

Idaho
University

WU
BLOT

Summer
1951

25c



LaVerna Lawrence
Miss Idaho Coed of 1951

V6
no4

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO

The Choosing of a Queen

THESE ARE THE PICTURES FROM WHICH THE QUEEN
WAS CHOSEN.



Terry Carson



Bonese Collins



La Verna Lawrence



Margaret Alley



Marilyn Anderson

Trumpets blare, bells ring, and Blot announces Miss Idaho Coed of 1951. What preceded this announcement? From women's houses and halls poured in pictures of their most photogenic women. A board of judges including the editor of the Arg, editor of the Gem, station manager of K.U.O.I., A.S.U.I. President and the Editor of

Blot scrutinized the pictures and finally came up with the finalists above. From here judging was even more difficult but after much flipping of coins Miss Lawrence, a Forney girl and a native of Deary, received the coveted title. Blot extends congratulations.

"What's the difference between a girl and a horse?"

"I don't know."

"You must have some swell dates."

—I—

Prosecuting Attorney: "You mean to say that on the night of the murder you had sixteen beers and did not once move from the table?"

—I—

"My wife ran off with the butler," said a man to his friend.

"What a shame!" was the sympathetic response.

"I'm satisfied. Furthermore, my house burned down and I haven't any insurance."

"Too bad."

"I'm satisfied. And to top everything off, my business is so bad I'm going bankrupt. But in spite of everything, I'm satisfied."

"How's it possible that with all those troubles you're satisfied?"

"I smoke Chesterfields."

—I—

Confucius say: Modern woman putting up such a false front, man never know what he is up against.

—I—

Anyone can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a hand.

—I—

Jane: Nobody loves me and my hands are cold.

Joe: God loves you and your Mother loves you and you can sit on your damn hands.

ITS USES ARE MANY AND VARIED



There was a young student at Idaho
Whose grade average hit a new low,
Later that fall
He tried Hadacol.

It didn't help a bit.

—I—

Platonic love is like being invited down into the cellar for a bottle of ginger ale.

—I—

Many a chicken is more tender-hearted after she's stewed.

SPIC 'N SPAN CLEANERS

"Friendliness

and Service to
the University"

MOSCOW
STEAM
LAUNDRY

*Washburn-
Wilson
Seed Co.*

★

Moscow, Idaho

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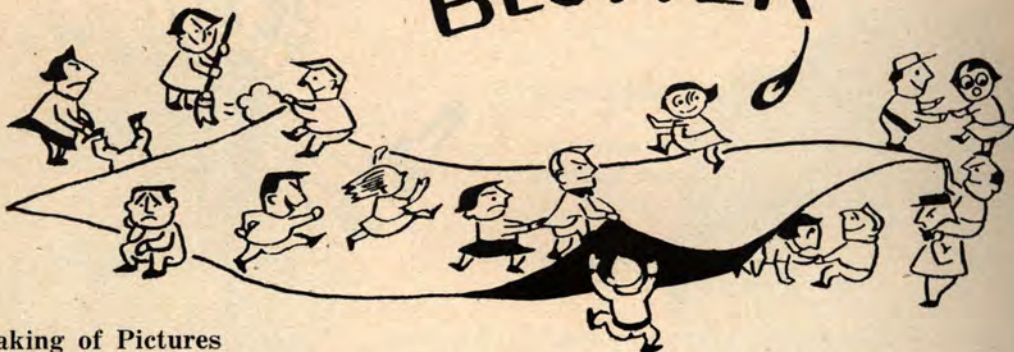
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UNDER OUR BLOTTER



Speaking of Pictures

One of the highlights of our Miss Idaho Coed Contest was an open house featuring the pictures of all the contestants displayed on our wall. Crowds of people wandered through and each person usually announced his choice for the title. Late one afternoon the manager of a campus restaurant wandered in and surveyed the group. Then his eyes lit up and he asked, "Who is that girl?" We smiled and said, "Is that the one you would vote for?" He turned, "No," he answered, "She owes me a dollar on a bum check." We hear the girl blushing took care of the matter before her picture was transferred to the wall of the post office.

From Paradise Creek

Things do not always run smoothly for the Blot. A current example occurred when Helcia was working on the "Igor" feature. She asked students on campus to pose for the picnic pictures at a nearby well-known locale. The shots were taken and Helcia and the subjects waited for the results. The pictures did not turn out. Everyone was a little disappointed but they all consented to pose for them again. Carol Shaffer was a trifle upset because that meant that she would have to crawl into Paradise Creek again for an unlimited time. She wasn't too ungracious about it, considering. The crew was rounded up and the pictures taken again. This time such care and precaution was exercised in handling the camera that no doubt was ex-

pressed about the success of the venture. Helcia was busily planning the next "Igor" story when she learned that the second set of pictures didn't come out. Would Carol slither into Paradise Creek and sit again with icy water flowing around her? Carol at first firmly declared that she would not, but she did. As we write this Carol is for the third time immersed in the chill waters. We sincerely hope that the photographer gets good pictures this time. Did he? Or have you read the story yet?

On the Air?

Next door to our offices, KUOI has been blaring forth with bigger and better programs. A new consol has been installed making it possible for the station to be heard all over the campus sometimes. In fact we of the Blot staff have found KUOI so interesting that many a dreary afternoon, while diligently working, we listen in to their programs just to brighten the busy hours. However, a few weeks ago we heard no sounds issuing forth from the station, so we went next door and peered in. In the control room we could see one of KUOI's best announcers pouring out his charm to the thousands in his unseen audience. Suddenly he stopped, stepped out into the studio and informed us that he had been working all afternoon and that no one had appeared to relieve him. He was tired, bitter with the other staff members, and he was going to turn off the station and go home. He

turned and stomped out to accomplish his mission. Then we heard muffled cry followed by oaths. It seems that someone had neglected to switch the radio on that afternoon and for two hours our martyr had been talking to himself.



TOLB AWARD WINNER

Sheila Janssen's picture was not entered in the Miss Idaho Coed Contest. Not discouraged by a mere technicality, she vigorously campaigned for the title. The judges voted and Miss Lawrence was named the winner, but still Miss Janssen held out. Finally, at three A.M. on April twentieth, Miss Janssen conceded the race and wired congratulations to the winner. The following day Miss Janssen made her much heralded appearance in the Little International Cow Milking Contest (See Arg, April 3, 1951), but again failed to pull through. At her insistence that she deserves some type of award, and in order that she not be discouraged from further competition, Blot is presenting Miss Janssen the Tolb Award for Valiant Effort.

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BLOT

VOL. VI NO. 4

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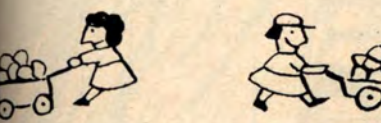
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APRIL
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5 6 7 8 9 10
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C A L L
I T
M U R D E R

by
Elanta Vajda

Boulder

HE WAITED TO BE MURDERED AND DIDN'T CARE!

ill. by

Chris Goulder

This may have no significance except to the police or the man who stands now outside my door. The police will receive what I'm writing here in tomorrow's mail. I don't know how much time I have left, but I want to leave the whole story. I'm glad the thing is sealing itself off so neatly, like something rotten destroyed in its own evil. He's knocking with that deliberate way of his. It sounds like a casual knock to the old lady next door, but I saw him below from the window and I know what he's here for, at last.

You don't know a man for as long as I've known Don Hadley without knowing when it's too late to jump. But why jump? I can never have now what means as much as my life to me.

He's knocking again. I can almost see the dogged expression on his face, as he stares blinking through his rain-spattered glasses, the rain that's spotting the sidewalk outside. I didn't see that big blue Lincoln that's become a part of Don Hadley and all he stands for. He must have walked or left a taxi a few blocks away so that no one could trace him. Yes, Don's developed a real sense for murder. Murder does something for him, gives him a hand on things, a sureness he didn't have before. And, I'm thinking, to Don Hadley it gave something else he didn't have, Ellie's love.

I can hear him knocking again. Unless he's heard me, he'll be going away pretty soon. There, he's starting down the stairs. He's not taking the elevator, there'd be more people likely to see and remember him. But he'll be back, I know, he'll be back.

I didn't get far enough from Sawville; he found me too easily, and he's getting ready to finish this job this time, after tracking me here. Just like he used

to track rabbits, only this time I'm the rabbit.

