

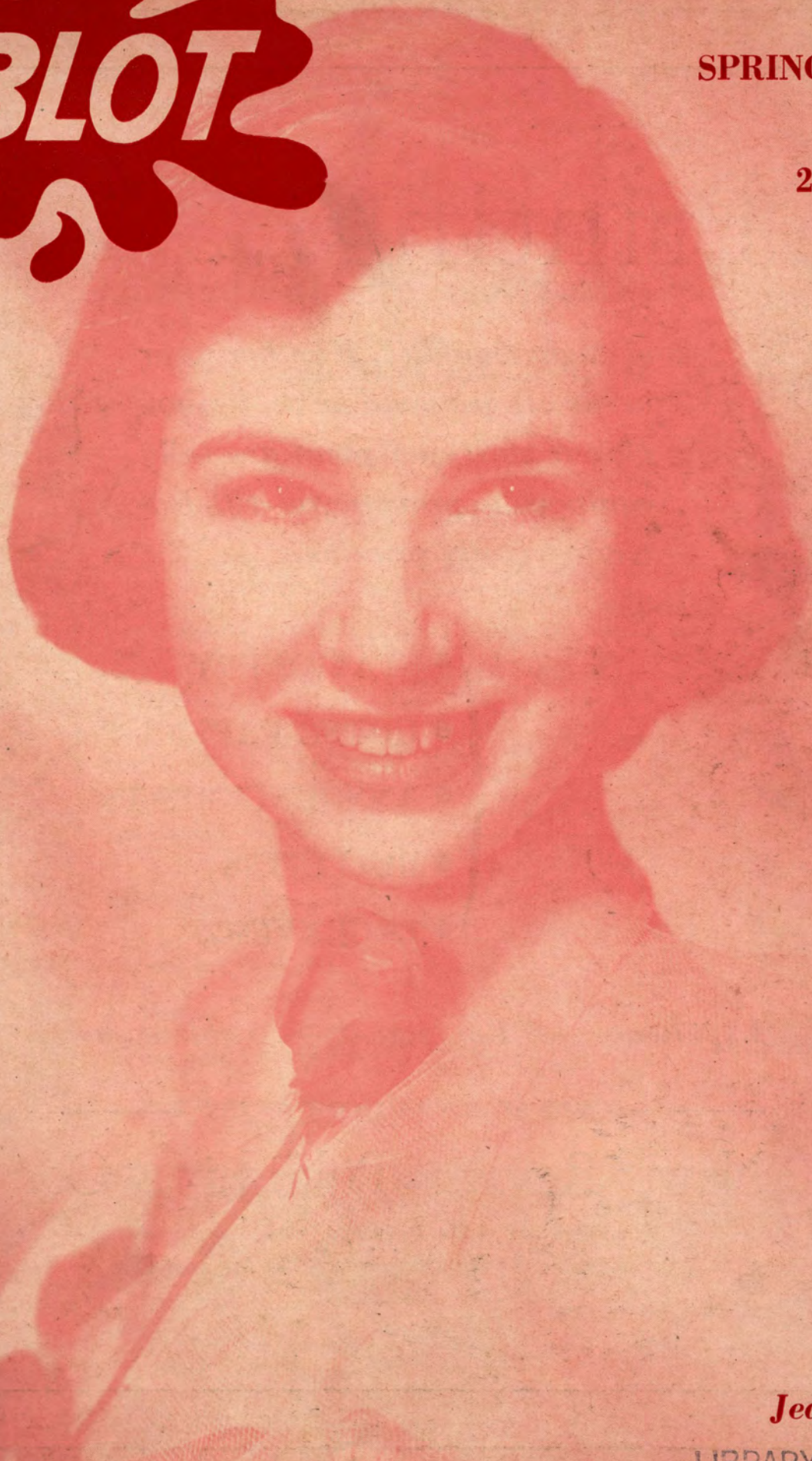
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# BLOT

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# BLOT MAGAZINE

VOL. VI

NO. 3

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# In This Corner

The other day Jeanne DeMott wandered into our office in search of a job. We did a double take and then quickly set her in a chair, tossed her a rose, and had Rudy take her picture. Our cover is the result. This radiant, brown-eyed freshman hails from Rexburg and is a welcome transfer from Ricks College. She came North for the second semester and, in case any of you are interested, she is at home at the Alpha Phi house. The number is, incidentally, 2135.

Whenever a new staff takes over this magazine the green young editor crawls up on a soap box of some sort and blithly announces to the subscribers, "This is YOUR magazine, please give us your suggestions." Well, since we are a green staff, we feel the same way and are here to state the same old trite expression. For example, in this issue you will find something new in the way of features. If you like them, let us know about it. And if you don't, also let us know and we will never do it again!

Once upon a time, only two weeks ago, we heard some wee gripes from Blot subscribers about not always receiving their paid for copy of the campus magazine. Well, we came up with what we think is an ingenious new system. If all subscribers will please note the back cover of this publication they will find their very own name stuck on the back. Thus we have solved two here-to-fore insoluble situations . . . not only will every subscriber be more certain to get his copy of BLOT . . . but we no longer have to listen to complaints of publicity hounds who want their name on Blot. This ought to make someone happy. (If only the Blot Staff.)

## BLOT

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

Represented nationally by W. P. Bradbury Co., 112 E. 42nd St., New York, New York.

Address all communications to Bob Gartin, Editor, Student Union Bldg., University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho.

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**BEVERAGES — FOOD**

She: I'm Suzette, the Oriental dancer.

He: Shake.

—I—

First electrician: Have we any four volt, two watt bulbs?

Second electrician: For what?

First: No. two.

Second: Two what?

First: Yes.

—I—

"Mommy, Mommy," bawled the little girl, "Daddy just poisoned my kitty." "Don't cry dear," replied the mother, sympathetically, "Maybe he had to."

"No, he didn't," screamed the heartbroken little girl, "He promised me I could."

A gentleman, on being told that he was the proud father of triplets, was so overjoyed at the news that he rushed immediately to the hospital, where his wife and newly acquired family were, and dashed pell-mell into the room.

The nurse, being out at the time, was irritated upon her return and remonstrated with the father.

"Don't you know that you had better not come into this room in germ-filled clothes? Why, you're not sterile."

He looked at her for a moment and then said: "Lady, are you telling me!"

A man caught in a snowdrift looked up and saw a St. Bernard coming toward him, with the usual keg of whiskey under the dog's chin. "Well," he exclaimed, "here comes man's best friend—and look at the big dog too."

—I—

Both women and pianos  
Are similar in brand;  
Some of them are upright  
And some of them are grand.

—I—

Cannibal king: "What am I having for lunch?"

Cook: "Two old maids."

Cannibal king: "Ugh! Leftovers again."



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Soderberg

# “Speaking of Dogs. . .”

by Charles Griffin

ill. Stan Soderberg

I had just reached the point in the story where Lauralie had lured Hubert to the bedroom door when I heard a tremendous roar and commotion from the direction of the back yard. It sounded suspiciously like Father. I struggled with myself, whether it would be best to follow Lauralie and Hubert into the bedroom, where I felt something good was coming up, or to rush to the aid of Father where I knew damn well nothing good was going on. I chose the latter . . . loyalty you know.

I dashed for the swinging door between the dining room and the kitchen. There was a terrific thud as I shoved my way through, and I saw I had knocked Mother down as she had started to carry a tray full of crystal goblets into the dining room.

“Are you hurt?” I asked.

“I’m all right,” she said as she lay on her back deftly juggling all eight goblets. “Go to your Father!”

“Stout girl,” I thought to myself as I continued my mad dash for the backyard.

The uproar had intensified and as I charged out into the yard I saw the reason. There was Father bellowing and stomping around the yard, waving an umbrella above his head, spluttering and fuming. His face was purple and the veins on his forehead stood out so far they looked like the canals one sees on Mars for 10 cents through a telescope.

“Those dogs, those damn dogs, they’re plotting against me.”

He swung once around the yard and then spotting me, whirled the umbrella above his head two or three times, let out a blood curdling war hoop, and charged like a bull.

