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BLOTT

SPECIAL

winter 1950

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# In This Corner

Periodically, we all wake up and say to ourselves, "My God, December already!" and so it is. With no little pride, and some temerity, we present the December issue of this magazine, the last for the year, and also the last for this particular administration. In March, when the next issue appears, there will be a new editor and a mostly new staff. With greying hair and shattered nerves, the outgoing editor would like to take this opportunity to sing a little paean of praise to all the fine people who have helped to make this magazine, if not a success, at least, a reality. Orchids go to Miss Donna Jo Walenta who has helped so considerably in keeping the wolf from the door; to Sherman Black, whose taste and contacts have kept us well supplied with fiction; to Gartin, whose duties as trouble-shooter, copy-writer, and errand boy have kept this editor from an early and unlamented grave; and to all the other staff heads and the dozens of unsung people who aid and abet in the quarterly agony which precedes publication. It has been a pleasure and a privilege to work with you.

A word, too, to all the fine people who are not actively connected with BLOT who have seen us through so many perilous times: Gale Mix, Al Hoffmann, our long-suffering printer, and Ken Hunter, who occasionally censors our jokes, and to all the wonderful, patient people who read the magazine, thanks, and a very Merry Christmas.

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**COVER BY  
STANLEY  
HOLDEN**

## BLOT

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She: "You beast! Where's  
your chivalry?"

He: "That old thing? Why, I  
traded it in for a Cadillac."

—I—

Said the lispng shoe salesman  
to the lady customer, "Thit down  
please, while I look up your  
thize."

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She was only a golfer's daugh-  
ter, so she went around in as  
little as possible.

—I—

Prof: I will not begin today's  
lecture until the room settles  
down.

Voice: Go home and sleep it  
off.

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**The PARISIAN**

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# You're the Killer

by Con Christensen

Ill. by Nepean

The gun slid easily from its resting place in your shoulder holster. The slide pulled back with hardly a sound, except that of metal on metal. The gun was clean, immaculately clean; it was always clean. Every morning, cleaning your gun was as much of a ritual as washing your hands. It seems a natural comparison, your hands and your gun. Your hands are the guide; it is your gun which does the work. It is the tool of your trade; your life depends on it. The politician, who had payed you for your next job, depended upon it. Around the gun you center your life.

You press the button that releases the clip, it slides free from the butt of the gun. Each time it is surprising how heavy the little clip feels when it is full of those small death dealing pellets. Each shell is checked. All must be perfect, for who knows when you will need more than one or two. You look at each one to make sure there is no grease or dirt which might interfere with your work. When you are satisfied, it is gently slipped back in place. You check to make sure it is secure. There. Quickly, efficiently you slide the loading mechanism back, flipping a shell in the chamber. Then with an assured flick of your thumb you throw on the safety and place the gun almost tenderly back under your armpit. It's like being dressed again.

The small dingy room seems drab and oppressing; yet you know in less than twelve hours you will be glad to see the grey walls. Silently you calculate what you will clear on the job. Mentally you figure in the rest of your yearly earnings. The sum is almost staggering, but the fear and worry have aged you beyond your years. This is

the last, the end, the finish. You can live the rest of your life in peace and quiet. That place you always wanted—the one with nothing to do but sleep, eat and hunt.

You can't help but feel nervous about this job; so much depends on it. Freedom from fear and worry are within your grasp. Thinking about it makes your heart race and a cold sweat breaks out in the palms of your hands.

The plan presents itself in your mind and for the hundredth time you go over it, step by step. Weeks had been spent watching Tom Moray; you knew his every habit. You know he always walks to the back of the garage after he has put the car up at nine o'clock. The pup that lives behind the garage runs out to meet him. Moray plays with him for five or ten minutes before he picks him up and shuts him in the garage for the night. This is where you do your work. After getting rid of Mr. Moray you will then place the doxy and the body in the car and turn on the motor. Then, walking slowly, it should take seven minutes or so to walk to the bus stop, you had already picked. No flaws yet, but anything could happen.

You glance down at your watch. The hands say seventhirty. Time to start. There is no recent connection between you and Moray, so you do not bother to establish an alibi. You hand the clerk your key. He takes it with a grimy paw and attempts to draw you into conversation.

"Nice night out, for a cat, that is," he said grinning and exposing a row of uneven yellow teeth.

You evade his attempt at conversation, mumble something in

reply and walk across the dingy lobby and out the small door. Outside, you know he was right and you chuckle to yourself. It is a night for a cat no moon, no stars, and the heavy heat of a summer night seems to pull you close to the cool ground.

It takes you half an hour to walk to the restaurant you have been dining at regularly for the past few weeks.

"Hello Tony," you say. Tony's a swell egg—he is a Greek sure, but personally you have nothing against Greeks. Greeks are people, too, no more no less. Without comment he brings you your special. As you eat, Tony sits back and watches. Tony gets a kick out of watching people eat when they enjoy good food. Without warning, he hoists his bulk out of the chair with surprising quickness, he hurries to the back room. Involuntarily, your hand flashes to your coat breast pocket, foolishly you try to cover the act by reaching for your handkerchief. Soon he returns carrying a bottle of his special sauce, and with practiced care he places it near your plate. Tony hoists his weight on the cooler and again settles to watch you.

When you're finished he starts a pleasant conversation and you exchange views and jokes with him. You glance at your watch. It is a quarter to nine.

"Goodbye Tony," you say as you pick up your hat and coat.

"Wait, why you say goodbye—Tony's words were cut off as you shut the door. Tony's sign is big and colorful and usually it cheered you up. Tonight it seemed different.

In ten minutes you arrive in front of the large, empty home of Tom Moray. No light shows

(Continued on page 22)

# Idaho's Newest Building

## Dr. Adam Builds His Dream House

by Harriet Lee Walrath

Photos—courtesy of *Christian Institute*



**A familiar sight from the foot of Hello Walk—The ultra modern facade of the new Christian Institute.**

The long awaited Campus Christian Center is now a reality for University students. The three years of working and dreaming by protestant students and Dr. Oscar M. Adam, director of Idaho Institute of Christian Education, have finally paid off for the Campus Christian Center was consecrated Friday, November 24, the twentieth anniversary of the Institute.

Founded in 1930, the institute employed a full-time director for the first three years, but the depression compelled reduction of the program. Thereafter until

June, 1947, qualified local clergymen conducted the program on a voluntary basis.

When Dr. Oscar M. Adam came to Moscow from Madison, Wisc., in September, 1947, to serve as full-time director to the institute, he couldn't find even a key to enter the building. Living quarters for the Adams' were also in the building, so they were not only locked out of their office, they were locked out of their future home. Alone in a strange city, the couple turned to the local Methodist minister and found shelter in

the parsonage the first night.

The director now serves as Protestant chaplain, advisor to the Student Inter-church Council, counselor to students, and supervisor in the use of the Institute buildings.

The new, modern looking building that students have noticed across from the foot of "Hello Walk" cost \$50,000 and the University students helped raise most of the funds on good will trips all over the state. They visited churches in most of the Idaho towns and not only created good will for the University, but raised money for the center and had a lot of fun.

These students will have many interesting stories to tell like the time that Pat Slack missed connections and got lost in Blackfoot about midnight one night. She says she was trying to find the Baptist minister's home.

Since the University of Idaho is restricted by charter and state constitution, it cannot teach sectarian religion or policies, but it is nevertheless sympathetic to the efforts of the various denominations to serve the spiritual needs of their students on the campus. Courses in Old Testament, New Testament, Church History, and Religious Education are taught by this institute as well as by Catholics and Latter Day Saints. The Academic Council approves these courses and any student may take them free of charge. Eight of these credits may be applied to graduation.

