

# Blot Magazine

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from the University of Idaho



Christmas Special 1949

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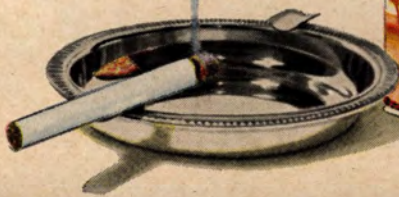


*My  
cigarette?  
Camels,  
of course!*

WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

# *Camels for Mildness*

Yes, **Camels are SO MILD that** in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels — and *only* Camels — for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported



**NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING CAMELS!**

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Volume V

Number III

BLOT MAGAZINE

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# COVER GIRL

**Vivian Jones**



It's no secret, really it isn't. We tell everyone who asks. It's lovely *Vivian Jones* who plays Miss Santa on our Christmas Special cover.

Picked from a bevy of very eligible Idaho coeds, this little miss has the lovely smile, the big brown eyes, and the sparkling personality that won her the unanimous vote of the judges and the coveted title of Blot Cover Girl.

Coming to the Idaho campus from Nampa, Vivian's 18 years old, a frosh and a pledge of the big brick house at the far end of Fraternity Row, Delta Delta Delta. When informed that she had been chosen to reign on Santa's sleigh, her only comment was: "Oh, you're kidding me; there must be some mistake." But we weren't. And we think we made a very good choice. What do you say?

This glamorous shot is by Earl Brockman, assisted by Dwain Rosa in the dark room. Bob Finlayson dreamed up the layout and did the art work.

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Published during the months of September, October, December, March and May by the Associated Students of the University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho.

Represented nationally by W. P. Brabury Co., 122 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Address all communications to Bob Finlayson, Editor, Student Union Building, University of Idaho, Moscow.



# Presenting

*the* **BIG...NEW**  
**CHRISTMAS ISSUE**  
**of BLOT**

The editors of BLOT have really done themselves proud in bringing you this fine holiday edition. We are happy to join with them in extending season's greetings to all Idaho students and faculty.

BLOT has already established itself with the leading college humor and literary magazines in the country . . . with each issue getting bigger and better. We see even greater success for BLOT in the future.



# BLOT

*Carrying Daily Happenings of University Life*

# THE DAILY IDAHONIAN

# Merry Christmas, My Darling

by RAMONA BILLS

It's night now; dark has just fallen and I am sitting here in my favorite easy-chair. I am quite comfortable for the time being—and strangely content. If I turn my head a little to the left, I can see the reflections of the colored lights against the wall—a Christmas tree should always be seen in the dark, the soft glow of the gaily colored bulbs make such beautiful designs on the tinsel. It's nice and soft and warm in here and I feel decidedly drowsy. Even the brightly wrapped gifts beneath the tree fail to create any excitement and expectancy within me. It's so nice and warm in here, and so clear and cold outside. The snow is still falling. Has been for hours. It will probably still be snowing afterwards.

There's something about being half asleep that makes you slip backwards into time. One thing calls up another, in fuzzy sort of shapes, and pretty soon you're wondering how it all began. It's not too clear at first, you keep going back farther and farther into the past, and then suddenly you remember it all.

I used to work behind the candy counter at the Ballew Inn every day but Sunday. A combination of cashier, counter girl and general supervisor. Saturday afternoons were the best, and I thought it was a grand place to be, especially between four o'clock and five-thirty. Everyone in town seemed to be there enjoying himself—either playing cards, sipping coffee, smoking, or laughing and talking. There was a constant hum of voices, and an occasional outburst of loud laughter at some ribald joke.

It was in this haze of color and confusion that I first saw him, and everything else faded into the background. He sat alone, slumping in his chair, and he was staring at the floor. My curiosity was aroused because of his somberness in the midst of gaiety, and maybe because he was undeniably the most attractive man I had ever seen.

A few minutes later, he came over to the counter for a package of gum, and I noticed that his dark eyes were very grave. He was frowning slightly, and had such a preoccupied look about him that I sympathized silently, reflecting to myself that it must be an over-sized problem. His sad face bothered me long after he had gone.

Small wonder that I was astonished to see him and three companions saunter in about twenty minutes later, laughing and cutting up like frisky colts. His black eyes were shining and he smiled carelessly as he leaned across the counter and asked for my phone number. His whole manner was insolent. I gave a small laugh of surprise, and one of his companions, overhearing his question, poked him playfully and grinned "Say, what's the wife gonna say to that?" I thought he was one of those wise guys that are always around until I looked into the other's face. The black eyes that I liked so well were flashing furiously, but he spoke casually, almost softly, "What she doesn't know won't hurt her".

It was almost a week from that time till the next time that I saw him, and from then on, I saw him every day. Not that we planned it that way—it just happened. He was different

from anyone I had ever known. He was gentle and loving, with a touch of possessiveness that sometimes frightened me. In all my life I have not found anyone more unpredictable than he, or more interesting. His moodiness ranged from a pinkish cloud to the depths of despair, and never struck a happy medium.

It's funny, now that I look back on it, that I never met Dane's wife, and stranger still—I had no desire to meet her. What Dane and I had found together was outside her touch; outside the ordinary world—outside where no one could ever reach us. Her existence was forgotten because we had found something that we considered pretty fine. I guess we thought we were in love.

I was young, impatient and eager for a taste of life, and as time went on I became discontent with the way things stood. We became irritated, and unhappy. We had our quarrels, bitter and lasting ones that left scars. We parted several times only to find ourselves lost without each other and then we would try to begin again. Finally the time came when I asked him to make the decision between his wife and myself.

I didn't see him after that for three long agonizing weeks. Three weeks of waiting—endless waiting. Then Dane wrote me a letter.

He went into quite some detail, explaining his final decision. He had decided to stay with his wife and they had decided to rebuild their life together. I had been so sure that I was the one to win; I had loved him so. My ears rang,

(Continued on Page 41)

WHO COULD PREDICT WHAT DANA WOULD DO? . . . AND THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY OUT.

# THE MODERN HEROD

By WILLARD BARNES

*Illustrated by Sally Jo Koon*



.. MOMMY WAS STANDING BEFORE HER.

"MOMMY, MOMMY! THE LIGHTS," SHE SCREAMED.

city over-night . . . . a Santa Claus suddenly on every corner with his little tripod and bowl of pennies, the big parade, the display windows, and last night mommy had taken her to the stadium where Santa Claus had come down in an airplane. Not only that! He had brought with him a band and some beautiful ladies who danced and sang! Mommy said she hated to pay the price, but Christmas only came once a year. She had seen all the window displays, but at school this afternoon, she had heard that Perons were putting up a new one. Irritably she pushed and wiggled her way through the crowd. Only three more blocks to go. Suddenly she stopped. What was that noise? It sounded like thunder, and yet still . . . . She looked up at the sky. That was silly. A few flakes of stray snow were floating indifferently through the air of the late winter afternoon. But . . . then . . . what could it be? It sounded like a laugh . . . sorta'. As she continued on, it became louder. Uneasily she looked into the faces of the people she passed. No one else seemed frightened. True, a few were gazing curiously around for the source of the noise, but

*Shopping, Shopping, Shopping! Twenty-nine days till Christmas . . .*

*Latest bargains. . . three ninety-eight, four ninety-eight, five ninety-eight!*

*Make Christmas mean more . . . buy Kaladore.*

*Suggestions for Him . . . Suggestions for Her . . .*

Goggle eyed and impatient she made her way down the avenue, swaying with the crowd. Once

she tripped and fell as the loosened sole of her shoe caught on a stray board lying on the sidewalk. She hurried on. Ever since the first of November the spirit of Christmas had been on the rampage with decorations, publicity stunts, and window displays becoming bigger, gaudier, more exciting by the week. She hadn't missed a thing. A veritable forest of light-bulbs, holly, and evergreen had covered the

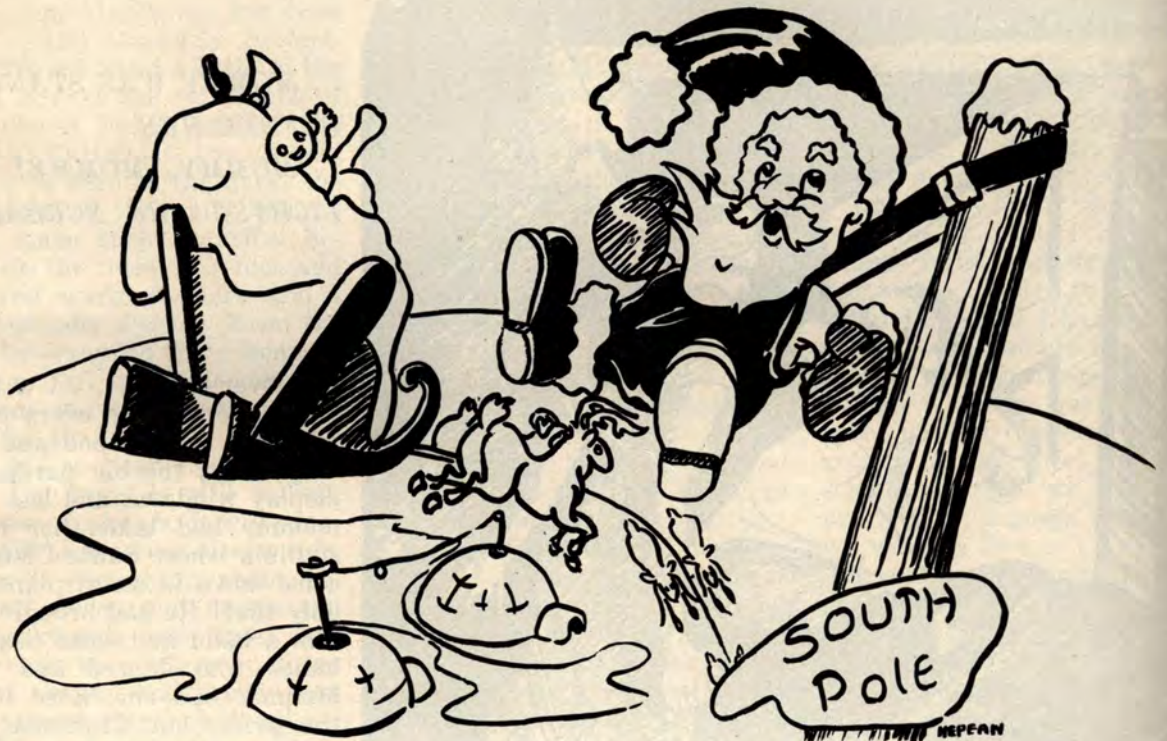
(Continued from Page 30)

# A CHRISTMAS PERIL

WITH PLENTY OF DICKINS IN IT

by BETTY PETERS

illustrated by Don Nepean



Once upon a time—in fact at least seven or eight years ago—there was a Santa who lives at the South pole. I say “a” Santa because these days it is hard to tell whether or not they are authentic. Anyway, this Santa lived in a pre-fabricated igloo, just a little to the leeward side of the South pole. The igloo, as nicely insulated a snow house as Santa had ever laid his eyes on, was complete with an ice-bubble bath and cold running water. But still Santa was not satisfied. You may never have thought it, but wars affect Santa Clauses too.

Formerly he had been living as a peaceful North pole citizen, making Christmas presents for children and minding his own business. Until, one day, he

heard a rumbling noise and opening the sky-light in his igloo had peered out to find long-range bombers passing over. Santa knew right then that he could not trust his reindeer in a sky so crowded with flying machines. Donder was definitely adverse to any such gasoline propelled mechanisms.

And, the next evening, as he sorted the usual before-Christmas mail, Santa had found a letter from the Aleutian air base.

Mr. S. Claus  
Citizen of the World  
North Pole  
Dear Mr. Clauss

Please keep your north pole blacked out at night. You are releasing valuable knowledge to the enemy and are endang-

ering countless lives. Unless you concede to our request we shall be forced to take possession of your sovereignty.

U. S. Airbase  
Aleutian Islands.

Santa was definitely angered. He put on his reddest Santa suit and stalked over to his work table. If he could not have a yard light on at night, how was he to finish all of those rush orders. To top things off, the next day he received by parachute another message. “Dear Mr. Claus” it read:

We have carefully considered the matter and have decided to appoint you as air raid warden of your district. Your metal helmet and sleeve band will be dropped by special plane. Remember, the



*THE ARMY, GENE AUTREY AND THE DEEP SOUTH CONSPIRE TO GIVE SANTA A BAD TIME.*

responsibility of your community rests in your hands. Oh yes! you were annexed into the United States last night. Congratulations! !

