In the 15 years the co-ops have been in operation here praise of them has been lavish. But their success speaks for itself.

### FLOWERS TO THE DEAD

They sent him flowers — his many friends and true,  
Expensive ones; great wreathes  
and harps and sprays,  
This common man of toil, who  
ne'er had had  
One simple flower to brighten  
his drab days.

How strange it seems—how hollow,  
how unfit,  
Like selling some old garment  
out of date;  
We, who ne'er gave a pansy  
while he lived,  
To send him wreathes of roses  
when too late!

—May Napier Burkhart.



# BLOT'S PHOTO QUIZ

*By Bobi Bretz with photos by Fred Farmer*

Answers to these questions might possibly be found in this magazine. But don't be too sure.



These girls are preparing for: This is:

- |                                 |                                  |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| (a) A seminar.                  | (a) A home for delinquent girls. |
| (b) A Pan-Hel tea.              | (b) Athletes' rest home.         |
| (c) An exchange with Pine Hall. | (c) State pen at Boise.          |
| (d) Moscow weather.             | (d) Where women take P.E.        |

This is a scene of:

- (a) A student unprepared for recitation.
- (b) John's Other Wife.
- (c) Getting contributions for "Blot."
- (d) The perils encountered in registering.



These people are:

- (a) Afghans.
- (b) Coffee beans.
- (c) In a social relations lab.
- (d) Studying for finals.

This is a picture of

- (a) Idaho recreation facilities
- (b) A winter still-life.
- (c) Perfume ad.
- (d) Frozen cadavers for the anatomy lab.

This is a meeting of:

- (a) A Mortar Board luncheon.
- (b) Feminine (?) charms.
- (c) Arg staff.
- (d) A songfest practice.



## Seen at Murphy's . . .

While Dick Parcell, Lindley Hall, admires a white Van Heusen shirt (with wide spread "Britt" collar and French cuffs) and a Van Heusen black and white striped knit tie, Herb

Carlson, Sigma Nu, tries on a three-button sport coat by Dorsen of California. The coat is a fine wool shetland in tan with a wide, light brown stripe. Dave Tate is holding a pale blue Palmdayl sport coat with a small darker blue overplaid.



Photo by Pat Hamilton

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY



**MURPHY'S** MEN'S APPAREL

MOSCOW, IDAHO





Playland Pier on the lake shore of Coeur d'Alene park attracts thousands each week during summer months.

## CITIES OF IDAHO

# COEUR D'ALENE: Playground of the North

GLORIA BURGESS SALIDAY AND BONNIE MILLER

Coeur d'Alene, nestled in the heart of picturesque northern Idaho mountains, is a delight to visitors, for she wears a "new

look" combined with an air of peacefulness which comes only with age.

Coeur d'Alene is the recrea-

tion center for a chain of scattered lakes within a distance of twenty-five miles. Near the western foothills of the Chilco Mountains, she has seated herself on the northern shore of Lake Coeur d'Alene; she is the capital of a large and beautiful area. Also, Coeur d'Alene is the county seat of Kootenai County. Not "far from the madding crowd," the city is just thirty-two miles from Spokane, Washington.

Her history is intriguing. It began with General William Tecumsah Sherman's tour of inspection of military posts in 1877, when he came upon and was fascinated by Lake Coeur d'Alene and the surrounding country. He immediately recommended to Congress that a fort be built there, and shortly thereafter Fort Sherman claimed 1,000 acres of shoreline. The discovery of mines in 1882 awakened interest in the Coeur d'Alene district and a community sprang from these roots. Dissatisfied with her stature, Coeur d'Alene appeased her appetite



Beauty Bay, considered by National Geographic the third most beautiful in the world, is probably the most photographed spot in Idaho.



on new food, lumbering, at the turn of the century. In 1906 she came of age and was incorporated as a city of second class.

Expansion came easily to Coeur d'Alene, endowed as she was with many natural attributes. Today it is a vacation spot of the west where practically all types of day or night recreation can be found. The lake, ever changing, is the hub of life in Coeur d'Alene, its 107 miles of shoreline dotted with beach houses and beautiful homes. It is rumored that National Geographic has called Lake Coeur d'Alene the third loveliest in the world. The lake does not appear the same at morning, noon and night, but presents new expressions as the sun changes its position or the wind blows across it. Sometimes it is serene, innocent, and pale; again it might be an angry dark blue, dappled with white caps. Each mood is lavish in its beauty.

Sporting on the lake includes surfboard riding, water skiing, speed and sail boating, and log rolling. Each third, fourth, and fifth of July Coeur d'Alene holds a spectacular water regatta which tests the skill of many in these sports. Water slides and diving towers enchant the less skilled.

Numerous camp sides, belonging to Boy Scouts, church groups or Camp Fire Girls, become activated communities during the summer.

Many night clubs speckle Coeur d'Alene and its outskirts, offering less healty recreation for the night owls. These, too, are a popular form of sport and attract many visitors with their entertainment.

Out of the city in any direction are scenic drives, loveliest of which is along the eastern shore of the lake. For a considerable distance the highway follows the shoreline, passes Beauty, Squaw, Turner, and Carlin Bays. Low wooded hills surrounding the lake contribute to the beauty.

Following streams and passing through heavy evergreen growth are many picturesque paths which lead to Mount Coeur d'Alene, 5,000 feet high. From its height the countryside for miles in any direction can be

viewed. Elk, Killarney, and Red Horse Mountains are also accessible by trails.

Southward, the highway cuts back after a short shoreline drive into forested lands and dips into the Fourth of July Canyon. This canyon was thus named because on the fourth of July in 1861, Captain Mullan and his men were encamped there while building the Mullan Road. They raised an American flag to the top of the highest white pine. Summertime in this canyon sees a continuous parade of wild flowers, beginning with the syringa's perfume in June.

Continuing south, the point where the Coeur d'Alene river empties into the lake is reached. Up this river ten scattered lakes are found within a distance of six miles of one another. These lakes, Anderson, Cave, Medicine, Black, Thompson, Killarney, Blue, Hidden, Rose and Swan, are ideal spots for sportsmen and vacationists who seek seclusion. They are reached mainly by paths or river launches and rowboats.

Fishermen who are looking for the big ones can find their haven in a thirty minute drive north of Coeur d'Alene on the southern tip of Lake Pend Oreille, where the famous Kamloop trout are found. Service of every type can be had there for the experts and the green-horns. Blueback salmon abound in those waters, as do excellent trout.

The well-kept 18-hole golf course beckons golfers to the Coeur d'Alene County Club. A popular resort, Bonzanta Tavern, is near Coeur d'Alene on Hayden Lake. The lake itself looks like a spring of Lake Coeur d'Alene with its clean unmarred shoreline, shadowed only by evergreens that afford numerous camp sites; it has so many bays that its shoreline is five times the length of what would be expected of a lake of its size.

Coeur d'Alene's airport was the first in the United States to be municipally bought.

Lumbering and mining, still important to Coeur d'Alene industry have had to make room for the newcomers, horticulture and dairying, which now speak well for themselves.