"The University of Idaho is vitally interested in the development of moral character in its students. The culture of our age has made progress in the me-



chanical arts beyond that of ideals and philosophy. Religion is recognized historically as one of the greatest forces in the development of moral and ethical character, and is therefore an important factor in the lives of the students," said President J. E. Buchanan in October of 1946.

The Institute purchased the residence of Dean Eldridge situated at University and Elm and this has since been renovated and moved to the back of the lot. It is now connected to the new Campus Christian Center and a bench surrounds the elm that was planted by the Dean when the tree was just a sapling.

During the time that the old Eldridge house was being moved back in preparation for the building of the new Center, classes were being carried on as usual while the building was in motion. Dr. Adam tells of one class period when the building became tipped to such an angle that chairs, students, and instructor went scooting across the floor. The next day the building was further tipped so

that none of the doors would open and Dr. Adam was forced to crawl out of a window to leave his office.

Included in this new building are offices, counseling rooms, a lounge with fireside nook, a combination "little chapel" and classroom, a kitchenette, a game room with fireside, a reference and loan library, a workshop, typewriter and mimeograph, portable record player and public address system.

Already many students are holding meetings here for various activities such as the Tuesday evening church meetings and planning sessions for religious emphasis week which will be held the latter part of February.

This new building is only half of the dream for another unit is being planned for construction in future years and Baptist, Brethren, Christian, Congregational, Episcopal, Lutheran, Methodist, Nazarene, and Presbyterian students will go on working together for unity in religious education.

## Personalized

## Photos

by

Rudy



Home of many group meetings now is the comfortable lounge-conference room.



For Everything in Food

That's the Best,

Nettie the Nester says

Visit

**THE NEST**

# friday night date

GUESTS  
EVERY  
TUESDAY

THANK  
YOU  
FOR  
YOUR  
ATTENTION



C. Gouder

by Maude Madison

Ill. by Chris Goulder

Marcia prepared for her date. Knowing what to wear created little disturbance; this was Friday night, a skirt and sweater would do. Then too, she considered her date hardly worthy of a stunning Marcia. He had done nothing to deserve more than an ordinarily dressed Marcia. However, for the sake of the boys who would surely see her during the evening, Marcia decided upon a newer and softer sweater, one that clung well to her body. Most deliberately Marcia applied makeup. This to her was extremely important. She had been heard to say, "I'd rather die than be seen without my makeup," and sincerely believed she meant it. After the pan-cake complexion aid, mascara, and dark lipstick, (she believed it was too dark for her fair coloring, but conceded it did accent what the boys called her sexiness), Marcia stared at herself in the mirror. She studied her profile. She touched her hair lightly. She smiled in approval. After completing the ritual by adding dabs of her least ex-

of the week. He dated so few girls; they always walked and talked with other boys, and he couldn't bring himself to intrude. Ted, aware of his slight stature and insignificant shoulders, frowned into the mirror. Marcia was so lovely; he wished for once in his life he might be tall and dark and striking. Suddenly aware of the time, Ted dashed down the stairs and out of the house. Dismayed, he remembered he had forgotten to use the after-shaving lotion he had bought special for the occasion. He hoped Marcia wouldn't notice he had forgotten it. Ted arrived at his date's house breathless and anxious, wondering if he were too late and if his cowlick had escaped the hair oil.

Marcia knew Ted waited downstairs. She sat in the smoker and finished another cigarette. Knowing he sat in the front room, probably staring at the wall, filled her with a sense of triumph and power. He was just another boy; she knew she was worth waiting for. When at last Marcia walked into the liv-

Ted wished he, too, had a car. Now it was important.

Marcia said hardly a word during the walk to town. Her mind busy wondering why Bill had not called her for a date. She considered where he might be and with whom; perhaps she might have been more gay on their last date. Ted failed to understand her silence. He supposed she listened to his story about the absent-minded professor in the history department. He was sorry when they reached the Kenworthy; he was about to tell her how pretty she looked.

At the theatre Marcia began to glow. She removed her coat, and walked slowly down the aisle. Awar of the lights shining on her, she was glad she had worn the pretty sweater; the boys were noticing her, she knew. Ted walked behind her, self-consciously. He wanted to find a seat quickly, but none of them pleased Marcia. He wondered why. When at last Marcia realized everyone had noticed her, she slid into a seat. Ted followed, wondering if he dare hold her

#### MARCIA KNEW TED WAITED DOWNSTAIRS—SHE FINISHED ANOTHER CIGARETTE.

pensive cologne, Marcia proceeded to seek out the girls. She couldn't find her date's picture in the annual and had no idea where he lived. She hoped he wasn't someone nobody knew. The dark possibility of the idea faded as she remembered that Lucy knew him, and Lucy certainly wouldn't be acquainted with anyone who wasn't active on campus.

Ted prepared for his date. Nervously he readjusted his new tie in the mirror. He hoped she noticed how he was dressed; he had worn his very best for her. The thought of Marcia excited him. For weeks he had wanted to ask her for a date, but had feared her refusal. She was pretty and popular; when she had accepted, his pleasure kept him warm all week. To Ted the date rated as one of the major events

ing room, Ted almost gasped in relief. He supposed she had forgotten about the date, or worse yet, that he had come too early. The turmoil within him lessened somewhat as he helped her on with her coat. She still hadn't said a word to him; he wondered if he had already done something to anger her.

Ted felt he must apologize because he had no car. "I'm sorry Marcia, but I'm afraid we'll have to walk. You don't mind do you?" Marcia, disgruntled because they must walk and her hair would probably look dreadful by the time they arrived in town, answered, "No, I guess we'll make it all right, but Ted knew by the sound of her voice that she must mind. He felt badly about it; Marcia shouldn't have to walk all that way. Other boys had cars. For the first time

hand. During the show, Marcia was restless. Ted bored her because he simply sat and watched the show. He didn't notice her, she supposed, and he didn't talk. Ted could hardly concentrate on the screen because of Marcia beside him. Twice he asked her if she wanted a candy bar. Once he asked if she were looking for someone. Marcia answered with a head shake each time, annoyed that she should question her pre-occupation. She thought she saw Bill in the front row with Amelia, and the possibility irritated her. Why hadn't he called her for a date tonight? She felt betrayed, and martyred at the side of Ted.

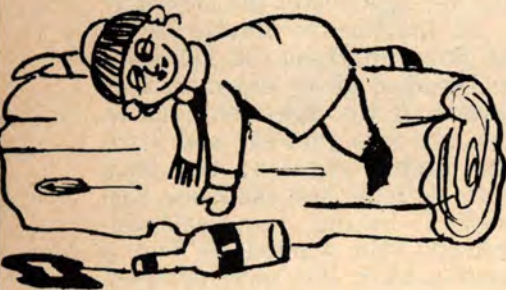
Ted's plan was to take Marcia somewhere close where they might talk. There was so much he wanted to tell her, so many

(Continued on page 24)

# Christmas Traditions

## INTRODUCTION

For years, no doubt, you poor unenlightened fools (you read Blot, don't you) have gone from Christmas to Christmas blindly accepting all the customs and traditions that make this joyous holiday the headache that it is. Fret no more, for here are the facts, the fables, and the damn lies which combine to make the Christmas spirit something besides Old Crow.