Seeing that logic would be of no avail at this point, in three quick leaps I had gained the folding lawn umbrella and had

shinnied up the pole. I clung precariously but tenaciously to the pole as Father took a few wild swipes at me with his umbrella.

“Come down here, you damn dog and fight like a man.”

“Whatever I am, Father,” I asserted, “I am *not* a dog.”

Finally convinced of this fact, he indicated it was safe to come down. He said as I touched the ground, “Sorry, son.” He always called me that when he was wrought up.

“Those damn dogs,” he exploded, spluttering all over my face. He handed me a towel, I wiped my face dry. Though eccentric at times Father was always considerate.

I knew, of course, what the trouble was, Mrs. Kaynine, our next door neighbor, and her seven dogs were at it again.

“It isn’t, you see, just the idea of seven dogs,” Father would say at every opportunity, “but two of them are males and five are females. Does that sound to you like an accidental circumstance?” he would inquire of his victim.

“Certainly not,” he would quickly answer his own question, “there might have been five males and two females, that, of course, would have been all right, or better yet six males and one female.” If the person he was talking to didn’t manage to change the subject, which was nigh impossible, or somehow leave, he was doomed to listen to Father theorize on the many possible combinations that obviously would have been less threatening to his interests.

Mrs. Kaynine and Father had a long standing feud dating from the time she had bought two white rats for pets, one female and one male. It had been but a short time when Mrs. Kaynine’s entire backyard and ours

too, was filled with white rats. Father had first been content to set up traps and to sell the furs for “a tidy little sum” as he would smugly say, but when his tulips failed to come up he darkly accused the rats of tunneling under the yard and eating his prize tulip bulbs.

“It was the frost, not the rats.” Mother assured him.

“Just you stay on the sidewalk when you go through the backyard,” he ordered, intimating that if she didn’t we would have to call the fire department to help haul her out of a cave-in.

Finally Father managed to buy all of Mrs. Kaynine’s white rats, but as he says, “she charged such an exorbitant price for them that even with selling the furs I lost money.”

All this he would tell to every guest we had in the house and after only having met someone once he would launch into his story beginning with, “Speaking of dogs, etc.” Naturally most of the times they hadn’t been speaking of dogs and the stranger caught off balance could do nothing but stand and listen. He ended his story with, “They’re up to something all right. Those damn dogs are plotting to overrun the neighborhood.

No amount of pointing out to Father by Mother and myself of the obvious reproductive inefficiency of dogs as compared to white rats would shake him. He always referred back to the white rats, pointing out that they had started with only one male and one female.

“Think,” he would say, “think what two male dogs can do with five female dogs.

He invariably got up on a chair at this point, haranguing us like a soap box politician. Warming up to his subject he would try to make us aware of

(Continued on page 22)



I.  
 Lecture note cards  
*If attendance hasn't picked up, frown at class and suggest shotgun quizzes.*  
 Discuss Napoleon's character and life  
*Someone will probably ask about Josephine. Ignore.*  
 Elaborate upon Moscow seige  
*Talk loudly as if interested. Bang fist on desk. Go to map, point out Moscow, Russia.*

## Igor Goes to a Lecture

by Greene and Moore

Once upon a time there was a small bird by the name of Igor Rimsolesky who resided in the vast white waste lands of far off Russia. Now Igor, a practical bird, stored up food for the long winter, but the Communists heard about it, accused Igor of being a Capitalist and sent him to the bird seed mines in Siberia. Igor, after two years, escaped and managed to get to America. While traveling to Washington to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee he was forced down in Moscow by a blizzard.

This is Igor watching the class.

This is Igor watching you. Did you go to class this month?



Igor was found huddling under a bush and taken to the Blot office to thaw out. The Blot staff, being desperate for help, immediately assigned him to several tasks.

We have long wondered what a professor is really subjected to and now, thanks to Igor, we can answer this.

Here for the first time is the class as it looks to the professor, and at last we can see for ourselves what cryptic bits of information are written on the note cards.



II.  
 Spend 10 minutes in Moscow and then return to France  
*Scowl at blonde who always applies make-up.*  
 Napoleon forms triumvirate  
*Abuse Cook by dropping book.*  
 Ask him question over Moscow seige  
 Napoleon beomes emperor  
*Make pointed remarks about people who bring magazines to class.*



III.

Napoleon's claims in America  
*Clf Stevens opens window,  
 comment on draft. He  
 will try to sneak out.*

Napoleon and the balance of power  
*attract class attention by  
 telling story of cross-eyed  
 schoolmarm who couldn't  
 control her pupils. Laugh  
 jovily.*



IV.

Discuss Serbia's economic condition  
 in 1900

*wrote theses on this—  
 good for 25 minutes.*

Napoleon's personality was  
 Pscy:opnic

*Dodge questions by saying  
 we'll cover that later!  
 For very hard questions—  
 will cover that next  
 semester.*



V.

Finish off Napoleon at Waterloo  
*while talking, look at  
 note cards as if meant  
 something.*

Napoleon's exile to St. Helena  
*Clear throat suddenly—  
 sort of a loud bark  
 to waken class. Hold  
 class 2 minutes over.*





# THE PINK SLIP

by Janis Rankin

ill. by Dale Fayler

The buzzer sounded sharply in the poorly ventilated classroom. The professor picked up his notes, placed them in the briefcase and walked out. Slowly the class came to life and eased toward the door. Karen screwed the top on her pen, closed the notebook and rose to follow Joan.

"Got a class next hour, Joan?" she began.

"Yes, but I'm not going. Let's go have a cup of coffee. I'm lucky if I can stay awake in one class let alone two in a row. C'mon, let's go down to the Bucket."

"Gosh, Joan, I'd like to but I skipped that Ed. course just last Wednesday and Professor Tauser always takes roll."

"Ah come on, he sends out pink slips too, but that doesn't mean a thing. My roommate used to skip consistently and she got an 'A'."

Karen hesitated a moment. After all, the class was dull and she disliked it a great deal . . .

Joan had turned down Hello Walk and after a moment Karen followed.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Hi Tom, Sam, Joe, say can we sit with you?" Joan's voice carried too well above the noisy, smoke-filled room. "Go get the coffee, Karen, will you?" Joan sank down beside the fellows and began to talk.

Karen went for the coffee. She had to stand in line, then through the crowd on the way back. She was still thinking about the skip . . . What if he'd given a pop quiz? She'd never missed a quiz, but then there was always a first time. Someone offered her a cigarette, no, she didn't care for any. Joan, she noticed was enjoying herself a great deal. Nothing ever seemed to bother Joan though, not even the numerous fellows she

dated, fell in love with and then left flat.

"Ah, come on Karen, cheer up, life isn't so bad as all that." This came from the big, football player sitting next to her. Karen smiled weakly, her only effort at being gay. Heck, she thought, it doesn't really matter, it's only the fifth time and he never says anything anyway. With this rationalization she dismissed the subject from her thoughts.

\*\*\*\*\*

Coffee hour, coffee hour—all day long. The juke box blares out a fast, nonsensical tune or for the more "cultured" the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 5 or Clair de Lune. Cigarette smoke curls upward and hangs in lazy clouds above the red, painted booths. Coffee time, coffee time—maybe a doughnut now. "Say, I didn't have any breakfast, I want a maple bar." . . . "bring me a piece of pie" . . . dirty cups, tin can ash trays. Pay as you leave. "Hi Joe, Sue, skippin' class again huh? How's that term paper comin'? I sure don't know what that prof expects."

\*\*\*\*\*

The air seemed doubly fresh after the crowded Bucket. Karen and Joan parted at the corner. Joan was going home. "No more of this class stuff for me today," she said flippantly as she turned to leave.

Karen walked up the hill alone to her other education class. She tried to listen to the lecture, but her thoughts wandered off to Friday night, the latest play, and the book she hadn't read for her literature course. As the room became warmer, she grew sleepy, and before long, Dr. Johnson was a mere fuzzy blur like a kitten she had once had. So tired . . . Bzzzzzz . . . Suddenly she jumped, conscience of laughter. Well, thank heaven the noon bell sounded now and she could escape further humiliation.