It seems a long time ago and Sawville so far away now, but I once was back there, at home, in the same school with Don and Ellie. Maurice was around then, too. Don was a chubby kid, as I remember. He never did outgrow that fleshy look even when he had an expensive suit to pare it down. Everybody in school thought he was soft, a coward, because he wore glasses and didn't play football and baseball. Well, he was a coward then. His dad almost took him out of school because he didn't fight back when one of the guys knocked him down and broke his glasses. Don put that stolid look on his face after that and tried to hold himself in tighter. He never did let go, anytime, unless it was to Maurice. Maurice was Jewish, and also wore glasses, big black-rimmed ones. Maybe that had something to do with their being friends in grade school. I don't know, I was just around at the time, looking on.

But the three of us had something in common, and that was Ellie; her name then was Elizabeth Jamison. She was one of the prettiest girls in the class. Those "interesting" lines in her face didn't develop until after the "accident". Her folks didn't have much, a small grocery store. A small town like ours couldn't support many stores, and there were a couple of big chains that took all the business. But Ellie would always look nice no matter what she wore, and her hair — that beautiful dark brown, almost black hair — was brushed so that she seemed to be wearing furs and jewels all the time. It seemed that way to me, and it probably seemed that way to Don and Maurice, too.

Our classmates began to single out by the time we reached high school, but not Don and Maurice. They were as close as ever. We called them "The Sisters." Only it seemed to me their relationship began to change about that time. Don's father, who was set up as far as money was con-

cerned, had given him for his graduation from junior high, what any kid that age would want but most couldn't afford, an old Model "A" and also a .22 rifle. When I think of it now, it must have been that rifle in his hands that changed Don Hadley from being a timid, fat boy with awkward hands all the time into being one only part of the time. Because while he had that gun in his hands, he was equal to anything and anyone. At those times he could prove to himself that he wasn't weak and unpopular. He would carry the gun around with him in the car. Maurice wasn't the type to like guns or any kind of violence, but I suppose he wanted Don's friendship too much to object. So now it was a trio — Don, the gun and Maurice.

Maurice didn't quite understand the change. He seemed to retire into the background as if he realized it had to be this way with Don, and that retreat was the best way of meeting it. Maurice went along on the rabbit hunts into the sagebrush, but he didn't enjoy it. He became a spectator. But, habit was too strong with both of them, and Don seemed to depend on Maurice more than ever at other times.

Sometimes I went along on those rabbit hunts when Ellie was there too. She was popular and had other dates, or worked in her folks' grocery afternoons, so we didn't see her very often. She wasn't there on the last hunt.

It must have been in another world that we used to run that old Model "A" spluttering out of town and careen down the dirt roads through the sagebrush, the dust rising and every jackrabbit for miles scared into his deepest hole. Then we'd sit and wait for the dust to settle before we began stalking through the hot brush.

I remember one time that really made me see the change that had come over Don. For a guy with glasses he was a pretty good shot, always firing at diffi-

(Continued on page 24)

LIBRARY

Page 5



Time and Place:

"Let's skip class and go on a cincip!"

Igor Goes On A Cincip^{*}

by Graf



This Is Igor
Watching the Cinip

As Igor was strolling down Elm Street one bright morning looking for ads, a dashing banana-cream convertible whizzed by. Sensing (with the beak of a true reporter) that there would be a story in this, he flung his molting body on the fenders and was carried away from the thriving metropolis into the desolated woods. Hours later he showed up at the Blot office with these pictures clutched to his breast and the full story of how to be a party girl on a cincip.

*Graf for picnic



This is Igor Watch-
ing you. Did you go
on a Cinip this
month.



What to wear:

"Who brought *that* along?
Where does she think she's go-
ing in that get-up?"



What to do:

“Can they help it if the girls take twelve hours of P.E.?”



Other Amusements:

“But I didn’t want to go swimming!”

The End:

“So long, it’s been good to know you!”

Conclusion:

This girl fouled up the picnic. She wore the wrong clothes, showed off by climbing trees (there are better ways to impress your escort), and was a poor sport about going swimming. Moral: They should have had refreshments on the picnic.



A Name for the Noise

ill. by OEHMCKE



The Minister was ready to Christen the baby, but we still hadn't decided on a name. . . .

It's a good thing that things don't happen the way some people think they should. If I'd had my way, my baby brother would never have been around at all. Being the oldest girl on a farm can be a drawback—especially if the family keeps increasing. I thought when Joyce was born we had just the right kind of family, 2 boys and 2 girls and the baby. She was so cute we liked to show her off. But when she was almost five and Mom produced Heppie, I lost my enthusiasm for large families.

"Let someone else have 'em", I said bitterly. Mom was sick a lot after she was born, and I took care of Heppie. She had colic for six months; she didn't like the formula. She had a nasty habit of taking her cod liver oil and holding it in her mouth until she could spew it out on some unsuspecting bystander. In time she improved, or maybe we adjusted to her. I used to think how peaceful it would be when she wasn't a baby any more.

So the announcement that the family was still growing was a shock. It sort of stunned us all. I think the doctor thought Mom had a tumor or something, and the truth surprised everybody. I was horrified. I thought my mother and father were entirely

too old to be even thinking of such things. It wasn't dignified—at their age—and how could I ever explain to my friends! Already I had the biggest family of any senior in high school, and to have any more kids was adding insult to injury.

The younger kids were mildly excited by the news—they liked babies—they were more fun to play with than puppies or kittens. Mom and Dad were sort of resigned. After the first six, I guess you get used to that sort of thing.

Mom had a bad time before he was born, and we were all worried about her, but I was sort of sore because she was having it, and I tried not to let her know how concerned I was. Dad had to stay at the ranch so I was the one who took Mom to the hospital the morning the baby was born. Mom looked so sick and white that I felt awful guilty about the way I'd behaved. She patted my cheek and tried to smile before the nurse hurried her inside, and I went home with a big empty pit inside me.

The baby was born that afternoon, and I saw him while he was still damp from his first bath. He was the homeliest baby I've ever seen. He was real long and skinny and a horrible pur-

ple color because he had been born backward. And he was kind of bruised and pulpy looking. I wasn't a bit impressed.

Dad was with me—he still looked grey and drawn from worrying about Mom—and he thought the baby was cute. Guess he was used to newborn babies. The nurse came in to fill out the birth certificate.

Dad and I looked at each other. Nobody had thought of a name. We had talked about it at home, but Mom had said not to set our hearts on having the kind of baby we wanted. Besides she said Dad always had named the boys—and she had named the girls—and better we should wait. The nurse said, what's the baby's nationality, and we said Danish. Dad looked hopefully at me. Then Dad said, "I like the name Dane—that's what they used to call me. Just put Dane down." So she did.

The next weekend my oldest brother came up from college to see the baby. "My God, where did you pick up that name? No self-respecting mongrel would be caught dead with it."

Up to that point I had been sort of neutral. But I got mad when he started spouting off. He hadn't had to do any of the worrying over that baby, he shouldn't be running down the name we'd put down.

Mom tried to smooth things over. "Well, it's only temporary. What did you have in mind, son?"

"I like the name Keil—it's a good Danish name," he said.

"Keil," I exploded, "name that baby after a canal!"

The situation was pretty tense. Mom said soothingly, "We will have him blessed the Sunday before Christmas. We can have a name picked out for him then. I don't like Dane either. I'd like to name him Brent. I'm sure we can talk Dad out of naming him Dane. Sounds like a dog."

Christmas came and with it my brother armed with a list of names. He even had all his friends' choices down. One of 'em thought he should be named

(Continued on page 18)

SPRING WILL LOOK THIS WAY

With the advent of spring and the turning of the proverbial young man's fancy to thoughts, and with the exception of those who still attend class occasionally; the Idaho co-ed once more drags her golf clubs, tennis racket, bathing suit, and catcher's mit from the back of the closet and dashes out into the warm spring sunshine. The co-eds here show the current campus fashions for spring.