**4**

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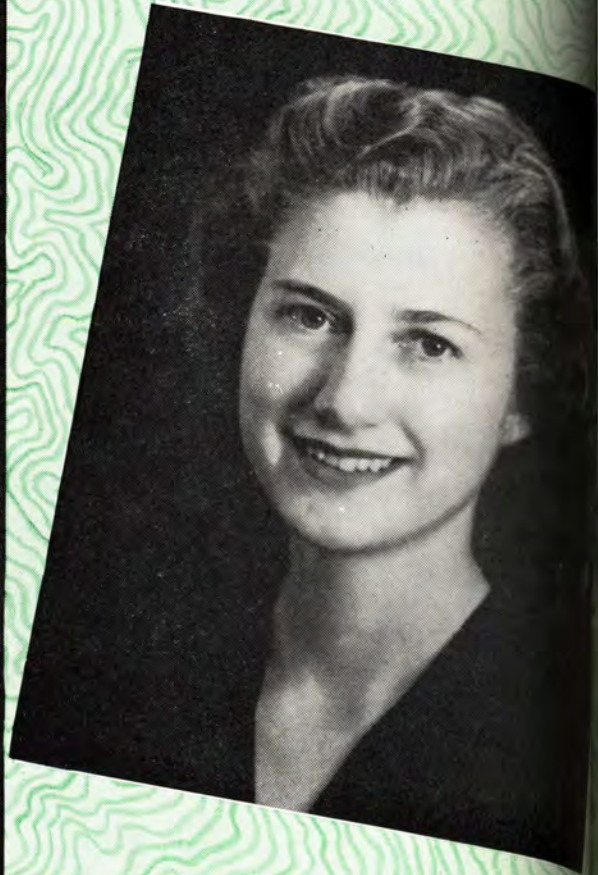


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Greaves



Judy  
Ward





Retha  
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Sally  
Foskett

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## TWO STUDENTS

(Continued from page 9)

**Z:** Be serious. Of course you have a sense of duty.

**J:** The sad state of this battered planet is the direct result of the efforts of serious men who gave duty as the reason for pursuing stupid courses of action. Serious men appealed to the senses of duty of Japanese and Americans and Englishmen and Germans, so millions of men spent years subsisting on rice, spam, bully beef and sauerkraut respectively. We cannot let this happen again.

**Z:** All right, wise guy. How do you propose to avoid Gastronomic Calamity III?

**J:** First by throwing out all the impractical businessmen now in public office. Enough of those starry-eyed dreamers as Taft and that mystic Dewey who believe that by some magic, a big navy and a high tariff will give us prosperity and peace. What this country needs is a *good, sound philosophical administration* that will take truly practical measures such as the ERP to preserve peace.

**Z:** But how would you gain the support of the electorate, which knows nothing of philosophy?

**J:** Through education, of course—not that education can't be dangerous. By employment of the newest techniques in propaganda in all the mediums of public information, the people can be made to believe anything. In a month's time such hysteria could be stirred up that people would become stark, raving Platonists. Having learned where their true interests lie, they would demand that their food ration be cut one-third and that no luxury products be made. Mobs all over the country would hang Want and Fear in effigy.

**Z** (rising to leave): Well, I don't know. There is some indication that we are already over-educated—at least, those who are incapable of learning have taken to teaching.\* Good night, and I hope you flunk. (Exits.)

*Curtain*

\* Oscar Wilde, **Decay in Lying**. (Included because a reference paper should have at least one reference.)

## HERB CARLSON

(Continued from page 7)

noted for their roughness and for the frequentness of fights and brawls, and one might credit some of Carlson's aggressiveness in the ring to his environment. However, Herb says, "The work in the mines was hard and kept me in shape but whenever there was a brawl among the miners, I would rather take a back seat and watch."

During the boxing season that year, 1946, in the spare time that he had off from his work at the mines, Herb coached the Wallace high school boxing team. That team, under his supervision, not only took the North Idaho Panhandle but also went ahead to take the Idaho state awards for high school boxing, with only five men.

Moving into varsity competition last year, Herb won most of his bouts by either a knockout or a decision strong in his favor. In the Pacific Coast Championship matches, Carlson won over Ayward of Washington State college by a TKO and took a decision over Brown of the California Aggies. In the Nationals, he fought the east coast champ, Stan Whetley, from Kings Point Naval Academy and won by a decision. He fought Brown, of California, again and this time won by a knockout. In the finals, he fought a close decision, winning over Dickenson from Wisconsin to claim the national championship crown.

Another boxing season is well under way again and Herb is moving toward the Nationals goal once more. Should Carlson win the Inter-Collegiate crown again this year he will go to Boston for the Olympic tryouts. And if he should be one of the two best men in his weight there, he will represent the U.S.A. in the Olympics in England this spring.

"There is a lot of "if" in those predictions but Herb Carlson might be just the boy who can pound these "ifs" into trophies. In any case boxing enthusiasts are watching and punching the air to give Herb all the moral support he may need and fans all over Idaho and the Pacific Northwest are cheering him on.



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**CHANGE OF TEMPO**

(Continued from page 5)

Seattle when Dinning hit town minus a piano player who he had left in Portland with appendicitis. A friend got me an audition and the job. But look, let's don't talk all night about me."

So we joined the party and as it turned out I had a fine time. A few more drinks and I was even able to listen to Kitten's chatter, lost twenty bucks in a crap game, and played a lot of piano.

About three-thirty Crowley and Kimberly left with Kitten and another girl and I realized that I was stranded in North Hollywood without a ride and without a cent for cab fare. By four there were only myself, Madge, and another couple left. I could see that Madge was willing to call the party off, but the other couple were so high they didn't know what time it was. I eased Madge away from them and explained my position.

"I feel like a fool, Madge, but I lost all my cash in that crap game. If you'll cash a small check for me I'll take myself and these drunken love birds out of here and let you get some sleep."

I must have looked as simple as I felt because Madge put her hand on my shoulder and laughed, and I mean laughed.

"Is that why you've been sitting around for the last half-hour looking like a lost soul? Oh Jeff, that is funny." She straightened up and became serious. "I'll be more than glad to cash your check, Jeff."

"Swell guest, eh girl?" I actually did feel foolish.

"Don't think a thing about it, Jeff. I've enjoyed you, seriously." She smiled, "and it's more than worth it to get rid of them."

I called a cab and when it arrived I helped Lou and Margie out to it, one on each arm. I started back in to say good-night to Madge. Just as I got up on the porch the cab left. I yelled at it and ran half way across the lawn before I stopped and swore. When I turned around Madge was standing in the doorway laughing again. I walked up to her.

"Swell, huh? Think nothing of it. These things always happen to me," I said.

She was still laughing.

"Don't look so sad, Jeff. You might just as well come back in and have a peaceful drink. It's quiet now, anyway."

And it was. We had a long drink. I liked her a lot and when I left I thought about her all the way back to my hotel.

I got up at noon the next day, ate breakfast and went down to a recording studio where the band was going to cut some records. The session moved along smoothly and I had a good solo on one side.

When I got back to my hotel the clerk told me Jim Adams had called and left a phone number. I called Madge at her office first. She sound-

ed glad to hear from me and we had a couple of good laughs over the night before. Although I wanted to see her again I hung up without telling her so and without asking myself why.