P. S. We shall be forced to censor your incoming mail. We have reason to believe secret messages are being sent via the Santa Claus channel. Therefore do not deliver Christmas toys to children in Japan. Thank you, and again, congratulations.

Well jokes are jokes, but Santa thought this was going a little too far. He took all of his equipment out of his house (including three pair of red flannel underwear), packed his sleigh, and turned on the electric heater in the workshop. In two hours, he vowed, there would be no igloo for the air force intelligence to circle over. He felt almost as a Japanese munitions plant, as day after day they had watched his dwelling. And, as for that North pole, he turned on every electric light in the switch box before he clambered into his sleigh and waited for the red light to change. Then he listened intently and hearing no rumbling sounds, he patted Donder in reassurance and clucked at the reindeer.

With only three weeks before Christmas, Santa was definitely hard pressed to find a place to put up shop. He thought of various lands where he might stay but always it was the same old story. "No vacancy." There had been a particularly nice spot on a plateau in Africa (after all in war time one has to take what one can get) but the sign on the boarding house door had read "We Cater to Black Trade Only." Finally, after being chased in the horse latitudes by a band of wild mustangs who thought he was a secret weapon, Santa came to the South pole. He would never have noticed it (for the night was foggy and he was flying in a zero ceiling)

but the spire caught one of his suspenders as he turned a sharp bank. After looking the place over he decided to stay.

Sending in a rush order to the FHA, he managed to have the pre-fabricated igloo erected in a few days. Looking over the location he suddenly felt at peace with the world and resolved to turn out a bumper crop of toys—after all he could not let the farmers get ahead of him. First, however, he repainted the South pole in red and white stripes and bent one end over like a candy stripe so he could hang a lantern on it. It was inconvenient, he admitted, without electricity but at least there were no bombers.

He worked feverishly stuffing sawdust into dolls' legs and writing Gene Autry's signature on six-shooters. He'd had a little trouble with Autry—the fellow had wanted a royalty dividend. But Santa had talked him out of it by explaining the benefits of free advertising. All in all, the surroundings were peaceful and invigorating and Santa was even happy for a short while. Then the blow fell. No sooner had he filled out his social security card than the Southern democrats got wind of him. Immediately, by mocking bird, they sent a message:

*Massa S. Claus  
Carolina Annex  
South Pole  
Deah Mr. Claus*

*We have been informed of your new location and welcome you into our midst. We implore you, as a native son, to refrain from allying with the U.S. They are dirty, thieving carpet baggers and will not send your laundry back promptly.*

*P. S. Could you please send us each a picture of Jefferson Davis for Christmas.*

Now Santa tried to avoid political issues, and besides, the Davis pictures had been lost in the moving, so he ignored the

letter. In less than twenty-four hours there was a rap on the door knocker and Santa found another message awaiting him.

Mr. Claus:

You have evidently forgotten our traditional southern hospitality. A gentleman always answers his correspondence. We are given no other choice than to terminate our friendly relationship with you. Furthermore, we have instructed our children there is no Santa Claus and are instituting a certain Senator Claghorn in your place. You Sir! are a disgrace to the southern mode.

Santa sighed, it was useless to try to please everyone or to get along with them. He was almost tempted to join a foreign legion but he hated to give Donder and Blitzzen up for camels. He continued making Christmas presents and soon had all of his younger customers taken care of. Even despite the fact that the rural free delivery system had gone out of existence at the South pole some five-odd years before, and it was hard to get his mail.

When THE night rolled around, he packed his sleigh with the tops he had made, gave each of his reindeer an extra handful of tundra, and put on his long-handles. Then, blowing out the lantern on the South pole, he whistled at Donder and headed the reindeer up into the night. He traveled fast, as only Santa and a few other people I know can. And when he reached the Mason-Dixon line he made it a special point to leave a gift-wrapped package of Northern Spy apples in certain southern homes.

And there's the falsie manufacturer that lives off the flat of the land.

—Perma

—I—

Beer is like the sun. It rises in the yeast and sets in the vest.



Don Frush, an announcer at KUOI, changes a record on one of the many discs jockey shows that are featured on the campus station.



Dave Nye, production director, and Don Stilson, program director, look over a new script while Norm Tilley, special events director, sits in the control room ready to put a program over the air.

# THE VOICE of the VANDAL

by HARRIET WALRATH

*Photos by Jack Barnes*

KUOI, the voice of the Vandal, has been the brunt of much criticism and many jokes on the University of Idaho campus, but few students realize how much it has improved from the 2 watt station started in a corner of the electrical engineering laboratory in the fall of 1945. Operating on a frequency of 650 kilocycles, Glenn Southworth and a small group of student radio enthusiasts began the station with equipment borrowed from the University, the Navy, and private persons.

From the three hours that KUOI was on the air for the first time November 15, 1945, the station has increased its programs to a 12-hour schedule today. "KUOI has the longest operating schedule, and the minimum of facilities of all campus stations in the IBS," says Dean Lierle of the Intercollegiate Broadcasting System of which KUOI was admitted 50th on De-

ember 18, 1946. IBS now has fifty-three members.

Later in the year 1945, KUOI was moved to the "has shack" on the third floor of the Engineering Annex building where it grew to its present size and power. New equipment and personnel were gradually added and the frequency and power were changed several times, until the present 660 kilocycles and 6 watt out-put were set.

Originally the station used as an antenna, the University bell system covering only the campus. This system proved inefficient and was soon changed to the 2300 volt city power lines, which for the past few years have aired KUOI to not only the campus, but some parts of the city of Moscow.

Until Christmas of 1946, KUOI had been operating from what is now the station office, but this became inadequate as programs, personnel and equip-

ment were increased. To remedy this, the department of Buildings and Grounds built a new studio-control room during the Christmas holidays. The new studio was outfitted with a rug, drapes, tubular steel furniture and many new pieces of studio equipment.

KUOI, previously owned and operated by the station staff, went under the protecting arm of ASUI last winter on a temporary basis.

Operating on a schedule from noon to midnight, the "Voice of the Vandal" has expanded its facilities and staff 100% from its humble beginning. They now give exclusive broadcasts of home boxing matches, baseball games, and freshman basketball games. Many transcribed shows such as "Here's to Veterans," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail," "The Harry James Show" and "French on

*OUR LITTLE SIX WATTER AND HOW IT GREW*

the Air" are featured in KUOI's programming.

The 40 announcers, 10 engineers, 21 secretaries, and 8 officers handle the \$1500 worth of equipment to bring the students of the University of Idaho the best coverage possible on campus events and entertainment. Exchange music has been played every Wednesday evening from 7:30 to 8:30 as a public service to all living groups since the station's first year. By remote lines, this station covers student dances, assemblies, the Borah conference, provides music during registration in the Memorial gym and various other services.

Choosing from their stock of more than 200 records, KUOI provides music by PA systems for many house function dances. This is one of KUOI's few sources of revenue.

As a training set-up, KUOI is an excellent place in which to start preparing for a career in radio. Almost every problem encountered in commercial radio is found in KUOI. Writers, announcers, technicians, and business staff members all gain valuable radio experience. Students on the KUOI staff do not receive pay, but work for the experience and activity credit only. A few of the former KUOI staff members who have gained success are Harry Howard at KRLC, Lewiston; Cliff Chisom of KSTL, St. Louis; Bill Denton and Grant McDaniel of KWSC, Pullman.

KUOI is proud of Bob Burnham, chief engineer of the station, who will attend the Western Regional IBS convention at Stanford University as chairman of the IBS regional committee this winter.

One of the services KUOI uses in bringing top radio entertainment to its listeners is Broadcast Music Incorporated, (BMI). Scripted programs are sent to the station and copyrights on music are cleared by this service.

Dave Lewis, station director, has the last word at KUOI and he is assisted by Dale Benjamin, assistant station director. Wilson Churchman takes care of finances and is in charge of obtaining all new equipment. Don Stilson is the man to see about programing, while all special events must pass through the hands of Norm Tilley. The enormous job of production has fallen to Dave Nye, who is assisted by Roger Swanstrom, chief announcer. Under the production director is the record librarian, Colleen McDonald, her helpers; spot announcement writer, Harriet Walrath and the announcers.

Bob Burnham is in charge of all the equipment and engineering aspects of the station. Eleven students interested in engineering or engineering majors help him. These are the men who string the remote lines through the steam tunnels to bring you special broadcasts from the Student Union Building, Memorial gym, auditorium, and the football field. Programs are produced in these places, carried by the remote lines to KUOI's control room and transmitted from there to your radio.

It took a lot of initiative and enthusiasm from many people to place KUOI where it is today. The station still has lots of room for improvement, but with cooperation and hard work, it could in the next four years take its place among the top university stations by improving as much as it has in the last four years. A strong KUOI would definitely help promote the University of Idaho to this and neighboring states.

He: I'm the bank inspector.  
She: I'm no bank.

—Eucalyptus

—I—

SAE pledge: A member wants to borrow your cork screw."

Sigma Chi: You go right back to the house and tell him I'll bring it right over.



*A Very  
Merry  
Christmas  
and  
A Prosperous  
New Year*



**KORTER'S**

**IDAHO DAIRY  
PRODUCTS**

**Moscow**

# Memoir of a Belgium Christmas

by RICK MUNKWITZ

illustrated by Jackie Scott

..... I PLACED PRESENTS OF DOLLS, CHOCOLATE AND HAND-CARVED TOYS INTO THE EAGER HANDS OF MANY CHILDREN .....

I guided my tank into Ausberg, Belgium rather cautiously, expecting to find a few brave Germans to hinder our mad rush from France. Icy roads and the fear of enemy contact at any moment had made my eyes heavy with sleep. We rounded a turn and skidded on icy cobblestones. I started to jam gears, apply brakes and slow the engine in one frantic rush, but we still skidded. We slid straight into the village square and came to a shocking halt against a World War memorial monument. I tried to tuck my body inside my steel helmet, expecting to feel the crash of an anti-tank shell, but nothing happened.

My gunner, Mitch, was swearing loudly at his gun turret. It was jammed tight on the monument, not moving. I never felt so helpless in my life, so I ordered to abandon tank. Jumping from the hatch, out of the surrounding bulk of steel, made me feel naked. I stepped on the smooth ice and fell in one nervous heap before a group of spectators I hadn't noticed before. They were laughing loudly as I straightened my helmet to preserve my dignity. Still sitting, I motioned to one of the villagers, who seemed to be enjoying the joke very much. He stopped laughing and offered me a bottle of wine, saying,



“Viva La America”. Mitch was sitting on top of the turret with a bewildered look, as he said, “Ask ‘em if there are any Krauts left in this ghost town”.

I took the bottle of wine without reluctance and started to talk in handbook French. He was still smiling, nodding his head in reverent understanding as I went through the basic works. When I finished, a blank look came over his red face. So I began again. He restrained me a moment and said, “Do you not speak English?”

That was all I needed as I yelled at the top of my lungs “Where the hell are the Germans?”.

The small group stopped laughing. One said, “The last German soldier has left this morning. We welcome our liberators!”

Upon the word “welcome”, everyone ran forward, waving wine bottles and screaming, “Viva La Americans”. Young girls and old men embraced and kissed us. I struggled, but finally gave in. We had made a grand entrance into Belgium and I was beginning to enjoy every minute of it.

The remainder of our column arrived and received the same hearty welcome. I had expected to continue our drive, but Colonel Scott uttered the best command I had heard in a week, when he said, “I have just received orders to consolidate here. Disperse your tanks, get some rest and wait further orders.”

We waited one week and celebrated a Belgium Christmas,

(Continued on page 35)

# Christmas Tales for the Modern Reader

COMPILED BY JOE DICKINSON

illustrated by Neal Christensen

We have entered a new era. Realism reigns and to hell with the happy ending! Kill off little crippled Jenny in the last chapter and, in closing, murmur: . . . "Such is life . . . Tough, that's what we are. Tough!

I've compiled a group of almighty realistic stories by some modern authors that I think are wonderful in that they fit right in with our way of life. They're wonderful and delightful and superb and definitely *not* recommended for children . . . .

The first I have selected is by a brilliant young author by the name of Charlie Dickuns and is entitled:

## CHRISTMAS, A CAROL

Jim Snatchit sat in his office at the establishment of Scrounge and Snarly huddled over a meager fire of buffalo chips. He was thinking of his wife and poor little crippled son who sat home slowly freezing and starving.

I must do something, he thought, but what? If only Mr. Scrounge would give me a raise. I'm sure he's a fine man at heart. If only he would see the light. If only something would happen. If only he would be visited by three ghosts who would reform him and he would give me a raise and a turkey and a private secretary and my little son money for an operation. Then my little son would murmur plaintively, "God bless us every one," and this damn story would be over. But no! What can I do? What can I do?