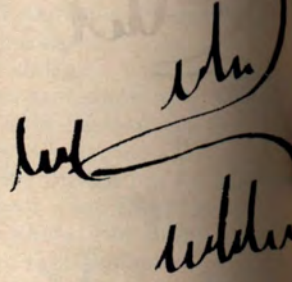
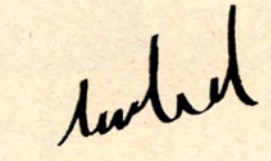
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Pat Baker



Bonnie Brown



Jerry Carson

Ed
Mark



Mark

Mark

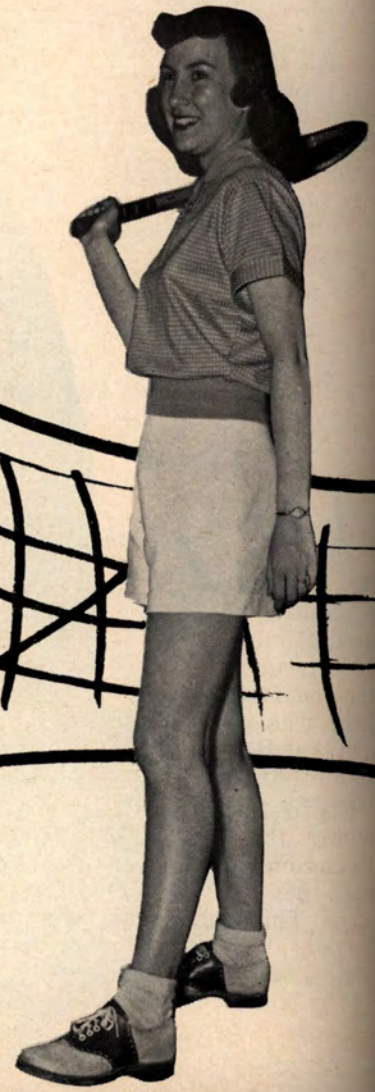
Donna Bray



Pat Harris



12 feet



Dinah Ketchen

Quite A Fellow, This Bow-wow

THE FABULOUS BUT TRUE ADVENTURES OF A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN IDAHO STUDENT.

by JERRY MCKEE

Twelve years ago, in September of 1939, there arrived on the campus of the University of Idaho a thin, lanky fellow with a perpetual grin who was to literally burn the campus up with his activity. His name was Stanley Wojtkiewicz, but he called himself "Bow-wow," for a reason known only to God and to the students who couldn't pronounce "Wojtkiewicz."

He was here only three semesters, but in that short time he did enough to immortalize himself. He has become a great Idaho legend. Haven't you heard of the person who nominated himself for freshman class president, the person who was suspected of voting 37 times for himself in one election, the person that got himself erroneously killed? These persons were all Bow-wow, a true but somewhat cloudy tradition of the University of Idaho.

This stranger-than-fiction narrative begins in the autumn of 1939. In those days the freshman class officers were elected by acclamation in an all-class assembly held early in the year. When nominations were being accepted during the 1939 conclave, up stepped an unknown freshman who spoke with all the oratorical gestures known to man on the advantages of electing a mysterious genius named 'Bow-wow.' And after that siege of oratory, the group swept the totally unknown Bow-wow into the presidency. Very shortly later the frosh found that Bow-wow was the noble nominator, and that Bow-wow had nominated himself.

His first act of office was supplying the fireworks for the Homecoming celebration, a duty even then given to the freshman class. This small task was the last unspectacular item on Bow-wow's agenda.

The last of October Bow-wow announced plans for a prece-

dent-breaking talent show, sponsored by the freshman class. This two-hour, all-school assembly featured over 40 talented freshmen, who were competing for 15 cash and trade prizes.

Bow-wow catered to the faculty in this as in all enterprises, because he admitted them free and reserved the first three rows for them. The judges were all faculty members, including Gale Mix, then and now ASUI General Manager. All women students got special permission to attend if they returned 15 minutes after the performance.

The admission to the event was 15 cents, and, according to Bow-wow, "the object of the program is to raise money to bring a big time orchestra to the Idaho campus." And after the affair was over, Bow-wow was heard to chortle, "We said the frosh would give them their money's worth!"

But the dust had not settled from Bow-wow's talent show until he announced the plans for the frosh's next venture, a toy dance. This dance, held December 16 charged as admission one toy per person. The proceeds thus gained were turned over to the city Chamber of Commerce for distribution to Moscow's needy children.

Intermission entertainment for the toy dance was a Kay Kyser type musical quiz program, with 20 freshmen as contestants. As in the talent show, Bow-wow Wojtkiewicz acted as master of ceremonies, imitating the southern drawl of Kay Kyser. The dance was very successful, and over 500 toys were collected.

The toy dance was quite a feat for Bow-wow and it took quite a lot of work. But never think that Bow-wow had a one track mind. While the toy dance was whirling into successful creation, our hero was also working on his frosh cheering squad and on the

Junior Vandal Booster button sale.

The first item, Bow-wow's cheering section, had many sides. Five cheer-leaders were elected by the freshmen class to lead the cheers for the freshman basketball and football games. In addition the class had twenty gaily dressed "Pep Bugs," a sort of girls' pep club. The biggest innovation of Bow-wow at this time was his "Spirit Band," a 12 piece aggregation composed entirely of members of the freshman class.

Speaking of his pep campaign, Bow-wow said, "The aim is to push more school spirit." Apparently he did, because the frosh basketball and football team won 17 out of 18 games. Incidentally, Bow-wow was on the basketball team, but he wasn't any too good. In fact, he didn't score a point all season.

But the biggest campaign of his career was his Junior Vandal Booster Buttons. These brilliant yellow and black buttons, purchased by the freshman class, were sold in every living group on the campus. The proceeds were turned over to the athletic fund. Thus every purchaser of the 50c buttons became a "Junior" Vandal Booster

Bow-wow really went all out on this idea. Booster buttons were substituted for corsages at the Senior Ball. Sophomore class president Ken Scott made it mandatory that all those who attended the Holly dance were required to wear a booster pin. All Idaho athletes were strongly recommended to wear a button.

A highlight of Bow-wow's high tension campaign was a "Button Ball," the admission being one booster button. In addition, the freshman class sponsored a 'button week,' when a 'no button, no date' rule was enforced.

But apparently the limit had been reached. Bow-wow had not become unwound, but the rest of the student body was tired of being wound up. At the end of his button campaign, only 300

(Continued on page 20)

FOOTBALL

A bright beaming sun accompanied by spotless summer skies welcomed the University of Idaho coaching staff and sixty-three hopeful football prospects to the fold on the first day of fall practice last September 1st. Little was known as to how the Vandals would fare during the 1950 campaign.

Opening with the University of Utah in Boise on September 23, the Vandal machine then challenged Montana, Texas Western, Oregon, Washington State, Wyoming, Oregon State, Boston university, and finally Arizona State on November 25, before winding up the rigorous nine game schedule.

During the course of the season, the Vandals, like any other collegiate eleven, had their ups-and-downs.

Utah, Idaho's first foe, was rarin' to go when the Vandals invaded the capital city of Boise. Odds on favorites at game time, Idaho exploded for 13 points in the first half—walking from the field at intermission with a comfortable lead, 13-0. Not to be denied, the fighting Redskins from Salt Lake City called on quarterback Dave Cunningham to sling the leather. Before the Vandals could halt the vaunted passing attack on the part of Cunningham — Utah had already forged ahead early in the fourth period 19-13. The Vandals wasted little time in getting back into the ball game as seniors John Brogan and



Glen Christian, speedy Vandal halfback, snags a touchdown propelled pass in the game with the undefeated University of Wyoming Cowpokes.

SPORTS

FOOTBALL, BASKETBALL, BOX

King Block pushed over Idaho's winning tallies in the waning minutes of the contest. When the final gun had sounded—the scoreboard indicated that the Vandals had won their initial game of the season—26-19.

Returning to their home stomping grounds, Coach Howell's forces began preparation for the annual battle with the University of Montana, and the "Little Brown Stein." Idaho's power-laden running game was thwarted and off-set by the passing combo of Montana's Tommy Kingsford and end Ray Bauer. The Grizzlies matched the Vandals touchdown for touchdown and when the final whistle had blown, tucked away rather safely a surprising 28-27 mild upset win. Inability on the part of the Vandals in the place kicking department was the deciding factor of the contest.

Performing in their first night game since 1941, the University of Idaho met the pass happy Texas Western Miners in El Paso. In the opening minutes of what was classified a major upset in Southwestern football channels, the Miners counted first with a safety and followed up with a touchdown for a 9-0 lead. Before halftime, the Vandals pushed the pigskin across the final stripe and added a conversion to make the score read 9-7 at intermission. A wild third and fourth period on the part of both teams was indicative of the final score which read: Texas Western 43, Idaho 33.

The time had arrived. Oregon was doomed. A surprising ground game by the Vandals and a stiff defense proved too much for the hapless Ducks from the University of Oregon. As the final gun had sounded and the smoke had cleared, Idaho had captured her first victory over the Oregonians since 1925. The final score—14-0—presented a fitting close to the Homecoming festivities on the Idaho campus.