That night I ate dinner with Jim, an old buddy from Seattle with whom I had played a lot of jobs in the Northwest.

"What are you doing now, Jim?" I asked.

"I'm at the Silver Grille down in Long Beach," he said. "We've got a good little outfit, Jeff. Drop down and take us in when you can."

I put my fork down and looked at him.

"I will, Jim. Tell me, how do you like it down here?"

"Hell, man, this is it. I wouldn't trade it for a dozen Seattles. Why, don't tell me you don't like it with your setup?"

"Frankly, Jim, I don't know," I said, and I didn't. "It's what I've always wanted, but it isn't what I thought it would be."

He looked at me like I was crazy and maybe I was.

"You mean you don't like being big time?"

"I'd like it fine if I knew I was big time, but I don't know that I am. And up until last night," and I thought of Madge again, "I've had a lousy time. Work, eat, and sleep, and mostly work for three straight weeks."

After that the conversation drifted back to our days together in Seattle.

"Say, Jeff, did you know June Barton is down here trying to crash Hollywood?"

"No? Is that right? I haven't seen her since she sang with us at the Olympic a couple of years ago," I said.

"Yeh, I run into her once in a while. So far she's only played bit parts, but she wants to sing, naturally."

We finished dinner and before we left the hotel Jim gave me June's phone number. I called her up the next day and made a date with her for Monday night; our night off.

June is one of those girls that isn't quite plump; usually her type of figure is called luscious. She is about five-four, has very long hair the color of yellow maple leaves in the fall, and the California sun had done nice things to her already nice skin. When I picked her up her little nose turned up in mock disdain.

"Do you realize as long as I've known you, Jeff, this is the first time you've ever taken me out?"

I did and wondered why. She was wearing one of those California off-the-shoulder blouses with a peasant skirt.

I had rented a car and we drove down to Long Beach to see Jim. We had a good time at the Grille. Jim had a fine little outfit and June and I enjoyed each other's company. You know how those things go. An old acquaintance is always easy to get along with, especially if that old ac-



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quaintance is young and good looking.

After we left the Grille we stopped in at a steak house to eat. June has a sweet attitude and a happy little laugh, the kind that makes you feel like a disciple of Dale Carnegie.

We were sitting in one of those rounded booths and she reached over and squeezed my hand.

"You know, Jeff. You're even more fun than I expected," and she smiled when she said it.

"Why, did you expect a dull evening?" I asked.

She took a drink of water and looked at me.

"No, only in Seattle you always seemed so intent in your music. You never acted interested in me."

"That, little girl, is probably the only good thing California has done for me. I can see now that in Seattle I was interested in everything but the right things."

She laughed and I felt warm all over; it might have been the drinks, but I don't think so.

When I took her home I kissed her good night in the car and when my pulse slowed down I kissed her again. It was nice, very nice. Then I walked her to the door of her apartment house and said good-night.

"I hope we can do it again sometime, June," I said.

"I hope we do, Jeff, soon."

She went in and I floated back to the car.

When I got back to my hotel there was a note from Madge in my box asking me to call her. It must have been there when I went out and I

decided it was too late to call. At the moment it didn't make much difference to me.

I called Madge the next afternoon.

"Hello, Madge. This is Jeff."

"Hello, you recluse. I wondered what had happened to you. Surely the party wasn't that bad."

I laughed politely.

"I'm sorry I didn't call you yesterday, Madge, but I didn't get your note until late last night."

"You can make it up to me by coming out tonight," she said. "The very young set won't be there so it should be quite a decent little get-together."

"Fine," I said. "I'd like to, very much. I'll bring enough for cab fare this time."

She laughed and said she would expect me a little after one.

That night I enjoyed the job for the first time and I could feel it affecting my work. I hadn't been smoother at any time since I'd had the job. It was one of those nights when the whole band was right. After a long solo in Piano Jump the boys even laughed and yelled like they do when a solo pleases them. At every intermission I took special care to mingle with the lads. I told Crowley that I was going out to Madge's again and he grinned at me.

"Wasting no time, eh man? Who with?"

"By myself. Madge called me," I said.

His eyebrows went up. "You are in!" He stepped on his cigarette. "If you marry her you can have a band of your own, you know."

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I wasn't sure what he meant so I let it pass.

When I got out to Madge's that night I found a very much different party than I had entered the first time. Where before I had felt slightly superior, I now felt like very small pumpkins, indeed.

The party consisted of four couples if I counted Madge and myself as a couple. Mike Evans the producer and his wife, a writer for Paramount and Dale Evans, the song writer and his wife.

We played charades and a good baseball game with cards which Evans said he had made up himself. Except for the fact that Carry was a little thick in the head and Evans liked talking about his songs as well as anything, we had a fair time. Madge stuck close to me as if she actually enjoyed my company. I played a little piano and made Evans feel good by sticking almost entirely to his songs.

Evans dropped me off at the hotel after the party broke up.

The band had a rehearsal the next morning from eleven till two. Before I left the hotel I called June and we made a date to go swimming that afternoon after rehearsal. I'm not what is known as the athletic type, but if I took all my outdoor activity with June I think I could develop the yen. We swam, covered each other with sand, and raced down the beach until I, at least, was exhausted. June fell on the sand and rolled over laughing. I sprawled beside her, propping my chin in my hands and looking at her bright blue eyes.

"From the color of your skin you must live down here, don't you work?" I asked.

"When I can, Jeff. I haven't done anything for a week."

She looked at me steadily. "What are you planning to do, Jeff?"

"I don't know, June. When I first came down I was ready to go back any time. Now, I don't know. I think I'm beginning to like it." I leaned towards her and kissed her shoulder. "And I know I'm beginning to like you a lot."

Her arms came around my neck and I kissed her on the lips a long time.

"I think I love you, June," I said. "Does that sound phoney?"

For answer she kissed me again, hard and long.

June was doing some extra work the next day so I made a date for the following day—Friday.

Thursday afternoon I had nothing to do so I went downtown and out of curiosity I dropped into Madge's office. It was on the fifth floor of the Ziegler building and was twice as nice as I expected. Madge Little was printed on two wide swinging glass doors. I went in. The reception room was plain but rich looking. The walls were dark green, and the ceiling white. Three men and a girl were sitting in overstuffed chairs and the young receptionist sat behind her counter of gold wood. I walked over and told her I'd like to see Madge, and that I was a friend of hers. After a quick exchange of chit chat between the receptionist and Madge on the phone, I was ushered into an office which was plain and severe in contrast with the reception room. She was seated at a large mahogany desk before a window.

"Well, this is a surprise. Come down to see the poor working girl?"

"Mmmm." I looked around. "Nice office."

She laughed. "Sit down, Jeff. I'm glad you came, I was getting bored."

She sat down and I pulled a chair over to the side of the desk. I took out my pack and we each had a cigarette. After a little small talk I asked her what time she went to dinner.

"I don't keep very permanent hours when I'm asked out," she said.

"How about those people out there?" I said.

"I think I can take care of all of them inside half an hour. Where can I meet you?"

"I've got nothing to do, so I'll just wait out in the office. Catch up on my reading of current affairs," I said.