(Due to lack of space, I have eliminated the following 37 chapters which contained merely dull description of the illicit love affairs of Jim's wife and Mr. Scrounge.)

Jim Snatchit slowly backed out the door of Mr. Scrounge's office, and floor of which was littered with collar buttons, monogrammed handkerchiefs and an old brassiere, intended to

throw Perry Mason off the track, the door of the rifled safe and Mr. Scrounge's dead body. Snatchit had in his pocket a one way ticket to Tahiti.

In closing there can not be a better ending than the last words uttered by Tiny Tim as he was killed attempting an escape from St. Anthony.

As the bullets plowed into his small body, a soulful look came into his eyes, and, clutching his breast, he said: "GAAAAAAaaaaaaa . . . !!"

The following selection is taken from Kathy Windslur's



immortal work, "Forever Santa."

He stepped from the chimney and gazed around the room. His eyes fell on her slender figure, clad only in a brief bear skin, and the snow on his red, pointed hat disappeared in a cloud of steam. Drool formed on his chin and soaked into his long, white beard. She moved forward.

"Santa," she slobbered, "I've waited so long!"

He gasped.

"Gasp!"

Then they were in each others

arms. Their hearts were in their throats, making their adam's apples bounce like ping pong balls.

"Mathilda," breathed Santa, "Merry Christmas, my darling!"

"And to you, dear Santa," wheezed Matilda.

Santa's foot reached over and kicked over the Christmas tree, extinguishing the candles and plunging the room into total blackness.

Evidently one of the candles set the rug to smoldering, for the room was soon filled with the smoke of burning fur.

\* \* \*

For the next selection, I have taken an excerpt from Plato. It is:

## CHRISTMAS: A SYMPOSIUM

Characters: Socrates, Joseph Stalin, Aristotle.

As the scene opens, Stalin has just screamed, "No, no, no!" at the top of his lungs and gotten up and stalked to the men's room. He does not appear in this symposium again.

Socrates: Christmas again.

Aristotle: Yes.

Socrates (wearily): Done your shopping yet?

Aristotle (despairingly): No. You?

Socrates: No.

Aristotle: Hell, ain't it?

Socrates: Sure is. (They rise and leave.)

I felt that this collection would be incomplete without a selection from Jimmy Kain, the author of such favorites as "Midrud Peerce," and, "The Postman Always Rings Several Times." It is outstanding, I believe, for it's stark realism. And so I give you:

## CHRISTMAS IN THE SLUMS

Little Jimmy trudged wearily along in the waist deep snow. His little red nose was running. Tears were in his sunken little eyes.

(Continued on Page 29)



# Gift Shoppe



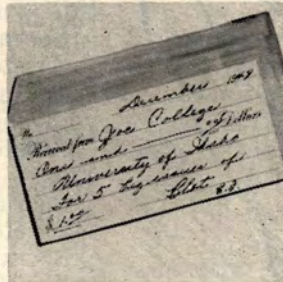
If you want to give her something she'll cherish, something she'll look at every day and think of you, what could be better than a flattering portrait? A natural unself-conscious pose designed to convey your own pixie-like personality. We guarantee that if she has a picture like this, she'll never forget you.



Dad will love this for his den. It's rugged, he-man appearance shows it can take it. Finished in flashing silver, with fluted sides, the man of your life will find a thousand uses for it. We expect it to be the thing in gents furnishings next year.



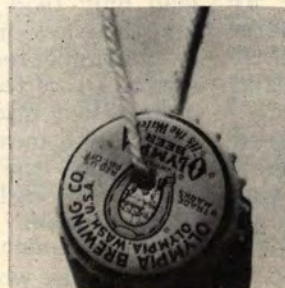
A unique new mode of transportation is finding increased favor among university women. Tailored to your own personality, this long, low runabout comes in assorted colors, with or without hydramatic drive and white sidewalls. Especially handy and appropriate for Monday morning classes.



An extra-special gift at the yuletide season, something dear and precious and all her own, to wear in quiet pride in its enduring beauty. Fine jewelry is a gift to cherish and nothing will give her more pleasure than this charming necklace. Special patented cork fastener.



For father, mother, that certain person, for grandma, for little brother, for the whole damn family—a big five-issue subscription to BLOT. A special congratulatory message engraved on a tired paper towel will be sent to the lucky subscriber with each gift order. Buy now and treat the family.



For something *tres chic*, may we suggest a stunning ensemble from Bacques Dor, of Paris. It features the new "ripped" neckline and the latest twine hemmed skirt. It comes in three vibrant new French colors, *crepes suzette*, *s'il vous plait*, and *derriere*.

# Guide FOR Early Shopping

Words by HARGIS  
Photos by Farmer

The tangy breath of the great out-of-doors, the faintest whisper of pine! For the real outdoor man, may we unreservedly recommend Rainier, the after-shave lotion with the kick. Fresh as an October morning, it leaves your face feeling clean and brisk. The choice of every rugged man.



And what would please him more than you, caught at the height of your heart - stopping beauty. This is not just another picture, this is you, the real you he loves, in your own natural background, immortalized on imperishable film. He'll be perfectly crazy about it.



For those who love a practical gift, here is one with a thousand uses and a utilitarian charm all its own. When fitted gently around the neck of a friend and tightened slowly, it produces an interesting reaction. By all means, a must for everyone.



For those who like the best, the scholar and the connoisseur. Bound in beautiful grained goat-skin, embossed in fourteen karat gold, we are proud to offer this charming little book. It is meant especially for those long winter evenings of quiet cultural enjoyment.



Item No. 1 on her gift list is a beautiful 11 foot pole for those people she wouldn't touch with a 10 foot pole. Artistically speaking, the most beautiful we've seen, it comes in three beautiful types, tangerine with chrome trim, chartreuse and fuschia, and natural.



For the lady who has everything . . . believe us, she doesn't have this. It's lovely form and sweeping curves will thrill her. Modified from one belonging to Louis XV, now keyed to our modern design for living, it is a charming, intricately designed. She'll say it's peachy.





**GEORGE REY**—From Yonkers, New York comes Rey, the firebrand, boding no good for opposing players unlucky enough to get in his way. His foul shots are practically a sure thing.



**NICK STALLWORTH**—Nick is able to put that ball into the basket from nearly any place on the floor, especially useful to Cheerful Chuck is Nick's one-handed trick toss from under the bucket.



**JOE GROVE**—The Man Who Gave Bad Time, Grove is considered one of the best defensive men on the team. He is six foot two and moves like a scal



**DICK GEISLER**—An injury forced him off the line-up last season, but this winter promises to bring him back into the limelight as a hotshot veteran.



**BOB PRITCHETT**—Last year's most deadly shot, Pritchett promises to do as well this season. He broke into the Northern Division team as a sophomore and is headed up.

# Mapl

Nineteen eager basketballers form the nucleus of what is expected to be the strongest basketball squad in the history of the University of Idaho. In the building stages and with "Cheerful Chuck" Finley at the helm, the 1949-50 version of the Vandals have received acclaim as a top threat in the northern division conference race. The material collected during the last two years by Finley has paid off and as a result the Vandals are rated along with Oregon State, the team to beat.

The squad is bolstered by returning lettermen from last year's great quintet along with seven members up from the Vandals top freshman squad coached by Steve Belko. The other three players are transfers from junior colleges.

Of the 19 members on the squad only eight hail from the

state of Idaho. The remaining 11 are representing the states of Alabama, New York, Illinois, Oklahoma (2), Alaska, New Jersey, Washington, California, Colorado and Oregon. Only six states outside of Idaho saw players on the Vandal varsity last season.

The 1949-50 basketball schedule is one of the toughest in Vandal history. During the Christmas holidays the team will travel eastward for eight games listed among top quintets throughout the nation. The first tilt of the season scheduled was played in Idaho's Memorial gymnasium when Gonzaga university invaded the Vandal campus on December 2. The following evening, Idaho entertained Portland university. Following a five day rest the Vandals traveled south the capital city of Boise to meet the





**HERB MEAD**—They grow 'em big in Alaska and dead-eyed. Mead will be pushing veterans, they say, for a berth in the starting five this year.



**BOB WHEELER**—Blond and curly-headed, Wheeler stretches all the way up to six foot five. From this vantage point he manages to get the jump on opposing centers.



**DICK REED**—Reed lettered last season as a guard and covers his man like a blanket. His speed helps him to outrun his fastest opponents on the way to the basket.

# Masters

INSON

semi-professional Phillip's 66 Oilers from Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Two days later the Idaho squad met Seattle college at Memorial gymnasium.

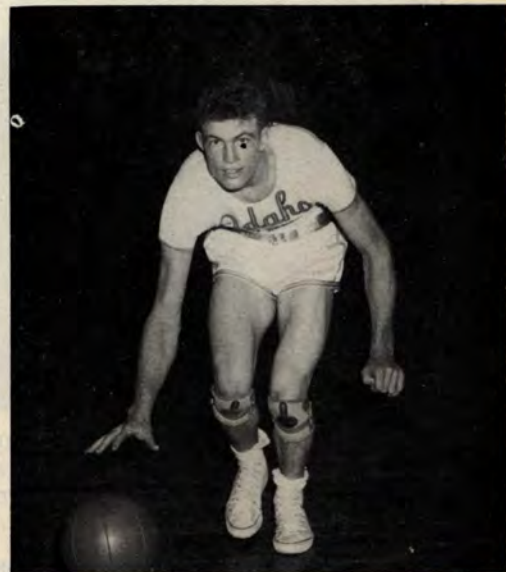
The eastern tour opens in Laramie, Wyoming on December 16 in a game with the University of Wyoming Cowpokes and closes when Idaho meets Duquesne university at Pittsburgh December 27. Other tilts scheduled on this long jaunt are with Iowa State, Drake, Morning-side, Nebraska and Lawrence Tech.

It would be difficult at this time to name the starting five that will carry the burden for the Vandals during the season. Lettermen Nick Stallworth, McKenzie, Alabama; Bob Pritchett, Nampa; George Rey, Yonkers, New York; and Joe Grove, Berwyn, Illinois, are the returning Vandal starters of

last season. Other returning lettermen include: Dick Geisler, Rigby; Roy Irons, Ralston, Oklahoma; Herb Mead, Juneau, Alaska; Bob Wheeler, American Falls; and Dick Reed, Portland, Oregon.

Basketballers up from last years frosh squad that are pushing the veterans are: Sam Jenkins, Denver; Herb Millard, Kendrick; Gary Urie, Veradale, Washington; Bill Choules, Preston; Stuart Dollinger, South Gate, California; Ken Laudermilk, New Plymouth; and Bob White, Lewiston. Transfers include: Rodney Pollard, Rupert; Joe Zavesky, Jersey City, New Jersey; and Kenny Barker, Sayre, Oklahoma. Barker a 6'5" giant has shown promise as a great prospect at the center position.

The conference race for the  
(Continued on page 38)

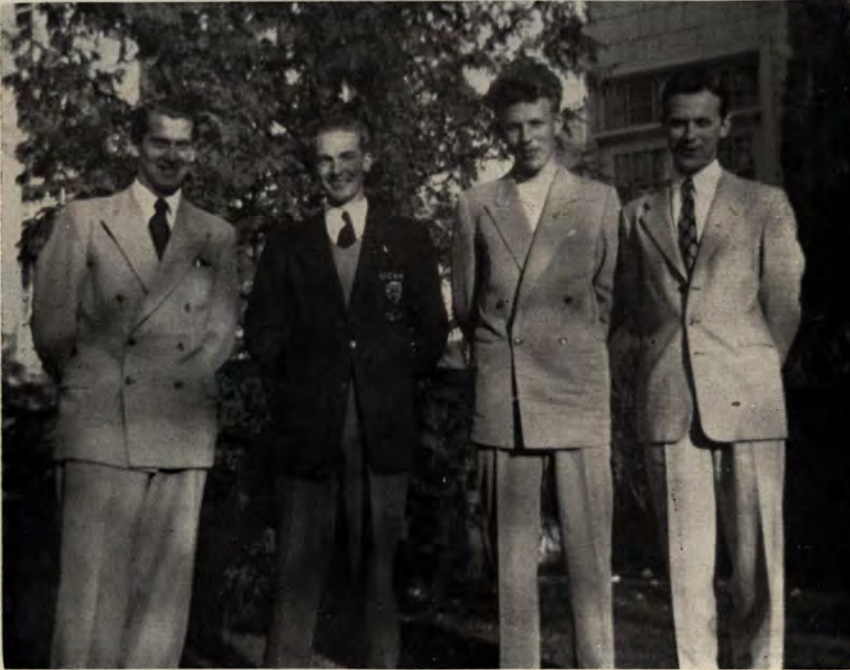


**ROY IRONS**—Roy didn't see too much action as a forward last year, but he is expected to do right by the Vandals from here on out. His eye is deadly from within a whoop and a holler of the basket.