The girls crowded around the mail table shuffling the letters from one to another. "Here's a card for you Karen," someone shouted.

Karen grabbed the card, lest anyone should turn it over and read it. Her eyes fell on four typewritten lines:

Dear Miss Bengston,  
Will you please report  
to your dean's office at  
your earliest convenience,  
in regard to Ed. 156.

Now she'd get the dreaded pink slip. She'd always heard about people getting pink slips and laughing about them. Joan would have laughed. Karen did not feel like laughing. She felt shame and remorse. She did not want to go to the Dean's office. What would she say? What could she say? The truth, that the course was dull, that the instructor gave poor lectures? What was there to do?

The other girls had gone. Karen stood by the table looking down at the card.

"Oh, Karen, I want to speak to you a moment."

"Hello, Mrs. Shultz. Certainly, what is it?"

"It's about an education course of yours. Dean Taylor called me this morning and asked me to speak with you. She says you have skipped five times. Don't you think that is excessive? You had better begin going, or you may flunk out, you know?"

Oh no, thought Karen, this is too much. She winced under Mrs. Shultz's rebuke but was determined not to stand silent and take it.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Shultz, but I don't feel that the course has anything to offer."

"That I am sure is beside the point, Karen, you are here for an education and you'd better get it . . . Why . . ."

(Continued on page 27)

ill. by *Keefer*

## *The Winning of Megeen*

by Dinah Jennings

Deep beneath the roots of the great oak the tapping of tiny hammers sounded all morning and most of the afternoon. Pair after pair of shoes were made by the leprechauns that dwelled below the oak. All day they worked, and early in the evening they took their leisure. But when one has followed a routine for thousands of years, it begins to be tiresome, and so it was with the little men.

One evening, while searching for diversion, one of the leprechauns spied a little girl-child. Her hair was a silvery spray, and her laughter tinkled like sil-

ver bells. The leprechaun was enchanted and took his prize below the great oak, where his fellows were likewise delighted. When they asked her name, she lisped, "Megeen," and wove her spell still stronger.

"We will keep her but a day or so," the leprechauns decided, forgetting that their days were years in the mortal world. So while the leprechauns were above ground at their leisure, and Megeen with them, she grew older, but below the oak roots her growth halted. At the end of a week the leprechauns were surprised to find their little Me-

geen a young lady of eighteen.

"Eighteen is a nice age," said the little men, "and thus we shall keep her." So they made her immortal.

Offtimes while the leprechauns were at work, Megeen roamed above ground at will. So it was that she was seen, and her silvery hair entwined more hearts than those of the little men. One of these hearts belonged to a youth by name of Cuevin McClory and the other to Ailin Oge of the Shee.

While the youth worshipped in silence, Ailin Oge began his courtship. Megeen, who knew nothing of love, was nonetheless flattered. Ailin Oge, wary of his rival, bade the leprechauns to forbid the girl to go above ground. Now this rule had the effect of most rules. One hardly ever thinks of committing an offense until it is forbidden, and so it was with Megeen. At the first opportunity she escaped above the oak, and Cuevin McClory made himself known to her.

The courtship of the youth and of the Shee were far apart. While woman searches long for love, and man is content with comradeship, when a man once finds love, he is far more dependent upon it than ever is a woman. Such was the case with Cuevin McClory. Megeen pitied him and in her pity loved him. But she did not tell him so after the ways of a woman.

Because the youth worshipped Megeen, he stood in awe of her, even as the girl stood in awe of Ailin Oge because he was of the Shee. Men like what they cannot understand, because often they are not aware that they do not understand; but women, who are wiser, do not like what they cannot understand, though it may attract them until they learn the why and wherefore. Megeen did not understand Ailin Oge.

As both suitors persisted with equal fervor, Megeen became confused. But, being a woman, she concealed her confusion. Ailin Oge, however, guessing this

(Continued on page 26)

# The American Abroad

by Jerry McKee

When Don Mitchell, Idaho sophomore, worked with the University of Idaho 4-H club to promote the International Farm Youth Exchange in Idaho, he never dreamed that he would be Idaho's first delegate to the exchange. But when the project proved financially successful, Mitchell was chosen to represent Idaho's youth in The Netherlands.

This adventure in grass-roots diplomacy began June 6, 1950, for Mitchell, when he left his home in Terreton, Idaho, for Washington, D. C., for an intensive orientation course. Then on June 11, he boarded a chartered air liner and flew to London, making stops at Newfoundland and Iceland on the way. After a day of sightseeing in London, Don and Marie Book of Storm Lake, Iowa, flew to Amsterdam and later to The Hague. Here they had to become accustomed to the European style of eating, which utilizes the fork held up-side down in the left hand. After latching onto a piece of meat with the fork, the knife is used to push potatoes, vegetables, or other portions of the meal onto the fork also. The average European finishes his meals more rapidly than an American, Mitchell discovered much to his surprise. Bread, which is eaten in great quantities in The Netherlands, is never handled with the hands, but placed on the plate where it is buttered and eaten with a fork.

From the Hague, Don Mitchell went to his first farm, that of Dirk Lockhorst, where he worked for five weeks. He was not treated as a guest or tourist, but just as one of the family. He arose at five on a typical day, ate a breakfast of bread, cheese or syrup, one boiled egg and tea, the Dutch national drink. At 8:30, after 3 hours work in the fields, a snack of tea and sandwiches was served. The noon meal was the only hot one of the day. Soup, a

vegetable (usually peas, beans, or cauliflower), boiled potatoes and grease gravy usually made up this meal, which was topped by a dessert of either a heavy custard pudding, buttermilk with a biscuit, yoghort (a cultured milk product), or 'pop' (barley boiled in buttermilk).

At 3:30 came the mid-afternoon snack, again of tea and sandwiches. The Dutch can't understand how we live from one meal to the next without this between-meal nourishment. Supper consisted of bread with wurst and warm or cold milk. Meat is very expensive throughout The Netherlands, and very little is eaten except on Sundays and certain special occasions.

After the Lockhorst farm, Mitchell made his longest stay of the summer on the farm of Gerardus Geerligs, near Alkmaar. Although larger than most Dutch farms, the Geerligs raise

such typical crops as flax, sugar beets, mangels, cabbage, onions, seed potatoes, rape (a grain grown for its vegetable oil), wheat, and oats.

"I was very much surprised at the amount of mechanization they have over there," Don reported. "The Geerligs farm had two Ford tractors and considerable machinery. Much of my work was with this equipment." In addition, he did considerable hand labor, such as harvesting the seed potatoes, binding flax, and threshing grain.

Since this farm was below sea level, seepage was a major problem, made more acute by the heavy rainfall. The famed Dutch canals are actually drain ditches, and the windmills are pumping stations, although most of these have been replaced with deisel lifts. There are few fences in The Netherlands, since the drain ditches and canals serve that purpose.

The average Dutch farm has only 24 acres, and when Don told of some of Idaho's 10,000

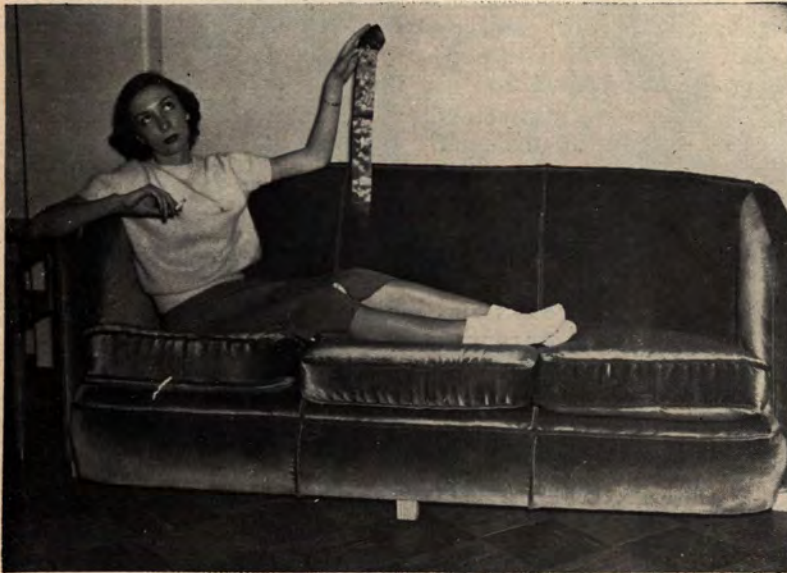
(Continued on page 23)

Don Mitchell, (second from left) with the Geerligs in front of their combination house-barn.