## THE YULE LOG

It seems, in the good old days, as Granddad fondly recalls, sitting back in his easy chair in front of an electric stove, smoking his pipe and browsing through an Esquire magazine, there was some sort of a ceremony carried out on Christmas Eve in concern with a big stick called the Yule Log. On that night, after the children had hung up their stockings and the fire had burned low, everyone sat shivering and waiting for someone else to weaken and go out in the snow and roll in the Yule Log. Naturally, of course, the task finally fell to poor old Pop, who, with a muttered "Oh Hell!" would rise, order the boys of the family to accompany him on his miserable task, kick the dog and go out into the blizzard after the Yule Log. Usually the log was too large to get through the door and Pop and the boys were forced to curse and chop until it could be made to fit. Then, with a great show of cheeriness (Pop had been nipping at the bottle to ward off

colds), the log would be rolled in, scattering mud and snow all over Mom's clean carpet. Mom, of course, would object to this misuse of her carpet and Pop, not to be outdone, would object to her objection. Finally, with an irritated grunt, Pop would give the log a savage kick into the fireplace, scattering ashes and soot around the room, and retire to a corner to sulk over a bottle of Old Overshoe. Mom would sit and stare at the log as it lay and smoldered, smoking up the room, and she would dream of the rich banker that she had given up to marry Pop. The kids would sit under the Christmas Tree and melt candles on the floor. Everyone fell asleep sooner or later, awakening only when the candles burned down and caught the tree on fire. The next day the family would sleigh over to their neighbors and sit around and lie about the wonderful Christmas they had and pretend not to notice the neighbor's Christmas Tree which mysteriously seemed to be charred.



## TOM AND JERRY

The ghastliest drink known to man. Through much experimentation, however, I have developed two formulae through the use of which this horrible mess can be tolerated.

No. 1—Take a bottle of rum, a bottle of milk, a bottle of cream, a dash of cinnamon, and two eggs. Take all except rum out in back yard and bury in

deep hole. Take rum into living room and get stinko.

No. 2—Rum, milk, cream, dash of cinnamon, three eggs, old shirt, and a dead mouse. Pour rum over mouse, dissolve latter. Add water, cream, eggs, and stir old shirt in slowly. When the mixture is thick, gooey, and completely repulsive, dash in the cinnamon, dash bowl to floor, dash to corner bar for straight shot.



## HOLLY

Holly, like mistletoe, dates back to early historic times. In Old England, at Christmas, holly was hung around the place in order that the elves and fairies might hang around the holly. In England and Germany there are two types of holly known as she-holly and he-holly. The she-holly is held to be very powerful when used in magic potions and the like. If placed under a young maiden's bed the holly inspires pleasant dreams. Sometimes a mistake is made and he-holly is placed under the pillow. This results in babies and things like that. Another sort of charm in which the holly is used is that in which a young lady pins three leaves of she-holly to her nightgown. She then places three buckets of water at the foot of her bed and tumbles in to dream of her future husband. The three buckets of water? I'm not quite sure. Maybe the lass wishes to wash her feet. Maybe she has three feet. Maybe no young man with two feet

# EXPOSED!

would care to marry a young lady with three feet. Maybe we should forget the whole thing.



dessicative upon scrofulus sores it was without peer. He used to walk up to peers and remark, "As a desiccative upon scrofulus sores, mistletoe is without you."

The present custom of kissing beneath the mistletoe seems to have originated with the violent orgies which used to be held in ancient Rome, during which all sorts of violent excesses were indulged in by the frenzied, barbaric, immoral, completely happy people. The custom has since been simplified by our frustrated, civilized, moral, completely unhappy civilization to the extent that even a lousy kiss is frowned upon under the mistletoe. No guts, I guess.



## MISTLETOE

Undoubtedly everyone has heard of mistletoe. Personally, I've always held it to be definitely against all rules of sportsmanship. Only cowards, fools, and the very ugly employ mistletoe to steal a kiss. And so do I. I remember when I was just a wee small brat, how all we young hot bloods of the community would run about carrying great armloads of the stuff, kissing girls indiscriminately, and getting punched in the nose for our trouble. Then we grew a bit older and realized what we were doing and the girls began carrying the mistletoe about and getting the bloody noses.



Mistletoe has always, since early historical times, been held sacred. The most interesting power attributed to mistletoe is that of producing fertility. On an island in the Torres Strait it is a common belief that a woman who touches or carries a piece of mistletoe will be the mother of twins. Modern science, however, has shown that there is more to it than this.

The plant has also been recognized as having medicinal powers. A Greek pre-med student, Pliny, often remarked that as a

In mythology the carrying of mistletoe assured safe conduct into Hades. I wonder if that's what my girl meant last Christmas when, after I had held a sprig of mistletoe over her head and kissed her tenderly, she snatched the mistletoe from my hand, threw it at me and told me to go to hell . . . ?

When the Druids gathered mistletoe they did so with great ceremony and two white bulls. The priest climbed the tree and cut the mistletoe with a golden hook. Then it was made into a

magic potion which supposedly prevented one from becoming sterile. Those oldtimers were always worrying about something like that. The book I read never did say what they did with the two white bulls so I suppose they just stood around and moored or whatever it is that bulls do.

The End

A drunk got on a University bus and sat down beside a white-haired old lady.

"You may not know it young man," said the old lady, "But you're going straight to hell."

The drunk jumped to his feet and hollered to the driver. "My-gawd, let me off. I'm on the wrong bus!"

—I—

An anti-tobacco leaflet says that a cannibal will not eat the meat of a man who has used tobacco. But what of it? Who's going to go without tobacco just to pamper a cannibal.

—I—

"Did you know that Joe has a glass eye?"

"No! Did he tell you?"

"Oh, no. It just came out in the conversation."

—I—

He: "Are you afraid of the big bad wolf?"

She: "No, why?"

He: "That's funny, the other three pigs were."



KEITH KEEFER

# Winter Comes Early

by *Lanna Pierson*

Ill. by

*Keith Keefer*

What can be as hungry for the souls of men as a Dakota winter. What is there that drags men into the utter depths of despair and misery only to immediately fling them to exultant and frantic heights?

The violence of a blizzard, followed by the death-prevailing calm of crystal-like reflection has for years plagued, fought, won and lost battles with Dakota inhabitants. And yet, after sunset, a ghost-like celestial beauty haunts the air, man seeming to absorb it in his every pore. Sometimes it is a beauty, but sometimes a mysterious sweetness, while again an ingrown ugliness. No matter how qualified, it is a hold, grasping, clinging, diggin in a man until he slowly subsides, pulling his interself tightly about him, knowing he can never leave.

Bill Guptil felt these forces now as he gazed from the hospital porch at a golden translucent street light. A sharp pain jarred his head like lightning, clearing it and bringing him back from the world of emotions into that of motions.

He had a son upstairs — a beautiful son—dead. The baby had lived and breathed and brought forth noise for three days, then had died, taking with it a part of Bill. His wife Gloria—so lovely, yet so like the didn't want anymore children; hard, piercing, brilliance of a diamond, never giving her approval of anything.

Bill's mind continued to flounder downward, achieving greater depths of thought and punishment. Yes, punishment, for Bill

liked to think his sins were responsible for his sorrows, being frequently driven to a point of insanity.

The creating of a soul that would have been someday a man prayed on Bill's mind. Would the boy have survived the powers of his father's personality, or would he have become lost in its weaknesses? Would he have risen above the brutal fate of his environment as a whole? He might have turned into a lonely torn young man like himself, with a brilliant uncontrolled mind, as uncontrollable as the country around him, fighting all ideas he found, never able to solve anything to his satisfaction. Or he might have become a fine and wise man, surmounting his past influences, and shining out like a prophet amid the ignorant.