*Vandals Loom Along with O.S.C. A Menace On the Conference Horizon*

# Students From Abroad

by PATTI TERRY



A few of our students from abroad are left to right, Kaare Reed, Ken Parkins, Thomas Tomasson and Haakon Haga as they were interviewed by Staffer, Patti Terry.

"The main difference between England and America is that in brewing tea we never fill a little bag with tea leaves and pour water over it into a coup. The recipe for making tea is to rinse an earthenware pot with boiling water over the leaves. The tea which you drink in this country is nothing but colored water," explained Kenneth Parkins, twenty-six-year old post-graduate student from England.

During the war Ken served nearly five years in the Royal Air Force as a Flight Lieutenant. He was stationed in Oklahoma while in training. After he was discharged and returned to his home in Bolton, in the province of Lancashire, he applied for a scholarship in the field of forestry. Through the Institute of International Education in New York, he was awarded a \$750 scholarship from the Federated Women's Club of Idaho.

When I asked this 5'9", 145 lbs., blond, blue-eyed lad what his favorite American food was he did not hesitate, but immediately declared that ice creams, all flavors, and hamburgers were tops on his list. However, he prefers Oklahoma's burgers to ours because they are fried all the way through!

"I am a forestry major, therefore much of my spare time is spent studying your American trees. You see, we think your Douglas fir and cedar trees will grow better in England than they do here in Idaho," Ken jeered when I asked him what he did for entertainment. He then added that he was interested in sports but missed not seeing women entering in inter-collegiate events. In England it seems that women



Ken Parkins is pictured above carrying the train of the Duke of Edinburgh when the Duke was made Chancellor of the University of Wales. At the left is Princess Elizabeth and Lord Harleck.

(Continued on Page 28)



BLOT APPLAUDS

# SANTA CLAUS

For reasons too obvious to mention, we of Blot Magazine feel that any of our campus wheels should be subordinated this month to one whom we all know even if we never spent five minutes at the Nest or the Perch. And so this column will be devoted to Santa Claus.

Mr. Claus, or Santa, as he is known to his intimates, came to Idaho direct from the North Pole, and has been on campus longer than the Engineering building. From the moment of his arrival, his influence among both students and faculty was enormous. We never see much of Santa; we understand he is too busy with his myriad duties to put in an honest to goodness

appearance. There is not a great necessity for him to be seen, actually. He isn't running for an office.

Every year, Santa is responsible, directly or indirectly, for the mammoth Christmas tree on the Ad lawn, the Vandaleer Candlelight Service, the Orchestis recital, for all the house decorations, for the greenery in every living room, Holly Week, the mistletoe, for the special home, and for the general air of expectancy and elation on campus which is all the more enjoyable for being unfamiliar.

We are more than willing to see credit given where it is due, and far be it from Blot to belittle these accomplishments,

but it is also true that Santa should be saluted for being a man of utmost patience. See how cheerfully he puts up with all the hoopla which accompanies his yearly venture into the outside world. Take a look at the drivel he faces each and every December. It's enough to make women faint and strong men grow pale.

At the annual crisis of his life, Santa is exposed to newspaper editorials, cozy-cute advertisements featuring an open fire, (we happen to know for a fact that Santa hates open fires. They give him heat rash.) and endorsing anything from refrigerators to garters. Even, Al-

(Continued on page 27)



Shirley Mole



*bethe decker*



Left to right: Lee Coumerilh, Faye Sargent, Marilyn Pond, Jinny Bert Brock, Glorian Maule, Margie Kinney, Betty Jo Garber, Joyce Walsen

**Alpha Chi Omega**

**Willis Sweet Hall**

**Alpha Phi**

**Pine Hall**

**Delta Delta Delta**

**Lindley Hall**

**Delta Gamma**

**L.D.S. House**

**Kappa Alpha Theta**

**Idaho Club**

**EVER**

*from the living g*

**Kappa Kappa Gamma**

**Chrisman Hall**

**Gamma Phi Beta**

**Campus Club**

**Pi Beta Phi**

**Tau Kapp**





Patsy Williamson, Willa Schumann, Jeanne Nagel, Patti Terry, Betty  
ese Collins.

# ZONE

*ups at the U. of I.*

**Ridenbaugh Hall**

**Sigma Nu**

**Hays Hall**

**Sigma Chi**

**Forney Hall**

**Epsilon**

**Sigma Alpha Epsilon**

**Alpha Tau Omega**

**Phi Kappa Tau**

**Beta Theta Pi**

**Phi Gamma Delta**

**Delta Chi**

**Phi Delta Theta**

**Delta Tau Delta**

**Kappa Sigma**

**Lamba Chi Alpha**





*helen herrington*





betty brock

# staff notes

Presented by DAR COGSWELL



Marie Hargis

## MARIE HARGIS

If anyone should happen to catch Marie Hargis in one of her rare inactive moments and ask her what she does for Blot magazine, she would probably rear back on her chair, proper her "brogans" on the desk, blow a couple of smoke rings and reply, "Just come down and read the manuscript to keep up."

However, she does find time between practicing dramatics to help steer Blot at the managing editors helm and write a lot of feature copy. Marie hails from Ashton, Idaho, and at present is residing in Hays Hall.



Earl Brockman

## EARL BROCKMAN

A Caldwell, Idaho, lad with a wicked camera has perhaps one of the most pleasing and refreshing jobs on Blot Magazine—that of Photo Editor. The current campus queen that usually adorns Blot's cover and the fashion models on the inside pages are the work of Earl Brockman (and that's the kind of work any male on the U. of I. campus would give his copy of a restricted homecoming skit to get.) At present Earl is hanging his hat at the Phi Delta Theta house and is an active member of the sophomore class.



Sherman Black

## SHERMAN BLACK

One factor in raising the caliber of fiction in Blot rests on the shoulders of Sherman Black, a Bliss, Idaho, boy, who has taken over the much-sought-after job of fiction editor. To be more precise, Sherman must assemble (chase down would be more correct) all the fiction articles to be published in each issue of Blot and turn them over to the editor for final approval. He has also found time off from being a family man to write some of the "heavier" articles in Blot, "Ebb Tide" being his latest.



Cal Jones

## CAL JONES

The illustrations preceding each Blot story, whether it be surrealist or cheese-cake, it determined by Cal Jones, art editor. Cal starts motivating weeks before Blot goes to press to assign illustrations to prospective artists and also making sure the illustrations are turned in on time. Cal does some art work on Blot and has improved the art department greatly since his appointment. Cal is a senior from Menan, Idaho, and calls the Alpha Tau Omega house his home at the U. of I.

Gifts FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS



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FOR  
THE FAMILY



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118-122 E. 3rd Street  
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Look to BROWN'S for . . .

Kroehler Upholstered Furniture  
Biltwell Upholstered Furniture  
Thomasville Dining and  
Bedroom Furniture  
Mingel Dining and Bedroom  
Furniture  
Heywood Wakefield Dining  
and Bedroom Furniture  
Musmann Occasional Tables  
Stickley Leather Top  
Occasional Tables  
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# Christmas Wire

by SHERMAN BLACK

I hate telegrams. They scare the literal hell out of me. Funny thing, too; I used to like them. They gave me a thrill and a feeling of importance. It seemed like I was a big shot when someone came into the lobby of the Biltmore and shouted, "Paging Mr. Reese. Telegram for Mr. Reese. Paging Mr. Reese."

I remember once in the Savoy in Savannah I was coming out of a meeting of a group of my associates. A bellhop came into the lobby shouting "Paging Mr. Reese." I was very nonchalant about the whole thing—picked up the wire and gave the boy a fat tip. The wire didn't amount to anything. A matter of a small contract involving about \$10,000 my firm was interested in. I could see, though, that curiosity was abuild in the boys from the meeting. They were a bit envious of me. You see what I mean? Big shot.

Then Christmas a year ago. I was in Pittsburgh on a deal for the firm. I hated to be away from home at Christmas, but business was business and I was making money. Christmas Eve I was at the Hotel Pitt. Business had suspended, and I was taking it easy until after Christmas day. I had to be right there on the scene so we would take no chances on someone else beating us to the contract we were after.

Well, a bellboy paged me. It was a wire. Couldn't be business, I knew. I took the wire and opened it.

"Christmas greetings, darling. Wish you were here with Timmy and me. All my love, Myra."

My mind went back over the things we had planned for that Christmas. Timmy mostly, of course. He was the big thing in our lives. But we always gave each other things, too — little foolish things with no practicality to them but a world of sentiment. That is what Christmas things should be. A practical

gift lacks the appeal of something somebody just wants without any real need for it. Things like musical powder boxes, China dolls with intricate lace designs in their clothing, things like that. They show something of the real idea behind Christmas.

Timmy was getting his first dog this year. Christmas Eve he would find a cocker spaniel puppy waiting for him in the living room. Not a practical thing at all in one way you look at it, yet one of the most desirable gifts any child ever knew. Timmy would be a happy little guy this Christmas. I could almost see him as Myra brought him into the living room. His eyes would grow big and he would squeal with delight. Yes, he would be a very happy four-year-old.

I sent a return wire that night. Three hours later on the coast, you know, and the family would have plenty of time to get it. I went out to the bar then and had a couple of lonely Tom Collins'.

Next day I came down to breakfast about twelve o'clock. No need to rush things I was work to do. I remember I was sitting at the coffee bar.

The bell boy saw me go in, I guess, because he came in and gave me the telegram without paging me. I grinned and thanked him with a quarter. Myra must be lonesome, sending me another wire right after last night's. I opened it at the top of the yellow envelope. I remember that very distinctly.

"Jerry, Timmy struck and killed by car. Please come. Myra."

My world went black. Everything whirled through my brain and nothing stopped. Timmy struck and killed by car. Timmy struck and killed by car. Please come.

I hate telegrams.

Radio stations should start off the morning broadcast with, "Who the hell left the radio on all night?"

—I—

Coach Howell — "Fellows, I hate to have to say this, but there's a thief on this squad. After that last road trip, we were missing a set of Oregon shoulder pads, a W. S. C. sweater, a pair of Stanford pants, a Washington blanket, and three Utah helmets".

—I—

She was only a printer's daughter, but she was no pica.

—I—

Early to bed and early to rise,  
And your gal goes out with  
other guys.

—I—

"Stand behind your lover,"  
said the Scotchman to his un-  
faithful wife, "I'm going to  
shoot you both."

—I—

Silas Fram  
Lies on the floor—  
He tried to slam  
A swinging door.

—I—

Usher — "Can you see the  
game from your seat, sir?"

Patron — "Hell, no. Where  
do you think my eyes are?"

—I—

"I want to do something big . . .  
something clean."

"Why don't you wash an ele-  
phant?"

—I—

She—"We've been waiting a  
long time for that mother of  
mine."

He—"Hours, I should say."

She—"Oh, George, this is so  
sudden!"

—I—

"Is she a nice girl?"

"Moraless."

—I—

Alpha Chi—"I'm sorry, Joe,  
I can't go out with you tonight.  
I became pinned to Sam last  
night."

Independent—"Oh, well, what  
about next week?"

—I—

Frosh—"May I kiss you?"

Kappa—

Frosh—"May I please kiss  
you?"

Kappa—"What do you want  
me to do, promise not to bite?"

Say it with flowers,  
 Say it with eats;  
 Say it with kisses,  
 Say it with sweets.  
 Say it with jewelry,  
 Say it with drink;  
 But always be careful  
 Not to say it with INK.

—El Burro

—I—

Razors pain you;  
 Rivers are damp;  
 Acids stain you,  
 And drugs cause cramp.  
 Guns aren't lawful;  
 Nooses give;  
 Gas smells awful—  
 You might as well live.

—Dorothy Parker

—I—

It is a wise farmer's daughter  
 who won't go into the barn with  
 a fellow with lofty ideas.

—I—

Some day a girl may find a  
 man who won't try to take ad-  
 vantage of her—but the tomb-  
 stone will probably be too heavy  
 to lift.

A grave digger absorbed in  
 his thoughts dug the grave so  
 deep he couldn't get out. Came  
 nightfall and the evening chill,  
 his predicament became more  
 and more uncomfortable. He  
 shouted for help and at last  
 attracted the attention of a  
 drunk.

"Get me out of here," he  
 shouted. "I'm cold."