# EXPOSE'

the truth about Campus romance



by Carson and Pennington

Sweet Sal gloomily reflects upon her present social standing (also her collection of frat pins which she has carefully attached to a long ribbon). She is developing a definite inferiority complex due to the fact that during her two years of college life she has only been able to gather a measly 15 fraternity pins. Alas, poor girl! What to do! After all, every co-ed has a certain social position to maintain. Sal concentrates upon a solution. She finally decides that the only means of re-instating herself in the better social circles is to obtain the coveted pin of Lappa Lotta Gin, the new living group on campus from which no girl has yet been able to extract a pin. (By either fair or foul means!) Through older and more experienced women in her house Sal learns the true and sure-fire method used by every other co-ed at all, of securing enough pins to keep up her so-so-important social standing.

Sal, furtively and desperately, seeks out the office of the OPERATOR who is notorious among the women's living groups for getting fraternity pins for frantic females at nominal fee. (Frankly, he is just downright notorious among the women). Sal discovers him secreted away in his dark, smoke-filled office where he is busy fixing basketball games and boxing matches. There she pours out of her heart the sad, sad story of her fate. She finds the OPERATOR to be sympathetic . . . for a price. He understands and promises his services . . . for a price. After much haggling over the financial aspect of the deal an agreement is reached. The OPERATOR sets the underhanded plan in motion immediately for he is a man of his wor . . . for a price.





Now the true viciousness of this pin syndicate comes to light. Shortly after Sal's visit and the payment of her first installment, the OPERATOR is at work. He investigates the situation carefully and soon unearths an impressionable youth with a brand new fraternity pin blazing on his bosom. After striking up a close friendship through his deceit (the cad pretends to be an old fraternity brother and gives the boy the grip) the OPERATOR takes the first important step in his frightful plan. He takes the boy to a local pub and plys him with liquors. (On Sal's money, of course.) After he becomes much, much more impressionable, the young fraternity man is told in glowing terms of a lovely lass who is pining for his comradeship. Our OPERATOR kindly offers to arrange a meeting of the two students. Tears of gratitude fill the young man's baby blue eyes as he accepts the offer of his new found friend. Oh, if the big dope only knew of the web that he has so easily fallen into.

After thanking his lucky stars for his apparent good fortune our little stupe happily enters this new episode of his life. A coke date with this enchanting creature is arranged. During the half hour spent together in the Bucket the fraternity man finds the young lady to be vitally interested in every phase of his life. Sal is interested in his cows, his car, his past dates, and especially his new fraternity. What a charming girl to lavish so much of her undivided attention upon him! She hangs upon his every word, she hangs upon his arm and oddly enough she hangs upon his fraternity pin. By the time that Sal has paid her third installment to the OPERATOR, she and her new escort are a familiar couple.



The boy is hit hard by romance and he finally passes his pin to his current flame who has often stated that she would only accept a pin when the "real thing" came along. Obviously, this romance was for real as Sal happily and somewhat eagerly accepts the pin. As the happy couple walk slowly into the sunset, the OPERATOR counts the final installment rejoicing in the knowledge that he has once more helped a struggling girl better her social position and has aided in the development of a beautiful and lasting romance . . . for a price.

Editor's note:

Pin-seeking females may obtain the telephone number of the OPERATOR from the Blot office . . . for a price.







# Diary of a College Girl

Black Monday . . . . .

I think I'll quit school! Damn! The Professors, the old Toads! Mr. . . . . certainly had his nerve asking me to recite today . . . he knows I can't on Monday . . . humiliated me before the whole class . . . and right in front of Jack, too . . . . I nearly died . . . . Now he will never call . . . he will think I am stupid. Oh well . . . Mondays are always like this . . . It's all so futile . . I guess I may as well be resigned to my fate . . . That repulsive boy called again tonight . . . ugh . . . he is certainly the personification of Double Ugly. Had coffee with Roy this afternoon . . . gee, he is simply sensational . . . I wish he would ask me out for an evening instead of after-class-coffee. Neill asked me again last night to go steady . . . . I don't know what is the matter with him . . . I have told him time and again that he is just like a brother to me . . . That English prof. is quite a guy . . . . I wonder if he ever dates girls in his classes . . . . You know, older men are so much nicer than these immature college boys. Really, sometimes I feel as though if some nice older man . . . . oh, about 28 or 29, would propose, I would just completely junk my career . . . and really there isn't much of a field open to English majors . . . . I mean you could hardly do anything in New York or Hollywood . . . . Anything really big . . . . course if I got married at the end of my second year everyone at home would say I just came to college to get married . . . . and that was the farthest things from my mind . . . besides you have to meet them somewhere . . . . I wish that blasted boy in my French class would call . . . . Oh, how I loathe the men on this campus . . . . I think I'll transfer next year . . . these boys simply bore me stiff . . . . I wonder if Roy will ever ask me out . . . .

Bleak Tuesday . . . Oh, my days are just an endless parade of

boredom . . . I accepted a date with the most horrible spook for Friday night . . . I don't know what I could have been thinking of . . . Oh I remember, I thought maybe he would introduce me to that handsome friend of his . . . maybe he will . . . Friday night may have distinct possibilities . . . Oh, was today ever ghastly . . . I was nearly run ragged . . . I am going to blow up the women's P.E. department one of these fine black nights . . you wait and see . . . . I really looked horrible . . . anyway I was coming out of the gym and ran right into my favorite Prof . . . . Mr. X . . . I could have cried . . . I looked like an old slop . . . and he *knew* my name . . . he *called* me by name! There can't be over fifty other girls in that history class . . . . Heard from Ted today . . . he bought a car . . . . I wish he would save his money . . . . I guess I know now that I will probably never marry him . . . we are so much different anyway . . . He is so small town . . . and I . . . well, I'm different . . . I wish Saturday would hurry and come so I could get a decent nights rest . . . Had to get up at 7:30 this A.M. . . . for an eight o'clock . . . I wonder sometimes why God permits eight o'clocks . . . . cruel, heartless world . . . . That Betsy . . . D is the biggest flirt on campus . . . All the boys think she has the best figure . . I just can't see it . . . I think she is kind of fat . . . and when she smiles it looks like she is grimacing . . she should be the wife to Gargantua . . . oh he died . . . well, she still should be. Never had a single coffee today . . . I wonder if something is wrong with me . . . I brush my teeth and take baths . . . . the girls think my clothes are all right . . . . just think not ONE coffee date all day . . . I think that I am developing a complex . . . thank heavens both Roy and Neill are taking me tomorrow . . . at least I'll be seen twice tomorrow to make up for today . . . . I have got to re-

ill. *Dan Hinatsu*  
member to ask Mother for some more money in my next letter . . . . If I get a chance to go out with Roy, I'll need a new dress . . . . well . . . at least a blouse . . .

Woleful Wednesday . . . .

Today wasn't too bad . . . . My hair looked better than usual . . . . I don't think I will be able to stand eighteen hours this semester . . . after all, it is spring . . . and there is so much to do . . . . I wonder if I could drop that two credit course . . . . The next time I take a science with a THREE hour lab . . . I bet I don't . . . I must have been out of my mind . . . the only thing that makes up for it is that funny Roger in there . . . he is an absolute riot . . . . I wonder who he goes with . . . Oh, I'm dreading Friday night . . . If I don't get to meet that boy it will be one whole week-end night wasted . . . simply frittered away . . . . I wish I hadn't made that arrangement with Neill . . a date every Sunday with the same boy doesn't give you much to look forward to . . . and he always wants to go to the movie . . . course there is nothing else to do . . . but if he were very ingenious he could think of something . . . .