The nervous intense cold began to overtake Bill. It penetrated inward, but he found not the energy to move. His mind groped onward, seeking something to solve the twisted events of his life up to the present. Losing the baby suddenly seemed the ultimate to which he could fall. Wounding and disheartening. What could be more injuring, than losing the little faith and hope he'd wanted to plant in life.

There appeared blackness—nothing but blackness, like the wide sprawling endless Missouri River outside of town, always wandering, never accomplishing.

What minute pieces could he pick up to start anew. The farm was gone; debts had eaten money. Gloria had married him to show the town she could still dress well and live on a farm. People in town thought him a no-good, something to be despised and hated for his weaknesses. Of course he was weak, but who wasn't in one way or another. Who didn't find the ways of flesh often more appealing than

social standards, whiskey more warming than coffee, bars more friendly than home? Bill just wasn't as quiet about his actions as his neighbors, or rather others weren't as quiet about them as they were about their own.

He could go see Father McHugh, the only man who thought and believed as he did, who could understand the hands of God. But in the face of crisis, wasn't it weak to turn to others? Why should he reveal another weakness? He laughed bitterly, his eyes developing a pitiful, cynical stare.

A scene of three years ago came into focus. He'd just returned from a self-imposed vacation from college. Father McHugh had been summoned to the school and Bill had been called into the dean's office.

"Why did you leave, William?" A steady, stern, impersonal gaze came from the dean's eyes.

He didn't answer, a foolish depressing feeling swept over him.

"You violated the standards of the school, taking upon yourself the completion of a silly impulse." The dean continued his steady gaze.

Bill's mind suddenly became belligerent. This cold unfeeling man couldn't know the impulses that perplexed him to do the things his mind cried out were wrong but to which his heart drove him.

A strong desire overtook him to say—what can your school teach me of God, of life, what experience can you gain here to solve the mysteries of the guiding hand? I left because something told me to, said there are many roads and paths beyond these confining windows, books that aren't in this library, coals that can burst into giving flames, teachers that aren't present in your institution to answer my riddles.

(Continued on page 25)

Dale Greenman



*for your enchanted evening*



Liane Love



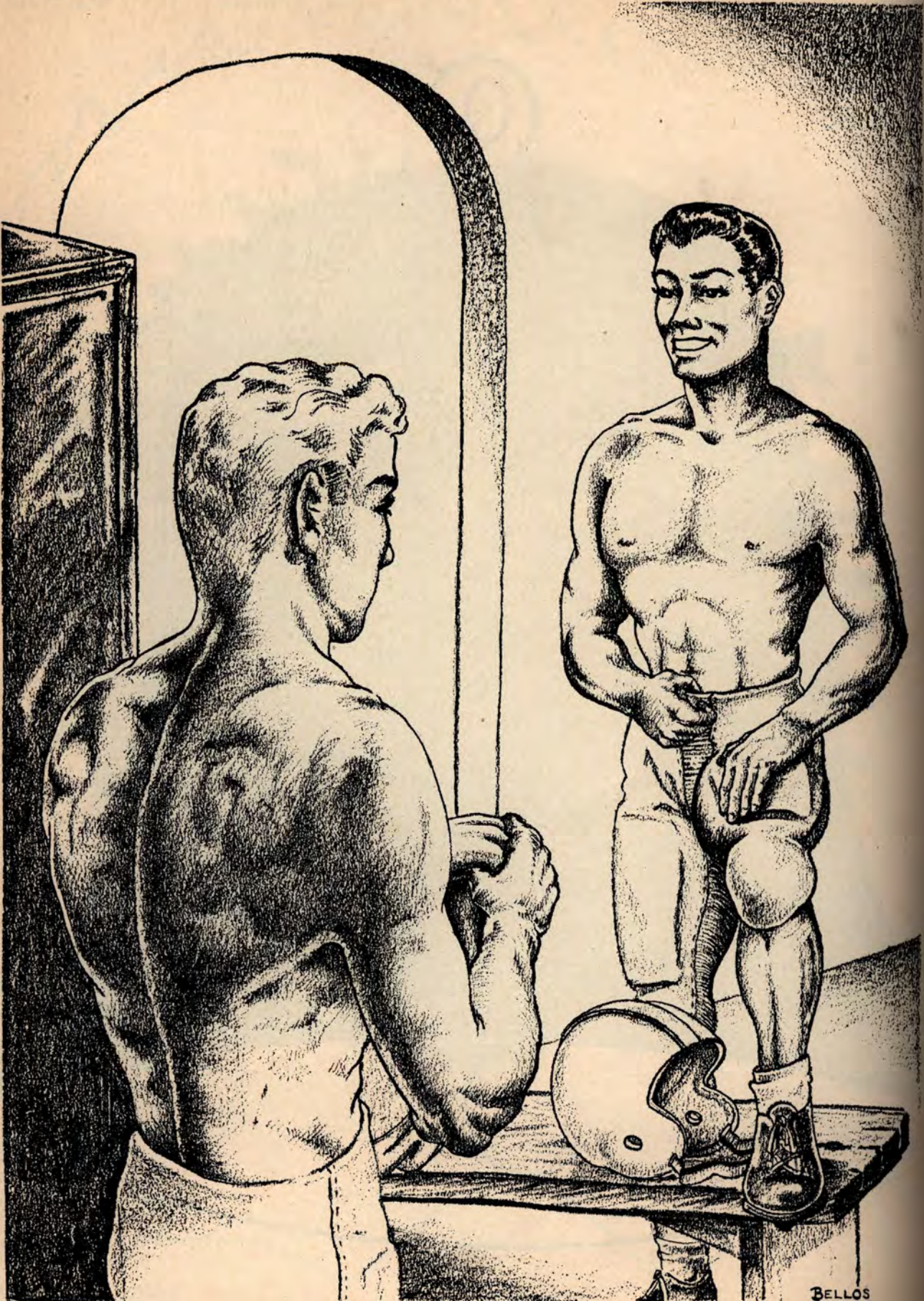
Jo Ann  
Carpenter



Mary Jo Nelson



Photos by *Pat Hamilton*



# Johnny Clinton

by Betty Thompson

Ill by George Bellos

THERE HE WAS—THE JOHNNY CLINTON LEGEND IN PERSON—THE BIG WHEEL—THE BOY WONDER—THE GUY WHO COULDN'T LOSE.

Bill felt a hand on his shoulder and turned. "Too bad about Johnny Clinton, wasn't it?" said Berby Brewer.

"What about him?" asked Bill indifferently. He really wasn't too interested in Johnny Clinton right now, with Helen Chrisman sitting across the booth from him.

"Gee, I thought you knew. You used to be such good friends. He was killed in Korea. Quite a hero, I guess. It's in the paper." Someone across the room yelled at Herby, and he moved away. "See ya, Bill," he said.

Back at his fraternity house, he picked up the newspaper. In the bottom corner was the smiling, cocky face of Johnny Clinton. The black headline below the picture said: "Idaho Man Hero of Korean Action." In smaller type the story told how John James Clinton had died to save three of his fellow soldiers. He was to be awarded a medal posthumously. "Another name is added to the ranks of unsung heroes," some general had said.

"A hero," whispered Bill. "Johnny died a hero. A God damn hero." For the first time in his life scalding tears poured down Bill's face. He repeated over and over, "A God damn hero." He buried his head in his hands to hide the grinning, derisive face of Johnny Clinton from his sight.

But the face was imprinted on his mind—the same grinning face that he had first seen when Johnny Clinton had walked into the freshman homeroom in Centerville high school. He had entered with that walk that was just about a swagger, but not quite. He stared at the class

with an expression on his face which seemed to say, "Things are going to be different around here. Then, catching Bill's eye, he had winked—the wink which expressed all the charm and the magnetism of Johnny Clinton's personality. And so began the Johnny Clinton legend in Centerville. Johnny Clinton was it, the big wheel, the boy wonder, he couldn't lose in anything—athletics, popularity, or girls.