She was out in twenty-five minutes wearing a grey sharkskin suit and a wide-brimmed hat. I'm not good-looking. I don't scare small children, but I didn't feel

quite in her class with my slightly baggy grey flannel suit, no hat.

We went downstairs and out on the sidewalk. Madge was thirsty so we stopped in one of those open air juice bars and had a cold drink. After that we picked up her car and drove out to my hotel and she waited downstairs while I put on my good suit, also slightly baggy. She didn't seem to notice, and we drove out a good steak house on Las Feliz.

For one hour, while we ate, we entertained each other with corny jokes and friendly talk. After we left the restaurant we stopped in at a small bar and danced. She was a very good dancer, so good that she even made me feel like I could dance. We drove out to her home about eight, and I called a cab, got down to my hotel, changed clothes and was at the Palladium with three minutes to spare.

The next afternoon June and I went swimming again. Somewhere in the conversation I mentioned Madge's name. Her eyebrows went up.

"You know Madge Little? Personally?"

"I think so, why?" I didn't like the gleam in her eye. She asked me all about her and when I told her about Madge's parties and who was there June melted all over me.

"Oh, Jeff. You've got to take me out there sometime, please," and her eyes were wide, but not with innocence.

"O.K., baby, O.K. What's the deal?" I thought I knew but I wanted her to tell me.

"You adorable dummy. This may be the break I've been waiting for. Think of all those lovely, lovely con-

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tacts!" She threw her arms around me and kissed me. I kissed her back and then very slowly took her arms from around my neck.

"Now look, baby. I love you, and I'll take you out there sometime, sure."

"Jeff, I love you too," and I thought she did.

During the next week, I saw very little of Madge and a lot of June. I was serious about someone for the first time in my life and I felt like a new man. Everything seemed to be going right. I felt secure and competent in the band.

One night Madge called me and asked me out for a Monday night dinner party. I didn't know how to ask her so I blurted it out.

"Swell, Madge. Do you mind if I bring a friend along?"

There was a momentary silence on the end of the wire. Then in a steady and even voice Madge said, "Why, no. Of course not, Jeff. I'll expect you both Monday night."

There didn't seem any more to say so we both said goodbye and hung up. I stared at the receiver for a moment after I hung up, toying with the thought of knocking myself out with it. But instead I called June and she was so tickled I forgot my pique.

Monday night when I picked up June she was vibrantly happy and looked beautiful in a strapless red and black evening gown. I whistled and started to kiss her, but she turned her cheek to my lips.

"Careful, baby. My makeup, you know."

"O.K. Mmmm, you look terrific," I said.

As soon as the party got under way, I saw how things were going to go. I was standing in my favorite position, at the bar, Madge was standing with me, and June was sitting on a couch with Mark Hilton, the producer, and William Kopac, a writer. She waved to me. I guess I would have been a little sore if she hadn't looked so happy, and I suppose I was jealous.

Madge looked at me and smiled.

"She's beautiful, Jeff. And I'm glad you brought her. She looks like she may be the life of the party."

She looked like she was laughing at me, and I didn't like it.

The dinner party was a complete flop except for June and strangely enough Madge, who seemed to enjoy the whole debacle. The rest of the women had nothing but icy stares for June, who without being cheap or

obvious seemed to be able to talk to and amuse every male there, every male except myself. Late in the evening she wondered over to have me mix her a drink. While I was stirring it she leaned close to me.

"Jeff, are you having a good time?"

"Are you?" I parried.

"Wonderful," she said. She smiled and I gave in.

"So am I," I said.

She took her drink and walked across the room, I took mine and walked back to where Madge and Dale Evans were sitting.

The party petered out about two and Evans offered us a ride so we said good-night to Madge and went with him. Madge still looked very pleased when we left, and I had to smile at her.

Evans took us to June's apartment house and waited while I took her in.

"Jeff, I've never spent a more wonderful evening. Ooh, what contacts. You don't know what you've done for me," she said.

"I hope I know," I said, and kissed her good-night and left.

That night seemed to be the turning point. The next night on the job Denning raised hell about a solid clinker I made on air time. I was in a foul mood all night and was relieved when the job was over. As soon as I got back to the hotel I called June. Her room-mate said she wasn't in. I called Madge and her phone didn't answer so I went down to the bar, had one drink, then I went outside and walked. I walked down to Hollywood Boulevard and along that gaudy street until I was beat. Then I stopped in an all night eatery for coffee.

"What'll it be, fella?" The young man wiped his greasy rag across the wooden counter in front of me.

"Coffee."

When he brought it I asked him how long he had lived in L.A.

"Ever since the war," he said.

"Do you like it?" I asked.

"Most of the time, yes, but some times I get sick of it, awful sick of it"

"You mean sometimes you think it's phoney?"

"Oh, yeh, it's phoney, all right, but what I don't like is that a lot of people that come here turn phoney with it."

"Yeh, I think I know what you mean," I said. "Where are you from, originally?"

"Nebraska."

"I haven't seen much of Nebraska, but what I have seen I'd just as soon be in L.A."

"That's why I'm here," he said.

The next morning when I got up I called June. Her voice sounded sleepy.

"Hey, hey," I said. You're not still in bed?"

"Terrible, isn't it?"

"Look, how are you going to get ahead sleeping till noon?"

"Well, I'm going to get ahead because my boy Jeff introduced me to the right people. I've got the most wonderful news to tell you, Jeff."

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My heart sank a couple of inches. "I suppose you're going to get a break in the movie industry."

"Jeff, Mark Hilton has promised me a good part in a film he's going to produce soon."

My heart dropped two more inches. "Look, cutey, I don't want to be an old maid, but Hilton collects little girls like you."

"Jeff, don't be like that." She sounded irritated.

"O.K., how about a late date tonight with Grandpa Creighton?"

"Oh, Jeff," her voice was soft and pleading, "I just can't tonight. Hilton has asked me to a small party at the Mocamba."

My heart dropped to the floor and bounced. There was a lull in our conversation.

"All right, I'll call you tomorrow."

"You're angry!"

I laughed at her. She sounded like a little girl asking for candy.

"Why, no, I'm not angry, and I'll call you tomorrow, O.K.?"

"Well all right, don't forget. Bye now."

After a rehearsal that afternoon, I called Madge at her office.

"Well, hello, stranger. I thought maybe you'd forgotten me, or was the party that bad?"

"The party was fine," I said. She laughed warmly and I felt better than I had for days. On a sudden impulse I asked her for a dinner date.

"I'd like nothing better," she said.

"I'll be down at five to pick you up, gal."

I sent my suit out to be pressed, took a shower, changed, and left feeling like a new man. As usual Madge looked very sharp and she seemed in a good humor.

"What are the smiles for?" I asked. "Did you just make a million?"

"Silly man. They're for you," she said, and she meant it.

We drove her car out to the spot where we had danced before. In an hour we were laughing like a couple of kids on a hayride, and having more fun. Kids on a hayride don't understand things.

"Jeff, you're certainly not the

world's best dancer," she said. "But I like dancing with you."

"Why thank you, gal," I said in a mock southern drawl. "Ah consider that a real compliment," and immediately stepped on both her feet, accidentally.