We had absolutely the worst dinner on earth tonight . . . it wasn't fit for a pack rat . . . . I have reached that middle of the week slouch . . . time weighs heavy on my hands . . . I guess I probably could study, but I think I will knit a pair of socks . . . . If Doris doesn't bring back that sweater she borrowed one of these days I am going to explode . . . will simply have one big fit clear from the basement to third floor . . . I'll take the roof right off this house . . . sometimes girls are certainly disgusting . . . men are certainly much nicer to be around than catty girls . . . I must remember to take Jan's sweater to the cleaners before she discovers that I spilled stuff all down the front . . . . I wonder if I will

(Continued on page 24)



You Were  
The Grandest Lady  
in the  
Easter Parade

fashions illustrated  
courtesy of David's



Diana Jennings in slim navy crepe, with its own matching pyramid coat of checked taffeta.





Jackie Lee in a suit for all four seasons. Of grey flannel to which is added a checked weskit and schoolgirl hat.





Joyce Powers in the perennially smart navy with white. Here it's navy crepe; its broad detachable collar accented with white pique.



*photos by Hamilton*

LIBRARY

# How to Read the War News



From Froth

With war once more dominating newspapers, radio, politics, and the cigarette ads, it is timely to publish a short guide to military phraseology so that the American people may better understand the true conditions of the conflict. Here, then, neatly tabulated for handy reference, are all the key phrases likely to be employed in a semi-atomic war.

THE CLICHE	THE TRANSLATION	THE CLICHE	THE TRANSLATION
... planned withdrawal to strengthen positions . . .	We're running.	... courageous charge in the face of bitter enemy resistance . . .	We're advancing.
... fleeing in confusion . . .	They're running.	... suicide attack by crazed oriental fanatics . . .	They're advancing.
... rallying in thousands to their country's defense . . .	American youth energetically ducking draft by joining Coast Guard.	... spokesman described the results as "satisfactory" and said that . . .	We missed again.
... in this hour of crisis, it would be folly to change horses . . .	Election year (Dem.).	... convicted on a trumped-up charge in a parody trial, a martyr to totalitarian . . .	The MVD caught a spy.
... in this hour of crisis, we must remove the bumbling, inept . . .	Election year (Rep.).	... traitor to a land which befriended him, hiding behind the pillars of American justice, appealed to the . . .	So did the FBI.
... interrogated the prisoners . . .	U. S. Intelligence blacks an eye.	... captured two major railheads in a lightning assault . . .	We took two towns.
... tortured the helpless captives . . .	Enemy intelligence does too.	... withdrew from two minor village in order to . . .	They took them back.
... forced by inclement weather to find a secondary target . . .	They chased us off and we bombed the ocean again.	... crazislav dneprovsk Stalin oksk . . .	Run like hell, men, the Russians have taken the radio station.
... burst close alongside, probably doing as much damage as a direct hit, or even more . . .	We missed.		
... exploded far astern, doing little or no damage . . .	They missed.		

—RON BONN

# On the Nature of Lots of Things

By Bev Jo Wright

(Not to be confused with a really great piece of literature as this is only semi-great; this indeed, has an almost wistful appeal.)

—Useful bits of information to you folks who would like to know more about bugs, politics, Fijis and the name of George Washington's wife's second-cousin's little boy.

(A.) Bugs—This noun (or verb as the case may be) descends to us from the ancient, Greek word *KKZXLII* which meant, in its own little way, vermin, crawling pests. (Not to be confused with your drunken date of last week-end.) Bugs come in all colors . . . green . . . as in the green hornet, . . . blue . . . as in the blue beetle, gold . . . as in the story by *another* well-know author, and once I thought I saw some others . . . but—geez—they move so fast! Oh well! Bugs can be used as a noun: ex.-Bugs crawl. It can be used as a verb: ex.-I bug, you bug, he bugs. On the other hand, the backs of bugs can be used as small conveyances. If you tie several of them together they can carry the wife's washing to the basement. Some are absolutely loaded with legs; doodle bugs, for example, must be loaded. I'm afraid you can't hang around bugs too much because sometimes they carry . . . well . . . really! Even your best friends won't tell you.

(B) Politics — A big field . . . politics comes from the French word *ouvre-politics* which meant, odd enough . . . politics. (Well!) Politics has so much to it that one or two words cannot possibly describe the meaning. There are the ballot boxes, (properly stuffed), the smoke-filled rooms, the pork barreling (Mighty tasty!), the slander, the drug store on the corner, the things we did last summer . . . beg your pardon . . . got carried

away by a new song I am writing . . . to go on now . . . the slander, the legislators and the big fat problems. \*(Author's note: I had my first taste of politics in 1940 when I swallowed a Wilkie button.) Politics and \*(Author's note: I forget how, politicians are closely related. but it seems to me they are . . . I may have this confused with parents and children who are also closely related in many cases.)

(C.) Fijis—I could not gather too much information upon this subject except that they . . . and often . . . However, it has been known that in the year . . . or . . . and to this day all Fijis . . . \*(Author's note: I guess that this shouldn't really go any further than this magazine be-

cause it is pretty confidential.) (D.) George Washington's wife's second-cousin's little boy . . . his name. . . . Elwood!! thank you!

Copies of this may be obtained by buying more Blot magazines and cutting the article out. Next season the author will be back with another informative article based upon his travels in other lands. We received a cable only last week from South Africa that he has made amazing progress and several unthought of discoveries concerning the sex life of a gnat. We plan to run complete reports on this as soon as they are available.

“You can always tell a lady by the way she dresses.”

“Well, a real lady would pull down the shades.”

—I—

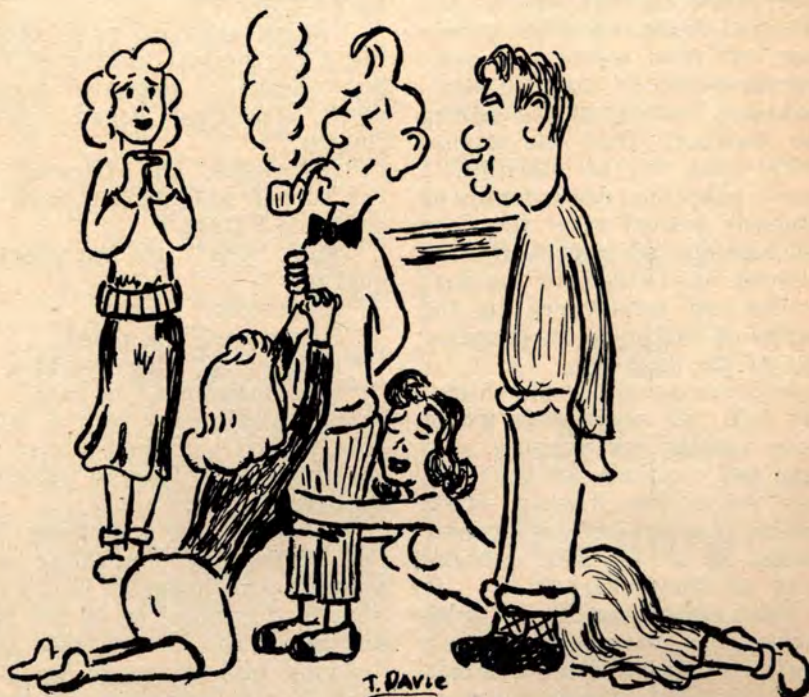
1st girl: “He fascinated me and I kissed him.”

2nd girl: “Yeah, I know. And then he began to unfascinate you and you slapped him.”

—I—

Sigma Chi: Since I met you I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't drink.

Alpha Phi: (Shyly). Why not?  
Sigma Chi: Broke.



Er—beg your pardon, but what kind of tobacco do you use?

## Speaking . . .

(Continued from page 5)

the coming engulfment of dogs.

"Those damn dogs are plotting against me," he would conclude. Then after Mother and I had gently lifted him off the chair he would stomp off leaving us to contemplate our inevitable subjugation by the dogs.

Father was really worried this time. As he put it, "I could sell the rats' fur but what can I do with a dog?"

The strain began to show. He didn't sleep well, bags developed under his eyes, he merely sat at the dinner table staring and muttering to himself. We couldn't understand what he was saying but we suspected. He constantly went to the window, cautiously to pull back the drapes, peer out, and mutter to himself.