Bill remembered Johnny the night they graduated. Johnny had been awarded the cup which went to the outstanding graduate. Johnny's smile hadn't been cocky or derisive as he accepted the cup. He had a hard time expressing his thanks. His voice had sounded choked. "Thanks, thanks," he had said. "Uh, I—Oh, gosh, Uh, I don't know what to say, but thanks to everyone." Then he had winked down at Bill, his best friend, and grabbed the cup like a football under his arm and walked off the stage.

After the exercises, there had been a dance and following the dance, the usual celebration by the crowd of boys, who had drunk far into the night. Bill remembered what Johnny had said about college. "Boy! College! Football, crowds, Homecoming, big league basketball, national track records — and women!" he moaned. "Think of all the new women there will be. College, here we come!" He punched Bill, "We'll mow 'em down, Billy Boy."

In September they had gone to the University — Bill and Johnny and Hank Peters and some of the other boys from CHS. When the first call came for frosh football, they were out

there, prepared to make new football history at the U. By the first week only Hank, Bill, and Johnny were left of the old CHS team. The competition was pretty stiff; the boys were bigger and faster and generally tougher than they had anticipated. In basketball, it was the same story — the competition was rough. Bill finally dropped basketball, but Johnny kept doggedly on.

Back at home the next summer, life was much the same. Johnny made an even bigger splash as a "college man." Second year the three — Johnny, Bill, and Hank—were out for football again. Johnny was confident and cocky the first day of practice. He knew he was good, and that was all there was to it. But things didn't work out that way. Up with the college team, Johnny looked small — too small for big-time football. Bill hadn't really thought too much about it, but Johnny was several inches shorter than he was. Even when Johnny failed to make the traveling squad, while Hank and Bill had been named to go, he never knew what Johnny thought about it. It was still the same Johnny — cocky, derisive, and confident. Perhaps there was the beginning of a chip on his shoulder.

Johnny dropped out of football and then basketball. By spring, he did not even turn out for track. He was beginning to make a name for himself, though not the name had had planned, but fame of a sort. Johnny Clinton—the party boy. He began by getting thoroughly drunk on Saturday night,

(Continued on page 26)

# The World Is

The world is thus and so  
 Let no man tear asunder  
 The idols raised on high  
 Let no man doubt or wonder.

The world is thus and so  
 And beauty has no reason  
 Lie low upon the earth  
 And grudge the change of sea-  
 son.

On earth I slept  
 But woke in pain  
 And almost wished  
 To sleep again.

Short hunted round  
 With honest look  
 There nothing found  
 And world forsook.

I care not how the matters now  
 Are thought upon by thinkers  
 Lost wisdom wooed by aimless  
 brood  
 A set of tiresome tinkers.

They map all day their time  
 away  
 And give the why and wherefore  
 I take my leave, laugh up my  
 sleeve  
 'Tis reason I don't care for.

Doubt not, thou foolish stripling  
 Doubt not the light of day  
 Doubt not the shade of evening  
 Nor moon in downward way.

Doubt not the gold of mankind  
 Heaped high, material must,  
 Doubt not the hand-shaped idols  
 Tho' soon they turn to dust.

If doubt you will, doubt beauty  
 Doubt womankind and man  
 Close an eye to sorrow  
 And curse when when'er you  
 can.

# Thus And So

by *Betty Peters*

Stop not now to question  
Harken not to doubt  
Stay the soul from hither  
Give inside for without.

And lost within thy orbit  
Propelled by mankind's stream  
Shut they eyes from wonder  
And dare not long to dream.

Our souls touched wings  
In outer space  
Where planets whirled in night  
Our souls touched wings  
In endless void  
We met . . . and there was light.

The anger days  
Were gone away  
The questioning, the doubt . . .  
Our souls brushed wings  
In worlds unknown  
And worlds were known  
throughout.

Who can wear a ripened rose?  
Its beauty is soon faded  
The youth once lived is there no  
more  
The very color jaded.

If time were now  
And I in tune  
I'd ride a'tween the heather  
And glance about  
At world throughout  
And muse in sunny weather.

Who can love a ripened rose?  
Its beauty soon departed  
The passion soon departed  
The passion felt has gone away  
Death and coldness started.

But now is time  
And ends too soon  
I cannot see the heather  
Long stretches out  
The phantom doubt  
That lives a lifetime's weather.

If love you must a rose at all  
God grant a budding flower  
Whose beauty young  
Is youth unsung  
In spirit and in power. .

If love you must, and I dare not  
God grant a timeless being  
Whose fairy means  
Bring back your dreams  
And stay awhile their feeling.



## You're The . . .

(Continued from page 5)

from its shell. In your mind you rationalize. "He really has nothing to live for anyway. A few million dollars, a marriage, a child, and a divorce tells the story of Tom Moray's adult life. You walk around to the back of the house and to the garage. Carefully you make sure the wind is to your face. No use getting the pup excited. Suddenly a wild fear hits you in the pit of the stomach like a sledge hammer. It tears through your body until it reaches your hands. There it stops; you overcome it just in time. The twin beams of light from the black Buick creep up the two strips of cement, seeming to reach out like probing fingers in search of you. Your hand sneaks out the gun. The safety snaps off and as it does it releases the growing tenseness in you. You are different now, a machine, a murder machine. Moray comes from around the garage and switches on a light. The pup jumps into his arms. You step into the light.

"Well it's——" Moray never finishes.

The gun roars in your hand; you feel its recoil. Moray looks puzzled. You turn off the porch light in a fraction of a second.

During this time you study Moray's face. He looks surprised, gradually the surprise wears off. His body shakes and pain takes the place of surprise on his face; he grimaces and then a change takes place. His body relaxes and the final look of death takes the place of pain. Your mind drinks in every detail. Automatically you shoulder his body and grab the pup by the neck and quickly you place them in the garage. Your hands go through Moray's pockets and you find the keys to the car. You fit the key in the ignition and start the motor. Quickly you shut the door of the car with the pup and the dead man on the inside. The big Buick is running silently as you firmly shut the garage door. The gas will soon kill the pup and without him no one in the neighborhood will miss Tom

Moray, at least for a little while. You turn and head up the alley toward the bus stop. You don't bother to turn up your collar as killers do in the detective stories. To anyone who sees you, you have the look of a man who has completed a job well done.

You don't feel proud though, in fact, you're a little sick to your stomach.

As usual there is a group of loud talking men gathered about the stop on their way to a factory for the grave yard shift. Along the outer edge of the crowd are a few white collar workers who probably work in the factory offices, or perhaps they have taken in a movie or a date with someone else's wife. There are a few young men and women, a few with babies.

Cross section USA — white collar workers, laborers, housewives, business men, and even a hired killer all on the same bus.

Your worries are over again. Like all the other times you have committed a perfect crime. Suddenly a child breaks away from his mother as she gets ready to step on the bus. The little tot runs in front of the bus and onto the busy street. A car's lights bear down toward him, you judge the distance and speed of the car. Someone gets in your road, you shove them viciously. Everyone seems hypnotized and you, of all people, act. The last few seconds have seemed like eternity as you keep running in your race against time. Finally you reach him, throw yourself in front of the car and push him away from danger just as the motorist awakens. There is a squeal of brakes, the fender hits you in the ribs and legs, then nothing but blackness.