She stopped dancing and leaned on my shoulder to laugh.

"Jeff, you clumsy goose. I honestly don't know when I've had such a good time."

"Madge, I've got to leave in a hurry. I've only got thirty minutes to get to the job, and I probably won't make it."

Madge didn't seem to take it very seriously. I rushed her out to the car and left in a hurry for Hollywood.

"Just what happens if you're late?" she asked.

"As well as Denning likes me he'll probably be playing piano himself when I get there. Do you need an old broken down piano player?" I asked.

"I could use one, if it's you," she said. She kept staring straight ahead and I didn't answer.

It was five minutes after nine when we got to the Palladium.

"Jeff, why don't you come out after the job?"

"O.K. Madge, I'll do that. Thanks for dropping me by."

I hopped out, slammed the door shut and ran inside. The band was playing when I came out and Denning gave me a stare cold enough to freeze the ink in my pen. The job went off without any hitches. The only thing that bothered me was that Denning didn't say a word to me about being late; in fact he didn't say a word to me about anything.

After the job Crowley wanted me to go with him to Jay's, but I told him I couldn't make it and caught a cab for Madge's.

When she opened the door she looked lovely. That's the only word for it, lovely. She had changed into a very simple dress, combed her usually severe hair style down around her shoulders and I stared at her for a full minute before I recovered.

"Miss Little?"

"Who else?"

She stood still while I just stared at her.

"You look really nice," I said sincerely, "and I don't mean that you don't always look really nice, only you look so different."

"Do you mean I look more like a playmate and less like the executive type?"

"Exactly." I took her in my arms and kissed her. Her arms came up around the back of my neck, warm and soft. I kissed her harder than I intended and when I stopped she didn't say a thing.

The whole thing was nice, but something about it didn't set quite right with me. It wasn't that I felt inferior, but we certainly weren't in the same income bracket.

"Now let's get organized," I said a little shakily.

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"Jeff, I love you. I've never loved anyone like I love you, and I want you. Do you think I'm a minx?"

"The nicest one I've ever known," I said.

"How about June?" she asked.

"That's a fair question, how about June," I said and grinned at her. "I hope it doesn't break your faith in me, but June dropped me for a movie contract."

"Mhmmm, and what did you have to do with it?"

She tried to be serious but her eyes sparkled with laughter. "Why, Jeff, I don't know what you mean."

"No?" I raised one eyebrow.

"Well, all I did was tell Mark what a really wonderful singer she was and hint that she was going to be my newest discovery."

We stared at each other a moment and then we both broke down and laughed, and when we through laughing I kissed her again.

"Are you angry, Jeff? After all, I was taking a gamble. How did I know she'd throw you over for a producer who promises her a contract?"

I laughed and told her no, I wasn't sore.

"Jeff, I know I'm shameless but I love you. Do you love me? I have to know." She was serious again.

I shoved my hands in my pockets and sprawled down on the couch while I stared into the fireplace. She tucked her legs under her and kept looking at me without speaking.

"Madge," I said, "we're worlds apart." And I tried to explain why, but she wouldn't listen.

"Does that mean you don't love me, Jeff?"

"No, damn it, you know it doesn't." I turned towards her and she leaned across my lap.

We talked for two hours and when I left her I was confused. In bed that night I lay awake for an hour mulling over everything that had happened to me since I had come to L.A. The idealist and the realist in me have always clashed, not always for the best of the idealist. Right now the realist told me that I was only a second-rate piano player, good enough for Seattle, but that I didn't quite have what it takes for big time. It told me that June wasn't in love with me and that what I had mistaken for love for her was loneliness coupled with that fact that I had suddenly found a person who made me feel big time. I knew I didn't love her.

But Madge puzzled me. I didn't know for sure that I loved her. The idealist said yes, the realist no, and added that if I did, it wouldn't work. What would you do, it said, find a job playing piano in some dive or take a job in Madge's office as office boy?

The next day being Sunday the band played for matinee dancing from four until seven. As I was putting my music away Denning came over to talk to me.

"Jeff, you know we're closing here next Friday."

Here it comes, I thought, and it did. I nodded and went on putting my music in the case.

"I'm going to do a complete re-organization of the band," he said. "We're going to add a few pieces, and I'm afraid I won't need you anymore. You've done a fine job, and you've got a lot of stuff, but I'm afraid you don't have the experience I need."

He put out his hand and I shook it. I didn't feel as bad as I should have.

"I know you won't have any trouble getting a good spot, Jeff, and thanks a lot for your work with me." "Sure," I said, "I've enjoyed it a lot."

He walked away and I lit a cigarette. Crowley came over.

"He gave you the business, huh?"

"Yeh, I expected it," I said.

"Listen, Jeff, Kimberly and myself are getting a little outfit together."

I looked at him, surprised.

"No, we didn't get the bounce, but we want to go out on our own. We've got a good deal lined up for a club in Kansas City. Do you want to come along?"

"When do you have to know?" I asked.

"Before Wednesday," he said. I told him I'd let him know Tuesday and we went out to eat together. After the late job that night we had a session downtown that lasted for hours. When I got back to my hotel the next morning there was a corny note from June in my box:

**Dear Jeff:**

**I'm sorry it had to end this way, but I thought it better than seeing you again. I'll never forget you or what you've done for me.**

**Love, June.**

I laughed out loud when I read it.

I got up at four that afternoon and called Madge at her office. We went out together that night and I spent the whole night trying to convince her that we couldn't work out. It came to a focus sitting in her car down at the beach. We had the top down and it was a clear warm night. We could see the lights of ships moving slowly along or anchored in the bay. Madge was leaning on my shoulder and I had my arm around her.

"But, Jeff, I'm sick and tired of the business. I'll sell it or let you take it over, whichever you want. I want to get out of it, but more than that I want to marry you." She was simple and sincere.

Well, we argued about it, but as I said, the realist and the idealist have always clashed in me. Sometimes, more than often, I think I made the biggest boner in my life, when I made my decision that night.

We're working a good spot here in Kansas City, but when we close next month I think I'll take a trip back to L. A. Who knows, I might be a success in a booking agency.



"HATCHER, YOU'RE A . . ."

(Continued from page 6)

usually be a fight. Swede would come back after a weekend in town and bawl hell out of Chuck. Chuck would stand there and listen, pushing tobacco into his pipe with his little finger. Swede always used to say that if Chuck ever lost that little finger he would have to start smoking cigarettes. Anyhow, Chuck would stand there and listen for a while and then he would get mad and there would be another fight.

"Then about the middle of January, Chuck came in with this story about making the Degan girl. Swede jumped off his bunk and yelled,

"'Hatcher, you're a lyin' skunk!' and he hit Chuck and knocked him awinding. That started a fight that it will take a long time to forget. Chuck got up and swung one on Swede and knocked him back into the table where some of the boys had been playing cards. The table, with cards and chips scattered helter-skelter and Swede on top of it all, crashed to the floor. Swede got up madder than hell. He picked up a chair and let Chuck have it over the head. Chuck went down like a ton of bricks. Knocked over the stove, too. Damned near burned the bunk-

house down. The boys broke up the fight then to take care of the cut on Chuck's temple. Old Doc Hansen had to take five stitches. Made a nasty little scar."