The drunk looked into the  
 grave and finally distinguished  
 the form of the grave digger.

"No wonder you're cold," he  
 said. "You haven't any dirt on  
 you."

—Old Line

—I—

Co-ed: "Where is Elsie?"

House Mother: "I don't know;  
 she went to the library."

—I—

A hot-spell story that we like  
 is about the girl who went  
 swimming in the raw in a se-  
 cluded mill pond. Along came a  
 little boy who began to amuse  
 himself tying knots in her  
 clothes. She floundered around,  
 found an old washtub, held it  
 up in front of herself and  
 marched toward the little boy,  
 saying: "You little brat, do you  
 know what I'm thinking?"

"Sure," said the little brat,  
 "You think that tub has a bot-  
 tom in it."

## "Twas The Night After Christmas"

By MAC BLACK

'Twas the night after Christmas, and boy, what a house!  
 I felt like the devil, and so did the spouse.  
 The eggnogg and turkey and candy were swell  
 But ten hours later they sure gave me hell.  
 The stockings weren't hung by the chimney with care—  
 The darn things were sprawled on the back of a chair.  
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
 But I had a large cake of ice on my head.  
 And when at last I dozed off in a nap,  
 The ice woke me up when it fell in my lap;  
 Then for some unknown reason I wanted a drink,  
 So I started in feeling my way to the sink.  
 I got along fine till I stepped on the cat;  
 I don't recall just what occurred after that.  
 When I came to, the house was all flooded with light,  
 Although under the table, I was high as a kite.  
 While visions of sugar plums danced in my head,  
 I somehow got up and then back to bed.  
 Then what to my wandering mind should appear  
 But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.  
 Then the sleigh seemed to change into a red fire truck,  
 And each reindeer turned into a bleary-eyed buck;  
 I knew in a moment it must be Old Nick—  
 I tried to cry out, but my tongue was too thick.  
 Then the old devil whistled and shouted with glee,  
 While each buck pawed the earth and looked daggers at me.  
 Then he called them by name and the names made me shudder,  
 When I heard them I felt like a ship minus rudder.  
 "Now Eggnog! Barcardi! Four Roses! and Brandy!"  
 "Now Fruitcake! Cold Turkey! Gin Rickey and Candy!"  
 "To the top of his dome, to the top of his skull,  
 "Now whack away, crack away, with thumps that are dull."  
 Then in a twinkling I felt on my roof  
 The prancing and pawing of each cloven hoof;  
 How long this went on I'm sure I can't say  
 Tho' it seemed an eternity, plus a long day.

But finally the night after Christmas had passed,  
 And I found that I could really think straight at last.  
 So I thought of the New Year a few days away,  
 And I've made me a vow that no tempter can sway.  
 I'm sticking to water, don't even want ice;  
 For there's nothing as tasty or nothing as nice.  
 The night after New Years may bother some guys  
 But I've learned my lesson, and brother I'm wise.  
 You can have your rich victuals, and liquor that's red;  
 So a big Happy New Year to you and to all;  
 I'm back on the wagon, and I hope I don't fall.

A local tavern keeper, who  
 had a reputation for keeping  
 strong brews, was awakened the  
 other night by some heavy  
 pounding on his front door. Put-  
 ting his head out of the window,  
 he shouted, "Go away. You  
 can't have anything to drink at  
 this hour."

"Who wants anything to  
 drink," came the answer. "I left  
 here at closing time without my  
 crutches."  
 —Odorono

Willie, Willie, quick and spry,  
 Milked the cow till she was dry:  
 He threw her spigots out of gear  
 And now she gives pale ale and  
 beer.  
 —Symons

—I—

Soft, the new love tells his lies,  
 And ah, he tells them well;  
 Demurely, I turn away my  
 eyes—

Alone, I laugh like hell.

—Log

**BLOT APPLAUDS**

(Continued from page 17)

lah forbid, Lionel Barrymore as Scrooge, he faces. And every year, not just once, but every year, right in his teeth, he gets that damned "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus." Hell, yes, there's a Santa Claus. Who ever said there wasn't. It's just like saying "Yes, Moronica, there is a Bob Moulton." We know, and we have just one comment for anyone who swears it ain't so. Come on outside and say that.

Of course, even Santa Claus must take the bitter with the sweet. In return for our honest and earnest defense of him, we take the liberty of adding a little of our own particular brand of sentimentality. We have no fear that this will be the straw to break the camel's back. We have faith in our Santa Claus, and it is our pleasure to pay humble tribute to everybody's favorite Idaho student, Santa Claus.

A reader was toiling up the hill to his home on the north side of the campus one warm afternoon. Half way up the hill he came upon a small boy peering through a fence. The reader stopped for a breathing spell.

"Hello, young fellow!" he chirped.

For answer the boy thrust a broomstick through the fence, pointed it at the reader's head.

"Bang! bang! bang! You're dead!"

"What have you got there, Johnny?" laughed the reader, "A machine gun?"

"Naw," said the boy scornfully. "It's a broom."

—Pelican

—I—

The American way — Condemning a naughty movie; attending it to see if it's as shocking as advertised; kicking because the naughty parts have been cut out.

—Hex

—I—

Real estate agent—Now, here is a house without a flaw.

Harvard Graduate—What do you walk on?

**HISTORY REWRITTEN**

WHAT DID THE SPHINX REALLY SAY?



"Gosh I'm lonely—wish I had a Life Saver!"



...Only 5¢

**FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS**  
for the best wisecrack!

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



**YOUR XMAS STORE**

**ROWE JEWELRY**

—for—

That Particular Gift

113 E. Third



To all our Friends and Patrons  
the happiest of holidays.

**THE VARSITY CAFE**

## STUDENTS FROM ABROAD

(Continued from Page 16)

are important as men in the field of sports.

Ken plans to spend several days during Christmas vacation in Canada studying the forests with his instructor. Friends he made while visiting Grangeville last month have asked him to spend the remainder of the holiday in their home.

"Christmas in England is very similar to that in the United States. However, since the war only approximately one-tenth of the people enjoy turkey for dinner as compared to nine-tenths before the war. This is due to the fact that it is impossible to import turkeys and only a small amount of grain is allowed to raise them. I have sent much food to my family so they will be able to enjoy the holiday even more," Ken added.

I talked to Kenneth on Friday and the next afternoon he introduced me to three of his other friends, Tomas Tomasson, Kaare Reed and Haakon Haga.

Tomas also is attending the University with the aid of the Federated Women's Clubs of Idaho. His home is in (don't try to pronounce it), Reykjavik, Iceland and he is majoring in Economics. Unlike Ken, this is his first year. In Iceland, as in England and Norway, high school consists of six years instead of four. Therefore, Tom has more credit hours than most freshmen at the completion of their first year.

Although Iceland is rocky and barren, Tom claims that it isn't as cold there as it is here. The average temperature for the month of January is only 33 degrees. There aren't any Eskimos or igloos either!

"My favorite pastime is eating," he proclaimed. "I especially like the fruits but you know those little black balls with the seeds in the middle, I believe you call them olives, those are not for me!"

"If it ever snows I will be sure and go skiing. I like all sports but I can't seem to understand your game of football. In Iceland we use our feet instead

of our hands, somewhat like your game of soccer."

Tom is spending Christmas with four of his former schoolmates who are now attending the University of Washington, one from Portland, and another from Washington State. They are planning to have their reunion somewhere between here and the coast.

So that all the Idaho co-eds will be sure to identify him, he has blond hair, blue eyes, is 1.82 meters tall, weighs 74 kilograms and resides at Pine Hall.

From Fluberg in the southern part of Norway, Kaare Reed's traveling expenses were paid by the Fullbright scholarship to the University of Idaho. Kaare is majoring in Civil Engineering.

He is already known on the campus as he placed second in the Cross Country Turkey Race. By the way, he ate his award for dinner last Sunday. Speaking of food, it has been necessary for Kaare to get used to eating meat every day except Friday because he has always eaten fish five days a week. Fruit and ice cream are two of his favorite foods.

Most of all Kaare misses the mountains, snow and fishing. When he was home he spent much of his time hiking in the mountains, fishing and skiing. He and several of his friends from Norway have rented a cabin at Sun Valley for Christmas vacation where they plan to do nothing but ski. One reason why Kaare decided to attend the University is because

it reminded him so much of Norway.

Haakon Haga is from Holmestrand, Norway and is also majoring in Civil Engineering. He likes to study but finds it difficult because of the noise and heat in Pine Hall so he descends to his private study room below the first floor library daily.

This handsome young Norwegian explained to me how much campus life here differed from that of Norway where most of the students live in their own homes rather than dormitories. For this reason there is less participation in outside activities and social events.

It is not necessary to attend class as regularly in Norwegian universities as there are never any oral recitations or weekly quizzes. At the end of each semester if the student has studied his course to the best of his ability he takes the final examination. If he feels he has slighted the course, he does not attempt the exam.

Haakon, like the other boys dislikes olives. Also, he isn't very happy with American horses because they can't understand his language. It seems he had a little trouble one afternoon. I wonder what happened. As for other outdoor enjoyment he likes to ski and swim. These boys claim that swimming on the coast of Norway is similar to that of California from what they had read in magazines.

He has relatives here in Moscow with whom he plans to spend Christmas vacation.

I immensely enjoyed chatting



"It wash hard water, Mama."

with these fine young fellows and particularly I noticed the ease with which they spoke English. The only English the boys from Norway, and Iceland have had has been taken in school. It is certainly remarkable as they have a much better choice of words and wider vocabulary than a good percentage of other students. Here's wishing them lots of luck and a "VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS."

"I thought you said you was going to send us a chicken for dinner Sunday?"

"So I was, but it got better."

—Pelican

—I—

"Don't you agree that Father Time is the greatest healer?"

"He may be that—but he's certainly no beauty specialist."

—Aztec

—I—

"Dear Mr. Anthony: What shall I do? My wife has run away with my best friend—and I miss him."

—Ski-U-Mah

—I—

Wife—Darling, just twenty-five years ago, today, we became engaged.

Absent-minded Professor — My, my, why didn't you remind me of that before? It's high time we got married.

—Kitty Kat

—I—

"We certainly had a good time for ten cents."

"Yes, I wonder how little brother spent it."

—I—

"Gee, pardon me for slapping your face, I thought you were trying to steal my sorority pin."

—Columns

—I—

A chiropractor is a guy who gets paid for what an ordinary guy gets slapped for.

—Pup

—I—

A wedding ring is like a tourniquet; it stops your circulation.

—Pup

—I—

"What's your cat's name?"

"Ben Hur."

"How did you hit on a name?"

"Well, we called it Ben until it had kittens."

—Pup

## CHRISTMAS TALES . . . . .

(Continued from Page 11)

His mother had just shot herself in the head with his father's revolver. His father had been killed several days ago diving for pearls in the East River. His grandmother and two little sisters and seven little brothers had died when their one room packing crate had burned to the ground.

Jimmy was unhappy.

"Cri' sake," said Jimmy.

Then he saw a soggy cigar butt in the street and made a wild dive for it.

The ten ton truck made pulp out of Jimmy's little skull. "Damn kids!" muttered the truck driver, wiping brains from his windshield.

The water dripping off of the tenement buildings into the garbage cans made a slogging sound.

Slog, slog.

\* \* \*

No collection, I think, would be complete without a poem from the delightful pen of Walt Witham. This he wrote several days before his death, when he was found hanging lifeless from the limb of his Christmas tree. It is titled simply:

### XMAS

Xmas.

Beautiful X-mas.

Beautiful, delightful X-mas.

Little children playing in the snow.

The snow.

The very cool snow.

The rather cold, damp snow.

The damn cold, freezing, wet snow.

Brrr.

Children playing in the damn snow.

And throwing the snow about

In the form of snowballs.

Sometimes the snowballs are hard.

Sometimes ice balls

Which are thrown by the little kids at people.

And hit them in the back of the head, causing concussion.

The damn ornery little brats

Playing in the cold, freezing snow

And hitting people with their iceballs

And causing concussion.

Ah, well, children will be children.

Look at them cavort in the snow  
The little b----s.

On X-mas people give people gifts.

Beautiful, wonderful, gorgeous gifts

Most of them are, anyway.

Some of them stink.

Neckties, for instance.

Horrible neckties

That a pig wouldn't wear.

And you walk down the street

Wearing the horrid necktie.

Little children see you

And throw ice balls at you

And cause concussion.

I hate snow

And little brats

And X-mas

And Y-mas

And Z-mas.

\* \* \*

With the immortal words of Whitham I close this compilation of modern Christmas stories. Perhaps someday there shall be another group of authors as brilliant as these whose stories you have just read. Perhaps there shall never be. The latter is what I fervently hope.