Sounds come to you out of the hazy fog; you hear the roar of your breath as you fight for it through broken ribs. Every sound seems to be coming through water. With all your will power, you summon your strength and open one eye. Nothing happens, there is no sensation, no dizziness, just more blackness. Gradually, ever so slowly, sight begins to

come back. What you first see terrorizes you. You seem to be in an emergency room in a police station. Your gun? You can still feel it resting comfortably under your arm. Your thoughts seem fuzzy, nothing comes directly into focus.

Hide the gun! No! That's no good, they would soon find it in this small room. Shoot your way out! The most you could get is one or two of them and they would be sure to get you. Must you lay and wait. Wait for what, a trial, life at best, probably the chair. Cold sweat breaks out on your forehead at the thought of the chair. It's not death that frightens you, but the humiliation of going that way. Wait, there is one way. They say it's the coward's way, perhaps it is, but it seems the only way. Yes, that's it. Not much time; you pull the gun from its resting place in your shoulder holster and remove the safety.

A cat cries somewhere in the night.

"Oh hell, you have to go sometime. It may as well be quick. All your life you have been tough. How tough will you be in the end? Placing the gun to your temple you gently squeeze the trigger. This time you do not feel the recoil, you hear no roar, feel no sensation. This time you feel only death.

"He's in there officer," the man in the white coat said.

"Thanks Doc." The policeman shook his head. "Funny place to take the long count—in a cat and dog hospital."

The End

Mr. Binks was busily engaged with a spade in the mud beside his car when a stranger hailed him.

"Stuck in the mud?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Mr. Binks cheerily, "my engine died and I'm digging a grave for it."

—I—

The first day at school the teacher informed the class that if they had to go to the rest room, they should raise two fingers. Little Jerry listened to these instructions, and then said to his pal, "I don't really think that will stop it!"



# The Rock

by Richard Case

A SHORT-SHORT—COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"You're ugly," he said, and threw the rock. The little girl put her hand to her head and cried. The tears rushed from her eyes and were forgotten in the dust.

Joe lay in the mud and remembered his childhood. The day he threw the rock. His mother had scolded him and asked why he did it. "I don't know why, I just did it," he said, and she scolded him again. "You must have had a reason," but he didn't.

Joe was aged now; he had gone to war, grown old fighting for an ideal and was no longer positive of his righteousness. There had been the weeks of training, the good times, the standard jokes about the fate of the enemy. But these were gone, and here he was in the mud, and rain, and filth of the battlefield, with only the comradeship of his futile and often repeated reflections of home. He thought about his wife, his family, and even about his enemies. He wondered where they might be that night. He removed the helmet and gazed upon the brilliancy of Hades. Daylight . . . how he hated it. No longer did it remind him of the golf course and the beach.

In the early morning sun the grenade seemed to float over the tiny clump of bushes. Joe watched the innocent looking ball of metal and his heart said, "strike three." When he heard the explosion, reality returned to sicken him. He picked up his rifle and crept up cautiously to observe the product of his sin—"yes, a good job," he said—and then he laughed at the bloody coils that led into the pillared cavern of his brother.

The day passed and Joe dreamed on but did not awaken, he observed but he did not comprehend—and the darkness returned again.

With the darkness came a

strange feeling and it seemed like nothing mattered. He slept then, immune to the cold but not to the guilt. He frowned and turned over in the mud.

While he slept a voice came to him and chanted:  
 There is nothing.  
 The whole thing is nothing.  
 There can be nothing.

We speak, but we are mute.  
 We think, but we are stilled by custom.  
 We cry out, but are heard only within ourselves.

We choose to do not, but do because of our helplessness.  
 We believe not in war, but war because we wish to war not.  
 We fight, so as to fight not later.

We sacrifice our freedom, to remain free.  
 We doubt, in order that we may become free of doubt.  
 We cry, so as to cry not later.

We who should help ourselves, do not.  
 He who should help us to help ourselves, can not.  
 Whatever shall become of us?

Hearing this Joe thought he awoke, and he cried aloud, and the thunder came answering him. Not the heavenly thunder he feared as a child but the artificial thunder he feared as a man. It struck the ground and he saw only a blinding flash of light—and he bled, and he heard his mind repeat, "I don't know why I did it, I just did it," and God was silent, but smiled at him and motioned him to come from his filth, and Joe followed.

"Should I marry a man who lies to me?"  
 "Young lady, do you want to be an old maid."



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## Friday Night . . .

(Continued from page 9)

questions to ask her. Marcia, however, had other plans. After the show she began walking toward the Spruce, advising Ted that the beer was better there than any place in town. Marcia did not want beer, but she felt it necessary to go where the crowd would be. Ted, who honestly did not like beer, answered quickly, "Of course Marcia." He didn't want her to consider him puritanical.

Marcia's entrance attracted everyone's attention. Even Ted could not but recognize the fact. While he looked for a table, Marcia smiled and flirted with the boys in the front room. She would have liked to walk back to the room where the couples danced, but Ted seemed hardly worth the trouble of dancing, and out here the crowd was one hundred per cent boys as she had hoped. She looked around for Bill, and found him in a corner surrounded by boys, all of whom stared at her. When Ted caught her eye to tell her to come to the table, Marcia favored him with a dazzling smile. She felt kind, gracious. Bill was there; she could afford to smile. Perhaps he might even be jealous of Ted.

Ted felt uncomfortable. He moved uneasily in his chair and poured Marcia's beer with a hand that shook slightly. Marcia drank her beer and called him Slowpoke. Ted wanted to leave; he felt as though this were no place for a nice girl such as Marcia. Hesitantly he spoke, his voice imploring. "Marcia, wouldn't you like to go somewhere else? Everyone here is so noisy. I want to . . . to . . . to talk with you." Marcia didn't hear him. Ted tried the second time. Then Marcia turned to him; she had been watching Bill. She hoped he wanted her to go home with him. Of course she wouldn't, because of Ted. "Oh, Ted, what did you say? I can't hear a thing in here, but I like it, don't you? And because she knew Bill watched her, Marcia placed her hand over Ted's and gave him her sweetest smile, knowing he would not resist. Ted felt trapped. He answered, "Anything

you say," and wondered why his eyes burned and his head ached. He supposed it was the beer and the smoke.

By midnight Ted was completely worn out by the confusion about him. Marcia, still smiling and laughing, at what he did not know, seemed not to mind when he suggested they leave. She knew she had created a sensation in the tavern, and captivated Ted, too. Ted helped her with her coat, and this time he took her arm as they walked out the door. Marcia felt a mild distaste; he seemed so insipid, and now quite assinine as he reached for her hand and missed it twice. She laughed at him; he laughed with her.

On the way home Ted noticed that several of the boys from his house passed them. He said hello as gaily as did Marcia, even though he felt self-conscious in front of them. They would quiz him about his date when he returned to the house, and he knew he would be embarrassed. Marcia asked about the boys and seemed to listen intently when he explained how Jack was house president, and Red a potential star on the football team.

Ted planned to kiss Marcia goodnight. He hoped she wouldn't consider him forward, kissing her on their first date. Marcia turned on the top step and surprised him with a kiss. She kissed him dutifully, having almost forgotten who he was. There had been so many boys, so many dates. Now she was tired and wanted to sit in her room and wait for Bill to call. She knew he would. Ted thought of all the things he wanted to tell her. Somehow during the evening he hadn't found time to tell her about his poetry, or the experiments in zoology lab, or even how much he liked her. He reached out and touched her arm. "Marcia, I've had such a good time. You're wonderful fun to be with . . ." Marcia was half way through the door, but he heard her answer, "Good night, Jim." Ted walked home, wondering if she liked him, and where he might take her for a good long talk on the following Friday night date. It didn't occur to him she might refuse.