Old Charlie stood up and put the coffee pot on the stove before continuing:

"Like I said, after that Swede didn't go down to Mill City very often but Chuck kept right on going. He even went down in the middle of the week once in a while. It was one of those nights when things began to come to a head.

"You see, Swede was a teamster and every morning his alarm would go off and he would wake the rest of the teamsters and they would go down and feed and harness the horses before breakfast.

"Well, this particular morning Swede woke up all the boys who had to go down to the barns and they got dressed in the dark so as not to wake those that didn't have to go to work until later. On the way back from the barns, Swede noticed that the lights in the cookshack were off and sent one of the boys to get Ming Lee out. When they got back to the bunkhouse, Swede let out a yell,

"'Okay, everyone roll out. Time for chow!' The boys always grumbled to beat hell but they got up and started to dress. Pretty soon one of the sawyers, Blackie Blanchard, came out into the middle of the floor, wearing nothing but his long-handled underwear.

"'Say Swede,' he said, still rubbing his eyes and yawning. 'What in the hell is the idea of getting us up at four in the morning?'"

"Swede didn't say a word. Just reached in his pocket and pulled out his watch and cussed to himself. He looked over at the bunk where Chuck lay pretendin' that he was asleep. Swede knew, then, what had happened. Chuck had sneaked in during the night and set the alarm clock up a couple of hours so that Swede would get up at three-thirty instead of five-thirty. No one ever looked at their watch.



"I guess you'd call it 5 o'clock shadow."

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"A lot of the boys wanted Swede to roll Chuck out into the snow bank right there, but he just got a cunning sort of look in his eyes and told them to go back to bed.

"The next day there wasn't a thing said to Chuck about the trick. He wondered about that considerable, I imagine. That night, Chuck went to town again right after work.

"Along about two-thirty, when Chuck came in, everyone was asleep but Swede and a few of the boys who knew what Swede had done. All of a sudden there was a shriek like all the banshees in Ireland had been turned loose, then a lot of cussing and a big crash. Over all the noise came the sound of Swede laughing, rolling over and over on his bunk.

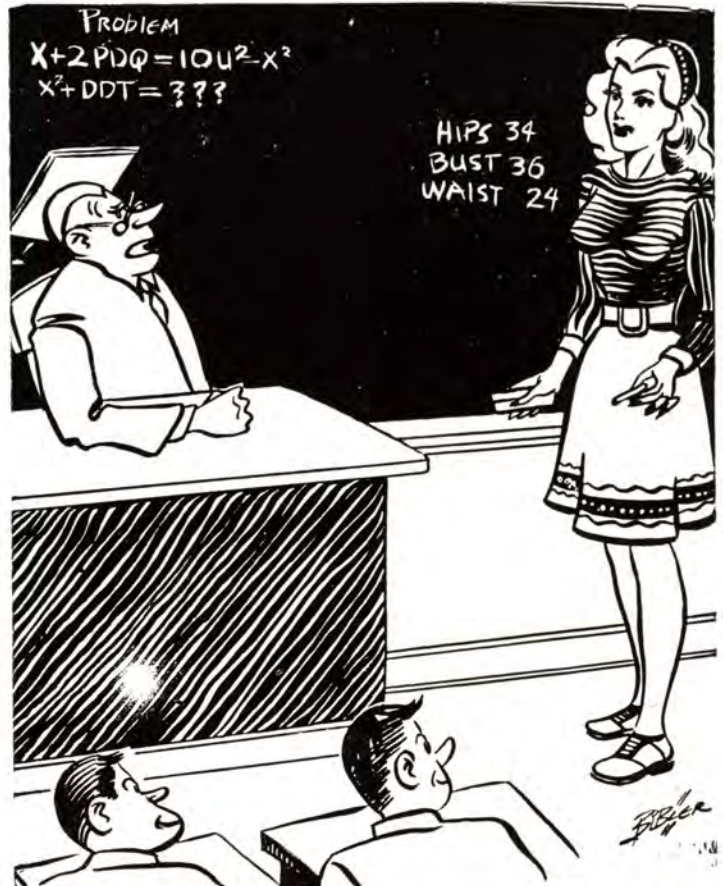
"Someone lit the lamp and everyone crowded around Chuck's bunk. He was an upper and had the covers pulled up over

his head like he was trying to sleep. There was a hole in the floor about three feet across and all splintered around the edge. There on the ground below the floor was a big two-hundred-pound anvil from the blacksmith shop.

"Well, with the weather below zero outside, you can just about imagine what happened when Chuck climbed in with a bed-partner like that. When he rolled it out, it had gone straight through the floor.

"Well, after that, it was one little joke after another until that day sometime in May. A lot of things happened that spring. Swede put a bee's nest in Chuck's bed one night. Chuck took all the sandwiches out of Swede's lunch one day and put in rocks. All sorts of little tricks like that.

"We were logging over on Barnum creek that spring and shooting the logs down the old No. 5 skidway into the river. Neither Chuck nor Swede had played a joke on the other in a



"When I referred to your figure I meant your mathematical result."



couple of weeks. Swede had quit driving team and was working down on the river, keeping the logs moving. Chuck was still sawing up in the woods.

"Then one morning there was a big log jam in the river. Swede was having a hell of a time trying to break it loose. Most of the boys from the woods had gone down to watch and lend a hand, Chuck with them. Swede had picked out the key log in the jam and all that had to be done was to set the charge and blow it loose. That was when Chuck came up and started to rib Swede.

"Going to put on a little show for the boys, Swede?" he said, kind of sarcastic like. Swede didn't like that very well and he came right back with,

"Maybe you would like to do the job, wise guy?"

"Well, I could probably do it since it must be a job that don't require much brains since you do all right," Chuck said.

"Well, a lot of the boys hadn't liked the way Chuck had started to rib Swede so they urged Swede on.

"Hell, Swede, if he's so damn good why don't you let him do it?" some of them were saying. Swede thought it all over for a while and he could see that Chuck didn't like the idea very well but he couldn't back out.

"Looks like the boys want to see you put on a little show, Chuck. Here's the dynamite. You know which log needs to be blowed, you was out there with me a minute ago. All you have to do is be sure to get the fuse long enough. Ha! Ha!" Chuck put up a good front even if he was scared. He knew what would happen if that jam cut loose be he got off the logs.

"Chuck took the dynamite and fuses and started out across the logs. The boys on the bank yelling at him. Some of them cheering for him, others jeering at him.

"When he had set the charge and lit the fuse, he ran toward the bank by the shortest route which would bring him out on land just out of sight around the bend below Swede and the boys.

It didn't look like he quite had time to make it to shore when the blast went off.

"Logs raised in the air and turned over and over like match sticks. Splinters and bark flew up a hundred feet and the river caught the logs and started to take them downstream. Everyone stood waiting for Chuck to come back so they could kid him some more. They waited quite a while and he didn't come. They looked the rest of the day, all up and down the river but they couldn't find any trace of him. Swede was pretty broken up about the whole thing. He didn't even work for several days, just moped around.