How could we possibly jump up and bump Oregon—and then two weeks later thump rival Washington State? Sounds incredible—but we did. Playing under adverse weather conditions—the conquering Vandals held the Cougars to a 7-7 draw—the closest they have been able to come since 1927. The contest played before a gathering of 19,000 fans in Pullman was contested in a steady downpour of rain.

A bowl bound University of Wyoming football team had to fight to the wire to hold down the relentless and aggressive Idaho Vandals before a Dad's Day crowd of 9,000 fans last November 4. Ranked 13th nationally in the final Associated Press poll, the Cowpunchers from Laramie had to settle for a 14-7 victory. Undefeated and untied, Wyoming went on to play in the Gator Bowl in Jacksonville, Florida last Jan-

UND-UP

by Phil Johnson

uary 1 and up-ended Washington and Lee 20-7 in the annual classic.

Hitting a slump, Idaho traveled to Corvallis, Oregon the next weekend and met a stubborn band of Beavers from Oregon State college. Unable to halt a Beaver onslaught, the Vandals had to settle for their one and only conference setback of the season as they were waxed 34-19. Oregon State kept the Idaho defense off-balance during a greater portion of the contest by snapping the ball within a split-second of the Beaver backfield shift. As a result, in many cases OSC backs were through the line and into the secondary before the Vandal defense had moved to meet the shift. Conference rulings stipulate a two-second interval between the backfield shift and the snapping of the ball. OSC was shaving it close.

Fenway Park, home of the fabulous Boston Red Sox, was the next stopping-off place for Coach Howell and his Vandals. Thirty-three players, traveling via United Airlines, exhibited good football in the park as they upset the favored Bostonians 26-19. In 1940 Idaho played Boston college on this same field—losing out 60-0.

All-American Wilford "Whizzer" White closed out a brilliant collegiate gridiron career as he personally scored five touchdowns and passed for two others as the Arizona State Sun Devils defeated the Vandals in a wild scoring affair 48-21. Unable to cope with the fabulous wizard, Idaho

surprised in drawing first blood, as Johnny Brogan grabbed an Arizona punt and scampered 86 yards to pay dirt behind excellent blocking. Glen Christian booted the extra point and the Vandals led 7-0.

BASKETBALL

Tabbed by many sports writers the favorite of the 1951 Northern Division cage race, Coach "Cheerful Chuck" Finley's 1950-51 casabans ran out of gas in the early stages of the conference campaign.

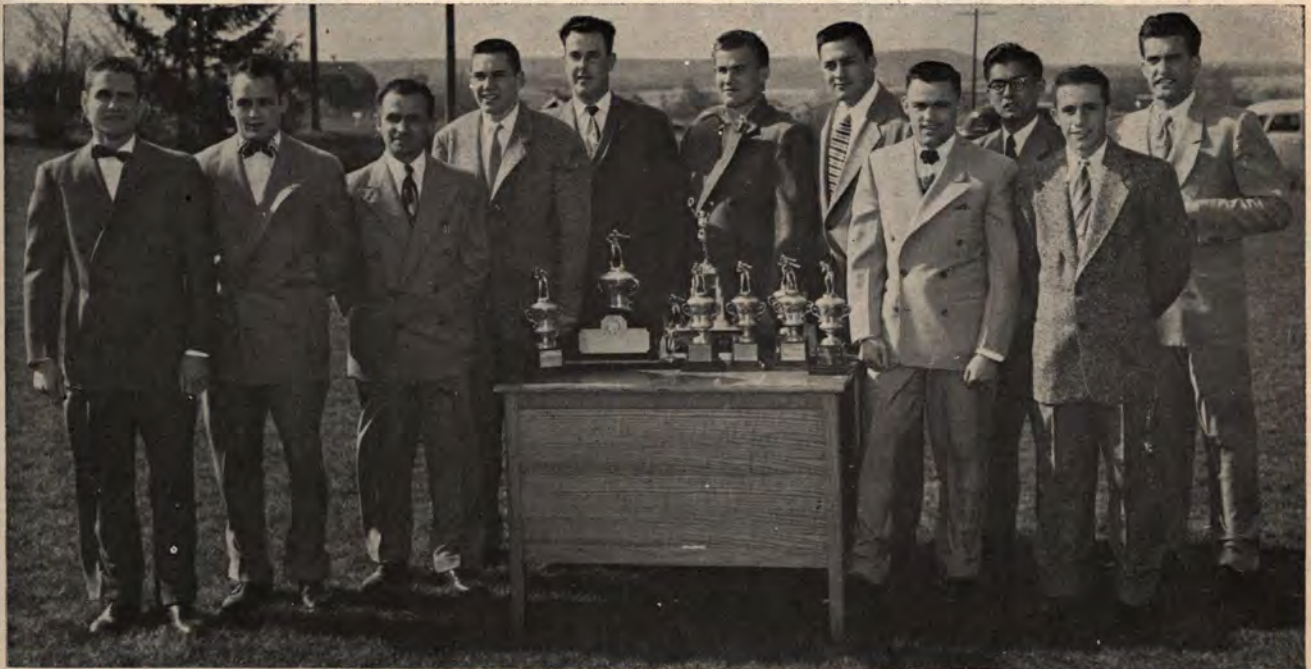
Establishing themselves a definite threat for the flag, this year's basketball squad compiled a pre-season record of nine victories against four setbacks. The four losses suffered were to Montana, LIU, Phillips Oilers and LaSalle.

The strongest point of the season was noticed when the Vandals nearly upset the dope bucket in losing to Long Island University in a thriller, 59-57. The hotly contested game was staged in the famous Madison Square Garden arena in New York City during the Christmas holidays.

Also highlighting the pre-season campaign were the Idaho victories over such strong teams as Denver Chevrolets, Colorado A & M and Utah State.

The Vandals shifted from the pre-conference sites to the Memorial gymnasium to open the 1951 conference chase with Oregon State college on January 2. Inability to hit a fair percentage of their shots from the floor cost the Vandals their first loss in the conference circles 51-43. This contest caused Finley to remark: "I've never seen the entire team as cold at once. We only hit 17.2% of our shots from the floor." The next night, however, Idaho exhibited a championship brand of ball in notching its first win 55-39.

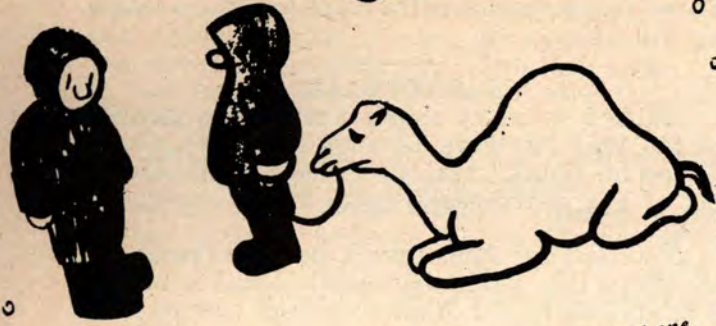
(Continued on page 26)



Best on the coast for three consecutive years were the University of Idaho boxers. Left to right: Bud Lawson, Len Walker, Coach Frank Young, Larry Moyer, Manager Jay Gouch, Mavin Beguhl, John Ramos, Norm Walker, Burt Jeo, Frankie Echevarria, and Verl King.

LOOT

from



ARIZONA

I heard about it on the radio. You walk a mile and get one



SUNDIAL



YALE RECORD.
T. H. HUDSON

"WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, SON, I HAD MADE MY FIRST MILLION!"



"ISN'T IT GRAND THAT MRS. M'S DAUGHTER PLEDGED KAPP"



I WANT YOU

EVERETT OPIE +GW

Jester

"It's done wonders for class incentive."