### WADE'S DRIVE-IN



"See You At Wade's"

BEVERAGES — FOOD

Rosie entertained so many male visitors in the parlor and things were so quiet while they were in attendance that Rosie's Papa finally grew suspicious. One night he told his wife, "I've got a wonderful invention to help us check up on Rosie. It's a television periscope. Just turn it on when Rosie is in the parlor with her fella tonight. If he holds her hand, there'll be a green light. If he kisses her, there'll be a purple light." The contraption was set in place, the male visitor arrived, and Papa settled back for a nap. His wife awakened him by shaking him vigorously. "Come quick, Papa," she cried, "and see the pretty rainbow."

—I—

Statistics show that Yale grads have 1.3 children, while Vassar grads have 1.7. Which merely goes to show that women have more children than men.

—I—

An eminent statesman attended the unveiling of a bust of himself at the university. A young woman came up to him and said, "I hope you appreciate that I have come fifty miles to see your bust unveiled." Whereupon the statesman replied: "I would go 1,000 miles to see yours."

—I—

"What did you operate on that guy for?"

"\$800."

"No, I mean what did he have?"

"\$800."

## Winter Comes . . .

(Continued from page 13)

Still he uttered no word, and had been dismissed from school in spite of Father McHugh's pleadings.

Ah, yes. It'd been his fate to be chosen as a wanderer, never to believe what was there, always probing and dissecting each thought and ideal, taking from it nothing but more disbelief and the repulsive urge to go on. On to what? Must he continue his struggle, only to complete a full cycle of cynacism? There was no purpose for a mind like his. He'd never done anyone any good, never contributed to the happiness of another lost soul. He had never issued anything but misery—misery to himself and to those he loved, or thought he loved.

Sex drove him wild. No matter how much he got, there was always a dissatisfying sensation, again urging him to try once more, to discover some secret that made life. But the answer was never there—nothing but the blackness, so empty yet so consistently moving and full.

There had been the lovely Diana. After being with her time after time, over the objections of her friends and his, he'd come to believe here was the one woman who satisfied his ideals of sex, intelligence and love of beauty. She was fascinated and intrigued with him, drawn to him in some way impossible to explain. Soon her very purpose of living began to revolve around their moments together.

For awhile, these were kept on a high intellectual plane, each taking from the other thoughts and ideas to add to their respective outlooks on life. But presently this wasn't enough. A per-seuing uneasiness and curiosity crept into their conversation.

Then it was all over. No heights of glorious elation had followed; no joyous reaction of having found the secret. And she left, broken and ruined.

He never failed to return to Gloria. He could not break through her ingrown crystal. She was the only person that hadn't fallen under his scrutiny,

and the only one who dared to laugh on his face. His wife, when he had married her, he had disregarded the ideals of marriage—hadn't remembered marriage also contained a home, a shelter of love, a vision to create. Time was revealing his mistakes one by one.

Would time forever be his teacher, leading him around like a bull with a ring in its nose? Bob suddenly shuddered under the pressure of being controlled by forces he couldn't fathom. These forces had driven him through life, never giving him the beauty of peace, only brief amazingly short glimpses when the universe seemed to run into one element, all existence being the same.

He had been standing in the blazing enchantment of a firey burnt gold sunset in a wheat field on the banks of the Missouri River. He was caught in a painless ecstasy of the complete and pure beauty surrounding him. Swiftly, the scene melted sweetly into an inexplicable haze. A vision of a garden, deep, cool, in shades of timliness flashed before him. He was uplifted to an earthly infinity, he swam through space, passed all obstacles and knew peace and God . . . . .

"William! William!" An insistent voice was ringing in his ears. It was that of his mother's. "The doctor said it would be all right to go up to see Gloria now."

"Oh. Oh—thank you, Mother dear. Yes, I'll go up in a minute." He watched her disappear into the hospital door, then quickly walked to his car, got in, let the motor warm up and drove through town.

When he got to the bridge, he turned off on the River Road and parked overlooking the river. He gazed at the sparkling cover of the dark river. His thoughts whirled into a pool of unending depths. All achievement and purpose flowed out of him, killing the living sparks of thirst and desire in its path. He changed into a statue of numb emotions. Then, staggering under the strain of heavy thought, he returned to the car.

As he pushed on the gas pedal with all the force he could summon, a thought raced through his head—

*Time reveals all things.*

Dean to Freshman: "What's your name?"

Freshman: "I'm Gladys Zell."

Dean: "I'm happy too, but what's your name?"

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# Johnny Clinton

(Continued from page 19)

then Friday, until gradually his reputation grew all over the University. His voice led in every drunken serenade. His escapades were recounted in almost every sorority house. "Johnny Clinton climbed all the way up our fire escape last night. Was he ever loaded?" So it went, and the more he drank the more cocky and confident he acted. He was the life of every party — for still the Johnny Clinton charm and personality influenced and attracted people. He didn't see much of his old friends. They just didn't have anything to say to each other.

Johnny scraped through his first semester exams; but by the end of the second semester, he didn't even bother to take a quiz. Instead he went on a week-long binge. That was the end for Johnny Clinton's college career.

As soon as he was sober, he joined the army; and now a year and a half later a newspaper said that John James Clinton was dead.

Bill twisted in agony. He felt a great bitterness toward everything. "Oh, God, why did it have to be that way." He wished violently that he could have traded with Johnny. It was ironic. Bill, good, old dependable Bill, was Idaho's star football player, pinned to last year's Homecoming Queen and favorite subject of the Center-ville Weekly News sports writers—while Johnny Clinton, the biggest wheel of them all, was a dead hero.

She: "You wolf! I'll teach you to make love to me!"

He: "Thanks!"  
—I—

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

Sailor (who has accidentally fallen overboard): "Help! Drop me a line!"

Captain: "Yes and you write sometimes, too."

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C-11

A Washington, D. C., girl working in one of the government departments had filled out her loyalty questionnaire. One or two entries had to be checked further. She was summoned to the office of the personnel chief. "Can you explain your sojourns in other countries?" he asked.

Her eyes flashed with anger. "I once attended the University of Heidelberg. Does that make me a German? I spent six months in Russia. Am I a communist? Then I spent four months in the Virgin Islands. Does . . . .?"

—I—

Sam: Believe me, my girl's plenty hot on the piano.

Ham: Gosh, hasn't she got a sofa in her house?

—I—

"I'm from the International Knitting Mills, Madame; are you interested in any coarse yarns?"

"Gosh, yes, tell me a couple."

—I—

Bars are something which if you go into, you are apt to come out singing a few of, and maybe get tossed behind.

—I—

Scene: Cocktail party.

Host: "Highball or Martini?"

Guest: "Straight ginger ale will do."

Host: "Pale?"

Guest: "No, just a glass."

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# A Christmas Story

IN THE STYLE, IF NOT THE SPIRIT, OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

It was Christmas Eve. The snow was drifting slowly and softly downward as if some capacious pillow had hurst its twinings. A chic young woman viewed the tranquil scene from the second story window of her fashionable New York apartment.

"It's simply beautiful!" she reflected. "Just the way Christmas Eve ought to be—Just the way I planned it would be — for him—"

She surveyed the neat, yet gaily trimmed interior of her suite critically. Everything must be perfect tonight of all nights. *Nothing* could be amiss tonight—for *he* was coming—he had promised to come! She straightened a drape (although it wasn't out of place) and nervously patted an embroidered pillow into opulence. There seemed to be nothing more to do; the small tree was trimmed in her characteristic good taste and an abundance of aromatic, green fir branches were draped over the doorway, leading to the room a fres haura of holiday spirit. She bunched her smart skirt to her knees and knelt to plug in the Christmas tree lights. As the plug was injected, the tree seemed to come to life. Multi-colored bulbs danced before her eyes and she hurried to snap off the dull white light of the desk-lamp. The room became a fairyland—a Christmas dream. Yes, the effect was perfect—But then it *had* to be perfect for him.