Mrs. Kaynine made things worse. She began a practice which almost developed into a ritual. At six thirty-two A. M. every morning the dogs were let out.

"They enjoy the early morning air," she explained.

At six thirty-one A. M. she opened the screen door. It squeaked and squealed as it opened and since my bedroom and Mother and Father's bedroom were on that side of the house, at the sound of the screen door our eyes would pop open and we would lie there in semi-darkness, looking at the ceiling and waiting. That one minute would drag for an eternity. I finally concluded one morning as I tensely waited after the door had been opened, that the minute interval was needed for the dogs to line up somewhere in the depths of the house in preparation of the dash out.

As I was saying, at six thirty-two A.M. the seven dogs would come dashing and leaping, yipping and yapping out the back door while Mrs. Kaynine stood holding the door calling out their names in a cracked soprano voice as they charged by. It sounded something like a combination of a recording of *Mule Train* and Mrs. Santa Claus calling in Santa's reindeer in preparation for the night's run.

After about a week of this, Father's nerves were completely done for. He constantly peeked out through the curtains to observe the movements of the dogs. The dogs, in turn, never let Father out of their sight. They never barked at him or made any noise, but just lined up and watched him with their solemn eyes.

One day after he had been watching the dogs through the window he suddenly called to me.

"Come here son, quickly."

I knew he was excited for he rarely admitted our relationship in calmer moments.

"Go ask Mrs. Kaynine what she is doing."

I was curious to know too, so I started next door. As I crossed into Mrs. Kaynine's backyard I admitted Father had cause for excitement and suspicion. For there was Mrs. Kaynine just putting a paper bag over the head of the seventh dog. All seven dogs were standing in a line with paper bags covering their heads.

"What is the difficulty?" I asked.

"Hiccoughs," she answered.

"Hiccoughs," I asked, giving her a blank stare.

"You've heard of curing hiccoughs by breathing in a bag haven't you?"

"Oh certainly," I said, noticing a rhythmical jerking of the dogs' heads. I hesitated a moment and then asked, "Hiccoughs?"

"Hiccoughs," she affirmed.

I turned and walked back to report to Father.

"Well, well?" he impatiently queried.

"Hiccoughs," I said.

"Hiccoughs?" he asked.

"Hiccoughs," I assured him.

"Hmmmnnnnnn," he said.

He walked back to the window, peered out, then turned to me and said, "They're plotting against me."

Father brooded and sulked the rest of the day, muttering and mumbling to himself. That evening Father burst in on Mother and me at the dinner table and drawing himself up to his full height, pointing a finger at himself said,

"I" he emphasized, "am plotting against those damn dogs."

No amount of questioning of the part of Mother or myself could get him to make another statement on the matter. His whole attitude changed in the next few days and he seemed his old self once again.

About four days later, I was lying in bed at six thirty-one A.M. waiting for the usual developments. At six thirty-two A.M. the barking stampede began accompanied by the roll call, but immediately following there was a rapid succession of sharp cracks like the sound of a gun. I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. There was Father lying on the ground with a high-powered rifle in position. I looked over to see the results of Father's onslaught. His aim had been accurate; he had done the job perfectly. Four of the dogs lay sprawled out on the ground, the other three stood hesitantly by, looking at each other suspiciously.

One of the remaining dogs was a female, the other two were males.

Father stood up with a triumphant smile on his face.

"Now let those damn dogs plot against me," he said as he turned and ignoring the white rat Mrs. Kaynine threw at him, he walked in the house.

"Carry your bag, sir?"

"No. Let her walk."

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## American Abroad

(Continued from page 11)

acre dry farms, they couldn't conceive how so much land could be farmed. Due to the heavy rainfall, the Dutch must cultivate their wheat three or four times a year to combat Canadian thistle and morning glory, their principal weeds.

The third farm he worked on was that of Jaap Schuiringa in northern Netherlands. During his trip to this farm, he saw why The Netherlands has been honored with "the most rapid comeback of any occupied country since the last war." Mitchell stated, "The greatest evidence of war devastation is in the cities where entire city blocks, which were once crowded with buildings, are now entirely bare."

John and Freek Bos were the next hosts on his agenda, and he stayed one week on their farm near Usquert. As at all the other farms, Mitchell had no trouble with the language. He had taken a very brief refresher course in the Dutch language, which was supposed to aid him. He found, however, that most Dutch could speak very fluent English. Three years of English, as well as German and French, are required before graduation from high school.

Like nearly all Dutch rural homes, the Bos farm house and barn were under the same roof, with only a door separating the two. However, since the Dutch keep their barns meticulously clean and have a cool moist climate, the hazards of sanitation do not arise as they might if we adopted the practice. One of Don's chores was to dust the barn, just as a housewife would dust the parlor.

There are few "dates" made for most Dutch social events. Rather, both the boys and girls go separately, and then mix at the dances, the chief form of amusement. "There is considerably more home life over there than we have in America. The young people seem far more content to stay at home," Mitchell commented.

Bicycles are the most common

mode of transportation in The Netherlands, as evidenced by the four million bicycles for ten million people. Much of their recreation, too, centers about the bicycle. Sunday afternoon rides and vacation tours make use of the bicycle much as we use the car.

On October 15, Mitchell and Miss Book had a rendezvous in The Hague with Mr. W. Van Westrenen, secretary of the Dutch Neutral Farmer's Club, who conducted them on a tour of The Hague, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam. After this, Mitchell took off on a brief visit of other portions of Europe, including Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland before meeting with all the other IFYE delegates in Paris. He was particularly impressed by the Alps, especially Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, and Mont Platius. The latter he "scaled" by use of a cable car. Mitchell was amazed at the way the Swiss eked a living from their rock-strewn Alpine farms.

The reunion in Paris was one of the highlights of Mitchell's trip abroad, with each delegate telling of his or her experiences in Finland, Scotland, Greece, or another of the 13 countries visited.

In Paris, Mitchell met Don Borgan, Genesee, and Vida Baugh, Gooding, who were two of Idaho's 1950 Fulbright Scholarship winners. Mitchell and Borgan both lived in Willis Sweet hall, while attending Idaho in 1949-50. Miss Baugh was a Hays hall resident. Borgan and Miss Baugh were attending the University of Paris, where they took Don to a Halloween party.

After their Paris sojourn had ended, all the delegates were hustled off to Le Havre, where they caught the U.S.S. Washington, bound for New York. "I was sorry to leave my friends, the Dutch," said Mitchell, "but it was good to see the Statue of Liberty again. Our visit to Europe will provide an inspiration for more responsible citizenship."

In his summer in The Netherlands, Don had learned much of

the culture, manner, and thoughts of the Dutch people. His experiences have been widely shared. When he reached home in Idaho, the Idaho Extension Service launched him upon a speaking tour of the state. He spoke before meetings of chambers of commerce, civic clubs, granges, and other organizations, as well as visiting many 4-H meetings and leaders councils, schools and farm institutes. In all, he has given 44 talks to approximately 6100 people since returning home November 17. Don is again enrolled in the U. of I. and will continue his speechmaking on weekend tours.

By this means, Don Mitchell has acted as a grass-roots ambassador from the "little people" of the United States to the "little people" of The Netherlands, and vice versa. He has by-passed the highways of tuxedo diplomacy to deal directly with the people, who are the heart and core of both nations. And we will have no peace in the world of today until all the people of the earth have a clear and common understanding of each other. The International Farm Youth Exchange, of which Don Mitchell was an outstanding part, is helping to accomplish this goal.

She (passionately): "Je t'a-dore."

Joe College: "Shut it yourself. Youse ain't paralyzed."

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## Diary . . .

(Continued from page 15)

be able to borrow Beth's knit suit for Friday night . . . . She shouldn't wear knit suits, she bulges in the wrong places . . . I wonder what we will have for breakfast in the morning . . . . probably left-overs from the mess we had tonight . . . tomorrow another class with Roy . . . He is my only salvation during the week . . . I wish he would salvage some of my week-ends . . . . .