FINIS

"What kind of a guy is your roommate?"

"Well, last night he stubbed his toes on a chair and said, 'Oh, the perversity of inanimate objects'."



May the glow of Christmas shed its warm radiance on you and yours throughout the coming year.

GENE'S DONUT SHOP

## HEROD . . . . .

(Continued from Page 5)

none seemed to be alarmed. A block away she could see the huge crowd around Perons display window. She hurried on. As she reached the outer fringe she hesitated. Should she push her way through and become entangled in the crowd. Or should she wait and come to-morrow to see the display, when this horrible noise was gone? Suddenly deciding on the former, she plunged into the restless sea of arms, legs, and milling bodies. As she came to the inner-circle of the crowd and looked up, an astonished gasp escaped her lips. That was it! That was the noise. It was a huge Santa Claus, shaking from head to foot and emitting periodic spasms of Mortimer Snerd laughter. The people pushed and pulled around her. There was an occasional burst of strained giggling. The babies and smaller children cried in fear, as their parents tried to explain to them another one of the beauties of Christmas. Fascinated, she gazed up at it. "They've done it again! And Daddy said they couldn't. He said they couldn't stop anything in the parade. I've got to go get him and show him."

*Rushing, hunting, bother . . .  
Uncle Andy, Aunt Het, cousin  
Idah, sister Jane.  
Neckties, hand bags, bottle  
openers, cocktails,  
Quit shovin'! Git in line! It's  
mine I had it first!  
I've got a headache.*

" . . . . . peace on earth, peace on earth, peace on earth . . . ." Irritably a frustrated clerk gave the arm of the record player a shove and the song continued. Reluctantly the little girl made her way to the street door of the huge store. She had fifteen dollars to spend, and she had three presents to get . . . one for mommy, one for poppa, and one for her brother, Lanny. She had started at the top floor and worked to the basement this Saturday afternoon, and she still

was undecided. Her little overshoes slopped through the slushy snow as she dived into the milling throng on the street. Quickly she made her way to the big intersection that had been roped off. In the center, a huge stage had been buried in a profusion of evergreen bows, holly, and spotlights. The orchestra was already on stage tuning up. Entertainers, dressed in evening clothes, were giving a well-poised exhibition on how to greet someone you hadn't seen for ten years. Around the stage, row upon row of chairs stood in reserve for the inner circle of the town's society. Leaning against the ropes, she breathlessly took it all in. Gradually the empty seats became filled. The mayor and his family walked in and took their place. Suddenly a hush fell over the audience. It was so still that you could hear the bells from the church six blocks away ringing out their first song of the evening . . . "Silent Night, Holy Night . . ."

"Jingle bells, jingle bells . . ."  
The show had started and the orchestra was blaring forth

with their first number. Coming to a brassy climax, it suddenly ended on an off beat, and amid a burst of applause and whistles the Master of Ceremonies walked to the front of the stage, and in a well lubricated voice dripped the commercial into a mike.

"Good evening to all . . . everywhere on this merry evening of the Yule tide. You are listening to the Super Soup Beer Company's annual Christmas Show. It's the show that is truly yours. By your loyal attendance at the theaters throughout the land, you have chosen the cast, and Super Soup Beer is proud to present to you the ten top box office attractions of Hollywood, and the ten top box office attractions of Broadway . . . but first a word from our sponsors . . ." Cuddling the microphone in his hands, he cooed, "Ladies, is your hair dull, stringy, and hard to manage? Do men look twice when you walk down the street? Do you suffer from dry itchy scalp? Why don't you try Super Soup Beer as a hair rinse? Nine out of ten Doctors recommend Sup-



"And a pack of reefers for me old man."—Chaparral.



er Soup Beer for the hair. We dare you to try it . . . . And remember . . . For that Christmas cheer, buy Super Soup Beer." With a sudden fanfare from the orchestra, the audience burst into applause. "And now . . . . On with the show! Here she is, ladies and gentlemen . . . . your star and mine . . . . that number one queen of the screen . . . . Candy Vane!"

She was on the stage, throwing her coat at the M. C. and yelling at the conductor. "Hit it Fagan, I'm wild to-night!" As the music started, she gave a roll of her hips, straddled the mike and began to scream into it, "Clean the chimney, honey, I'm comin' down for Christmas!"

*Twas the night before Christmas!*

*Hurry, Hurry, hurry . . . .*

With slow procrastinating movements she dipped her soup from the little blue bowl. She was conscious of her mother hurrying back and forth in the kitchen like a nervous little mouse, sampling the punch, chipping ice, giving the temporary help last minute instructions. She looked up, fascinated, as her mother whirled past her again. Yes, she had a very beautiful mother . . . . She was so very, very pretty to-night. Especially with her new evening gown and her hair fixed so pretty. Daddy had also given her a necklace for Christmas which she was wearing. Thinking of the necklace, she found herself wishing that she could have Christmas presents given to her the way grown ups did. Mommy merely came home from a shopping trip one day last week and informed poppa that it was his present for her. She leaned her arms on the table and watched Lanny as he tried to rub the remains of some soup-sodden crackers into the tray of his high chair. Suddenly her mother was there again.

"Well, if you aren't a mess!" Grabbing a wash rag she gave Lanny's face and arms a quick

swipe as he squealed and hollered. "Come on, you two. Up to your room. The people are going to start coming any minute, now." So saying, she took Lanny out of the high chair and, together, they went into the other room. The tables were stacked with food. The furniture had been rearranged in order to better accommodate a crowd. The rug on the parlor floor had been removed and the floor itself had been polished to a shiny glitter. Christmas decorations hung here and there, with a tree in the big French window. At the top of the stairs they met Daddy. His face was flushed and he was breathing hard.

"Tess, if you insist on me wearing these damned monkey



suits, the least you can do is get my correct collar size!"

"Just a minute, until I get these children to bed. You men! Can't even dress yourself!"

Grumbling to himself, Daddy followed them into the nursery. "You and your social life!"

"Here, if you can't dress yourself, you can at least undress the baby." Mommy handed

(Continued on Page 39)

# Merry Christmas

FOR Her



She'll want to see the other wonderful dresses in our new Holiday array of "great-moment" styles, too. All pleasingly priced.

## ANITA SHOP

New Moscow Shopping Center

The little moron's watch had stopped ticking and he tried to find the trouble. Finally he took the back off it, went into the works, and found a dead bug. "No wonder it doesn't work," he said, "the engineer's dead." (A box of Life Savers for Janet Barrett for this joke of the month.)

—I—

Some children were going to give their school teacher a candy shower, so all the children brought candy except one little boy who brought a basket containing four small kittens and a mother cat.

When asked why he didn't bring candy, the little boy responded, "But I did . . . I brought four all-day suckers and only one milky way."

—I—

Judge: "Officer, what makes you think this gentleman is intoxicated?"

Officer: "Well, judge, I didn't bother him when he staggered down the street, or when he fell flat on his face, but when he put a nickel in the mailbox, looked up at the clock on the tower and said, 'My God, I've lost 14 pounds!', I brought him in."

—I—

"That's a nice suit Joe. How much was it?"

"A hundred and ten dollars."

"Isn't that kind of expensive?"

"Oh, I don't know, I got fifteen pairs of pants with it."

—Wampus

—I—

Customer (putting five pennies on the counter)—Give me a can opener, please.

Clerk hands him a nickel.

Customer—Thanks. (Leaves hurriedly).

—I—

A snuff manufacturer is one who goes around putting his business in other people's noses.

—I—

"Darn it, leftovers again," growled the cannibal as he gnawed on the two old maids.

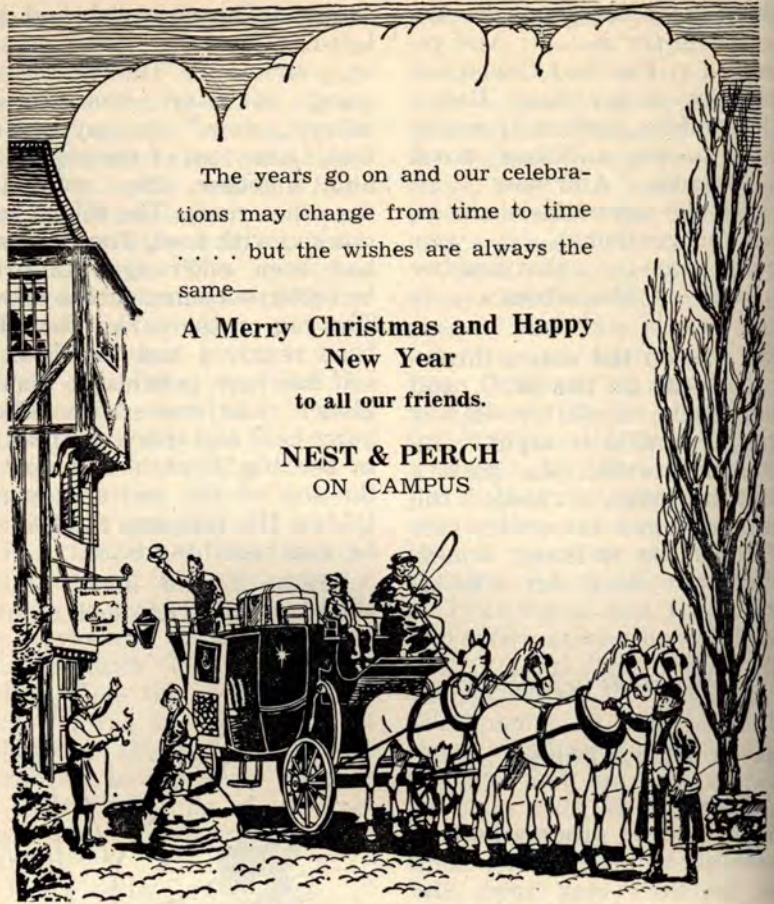
—Wampus

—I—

"Waiter, there's a cherry in my beer."

"Whaddya want me to do—charge you for an Old-Fashioned?"

—Chaparral



The years go on and our celebrations may change from time to time . . . but the wishes are always the same—

**A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year**

to all our friends.

**NEST & PERCH**  
ON CAMPUS



"Ain't that just about the biggest Mickey you ever seen?"—Chapparel.

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."  
 "If you find a green one, you win a chocolate-coated cucumber."  
 —I—  
 —Chaparral

To hell with the expense!  
 Give that canary another seed.  
 —Froth

—I—  
 Caller — Is your mother engaged?  
 Little Boy — I think she's married.  
 —Green Gander  
 —I—

"Four out of five women haters are women."  
 —Voo Doo

He who laughs last has found a meaning the censors missed.  
 —I—

Sweet thing (from the parlor): "Mama, come here and make Dick stop teasing me."

Mama (from stairway landing): "What is he doing, dear?"

Sweet thing: "He's sitting on the other end of the davenport."  
 —I—

"Uncle, what's a bachelor?"  
 "Junior, a bachelor is a man who didn't have a car when he went to college."  
 —I—

Don't you ever read anything but the jokes?  
 —I—

She was only the censor's daughter, but she knew when to cut it out.

A pedestrian is a dad whose son is home from college for the weekend.  
 —I—

Theirs is a garden romance—he's a dead beat and she's an old tomato.  
 —I—

Bill: "Where have you been for the last year?"

Joe: "At Washington, taking medicine."

Bill: "Are you well yet?"  
 —I—

"Do you serve women at this bar?"

"No, you have to bring your own."  
 —I—

Marriage is like a bath — by the time you get used to it, it's not so hot.  
 —Urchin

Merry Christmas

—and—

Happy New Year

WARD PAINT & HDWE.



"I'm having DEAR trouble, Mama."

Washburn-Wilson  
 Seed Co.

INVISIBLE RE-SOLING

New Soles Put On So Perfectly  
 They Look Like New Shoes

- POLISH
- DYES
- LACES

STEWART'S  
 Shoe Repair Service

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To All of You  
 from All of Us!

WADE'S DRIVE INN

Four blocks North of City Center  
 on Main Street  
 410 W. 3rd



It's Fun! It's Glad Cheer! It's Christmas that comes but once a year!

**THE ICE CREAM BAR**  
327 W. 3rd



Our wish for you is that the joyous spirit of Christmas reside in your hearts all the year.