She stepped to a large, comfortable chair and knelt in it, chin resting on its friendly, broad back. Pulling the window drape aside, she stared meditatively out at the scene below. It was still snowing, more softly now. The atmosphere, however, was gay and brittle, as late shoppers scurried along the crowded streets shouting the proverbial but never trite "Merry Christ-

mas!!" Elderly gentlemen, faces bursting with good will and toothsome smiles; harried housewives, arms overflowing with curious looking bundles; children eyes bright with expectancy and noses bright with the cold, playing crack-the-whip between and around the legs of bustling strangers — strangers who last night would have reprimanded them soundly, but tonight just laughed merrily at their pranks; all these rent the air with cheer.

Her gaze wandered from the happy scene below to the two gay red stockings nailed to the mantel. How they would please him! She had knitted them herself and he was so sentimental about such things. "And have lots of snow—and a Christmas Tree," he had begged, boyishly—"Aw, don't cry, dear. A year goes fast—and then you'll see — I'll be back!"

At that time, a year seemed an eternity to wait . . . an eternity! But she had sensibly busied herself at the office — she had joined clubs, done a little writ-in, and even tended baby for that cute couple in the next apartment . . . . Yes, and how *he* loved children . . . "that's the way I picture you, dear," he used to say, baring his teeth in that good-natured grin of his, "standing there with a kid in your arms. Someday, you'll see . . ." Then *he* would neatly return to his usual jovial manner. "But for now—a little music!"

Why did he always have to leave? Oh, yes, he always tried to explain carefully but it seemed so unfair. It seemed that she would just begin to live—just commence to know joy, and gaiety—then he would have to leave. A paralyzing thought struck her . . . What if he didn't come? . . . What if he had changed his mind? She turned her head in an agonized gesture. She mustn't be a fool. Of course he'd come. Hadn't he promised?

by Marilyn Pond

With effort she dismissed the thought.

"GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN . . . LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY . . . . ."

The sweet strains of the carolers floated softly to her ears. She returned her gaze to the street below. The crowds had dispersed and standing there were brave snowmen shifting from foot to foot. They wore damp woolen caps bearing the letters NYJC and sang their well-rehearsed songs as if they were each and every one the author. Heavens! It must be getting late! She glanced at her watch . . . 10:40 . . . . Why, *he'd* be here any moment! Wait a minute . . . What was that? She was certain that she had discerned a footstep. She caught her breath. Just the folks downstairs, coming in after Christmas Eve dinner, she supposed. — But no — Faintly, ever so faintly. There sounded another step . . and another . . . She glanced about the room. Was *everything* in order? The candy! She had forgotten to put out the Christmas candy. *He always* said that Christmas wasn't Christmas without it . . . Panic-stricken, she darted to the kitchen and breathlessly poured the assorted hard-tack into a large wooden bowl—There! She set the bowl clumsily on the mahogany table in a flurry of excitement and dug her nails into the palms of her white hands. Were the footsteps still ascending? She couldn't bear it if they weren't! Yes . . . and they were much nearer now . . . They had completed the first flight. *They were* nearer, those familiar ponderous steps. How many times had she listened for the heavy plod — plod — How many times had her heart choked her throat with its wild beating as she awaited that plod—plod . . . . . Oh, would *he* never finish those last few stairs and round the corner to her impatient arms? The footsteps were almost upon her now!! PLOD . . PLOD! . . . . She could restrain herself no longer—She flung the door open wide and there stood . . . . . Santa Claus.

# HISTORY REWRITTEN

## CUSTER'S LAST STAND



Gosh, there's only me left! Gimme 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.

"Oh, what a funny looking cow," the chic young thing from the city told the farmer. "But why hasn't it any horns?"

"There are many reasons," the farmer replied, "why a cow does not have horns. Some do not have them till later in life. Others are dehorned, while still other breeds are not supposed to have horns. This cow does not have horns because it is a horse."

"Daddy, I saw mama kiss the ice man this morning."

"Ye Gods! She wastes time with him when we owe the grocer \$50."

Phi Delt Pledge: "One of the brothers wants to borrow your bottle opener."

S.A.E.: "You go back and tell him I'll bring it right over."

If all the co-eds in the world who didn't neck gathered in one room, what would we do with her?

The guest was greeted at the door by the enthusiastic hostess. She did not notice him gazing self-consciously at his muddy shoes as she said warmly, "I'm so glad to see you. Won't you come on in?"

"I - I'd rather not," stammered the guest. "My feet are dirty."

"Oh, that doesn't matter. Just keep your shoes on and no one will notice."

They say if you don't drink or smoke or run around with women, you'll live longer.

It's all a great big lie; it only seems longer.

He rounded the bend at close to 40. A sudden skid and the car overturned. They found themselves sitting together, unhurt, alongside the completely smashed car. He put a protecting arm around her waist, but she drew away from him.

"It's all very nice," she sighed, "but wouldn't it have been easier to run out of gas?"

"Heard you were moving a piano, so I came over to help." "Thanks, but I've already got it upstairs."

"All alone?" "Nope, hitched the cat to it and drug it up."

"You mean your cat hauled that piano up two flights of stairs? How could a cat pull a heavy piano?"

"Used a whip."

The Arg sent its star reporter to cover a big fire north of town. His report began: "God sits tonight on a little hill overlooking a scene of stark disaster . . ."

His editor sent him scurrying back with a scream — "Forget disaster, interview God, get pictures if possible!"

Housemother: "Bussy, get off that young man's lap."

Bussy: "Like Hell I will; I got here first."

"Say, waiter, I found a hair in my soup."

"Goodness, it must have come off some noodle."

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Scene: A lonely corner on a dark night.

Voice: "Would the gentleman be so kind as to help a poor hungry fellow who is out of a job? Besides this revolver, I haven't thing in the world."  
Columns.

—I—

Tact is making a blind date feel at home when you wish you were there.

—I—

"If this lecture has run over-time, it is because my watch has stopped," the prof said.

Voice from the back row: "There's a calendar behind you."

**Dodge - Plymouth  
Dealers**

Moscow, Idaho

**HALE MOTORS,  
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"Then he wanted to fill my stocking!"

The quiet little freshman coed from the country was on her first college date, and thrilled beyond words. She didn't want to appear countryfied. She had put on her prettiest dress, gotten a sophisticated hair-do, and was all prepared to talk understandingly about music, art or politics.

Her hero took her to a movie, and then to the favorite college cafe.

"Two beers," he told the waiter.

She, not to be outdone, murmured: "The same for me."

—I—

"A friend of mine got a black eye for kissing a bride after the ceremony."

"But surely her husband shouldn't object to that ancient custom."

"No, but it was two years after the ceremony."

—I—

"Oh, here's the place my mother told me to stay away from—I thought we'd never find it!"

—I—

"So your name is Tom. I know George means 'lover of horses,' and Philip means 'beloved, X', and Don means 'chief'—do you know what Tom means?"

"Business, baby, business."

—I—

Instructor's note on a history blue book:

"Your answer to the question, 'Why did the Pilgrims go into the wilderness?' while interesting, was, nevertheless, incorrect."

*"My Choice for Taste and Mildness"*