Wet Thursday . . . . .

What a day this has been . . . . rained all day . . . and I've greatly resembled a drowned chicken . . . besides that I could just cry . . . . in fact I think I shall as soon as I have time to really let myself go . . . Roy asked me to go out Sunday and I had to tell him I was busy all on account of that silly Neill arrangement . . . Then to boot I had to go to the library again tonight to study . . . and there wasn't a single interesting man there that I knew to walk home with me . . . life is just one eternal disappointment . . . One thing to look forward to . . . It is past the middle of the week and the week-end will soon be here . . . THANK GOD . . . this living from week-end to week-end is about to get me down . . . sometimes I just can't stand it . . . . Roy really cheered my day . . . took me to coffee and then asked me out . . . What a catastrophe that I couldn't go . . . now he will undoubtedly ask that repulsive blonde out . . . once she gets her hooks into a man there is no hope at all . . . none . . . I am thinking seriously of changing my major . . . I wonder what I would like better . . . there is just too much work to being an English major . . . I wonder what I would like better . . . Beth said I could wear her knit suit . . . thank heavens . . . I haven't a thing decent myself . . . Doris is sure getting fat . . . she ought to do something about it . . . she could be an awfully attractive girl . . . in her own way . . . Saw Mr. Repulsive again today . . . what a creepy individual . . . I wish he would stop nagging me

to go out . . . course he does have a nice car . . . and quite a bit of money . . . Simply crushed and deflated over Roy and Sunday . . . think that I shall go cry now after I put up my hair . . . . .

Thank God it's Friday . . . . . this day has almost been bearable just because it was Friday . . . . . really found out some interesting things today . . . . . That real shapely girl in my English class wears cheaters . . . . . ha! The devices some girls won't stoop to . . . . . Oh, my date tonight was simply ghastly . . . . . I met the boy I wanted to . . . . . but found out he is engaged to the girl in my lit. class who has the straggly black hair . . . . . who plucks her eyebrows so terribly . . . . . I was quite chagrined . . . . . to say the least . . . . . One whole evening wasted . . . . . and all Icky wanted to do was go park . . . . . I sure froze him . . . . . gosh, one would think that the men on this campus were love starved . . . . . They are way to eager . . . . . besides the show was absolutely unfunny . . . . . and Boy Lover ate popcorn all the way through . . . crunch . . . smak . . . crackle . . . chew . . . Ugh . . . . . and then he wanted to kiss me . . . . . I think it is time I sawed him off . . . . . completely . . . . . course he probably would take me to that dance next month . . . . . hummmm . . . . . this will have to be thought over . . . . .

Ahh . . . . . sweet, sweet life . . . . . tomorrow I can sleep in and the call girl won't come twittering in my air like some little nightingale—the horrid child . . . . . That wretched girl of doom . . . . . well . . . . . I was call girl . . . . . once . . . . . only I never could get up on time . . . . . Hope that blind date Lucy fixed for tomorrow night turns out all right . . . . . and now . . . . . sleep, sleep, sleep . . . . . sweet, peaceful, blissful sleep . . . . .

Mortifying Saturday . . . . .

Oh, utter humiliation . . . . . my blind date turned out to be with Roy . . . . . I wonder what he thought . . . . . my having to take blind dates . . . . . He probably thinks men never ask me out . . . We sure had fun, though

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. . . . . He is awfully, awfully attractive . . . . . hummmm! He sure drank too much . . . . . I was really kind of shocked . . . . . gosh . . . . . he was loaded by the time we got home . . . . . and I nearly got a lock-out . . . . . I'd have died . . . . . He even asked me out for next week-end . . . . . I am really thrilled . . . . . Met the most interesting boy tonight . . . . . He certainly was handsome . . . . . too bad he was with such a cute girl . . . . . his name is Tom . . . . . isn't that ordinary????? But he certainly isn't . . . . . I think he sort of liked me . . . . . hope he remembers my name . . . . . I really would like to go out with him . . . . . Tomorrow is gloomy Sunday . . . . . only one thing to look forward

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to . . . . and that is sleeping late  
 . . . . guess I won't go to church  
 tomorrow . . . . I will go next  
 Sunday though . . . . I think I  
 will tell Neill I have to study and  
 come home early tomorrow . . . .

He is so unbearable at times . . .  
 . . such a bore . . . . .

I must remember to wash out  
 some things tomorrow . . . . .  
 haven't a clean thing to my name  
 . . . . .

I have got to find something to  
 wear tomorrow . . . . . I'll look  
 through the closet tomorrow and  
 see what I can find . . . . . rags,  
 no doubt . . . . . I am so sick  
 of my clothes . . . . .

I wonder if Roy likes me . . . . .  
 he sure was funny tonight . . . . .  
 sang the most horrible songs . . .  
 . . but I guess all boys do that  
 when they are drunk . . . . . well,  
 he wasn't exactly drunk . . . . .  
 just sort of tight . . . . . Well the  
 hour grows late and I am grow-  
 ing weary, so I shall retire to  
 get my beauty sleep . . . . . I sure  
 need something . . . . . I have  
 looked like an old hag all week  
 . . . . . I think I shall call next  
 week "Self-Improvement Week"  
 . . . . . another week of studies  
 . . . . . oh, well . . . . . I guess I  
 came to college for an education  
 . . . . . but they sure aren't teach-  
 ing me very much . . . . .

Gloomy Sunday . . . . .  
 Slept until noon today . . . . . Got  
 up just in time to dress for din-  
 ner . . . . . Went out with Neill  
 at three . . . . . he is the *niciest*  
 boy . . . . . I don't know why I  
 say such terrible things about  
 him . . . . . I think he is probably  
 my very favorite person . . . . .  
 we always have such a good time  
 together . . . . . We saw the best  
 movie today . . . . . Had Doris  
 Day in it . . . . . gee! She is sure  
 good . . . . . Neill asked me to go  
 steady with him again . . . . . I  
 am seriously considering it . . .  
 . . I suppose I will feel differently  
 tomorrow . . . . . I always do on  
 Monday . . . . . Oh, Monday and  
 another week of classes . . . . .

How really unbearable . . . . .  
 Can hardly wait to go out with  
 Roy next week-end . . . . . But  
 there I go . . . . . I was just about  
 to go steady with Neill . . . . . I



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guess I'm not ready to tie myself  
 down yet . . . . . I'll have to keep  
 telling Neill no . . . . . though he  
 is an awfully nice boy . . . . .  
 Must remember to wash tomor-  
 row . . . I forgot to today . . . .  
 Had a little squabble with Doris  
 today . . . over my sweater . . .  
 she is absolutely the most irritat-  
 ing person I know . . . sometimes  
 I just can't bear all these yaking  
 girls . . . it is almost more than  
 my constitution can stand . . . .  
 hideous creatures . . . . girls . . . .  
 I certainly have learned one  
 thing at college . . . and that is  
 that I certainly prefer men compan-  
 ions . . . to giggling girls . . .  
 Well . . . . I must go wash my  
 hair . . . after all if this is go-  
 ing to be my "Improvement  
 Week" . . . . I wonder if that pro-  
 fessor is married? . . . . Well . . . .

another week is approaching . . .  
 I may not be able to stand it . . .  
 in fact I think that I would prob-  
 ably go slash my wrists with a  
 razor blade—if someone hadn't  
 just borrowed my last good one  
 . . . . .

Judge: Why did you steal that  
 \$50,000?

Alumnus: I was hungry, your  
 Honor.

—I—

Little Girl: Let's play house.  
 Little Boy: Okay. I'll be the  
 walls and get plastered.

—I—

"Where've you been, Bill?"

"In the phone booth, talking  
 to my girl, but damn it, some-  
 one wanted to use the phone  
 and we had to get out."

## Megeen . . .

(Continued from page 10)

to be the cause of her indecision, presented a solution that would be to his own advantage.

"We shall each bring before you, Megeen, an offering. You will chose one and with that one your choice between us." And Megeen, because she was confused, agreed.

Now the trade of Cuevin McClory was passing fair, and his life was comfortable but simple. But all he had was naught compared with the possessions of Ailin Oge. Despair usurped the heart of the youth, while the Shee was eagerly awaiting his triumph. All is fair in love and war, and this was both.