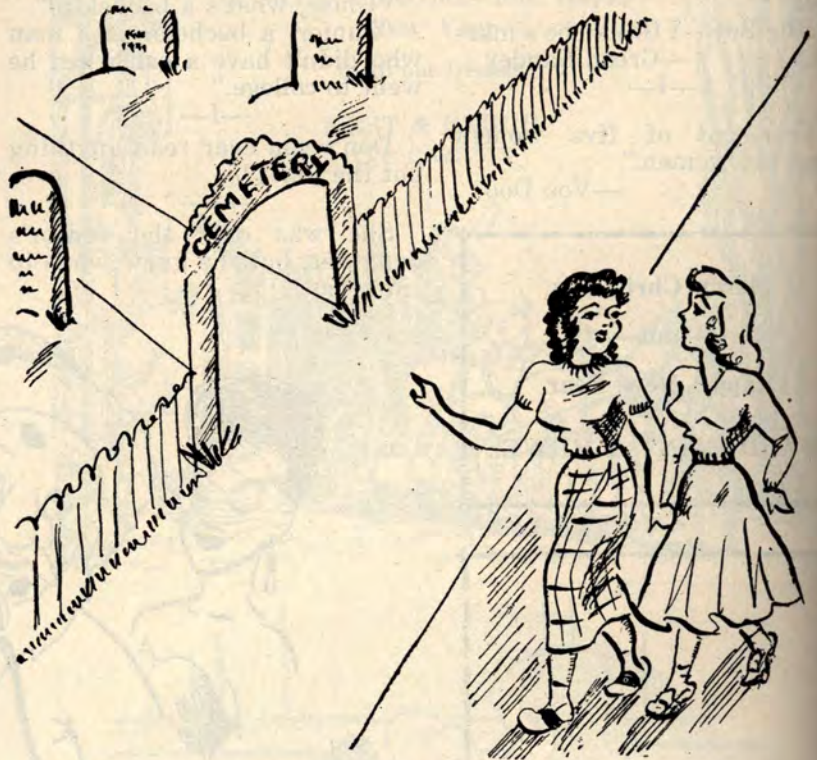
**CARTER'S DRUG**



**Schnell Tractor Company**

**ALLIS-CHALMERS**  
AUTHORIZED DEALER

Moscow, Idaho



"I asked Santa for a blanket."



Our wish is that your path of good cheer be as endless as the heavens.

**MAJOR STORES**

Moscow and Pullman

I love to walk in the rain  
Alone, and apart from the masses.

I love to walk in the rain,  
But not to my eight o'clock classes.

—I—

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
To mix up some old Xmas cheer,  
But her damn little pooch had drunk all the hootch,  
—So she drank her Yule toasts with warm beer.

—I—

Then there was the girl who soaked her strapless evening gown in coffee so it would stay up all night.

—I—

He—Is that man rich?  
She—Is he! He's so rich he doesn't even know his son's in college.

Jack: "What's the best way to teach a girl to swim?"

John: "Well, first you have to put your arm around her waist then gently take her left hand an . . . ."

Jack: "It's my sister."

John: "Just push her off the dock."

—I—

Female Driver: "I want a glass of water for the radiator, a thimble of oil for the radiator, and a demi-tasse of gasoline. I think that will be all."

Attendant: "Couldn't I cough in your tires?"

—I—

Girl: "The next thing you know you'll be insulting my mother, too."

Boy: "I would, but there's no sense dragging the Civil War into this."

## MEMOIR . . . . .

(Continued from Page 10)

which is observed on December tenth. It is a holiday of holidays in Belgium, shared by the complete community in a spirit which far surpasses anything I have seen.

Billeting was easily solved when the villagers flung open their doors, indicating that their homes were our homes. Mitch and I stood before a small, modest home, wondering if we were intruding into domestic privacy. Heavy thatched layers of straw hung over the roof. The layers, showing generations of occupancy, made the roof look top-heavy. Its shutters were barred on such a cold day and a faint wisp of smoke hung over its tall chimney.

I knocked and a young girl opened the door. She was modestly dressed, wearing wooden shoes which were colorfully painted at the tips. A clean apron stretched tightly around her slim waist. She bowed, nervously brushed a wisp of blond hair over her white forehead and motioned for us to enter.

An elderly man and woman, another young girl and a small tow-headed boy stood inside, staring at us in awkward silence. Sour wine and sausage

odors filled the room. The other girl stepped towards us, extending her hand she said, "Accept our hospitality. Our home is yours and we are glad to have you".

Mitch said, "You speak English better than I do."

She looked a little older than her sister. Her eyes were tired and she had an air of confidence. She wore a black dress and knitted black stockings. Pointing to her family in one sweeping motion she said, "We are the Mullers. We are farmers and hard workers. My people cannot understand English well. Elsa, bring the wine!"

Mitch and I shook hands with the family. The old man's hands felt calloused and hard from long labor in the fields. His face was lined deeply, like a heavily eroded field after a long rain. He was clutching an empty artillery shell from the first World War, his eyes twinkled as he said, "Me soldaten". Elsa brought the wine and we proposed a toast to the new Belgium. Frantz, the little boy, was given a tall glass of the sour-tasting wine. He drank it in one long drought. He was a war refugee from Leige, whose parents had sent him to this rural village to escape the impending

war. His parents had not been heard from in eight months, and the girls treated him as one of their own.

Elsa and Gretchen led us to their bedroom. It was small with one huge bed in its center. Pictures of Christ hung on the walls, a huge cross balanced over the door and the floor was worn smooth from countless scrubbings. They both giggled when Gretchen told us we could sleep in their room. I protested, but was silenced by an angry outburst of French and English. They insisted we use their room, while they made temporary lodging in the barn. It was hopeless to argue further, so we accepted and assimilated ourselves into the Muller family.

Every evening we would gather in the kitchen and talk. Gretchen would be our translator, opening their eyes in amazement as we told them about America. The girls were fascinated at the luxuries of American women. Here, they were constantly working in the fields, doing hard labor and expecting to work harder upon marriage, with only brief periods of rest to bear children. They could not comprehend the vastness of American leisure compared with their hard rural life.

I asked Gretchen about her impression of German and American soldiers. She demonstrated by goose-stepping across the room at rigid attention. She gave the Hitler salute.

Then she put her hands deep within her apron pockets, slouched her shoulders, and stumbled across the room, her jaws moved viciously as she imitated gum-chewing. She laughed saying, "No goose-step, but braver soldiers".

With Christmas a few days away, the Mullers began to make frantic preparations. Choice wines, which had been buried during German occupation, were dug up. Food was scarce, but we contributed our field rations to the meager family larder, hoping to help in the Christmas spirit of giving. It was also ru-



"Pierre! When did you switch from still-life to painting models?"

(Continued on Next Page)

mored we were going to be given gifts so Mitch and I saved our chocolate rations in return.

Two days before Christmas the buzz bombs began to roar over, shaking the house in their mad flight towards Leige. The Germans were sending a new, self-propelled bomb to disrupt our supplies. Ausberg happened to be under their direct course. Sometimes we would run out and watch them pass over. They looked like miniature planes, with stubby wings and tails and flame spurting in a burping roar from their jet-propelled engines. They merged into a curtain of anti-aircraft fire towards the East. The ground would shudder if a direct hit was made before they fell upon the city, but strangely enough, we never heard the concussion.

One evening a bomber passed over and its engine stopped. It was a warning which had to be heeded. We fell to the floor and for one tense moment I heard someone praying. A loud explosion rocked the house, the floor swayed, the boy screamed and then everything became still except for the tinkling of broken glass.

The bomb had landed near the edge of the village, leaving a huge crater and two deaths. But with death flying overhead we still continued to prepare for Christmas. I was elected as Saint Nick's helper. Gretchen was the Saint herself. They had never heard of the term, Santa Claus. It was my responsibility to do all the work, including the switch treatment to any bad kids. As St. Nick's helper my face and hands had to be blackened with charcoal strips taken from the pot-bellied stove. A stocking cap and green, tight-fitting costume blended to make me look like a wood-elf.

Christmas Eve arrived and tension increased by the minute. The only cow remaining in town was milked dry to produce ice cream; wine, dark bread, sausage and cheese, all scarcities including the more plentiful army rations, were gathered for a great feast. Biting cold and deep snow formed a setting that

reminded me of a Wisconsin Christmas. The bombs had suddenly stopped. Ever - constant rumblings from the front were growing dim and the bright moonlight bathed the village with a clean, white light.

The smell of freshly baked bread filled the cold night air and all was still except for the off-tones of a few drunken soldiers singing, "Silent Night".

I made my rounds throughout the village and for a few hours the war was forgotten by everyone. Gretchen and I placed presents of dolls, chocolate,

hand-knitted clothing and carved wood toys into the eager hands of many children. Every home greeted us in silent reverence, as the children were made to recite numerous prayers before receiving their gifts. Gretchen was dressed in a long, white robe, hidden behind a mask of whiskers and paint, carrying a wooden cross, touching every child, and giving them her blessing. We finally ended at the Muller household where Frantz was given his gifts. It was over and we sat with the family to relax and drink. We

## QUESTIONS

- A** A sign of omission is found with ease,  
Phonetically speaking, it's found between these.
- B** It's twice shown here, and if you stop to think  
About the difference, you'll find the missing link.
- C** 1, 2, 3, 6, 7 about this time of year  
Is spread and wished by people far and near.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

*Chesterfield*

### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A MR. SOFT TOUCH.** When hard times hit, Mr. Soft Touch can be counted on to fix you up quickly.
- B ROBOT.** Read TABOR (from Tabor City) inverted, with one minor switch (changing A to O) and you get Robot, a device controlled by a switch.
- C CHESTERFIELD.** Trunk (chest); a pause (er); meadowland (field).
- WINNERS...

### CHESTERFIELD CONTEST WINNERS

Bill Winkle  
Arleene McClellan  
Charles H. Creason  
Jim Womack  
Gene Allen

Gary Nefzger  
Leonard Heikkila  
Bill Kindsvater  
R. C. McNichols  
Kaye Humphreys

In order to aid in the selection of winners, all entries to the Chesterfield Contest must be postmarked. Any entries without a postal date stamp will not be considered.

received our gifts. Mitch was given a pair of wooden shoes, gaudily painted and ready to wear. I received an oil painting of Ausberg. Its oils were still wet and beautiful. It looked like a colored photograph, with Ausberg's thick thatched roofs, its narrow streets and small shops blending together in a winter setting. We feasted, and then the bombers began to hum again. The house shook slightly as one was hit by our aircraft. Flashes from the front increased as heat lightning on a hot summer night. The war resumed; Christmas had passed.

We were ordered to leave Ausberg the following morning. Our tanks were warming up, their engines coughing from the intense cold as we lined up to move to the front. We bade the Muller family farewell. Each member embraced and kissed us like we were their own sons. It was tough saying goodbye.

The villagers lined the streets waving, and some cried, as we moved out. Soon the village passed behind and we were in open country. The snow looked dirty, covering bloated cattle and wreckage. The sky turned grey as we came closer to the front.

**THE END.**

First roommate: "Hey, what's the idea of wearing my raincoat?"

Second roommate: "Well, don't you see it's raining? You don't want me to get your suit wet, do you?" —Pup

—I—

How many magazines does it take to fill a baby carriage? One Mademoiselle, one Country Gentleman, a Look, a few Liberty's and Time.

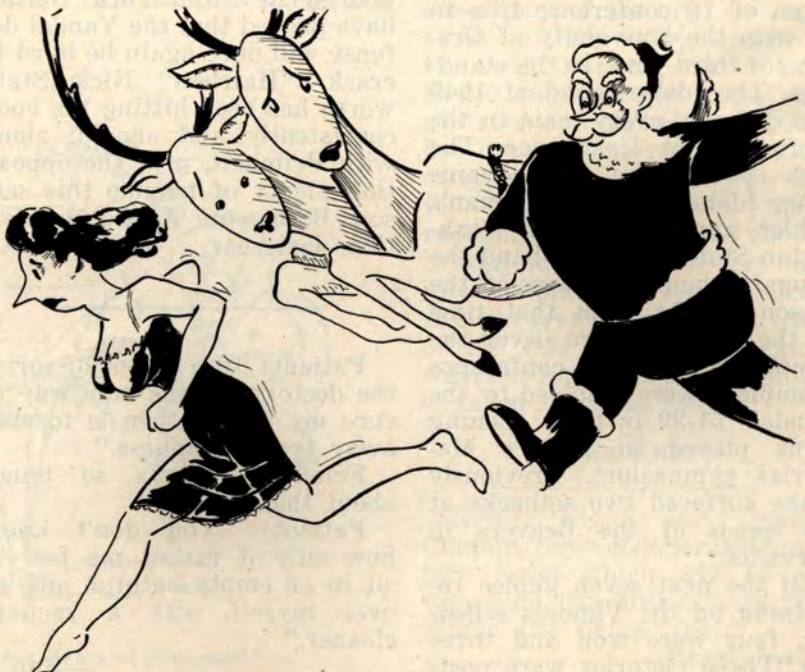
—Pup



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Merry Christmas  
—and—  
Happy New Year

**MOSCOW COMMISSION  
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Six new threats moving up to the Vandal varsity are, left to right, Pollard, Jenkins, White, Millard, Dollinger, and Barker.