'About three days later one of the boys came in with Chuck's old corn-cob pipe. Chuck had had it in his mouth when he started out across the jam. It had been found floating in a little eddy in the river. That made Swede all the worse. He hit the bottle pretty heavy and wouldn't talk to anyone.

"Then one night he came back from town, dead drunk. He came into the bunkhouse and got his packsack without saying a word to anybody. He went out the door and down toward the barn. No one thought much about it. Just thought he was on his way to town for more liquor, I guess. Well, it wasn't long until there was the sound of a shot down by the barn. Everyone ran to see what had happened and they found him.

"Swede had gone around behind the barn and set down with his back to the building and blown his brains out with the one agreed that Swede had com-carried in his pack. Most everyone agreed that Swede had committed suicide because he considered himself to blame for Chuck's death down at the river, but there were a few who said that it was because he didn't have anyone to play jokes on anymore. I never did know."

There was a sort of final air about the way old Charlie ended the story, and a misty sort of look in his eyes as he methodically pushed tobacco into his pipe with the little finger of his left hand.

## FAST??

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The Editor of Blot is a  
**DELT**  
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teeth, girl and friends?  
Then why not throw in your  
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diately. Ring the bell and it's  
yours.  
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ARE YOU STRONG?  
(take that either way)  
Do you beat up little kids and  
grab their candy? If so  
**SIGMA NU**  
needs you (Gee, it rhymes!)

Sale! Sale!  
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**TAU KAPPA EPSILON**

Quite Frankly  
WE NEED  
**MEN**  
**SIGMA CHI**

Do You Yearn to Be a  
**BIG OPERATOR?**  
Oh well, you probably  
wouldn't like it anyway.  
Pledge  
**ALPHA TAU OMEGA**



By EDITH STOUGH  
It is not unusual to see Lois  
Greenwell, Gamma Phi, stand-  
ing on her desk knitting while  
a little mouse scampers over the  
floor seemingly enjoying the  
white extermination powder  
covering the floor. The only com-  
pensation for mice is that no  
sweeping can be done while the  
bait is on the floor.

When the Phi Deltas returned  
the study lamp to Marjan Mor-  
ris and Jonne Pearson, Kappas,  
they had changed the globe from  
white to red. That night a red  
light gleamed from a Kappa win-  
dow.

The Pi Phi wringer leads a  
very active life. Besides the tow-  
els, handkerchiefs, etc., that  
usually go through a wringer,  
it caught Bev Brainard's hair.  
She won the battle of the wringer  
only after a 15 minute strug-  
gle.

Why did they chop down the  
tree in back of Forney Hall and  
does that have anything to do  
with the new window shades  
that have been purchased by the  
hall?

Of the four fictitious puppy  
dogs on the campus, Rags, Wags,  
Tags and Obadiah, Obadiah is  
by far the most outstanding.  
Although, nobody knows it's not  
true, Fred Farmer, TMA,  
stunchly insists that *he* is Oba-  
diah.

Publicity is not for me, says  
Steve Shelton. What is the in-  
cident in your lurid past that has  
soured you on publicity, Steve?

Jackie Ritchie and Janet Wil-  
lo, Pi Phi's, had cake and whip-  
ped cream twice at one meal.  
Both times the hasher slipped  
and *accidentally* threw cake in  
their laps and the whipped  
cream in their hair.

It must have been quite a party  
that caused several of the Willis  
Sweet boys to dump a whole case  
of beer—bottles, beer, box and  
all—into a washinging machine  
and let it run all night.

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# THE FASHION QUANDARY

In hopes of completely overwhelming her purple passion, the co-ed will be extremely careful in picking her new wardrobe this spring.

The spring cotton dresses with very long, gathered skirts are seen in the usual pastels, but the new look is featuring black, deep red, and green. Popular is the plain black top with leg-o-mutton sleeves, full skirt, and a finishing touch of a ruffled petticoat showing several inches below the hemline.

But the most important selection for the spring wardrobe is the evening dress. Suited to the warm evenings are the cottons of a small print or plaid. They are the usual strapless and low cut in back with a large bow of

a contrasting color at the shoulder and repeated on the skirt.

The old-fashioned look appears again with ruffled petticoats which show in part or entirely around the bottom of the dress. To wear with the petticoats or the ballerina gown is the hoop, giving a graceful swing to the skirt.

Before completing this column some mention must be made of the ever-important accessories. Gray suede shoes are extremely popular, with bag and gloves to match. Many of the pumps have tabs in back, reminding us of the 1929 era. For colored dresses are stockings to match. And so we have the new look for Spring, 1948.



Photo by Pat Hamilton

*Kenny Erickson and Rosemary Andres display the latest in formal wear over a coke in the Bucket. Midnight blue is replacing the somber black for tuxedos, and simple, low-cut gowns retain favor with women.*

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**PANDEMONIUM**

The demure young bride, a trifle pale, slowly stepped down the aisle of the long church, clinging to the arm of her father. As she reached the low platform before the altar, her foot brushed a potted plant, upsetting it. She looked at the spilled dirt, then raised her childlike eyes to the sedate face of the aged minister, and sweetly said, "That's a helluva place to park a lily."

—I—

D.C. Housemother: "I know the girls don't drink when they go out, because they're so thirsty in the morning."

—I—

Teke: "Why didn't you scream as soon as he touched you?"

Gamma Phi: "How did I know he was after my money."

—I—

"What's that black crepe hanging on the door?"

"That's not black crepe, that's my roommate's towel."

—I—

He: I love old-fashioned loving.

She: Wait, I'll call the house-mother.

The perfect example of rigid economy—a dead Scotchman.

—I—

And there was the fellow who married the tattooed hula dancer so his children could always have moving pictures.

—I—

Sing Sing is probably the only institution where returning alumni are eligible for football.

—I—

Then there was the fellow who winked at the elevator girl. And she took him up on the ninth floor.

—I—

Moe: I don't like the way that girl dresses.

Joe: How does she dress?

Moe: In the dark.

—I—

She: Oh, look, the bridesmaid.

He: What, so soon?

—I—

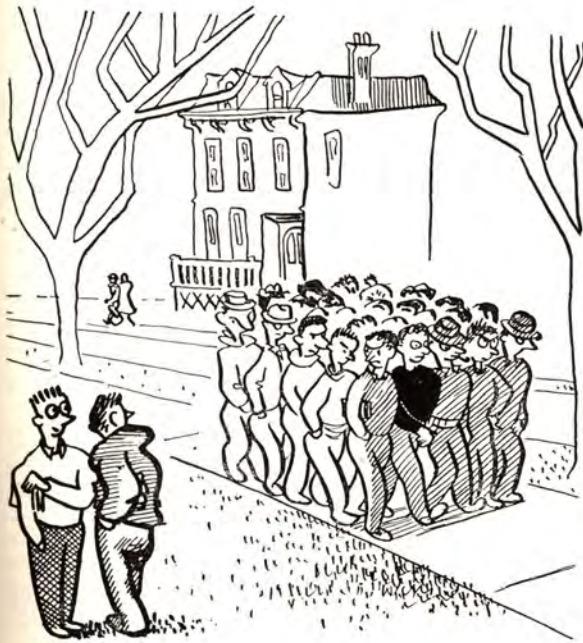
First girl: I don't like your boyfriend.