On the day appointed the rivals came before Megeen and the leprechauns. Ailin Oge brought forth his glittering wealth and glory. A palace he offered his lady, a sparkling castle of diamonds and gold and precious jewels never before seen by the eyes of man; servants, eager to obey her slightest bidding; a limitless kingdom; and riches a thousandfold. Megeen surveyed this dazzling offering and then turned to Cuevin McClory. Ailin Oge watched with scornful eyes as the youth knelt humbly before the girl.

"Naught have I to equal this," he said, indicating the jeweled palace. "Only myself I offer you and my heart, which is already yours."

Megeen, though immortal, was first a woman, and she knew that happiness may dwell in a cottage as well as in a castle. She made her choice, and that choice Cuevin McClory.

The leprechauns cried out that she would lose her immortality, and Ailin Oge that she would lose his kingdom. But Megeen went her way, and her way now was that of Cuevin McClory. Ailin Oge was forced to go his own way, and that way a lonely one. For even one of the Shee cannot have everything, and still can they learn. And Ailin Oge had learned that one may govern a limitless kingdom but never the heart of a woman.

Deep beneath the roots of the

great oak the tapping of tiny hammers sound all morning and most of the afternoon. But mixed with the tapping of the hammers and caused by their vibrations, is the tinkling of the little silver bells that are hung in the workshop. The leprechauns listen to the tinkling and pretend that is the laughter of a silvery-haired child.

Coed: Just when do you plan to drive me back to the dorm?  
TKE: Just say the word.

Coed: Then let's go home.  
TKE: That's not the word.

—I—

Moe: What did Daniel Boone say as the Indians came over the hill?

Smoe: I'll bite, what did Dan say?

Moe: "Here comes the Indians!"

—I—

He whispered sweet nothings in her ear,

As they sat secluded, these two;  
He said, "I feel like I've known you for years,"

And she whispered, "You certainly do."

—I—

"You're charged with habitual drunkenness. What's your excuse?"

"Habitual thirst."

—I—

"Have some peanuts?"

"Thanks."

"Want to neck?"

"No."

"Give me back my peanuts."

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## Pink Slip . . .

(Continued from page 9)

Karen turned abruptly and walked toward the front door.

"Aren't you coming to lunch, Karen?"

She did not answer but slammed the door, ran across the street and up toward the university forest. She took a flowered hanky from her pocket and wiped away the stinging tears. Slowly she tore the card up and scattered the pieces about her feet.

There was an old woman, who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do—evidently!

—I—

Dear Dad,  
Everything's fine at school. I'm getting lots of sleep and studying hard. Incidentally, I'm enclosing my fraternity bill.

Your son, Pudge.

Dear Pudge,  
Don't buy any more fraternities.

Your Pop.

—I—

Psychologist: I suppose you and your husband worry a lot because you haven't any children.

Shy Bride: Oh yes, we've spent many a sleepless night over it.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Phone No. \_\_\_\_\_

C-2

Customer: Have you any wild ducks?

Waiter: No sir; but we can take a tame one and irritate him for you.

—I—

She: I nearly fainted when the fellow I was out with last night asked me for a kiss.

He: Baby, you're gonna die when you hear what I have to say.

—I—

The lumber camp foreman put a newly hired country boy to work stacking wood beside the circular saw. As he started to walk away, he heard an "ouch!" and turned to see the country boy looking puzzledly at a stump of a finger. Rushing back, he asked what happened.

"I dunno," said the boy, "I stuck my hand out like this and, —well, I'll be damned, there goes another one."

He: "Why did the little chick cross the road softly?"

She: "Why?"

He: "Because he couldn't walk hardly."

—I—

"My boy friend doesn't smoke, drink, or swear."

"Does he make his own dresses, too?"

—I—

"An inmate just escaped from an asylum. He was tall, thin and weighed 250 pounds."

"Tall, thin, and weighed 250 pounds?"

"I told you he was crazy."

—I—

Freshman: "What do you repair these shoes with?"

Cobbler: "Hide."

Freshman: "Why should I hide?"

Cobbler: "Hide, hide. The cow's outside."

Freshman: "Let her come in. I'm not afraid."

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Small Boy: "Dad, is Rotterdam a bad word?"

Dad: "Well no, Son. It's the name of a city."

S. B.: "Well, sister at all my candy and I hope it'll Rotterdam teeth out."

—I—

"I wish we had a fifth for bridge."

"You moron, you don't need a fifth for bridge."

"Then I wish we had a pint."

—I—

"Your husband looks like a brilliant man. I suppose he knows everything."

"Don't fool yourself. He doesn't even suspect anything."

—I—

Teacher: "Spell straight."

Student: "S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T."

Teacher: "Correct. Now what does that mean?"

Student: "Without ginger ale."

—I—

She was only the opticians daughter but two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.

—I—

"She walks with a decided jerk."

"Yes, isn't he?"

—I—

The doctor came out of the room and spoke to the anxious wife.

"Frankly," he said, "I don't like the way your husband looks at all."

"Well," replied the wife, "neither do I, but he's nice to the kids."

"The baby swallowed the matches, what'll I do?"

"Here, use my cigarette lighter."

—I—

He gazed admiringly at the Chorine's costume.

"Who made her dress?" he asked his companion.

"I'm not sure but I imagine it was the police."

—I—

In the Navy—My height  
 In the Air Force—Bad sight  
 In the Marine—Too light  
 In the Draft—All right

—I—

Coed: Just when do you plan to drive me back to the dorm?

TKE: Just say the word.

Coed: Then let's go home.

TKE: That's not the word.

—I—

Five year old: "Daddy, can I have a nickel for an ice cream cone?"

Big 'I' Man: "Shut up, and drink your beer!"

—I—

Mary had a little swing;  
 It wasn't hard to find.

For everywhere that Mary went

The swing was right behind.

—I—

Beta: Why do some girls stutter when they want to be necked?"

Theta: "I-I-I- don't know."

—I—

Gentlemen may prefer blondes, but the fact that blondes know what gentlemen prefer has a lot to do with it.

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Sam: What did the usherette say when her strap broke?

Ed: I dunno. What did the usherette say when her strap broke?

Sam: I have two down in front.

—I—

"If you stay overnight here you'll have to make your own bed."

"I don't mind."

"Okay, here's a hammer and saw."

—I—

That's a pretty dress you have on.

Yes, I only wear it to teas.

Whom?

—I—

Lillte: "I think I lost a buck."

Martindale: "Don't worry. It's around here some place. A dollar doesn't go very far these days."

—I—

Mother: (putting Jr. to bed) Sh-sh-sh, the sandman's coming.

Junior: Fifty cents and I won't tell Daddy.

—I—

As Cleopatra said to Mark Anthony when she lay on her luxurious soft: "I am not prone to argue."

—I—

Our idea of a lazy student is one who pretends he is drunk so his fraternity brothers will put him to bed.

—I—

#### POEME

I wish I were a kangaroo  
Despite his funny stance  
I'd have a place to put the junk  
My girl friend brings to dances.

"I like the jokes in Blot when they're not over my head."

"I feel the same way about pigeons."

—I—

Hear about the guy who winked at an elevator operator, and she took him up on the eighth floor?

—I—

Hays gal: "I had a date with an absent-minded professor last night."

Ridenbaugh: "How did you know he's absent minded?"

Hays: "He gave me a zero this morning."

—I—

Theta (disgusted) "My boy friend has cold feet."

Housemother: "Shame on you, young lady, in my day we didn't find those things out until after we were married."

—I—

First drunk: "Shee 'at fly crawlin up 'at wall?"

Second drunk: "Thash no fly; thash a lady bug."

First drunk: "Migawd man, wha' marvelous eyesight."

—I—

Kappa: "You know what worries me when I see them launching a ship?"

Figi: "No, what?"

Kappa: "Well, you know the girl who hits it on the nose with a bottle—well, how does she know how hard to hit it to knock it into the water?"

—I—

It's all right to tell a girl she has pretty ankles, but don't compliment her too highly.

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