TIGER

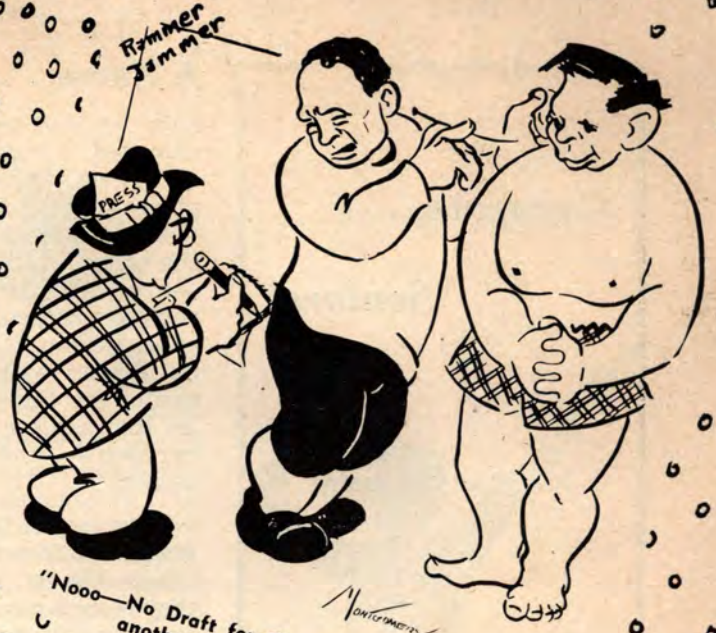
"OKAY, RUN THROUGH IT AGAIN— THIS TIME WITH FEELING"



Kiddio... '62

Jack O'Lantern

"LISTEN DEAR—OUR SONG!"



"Nooo—No Draft for Carnathan here, either; another punctured eardrum."

Montgomery



"Watch out for Penrod. He's on the make."
Green Gander



SUNDIAL

"P'TUI"



-JACK-O

"IS YOU, CHARLIE"



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A Name . . . (Continued)

anyx on account of he was unexpected. I hadn't thought much of having that baby in the first place—but I'd helped name him—kind of—and I would fight to the bitter end for his first name—even if nobody liked it. The vacation passed, and no one gave an inch about the name he should be blessed with. School started again, the Baby looked less and less like a piece of worn out in-ner tube — and he still wasn't named.

Mom began to worry about it. She said she had always had her babies blessed in church before they were a month old—and this one was getting bigger and older every day. One night I came home from school and found her trying the family Christening Dress on the Baby. It was a family heirloom, all tuck and lace and ribbons. And the baby's bony legs hung out, and he drooled, but he smiled and gooded at me, and I decided he wasn't so bad. Mom said, "Soon as the road's good enough for Dad to bring the car in, we'll take this baby to church and get him blessed."

But it was a hard winter, and Easter Sunday before Dad could get the car out. My brother was home on spring vacation, and he was still holding out for "Keil," Mom felt for "Brent," and I supported "Dane" as loudly as possible. Dad wouldn't say one way or the other.

Easter Morning we all got up early so we could get ready to take the Baby to church. The baby was bathed and oiled and powdered. His straggly hairs were brushed up so he didn't look so bald, and he was squeezed into the Dress. It didn't quite reach to his knees, and from the hem to his fancy booties was a length of mottled pink and purple leg. But it was the family Christening dress, and it was his turn to use it. Even if he looked as if he'd been salvaged from a rummage sale.

The problem of getting the entire family in one sedan was solved by putting all the biggest ones at the bottom and building up pyramid style. Dad

stowed everyone away, put in the diaper bag, the spare bottle, extra blankets, a little lunch for Joyce who was used to a mid-morning snack to keep body and soul together—at last we were off.

"Say Dad, whatcha gonna name the baby?" someone piped up from the back seat.

"Wait and see" said Dad blithely. The subject was closed, but there were mutterings, which Dad ignored. We were late as usual, and by the time we were all seated, it was time to have the baby named. The Bishop settled his glasses on his nose, and beamed at us. We scowled back. This was no laughing matter. Mother began to take off all the Baby's blankets. He's been sleeping peacefully, and this disturbance brought out anguished wails. He kicked his legs like mad and his face grew redder and redder. So did Dad's. He carried the squirming, howling baby up the aisle. Mother sniffed and wiped her eyes. The rest of the family sat and waited to see what Dad would say when he had to give the name. The Bishop muttered something, and Dad answered, but both were drowned out in the howls. The Bishop asked again, the Baby stopped as suddenly as he had started crying, and in the sudden silence Dad said in a voice that could have been heard a quarter of a mile away, "Dane Brent." The baby was legal at last.



Moscow Barber Shop

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FLYAWAY BOYS

by ANDY TOZIER



Flyaway, iron cross, trampoline, side horse, parallel bars, flying rings No, it's not a foreign language. To a gymnastics man these terms are a part of his everyday vocabulary. Although gymnastics is one of the oldest of sports and can trace its beginning back to the days of the Greeks and Romans, it is quite new here at the University of Idaho. The gymnastic group, which is now finishing its second season, is not sponsored by the ASUI, but it is nevertheless becoming one of the most active organizations on the campus.

Highlighting this year's work was the gymnastic show held February 9 in the Memorial gymnasium. Tiger leaping, which involves using the springboard and leaping over several men piled up on a horse; a lighted Indian club swinging number by George Peterson, and statuaries depicting several school sports were a few of the features of the show, which promises to be an annual affair.

Two meets with WSC on February 17 and March 2 kept team members busy working out on the trampoline, side horse, parallel bars, long horse, flying rings, and tumbling. These six events are used in competition.

Halftime entertainment at basketball games and perform-

ing for the Moscow Elk's and Moose Lodges were a few more of the activities engaged in. The Genesee high school and the YMCA at Yakima, Washington, were also scenes of gymnastic shows by the University of Idaho group.

George Peterson, captain of the team for the past season, headed a group including Jim Walker, Chuck Clark, Jack Harris, Jose Bou, and Al Fridenstine. Other team members were Gerald Aines, Larry Elsner, Erwin Johnson, Eddie Moe, Donald Walbrecht, Tom Wright, Bill J. Parry, Don Dunlap, Al Huggins, Tom Gentry, and Bill Shaw, captain elect for next year.

Most of the team had never done any tumbling or gymnastic work previous to last year. On the other hand, Coach Dick Smith started tumbling before he even entered high school. Then when he started high school in Manchester, New Hampshire, he became a member of the gym team. During his junior year at Springfield College, in Springfield, Massachusetts, he captained the college team. The team there travels through the East and Midwest putting on some 25 to 30 exhibitions yearly plus its competitions.

The gymnastic team here got its start when the physical education department discovered a need for instruction in this field for the P.E. majors, who were going out over the state and being required to teach gymnastics and tumbling without any background for such instruction. Even the women P.E. majors must take a course in gymnastics now. Next on the list would seem to be a women's gymnastic team, which might not be as good as the men's in tumbling although it could have other advantages.



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"ONE-STOP
FOOD CENTER"

Bow-Wow . . . (Continued)

of 2000 buttons had been sold. The main objection came from Greek row, who were just a little weary at being told what to do when.

But Bow-wow was never dismayed. He went on with his vast freshman promotional campaign. He scheduled a 15-minute program over KRLC, Lewiston, where frosh talent was heard and prominent students and faculty members were interviewed. The freshman class sponsored a self-explanatory 'mistake' dance. The class roped off the Ad Building drive and had a roller-skating party.

Actually, Bow-wow had built up a strong political machine. He kept index cards on every student, showing what he had contributed to the support of the dynasty. Bow-wow formed a freshman executive board, to supervise his latest idea.

Bow-wow's major obstacle came when the freshman class treasurer failed to return after Christmas vacation. The freshman executive board up and appointed Martha Moore, Hays hall, as class treasurer. But the ASUI executive board had a different idea, and by their constitutional right, they appointed Harry Lewis, Chrisman hall, as the treasurer. Bow-wow retaliated by claiming that his choice was the choice of the freshman class. The controversy of Bow-wow vs. ASUI executive board dragged on and on until the time of the second semester class elections, where the problem was automatically solved.

Bow-wow momentarily sank from sight, but only momentarily. When election time rolled around (and this time the officers were elected by ballot rather than acclamation), Bow-wow launched his 'Fair Play' party, since neither major party had recognized him for office.

In an editorial that appeared in the Argonaut just before election, Bow-wow compared the freshman class to a large clipper ship, with himself as the admiral. In his closing paragraph, he stated:

"All I ask you freshman sailors is to let me guide the

ship through these high waves for the last part of the journey, for I do not like to quit in the middle of my job. And let us not allow a Greek stowaway or an Independent stowaway to start a mutiny aboard our good ship. Let's pick a true seaman and sail on to victory.

Your true Pal,
"BOW-BOW WOJTKIEWICZ"

But another obstacle was still to be dealt with, and it was impassable. Bow-wow had spent so much of his time organizing that he forgot to study. And consequently at the last minute the powers-that-be ruled him ineligible to engage in extra-curricular activities, and Bow-wow was disqualified from running for reelection.

Bow-wow retired his second semester, hitting the headlines only once, when he screamed that the executive board (with which he maintained a running feud) was backing out on their promise of sweaters to the frosh yell leaders. ASUI president Walt Olson silenced him with a curt "nonsense."