Second girl: Why?

First girl: He whistles dirty songs.







“Those Tappa Kegs sure stick together.”

“Are you troubled with improper thoughts?”

“Naw, I rather enjoy them.”

—I—

The nurse walked up to the new father waiting outside the maternity ward.

“Congratulations,” she said. “You are the father of a beautiful baby girl.”

The father turned without a word and started to walk away.

“But don’t you want to see your wife and child?” she asked.

“No,” said he. “We’re not speaking. Haven’t spoken to each other in three years.”

“But . . . how . . . ?”

“Oh, we’re not *that* mad.”

—I—

“When I squeeze you, honey, in my arms like this, something seems to snap.”

“Yes, I know, pardon me while I fix it.”

—I—

A luscious young thing named Trevor  
Was cute and exceedingly  
clever.

To dampen her beau’s ardor  
She stuck pins in her garter  
Thus spiking the poor boys en-

deavor.

—I—

Webster says that taut means tight. I guess I was taut a lot in college after all.

—I—

And then there was the little moron who thought snoring was sheet music.

They have improvised a process of making wool out of milk, which must make the cows feel sort of sheepish.

—I—

A dean of women at a large coeducational college recently posted the following startling announcement: “The president of the college and I have decided to stop necking on the campus.”

—I—

Everyone in my family was a good swimmer but poor Herbie. He was killed in a dive on the west side.

—I—

Bus Driver: “Madam, I’ll have to have full fare for that child. He’s over five years of age.”

Woman: “But he can’t be. I’ve only been married for four years.”

Driver: “Never mind the confessions. Let’s have the money.”

—I—

“Now, gentlemen,” said the president of the Homely Baby Bottle Co., “we have 50,000 of these feeding bottles in stock and we expect you salesmen to go out and create a demand.”

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"Do you expect to be busy tonight?"

"That depends on which boy I go out with."

—I—

Next to a beautiful girl, sleep is the most wonderful thing in the world.

—I—

And then there was the Scotch lassie that was expecting her first-born, so she moved to take benefit of rural free-delivery.

—I—

Vet: Say when, honey.

Co-ed: Okay, right after the next drink.

—I—

"I think Tom and Susie were the cutest-looking couple on the floor last night."

"Oh, were you at a dance last night?"

"No, I went to a slumber party."

—I—

How about the Scotchman who called up his girl friend to find out which night she was free.

—I—

One can of paint to another "Darling, I think I'm pigment."

—I—

Foist Lug: "Where you bin?"

Second: "Robbin' one of them frat houses."

Foist: "Yeah? Lose anything?"

May: You've got to hand it to Jim when it comes to petting.

June: What's the matter, is he lazy?

—I—

Peaches: I just can't understand it!

Mazie: You can't understand what?

Peaches: Jim never used to snore before we were married.

—I—

He: Do you believe in free love?

She: Did I ever send you a bill?

—I—

"Why do men have hair on their chests?"

"Well, they can't have everything."

—I—

If you think your parachute isn't going to open, you're jumping to a conclusion.

—I—

Women may change their hemlines and their styles, but their designs will always remain the same.

—I—

A mistress is a cutie on the q. t.

—I—

Three old maids lived together and each owned a cat which she kept shut up for fear that it would go tom-cattin'. One of the old maids got married and after honeymooning for a few days wired the other old maids as follows: 'You can keep your cat shut up if you want to but turn mine out!'

—I—

"Who's beautiful and sleeps with cats?"

"Mrs. Katz."



"All right, wise guys, who's got the liver?"





# EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



Forget the principle of the thing—this is money! That's right—legal tender . . . in folding quantities . . . as high as fifteen bucks—that's what Pepsi-Cola Company pays for gags and such-like you send in and we print. Procedure? Simple—send your stuff, marked with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the

property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print.

Will getting "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag hurt its chances? Don't be naive, chums. We like it. So, if you should wind up with a rejection slip clutched in your hot little fist, that won't be the reason. Well, don't just sit there! Pick up that pencil—get your stuff started now. There's Easy Money waiting!

\*\*\*\*\*

## LITTLE MORON CORNER

Here's the gag that won a M. M. (Master Moron) degree—and a fast two bucks—for Ben Orloff, of Univ. of North Carolina, in the November contest:

Our minor-league moron, Mortimer, caused considerable furor in local circles by entering one of our better bistros and calling for a Pepsi-Cola. When served, he proceeded to plug it down with not one, but six, straws. Questioned as to his motives, Mortimer carefully removed all six straws from his mouth and replied with considerable hauteur: "So I can drink six times as much Pepsi, natch!"

*Earle S. Schlegel of Lehigh Univ. also came up with two bucks for his moron gag. Why don't you get on the gravy train? Two bucks each for every moron joke we buy.*

\*\*\*\*\*

## HE-SHE GAGS

Put one and one together—and you get a He-She gag. Three bucks each to Duane O. McDowell of So. Dakota State College; Albert M. Dredge of Duquesne Univ.; Emmett Carmody of Manhattan College; and Alfred Shapiro of New York Univ., respectively, for these specimens:

She: And what position do you play on the football team?

He: Oh, sort of crouched and bent over.

She: Why don't you park the car by this sign?

He: You're not allowed to park here.

She: Don't be silly. The sign says "Fine for Parking"!

He: Your eyes sparkle like Pepsi-Cola.

She: Tell me more. I drink it up.

She Scot: Sandy, 'tis a sad loss you've had in the death of your wife.

He Scot: Aye, 'tis that. 'Twas just a week ago the doctor told her to dilute her medicine in Pepsi-Cola, and she hadna' time to take but half the bottle.

Current quotation on these is \$3 each for any we buy. Sure, but everything's over-priced these days.

## — DAFFY DEFINITIONS —

We're not just sure who's daffy—but we sent one frog apiece to Don McCauley, Baylor Univ.; Edward Whitaker, Boston Univ.; Joy Duvall, Univ. of Chicago; Charles R. Meissner, Jr., Lehigh Univ.; and James O. Snider, Baylor Univ., for these gems:

Lipstick—something which adds color and flavor to the old pastime.

Controversy—one Pepsi—two people.

Worm—a caterpillar with a shave.

Rival—the guy who gives your girl a Pepsi.

Steam—water gone crazy over the heat.

*So we're subsidizing lunacy. Okay—but it's still a buck apiece for any of these we buy.*

## GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



YOH HENDERSON

Ever play "pin the tail on the donkey?" Well, this is pretty much the same idea—and never mind the obvious cracks. \$5 each for the best captions. Or send in your own idea for a cartoon. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

Here's how we split the take for cartoon drawings, ideas and captions in the November contest: \$15 each to Jay Gluck of Berkeley, Calif. and Herbert John Brammeier, Jr. of St. Louis Univ.; \$10 to H. Dick Clarke of Univ. of Oklahoma; and \$5 each to Virgil Daniel of George Washington Univ., Frances Charkon of William and Mary College, and Sidney B. Flynn of St. Louis Univ.

## EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

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