## MAPLE MASTERS

(Continued from Page 15)

Vandals will get underway January 6 when they meet the University of Washington Huskies in a two game series at Seattle. On the Washington court last season, the Vandals played excellent ball one evening when they made good 22 of 44 shots from the field. This should give Idaho boosters a shot of what will have this season.

Last season the Vandals won seven of 16 conference tilts to tie with the University of Oregon for third place in the standings. The Idaho squad of 1949 also defeated every team in the conference at least once. The high spot of the season came when Idaho invaded Pullman's Bohler gymnasium and Washington State college to hand the Cougars their first loss of the season 41-32. From that time on the Cougars were never the same. Oregon State's conference champions were humbled by the Vandals 51-39 in their opening game played in Idaho's Memorial gymnasium. Previously Idaho suffered two setbacks at the hands of the Beavers in Corvallis.

Of the next seven games remaining on the Vandals schedule, four were won and three lost. Three victories were post-

ed over the University of Washington, while the Cougars of Washington State fell victim once.

In practice sessions, the Vandals look very strong and I can now see why sports experts have picked our squad tops along with Oregon State. Coach Finley has been stressing shooting and defensive maneuvers in rounding out the squad. Bob Pritchett has shown All-American qualities not only on his brilliant shooting ability, but on defense as well. Joe Grove, George Rey and Dick Geisler have proved that the Vandal defense will once again be hard to crack. "Hairless" Nick Stallworth has been hitting the hoop consistently and should, along with Pritchett, give the opposition plenty of trouble this season. Both were All-Coast selections last year.

Patient: "I'm all out of sorts; the doctor said the only way to cure my rheumatism is to stay away from dampness."

Friend: "What's so tough about that?"

Patient: "You don't know how silly it makes me feel to sit in an empty bathtub and go over myself with a vacuum cleaner."

—Pup

Photography by

# Rudy

Personalized Portraits

- ★ Annual Pictures
- ★ Parties
- ★ Dances
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For Distinctive Pictures

Dial 27011

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A Tennessean was playing poker with several Englishmen. He was quite surprised upon picking up one of his hands to see four aces in it.

"I'll bet a pound," said the Britisher to the left.

"Ah don't know how y'all measuahs youah money," said the Tennessean, "But ah reckon ah'll raise y'all a ton."

—Pup

—I—

Liquor kills a lot of people. Staying out late kills a lot of people. Smoking kills a lot of people. What kills all those people who live right?

—I—

Pardon me, Mrs. Astor, but that never would have happened if you hadn't stepped between me and that spittoon.

—I—

Proud Father at graduation: "Well, son, what was the hardest thing you learned at college?"

Son: "How to open beer bottles with a quarter."

Merry Christmas

—and—

Happy New Year

KYLES PHOTO SHOP



HEROD

(Continued from Page 31)

Larry to poppa and began to turn back the two beds. She turned and spoke over her shoulder as she dug in a drawer for pajamas. "Marta, you can stay up and read for a while, or take your dolls into our bedroom and play if you wish. But don't stay up too late." Together the parents tucked their son into bed and left the room. Poppa was still grumbling.

"Don't see why we can't have an evening in our own home without a bunch of frustrated, neurotic morons cluttering up the place. I only hope these refugees from the spare parts division of humanity leave before the kids get up to look at their parents in the morning."

"Ah, quit griping! I spent enough evenings at home when you were just a plain mechanic to last me a life time."

"Don't tempt me! I may go back to being just a plain mechanic! I figure that I could just about pay all my bills, if I sell everything I got."

A door slammed and Marta could hear them no longer. She threw herself on the bed and stared at the ceiling. What to do. She stood up and walked to the window. The man hired to clean them this morning must

have missed hers for it had a grayish dirty film on the outside which made the lights of the city dim and blurry. She walked back to the bed and lay down again. Lanny was already asleep in his crib. She wished she could think of something exciting to do. She was tired of her picture books and toys. Something to do, something to do . . . . Ho hum . . . .

Suddenly she sat up. She must have dozed off. It was dark and she distinctly remembered the light being on when she laid down. She walked over to the wall switch and pressed the button. Nothing happened! Her heart jumped to her throat. Quickly she opened the door and ran to the head of the stairs. Excitement reigned below. People were laughing, some were uttering little forced embarrassed screams. A woman's voice came up to her from the stairs below. "Mel! Where are you? Where did you go? Mel!" And mommy was standing on the stairs before her.

"Mommy! The lights!"  
 "It's nothing to worry about, dear. The lights have just gone off in this section of the city for a few minutes. They'll be back on in just a little while. Go back to bed, pet. Come on, Nadine. I think I have some candles back here in the bathroom." This last she spoke to a

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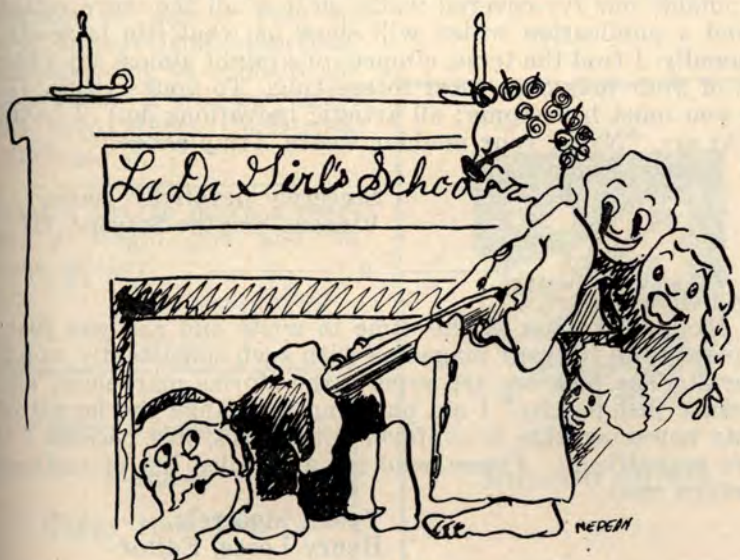
218 North Main Street

woman who had been following her cautiously up the darkened stairway. As the two women passed her on the landing, a faint mysterious odor assailed her nostrils. Suddenly she thought of the punch bowl that had been setting on the table earlier in the evening. She turned and walked back to her bed, her heart still pounding. She didn't like the dark, never had and never would. As she settled back on her pillow, her gaze traveled across the room. Through the window there was a tiny dull glow of light. Sleepily she wondered if it was the reflection of the lights from the other part of the city. Or could it be . . . she looked again. In the cold midnight sky, a star, larger and apart from the rest, glittered and shone. She rubbed her eyes and peered out of the dirty window. Reluctantly she felt for her slippers. Then, realizing how sleepy she actually was, she swung her feet back into bed and soon went to sleep. A cloud crept stealthily in front of the star and the dull glow wavered for a minute and quietly faded from the room.

THE END.

Erroll Flynn and Charlie Chaplin have collaborated on a new novel which will be out very soon. The title is to be "On Whom the Belles Told."

—Beautyrest



"Shame on you; looking for sneak dates at your age!"

Room 1: "Damn. A mouse crawled in my laundry and died."

Room 2: "That's probably why he died."

—I—

The gum-chewing girl  
The cud-chewing cow  
Are somewhat alike  
Yet different somehow.  
And what is the difference?  
I think I know now —  
It's the clear, thoughtful look  
On the face of the cow.

—Sun Dial

—I—

"Mother, come here quickly."  
"What's the matter, dear?"  
"Billy just ate all the raisins  
off that sticky brown paper."  
—The Palmyrian

—I—

"Tell me, sir, who is the real boss in your home?"

"Well, my wife bosses the children, and the children boss the dog and cat, but I can say anything I want to the sweet peas."

—Life With Father

—I—

The hillbilly, with a dizzy blond hanging on his arm, took the pen handed him by the hotel clerk and signed the register with an X. With a thoughtful look on his face, he hesitated, then circled the X. "A lot of people sign with an X," said the clerk, "but that's the first time I've ever seen one circled."

"'Tain't nothin' so dadburn odd about hit," retorted the hayseed, "when I'm a'runnin' around with wild women I don't use my right name."

—I—

A Seattle undertaker signs all his mail "Eventually yours."

—I—

A hick town is a place where if you see a girl dining with a man old enough to be her father—he is.

—I—

ROTC Student: "I haven't pencil or paper for the eamination."

Sergeant: "What would you think of a soldier who went into battle without his gun or ammunition?"

ROTC Student: "I'd think he was an officer."

—Mis-a-sip

## Letters to the Editor

The editors appreciate any comment, within the limits of propriety, that you may care to contribute.

Dear Editor,

I certainly do hate to complain, but I own a cemetery and you and your damned cartoons are ruining my business. All day long walk, walk, walk, by my cemetery these girls. Personally, I like girls. Don't get the wrong idea, but that constant walk, walk, walk gets on my nerves. My customers don't like it and I don't like it. Kindly refrain.

Yours,  
Digger O'Hell  
City Cemetery

Ed.—We're sorry.

o

Dear Editor,

I feel called upon at this time to write and ask you just how you manage to fill your magazine with such unmitigated tripe. The pictures are lousy, the stories foul, and I've read better jokes in *The Christian Advocate*. Not only that, but why is it when the Associated Oil people advertise all this fine free service when they broadcast ball games that we have to go all the way to hell and gone again to Lewiston to take advantage of it?

Please cancel my subscription immediately. We have a Montgomery Ward catalog.

Roger Heinvrader

Ed.—I think you have the wrong publication. Try the Arg.

o

Dear Bob,

This letter is in the nature of an apology. I was wrong and I'm sorry. I thought the Gem was a somewhat bigger and more important publication than Blot, but now I see the error of my ways. I am unbending my pride to ask you, in memory of all the years we have been friends, to give me another chance. Please let me come back to work for Blot. I'll never stray from the fold again. Please, Bob, please, I beg of you.

Your obedient servant,  
June Thomas

Ed.—No, June. You made your choice; now you must see it through.

o

Dear Sirs,

We of Harvard are too seldom exposed, I presume, to the realism outside our ivy-covered walls, so it is all the more refreshing to find a publication which will show us what life is really like. Personally, I find the terse, clipped, one might almost say illiterate, style of your magazine most interesting. To your critics, (I suppose you must have some; all artistic innovations do.) I have only this to say, "Nyaa, your mudder wears Army shoes!"

I remain, believe me,

Sincerely devotedly yours,  
Vincent Smythe-Smythe, III

o

Dear Fellow-Editor,

I feel called upon at this time to write and ask you just how you manage to fill your magazine with such consistently wonderful material. The pictures are superb, the stories marvelous, and the jokes are just peachy. I am planning to change the layout of my weekly newsmagazine to conform with Blot's, just because I think it's so magnificent. Please send me a detailed list of instructions by return mail.

Yours, sincerely,  
Henry Loose, Editor  
Tym, Lyf, Forchun

Ed.—Thanks, awfully, Hank.

MERRY CHRISTMAS,  
DARLING

(Continued from Page 4)

I felt dizzy and nauseated, and everything was grey and shadowy. My world, my dreams, my life—. I can still remember part of the letter, "Marriage is like a pair of shears, joined firmly together, sometimes going in opposite directions, but punishing whatever comes between. I'm sorry, my darling, that it had to be you."

That was two years ago; tomorrow Dane and I will celebrate our second wedding anniversary. His first wife died soon after we had parted. It was a tragic thing, and Dane really suffered, he had tried with his whole heart to make it up to her. Everyone was sympathetic and tried to help. He acted lost, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world for me to comfort him.

Yes, that was two years ago. Dane is not here right now; I don't know where he is. But when he does come home, he'll find something he has wanted for a long time—he'll find my Christmas present to him here beside my chair. And in this Christmas gift, he will find another—freedom. And in freedom, he will find another happiness. For in my hand I am holding a letter written by Dane, dated yesterday and addressed to "Peg—my dearest", and containing these familiar lines, "Marriage is like a pair of shears, joined firmly together, sometimes going in opposite directions—etc." I will not stand in his way. Merry Christmas, my darling.

It takes two to make a marriage; a single girl and an anxious mother.

—Pup



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Merry Christmas

—and—

Happy New Year

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Best*



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*Arthur Godfrey*