The fall of 1940 found Bow-wow back at Idaho, again full of accusations. He claimed the administration would allow him to enter only if he "kept his ears dry or his damn mouth shut." He did neither.

Bow-wow began campaigning vigorously on his "Fair Play" party for the sophomore class prexy. Bow-wow knew "his kids" would come through for him. But alas—in the ensuing election, he got only 37 votes, and vicious rumor has it he only got these by visiting the polls 36 illegal times.

This was too much for Bow-wow. He now knew "the kids" had deserted him. He promised to leave school at the close of the semester if not elected. But the campus returned from their 1940 Christmas vacation to find a telegram stating that Bow-wow had been killed in a traffic accident near Sacramento. Everyone was dubious, but still they knew they would miss the racket that only Bow-wow could cause.

Then our hero arrived a few days later on the campus, swathed in bandages and laughing at everybody. This was too much

(Concluded on page 29)

Two Broom Handles and a Wash Tub

by SHEILA JANSSEN

Idaho has its share of musical aggregations, but not one can equal Snakey Riggers and the Craigmont Valley Playboys. These ten musicians from the Tau Kappa Epsilon house have taken ordinary implements, put them together, and made musical utterances seemingly impossible.

Yodeling Stan "Snakes" Riggers, who hails from Craigmont, Idaho, claims leadership of the group. The Playboys got started playing cowboy and hillbilly music late last November in a spontaneous and unrehearsed manner—the Corner Club having the best acoustics, atmosphere and incentives for such music.

Seven members contributed their talents during the first sessions, and three later joined. The Playboys made their first "public appearance" at a Christmas party exchange and since that time have been a main source of entertainment for Idaho students—musically that it.

Instruments utilized by the Playboys' members are unorthodox from the word go—leader Snakey proves this with his "Kazoo." The kazoo can be found in any dime store for a dime, and is played by humming through it with a result much like a comb with waxed paper. Stan, with his versatile voice, contributes yodels, rolling "r's" and songs.

"Fuzzy" Burns, Playboys' arranger, is perhaps the most important member of the aggregation for when he was confined to the infirmary with the mumps, operations of the Playboys stopped. Fuz uses the ukelele to good advantage as well as being able to play any other instrument given him.

Real rhythm is provided by Walt Dell with two measly spoons. These spoons are put between his arm and leg which gives a clicking sound and thus the rhythm section for the Craigmont Valley Playboys.

Pipe-smoking George Poulas raided the washroom for his



Snakey Riggers and the Craigmont Valley Playboys entertain Idaho students at the Benefit Dance.

bass consisting of a washtub, string and stick. A string through the middle of the tub attached to a broom handle and then pulled tight gives the necessary bass rhythm—strange as it may seem.

Bob Griffith looks like a fugitive from a junk dealer when playing with the Playboys. His main source of music is the washboard, but that is by no means all. Three bells (with varying tones yet), a tambourine, a squeeze horn, and a bicycle bell fit right in with the overall effect of the Craigmont Valley Playboys.

Earle Costello shines in the Playboy's interpretation of the "Three Kings" joke, as well as being a real master of the slide flute. This foot-long flute is a cross between mother's cake decorator, an under-sized trombone, and a mouse. Years of practice has made Earle a real musician.

The "Broomoline" is used by Dick Delyea and it consists of a wooden sound box, a broom handle, and one steel wire. Dick plays his broomoline by plucking the wire and sliding up and

down with his hand to change the tone. (?)

Last but not least of the Playboys' members is music major Gerry Goecke with perhaps the most significant music maker in the band—the piano.

The repertoire of songs played by the Tekes goes from the sublime to the ridiculous—mostly ridiculous. Starting with the lilting strains of their theme, "Cattle Call," the orchestra members let go with a round of hillbilly and cowboy music guaranteed to make Beethoven squirm in his grave.

Perhaps the most well known of Snakey's interpretations is that of "Chime Bells" where he takes the yodeling solo with no strain. A song guaranteed for laughs is "She Was Comin' Round the Mountain Doin' 90 Miles an Hour," as well as "Wabash Cannon Ball," "Mama Don't 'Low No Music Playin' Round Here," and "Good Mornin' Mornin' Glory."

Earle Costello would be competition for any bullfighter when he does the Mexican version of the perennial old favorite, "Mo-

(Continued on page 28)

Incident On Venus

ill. by Tom Davie

by MCKEE

Water dripped from the vegetation. Venus is a very moist planet, covered with verdant tropical growths from pole to pole. It was like living in a high humidity greenhouse, but of course the Venetians didn't mind.

Nestled away among this tropical growth was the primary city of 1194, not too different from the many other cities on this planet. Because of the gregarious natures of the Venetian people, over 90 per cent of them lived in cities. The streets of 1194 were wide and very clean, bordered by low, one-story houses.

These buildings would look

quite normal to any Earthman, for they had doors, windows, and walls, just like most Earth homes. However, the structures were considerably smaller, for the Venetians only stood a little over two feet high when mature. This was due to the excessive gravitation which through their evolution has limited them to that height. And other than their green-cast complexions, they resembled earthmen closely in their physical features.

The peace of 1194 was broken on Day 77V24 when the Venetians became aware of an impending visitor from outer space. The size or shape of this visitor was not visible through the dense atmosphere, but the adenoids of every Venetian picked up the presence of the mysterious visitor. Their 'sixth sense' is very well developed.

"Mother, see, there it is," looked John 7, pointing toward the dark mass barely visible through the clouds.

Mrs. Jones 12 blinked her agreement, and then glanced,

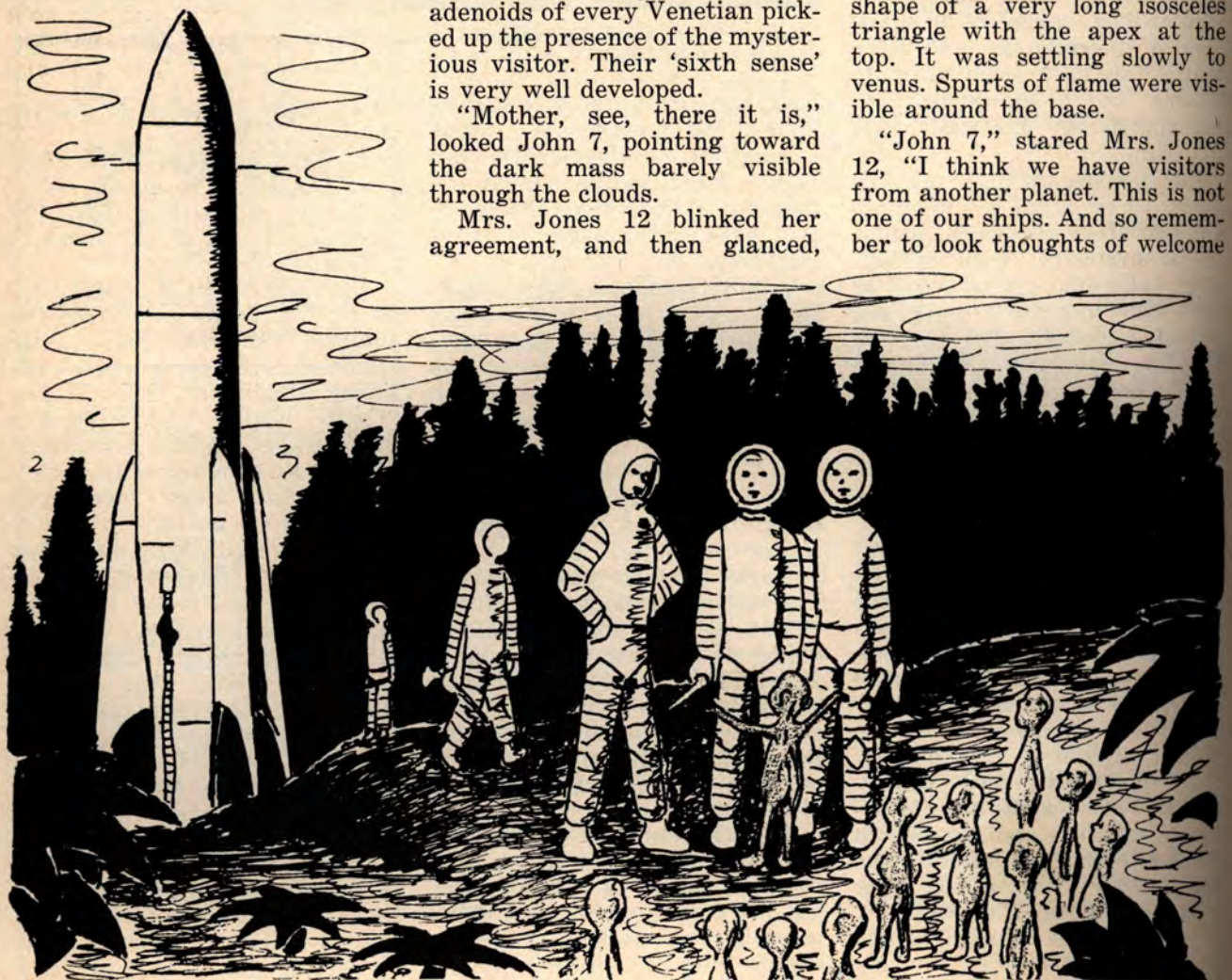
"Put on your pads and we'll go over and watch it land, if it is going to land."

"Oh, good," looked John 7. "What do you suppose it is?"

Mrs. Jones 12 smiled and then glanced to him, "It could be a number of things, son. It could be another mountain settling, or visitors from one of the planets our iconographs have detected, but probably it is just some official arriving from either Venus 3 or 4. They are due."

"Well, I have my pads on, so let's go," darted John 7. His mother pushed her young son out through the open doorway. The object was fairly discernible now. It was long and thin, the shape of a very long isosceles triangle with the apex at the top. It was settling slowly to venus. Spurts of flame were visible around the base.

"John 7," stared Mrs. Jones 12, "I think we have visitors from another planet. This is not one of our ships. And so remember to look thoughts of welcome



and kindness, so our visitors will be our friends."

"Oh, Mother," quickly looked back John 7, "I shall. I'm always a good Venetian." The two walked quickly toward the clearing where many of their kind had gathered to watch the advent of this strange thing.

"Twelve miles still—anti-fall units on three point two two—ease off now. Ten miles—nine miles—anti-fall units on two point five—eight miles—assume landing positions at one mile—seven miles—"

With the auto-nouncer droning out control positions prior to landing, the two flight pilots of the XETV-1 relaxed in a forward berth.

"What do you suppose those damned Venetians will look like, Mack?" asked Chernizov, a burly man of about thirty.

"Oh, they're probably four-legged beasts with two heads and five tails and no intelligence," laughingly replied McKallieweniaz. "But at least we know they're there. Anson proved that. All we have to worry about is what the damn things look like and if they like us."

"Yeah, I suppose you're right," countered Chernizov. "Hey, we're down to six miles. Let's go aft and have a look-see at our mysterious goal."

McKallieweniaz declared his agreement by descending a ladder into a rear observation room. However, nothing but clouds could be seen. But as the ship settled, the terrain of Venus crept into view. As far as the eye could see was vivid green vegetation, broken only by solitary mountain peaks and glistening blue rivers.

"Hell, this joint is kind of pretty," said Chernizov.

"Yeah, but don't let that fool you. The people here are probably mean as all hell."

"I guess you're right. I hope Warrentson has enough ammo ready."

"—Landing positions, landing positions, height one mile, all hands to landing positions, landing positions—" droned the auto-nouncer.

Without a word the two men scrambled down another ladder into the main personnel room.

Here they strapped themselves into their seats and made ready for the landing.

The XETV-1, having interted itself by auto-gyro at thirty miles out, was now backing slowly down to Venus. And having approached within a mile of the goal, the auto-announcer had barked out landing orders, while thirty men scurried to their pre-assigned positions. The auto-pilot settled the huge ship to earth meanwhile, guided by blasts of energy from the four dorsal drives.

Such protection had been reached in the auto-pilot that the jar of contact was reduced to a bare minimum. After the ship had landed as all was still, the men began filing toward the exit lock, where they got their K-guns and air suits with de-gravity units. The men had been briefed many times as to what to do after landing, but Captain Gundardahl was making extra certain. "All of us are going down," he said. "Try to be friends with the people here, but if there is any trouble, shoot to kill."

Chernizov, descending the steel ladder to the ground, nudged McKallieweniaz, who was following him. "Hey, Mack," he phoned through the inerspik, "Look at all those green little people down there. There must be a thousand of them."

"Green little bastards," returned McKallieweniaz, "just like this damned planet. Keep your gun ready."

The crowd of Venetians stood watching the sleek silver ship. After the XETV-1 had settled solidly on Venetian soil, the witnessing crowd drew back as the air lock opened and huge giants began to descend a telescoping ladder. All the Venetians drew back, but one.

This one was King L6, ruler of Venus 2. He alone stood near the group of men who were descending from the ship.

"Giants from elsewhere, I welcome you in the name of Venus 2," King L6 looked. "Send forth your leader that I may look with him of his origin," stared King L6, but the group of giant Earthmen did nothing but stand at the base of their ship.

So King L6 walked forward toward the men, looking of friendship all the time, and the crowd of Venetians followed him, surging toward the strange men. All the Venetians looked with kindness, and the air was radiant with pleasant emotion.

This radiation somehow forced the Earthmen to be happy and cheerful, although they did not trust the Venetians surging toward them. The king of the Venetians stood quite near the tall Earthmen and looked once again words of welcome. The men could only view him with kindness and non-comprehension.

Then one impetuous crew member, fearful of King L6's intent, broke through the Venetian spell and kicked him down. Captain Gundardahl turned to the hasty crewman and slapped him with the butt of his gun. But the damage was done. King L6 ran back from the ship, and his looks of friendship turned to intense hatred, and the subjects of the king followed suit, looking words of hate and disgust.

The planet air was set into vibrant motion by the words of hate, and the Earthmen began to double up in internal agony and dropped to the ground, twitching in lethal spasms.

King L6 walked cautiously up to the bodies when all movement had ceased and examined them closely. And then, as the other Venetians watched, King L6 turned to them and looked:

"You guards will take these bodies to temple 1 for final rites. They are to receive unction 7." As the guards burst forward and began carrying away the thirty limp bodies twisted by unseen vibrations, King L6 turned and looked at the silver ship and pointed cloudward, the ship that brought thirty highly-trained technicians to this pleasant planet.

After observing the slender ship for quite a while, he once again turned to his subjects and looked with narrowed eyes, "The vehicle is to remain in that position. It will serve as a memorial. A memorial to the strange science of some unknown other world." He smiled.

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Murder . . . (Continued)

cult things to show off, like farmers' electric fence insulators. This time he'd shot a rabbit, a big "jack." It wasn't quite dead yet, but couldn't move. Don walked over to it and began clubbing it with the butt end of his gun. All the while there was a mechanical fascinated look on his face, as if he couldn't stop. It made me sick and I looked away. Maurice was staring off in another direction as if he hadn't seen what had happened. On the way home he didn't say much, but he'd look at Don every once in a while as if he didn't recognize him. If Maurice, who was gentle by nature, ever thought of deserting Don, it must have been then. If he had, who knows what would have happened. But what's the use of thinking about it now. It's too late to change things.

I need a cigarette. Here, now, hold it steady. It was my fault, I still feel. Everything that led up to the "accident," as the papers called it. I guess it began when I fell in love with Ellie in high school. But the trouble was, so did Don Hadley. I loved her because she was about the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen and all the other hopeless reasons for a guy like me who isn't worth much. Oh, there were other girls on my horizon, but I could never take them seriously.

Then there was Don. He wanted Ellie in his way because she was something he'd never had, something his old man couldn't give him. I thought too she was something he didn't have the price for, but I knew that I wasn't it either. Not for her, and not just then, anyway. It would take more time than I liked to think of before I would have been able to support both of us. I told her just that and flatly, so it wasn't easy for her to take. She loved me, I've always known that. We tried going on as before, but that didn't work. We couldn't kid ourselves that things could go on indefinitely like they were.

About a year after graduation I left Sawville. I went to a big city at the other end of the state

hoping to find the breaks that had somehow missed me at home. Meanwhile, I gathered from letters that reached me from other people, that Don had managed in his methodical, unimaginative way to be seen around a lot with Ellie. Well, in a small town presentable males are numbered anyway, and I still believed Don couldn't write his own ticket with Ellie. Besides, I wasn't ready yet to go back—I hardly had money for a ticket. Another year and a half went by.

Then Ellie's letters stopped coming altogether.

When the notice of the wedding appeared in the *Sawville Sentinel*, it hit me as something unbelievable. Yet there was Ellie, hardly recognizable in the spotty newspaper print, and Don, in a tight-fitting suit, the highlights on his glasses blotting out the expression in his eyes; but I'm sure it must have been one of triumph. Undistinguishable in the background stood Maurice, of course, who was best man.

For three years I heard nothing else. It was hardly worth going back home for me now. I spent my time making myself invaluable to my employers, which I found could take up a great deal of time, if I worked at it. Only business, ironically enough, brought me in touch with Don's firm again and again; but there was nothing personal in our correspondence.

There was one sales assignment that had kept popping up. I hadn't given it to anyone, hardly daring to admit to myself that I wanted it. It was in Sawville and with the Hadley Agency.

Finally I took the train back, letting pictures of Ellie rise in my mind for the first time in three years without trying to keep it a blank. I couldn't fool myself about how unhappy I thought Don would have grown away from his need for Maurice now that he had Ellie.

The second night I spent in town I was at their place for dinner. There was Maurice, still with his admiration for Ellie, but already maturing into the perpetual bachelor, his dark rimmed glasses set benignly in

the middle of his face, maybe a little thinner even than I remembered him. He was talking earnestly to Don when I came in. Don was so absorbed by the conversation that he didn't notice my entrance at all. There was something about seeing them talk together that made me realize things hadn't changed with Don's marriage. I learned later that Maurice worked at the Hadley Agency, and Don talked everything over with him before making a decision about the business.

Ellie was standing apart, seemin to be a stranger to these intimate two when the maid opened the door for me. All the welcome and warmth in her voice seemed worth my years of exile, and I supposed later that it came from her own loneliness and disappointment. Her tone, however, must have carried a different kind of meaning to Don, who put his hand on her shoulder and then proffered his other one for me to shake.

The rest of the evening went off smoothly enough. We talked about the sagebrush hunts we used to have in the "good old days." I learned that Don still had a passion for guns. He was planning to go out for a deer sometime during the week, and the idea seemed to strike him that I should go along. Maurice would go as always, as a spectator, probably more from force of habit now. He never shot anything. As I was to be in town only a week, the hunt was planned for the following Saturday.

I don't know when first it was that Don planned to kill me. I'm pretty sure it wasn't that first night. But he was never the kind to give himself away by emotion—and I wasn't to know until too late. As the week wore on I had plenty opportunities to be with Ellie. I was drawn to her, and I couldn't help it any more than I could help hating the weak man who was her husband. Gradually, in little bits I found how the pattern had worked out. Don, who was never quite a man when Maurice was around, had never given up his best friend for his wife. Maurice had remained unmarried—spent most of his time at the agency or working at

home with Don. He was the real incentive behind Don's apparent success. They were making plans now for opening a branch in another town. That is, Maurice was making the plans.

Ellie was the outsider, to be admired and possessed, but not loved, never loved. She resented her life and the fact that the friendship of Maurice and Don had prevented her becoming fulfilled as a woman. Don she despised for his weakness, his dependency.

Things were at this impasse on Saturday. We drove through a cold dawn into the first low range of mountains and up winding dirt roads into the brush and pine deer county with its slippery, needle-covered paths and steeply angled slopes.

It's growing dark outside. I know he'll be here before long. And it's no use running anymore. I'd better finish this while I can.

Maurice had wandered off into the woods in another direction to be away from the guns. Don and I were together. Fairly close anyway, and he was slightly behind me. The path was closely overhung with brush, and boulders jutted into it from the steep side of the hill.

I heard the gun when it clicked out of safety. I turned quickly, thinking he had seen a deer close by and hadn't said anything so as not to frighten it. But the rifle was pointed at me! I knew I was looking death in the face. Don's eyes had the same fascinated look again as if he were realizing the power of the gun in his hands. He had no special look of hatred, only that. And his hands were tightening on the trigger. Suddenly before I had a chance to do anything, I heard someone come out of the brush behind me. Surprise and then terror washed over Don's face—and then hatred. I saw his eyes were off me for an instant and I dived, as hard as I could, for his legs just as he shot. The bullet sung by my cheek, and I heard a scream behind me. By the time I picked myself up, there was Don on his knees by Maurice's body, holding his head in his hands and weeping. I re-

(Concluded on page 29)

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BEVERAGES — FOOD

Basketball . . . (Continued)

Cross-state rival Washington State, the next conference quintet on the Vandal slate visited Memorial gymnasium for a single contest, but were eked out in a thriller 43-42 on two foul shots by Idaho's sophomore center, Hartly Kruger in the final seconds of play. Moving over to Pullman on the following evening, the Cougars reversed the decision as they posted a 41-40 victory.

Taking to the road for the next series with the University of Oregon, the Vandals were surprised when they were handed double setbacks of 60-56 and 62-56 during the two-night stand at Eugene. Surprise of the series was Idaho's 5'9" forward Dick Reed, who in the two contests picked up a total of 30 points. Oregon captured both ends on belated rallies.

Idaho jumped back on the winning trail in their next home series with the surprisingly strong sophomore laden Huskies from the University of Washington. The first contest went to Washington 50 to 44, but the Vandals bounced back in the Saturday evening fracas to chalk up a well-deserved 55-50 win. This second contest halted Idaho's four game losing streak and added new life towards their title aspirations.

Playing their best ball of the season against a quintet of Oregonians and two referees, (Al Lightner and Del Holmes), the Vandals managed to split a twin bill with the Ducks. Despite constant jeers and boos on the part of Idaho fans in the first contest—the home team won out 66-63. Frank G. McCormack, the conference supervisor of officials, was on hand for the Saturday contest won by Oregon and said that the contest was one of the best of many games that he had seen this year. The final score of that contest—47-46.

SPAGHETTI
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"Gezundheit!"

Back on the road, the Vandals moved to Corvallis to meet the lowly Oregon State college Beavers. Switching tactics, the Gill cagers played a deliberate game of ball control—winning the first 34-29 and dropping the second 39-31. These two contests were the lowest scoring games played during the course of the conference campaign.

The Vandals were no match for the University of Washington in their second series that was staged in the Edmundson Pavilion on the Husky campus. (Edmundson, former basketball coach at Washington and now their head coach of track is a graduate of the University of Idaho). In the first contest, the high flying Huskies rolled to a 63-40 victory and on the next night set a new court record by scoring 76 points to our 57.

Only two more games remained on the Vandal conference slate—both with Washington State. Playing the first in Pullman—the platoon-minded Cougars went all-all in their last home game of the season to wallop the Vandals 51-40. The next evening the site was changed over to Moscow where Idaho closed out the season with a thrilling 48-46 victory.

BOXING

Spokane Invitational Tournament winners, Pacific Coast Conference champions, and fourth place in the NCAA meet at East Lansing, Michigan. If you haven't already guessed, I'm speaking of Frank Young's University of Idaho boxing team.

Not highly successful in dual meet competition during the past season—the Vandal mittmen opened the campaign in losing a narrow decision 3½ to 4½ to the Louisiana State Bengal Tigers in the New Year's Sugar Bowl sport spectacle held in New Orleans.

Approximately 5000 fight fans jammed their way into Bohler gymnasium in Pullman to witness the match between Idaho and Washington State last January 11, and when it was all over, the score cards revealed that both teams fought to a 4-4 draw.

Coach Young and his pugilists packed their grips and headed East for dual meet competition with the Golden Gophers from the University of Minnesota. Two of the eight Vandals participating in the match were declared winners—the Walker brothers, Len and Norm, as Minnesota posted an upset 6-2 win.

One of the top boxing institutions in America, San Jose State, sent eight boxers to Moscow to entertain the Vandal ringmen. Idaho extended the strong Spartan sluggers to the very limit before dropping a 4½ to 3½ verdict. Heavy-weight Jack Scheberies put the win in Coach Dee Portals hip pocket when he registered a T.K.O. over Idaho's Jack Ramos in 1 minute and 29 seconds of the opening session.

Gonzaga, last year's notional co-champion with the University of Idaho, displayed their usual talents as they held the powerful Vandals to a 4-4 draw in the first meeting between the two squads at the Spokane Armory. In a return match between the two schools at Moscow, the judges de-

cisions coincided as the teams again deadlocked at 4-4.

Washington State and Idaho again met in the ring—this time at Memorial gymnasium. Unable to win a single dual meet thus far, the Vandals went all out to avenge the previous 4-4 tie in dumping the Cougars 5-3. In national competition, Washington State surprised in winning two titles—Everett Conley and Jackie Melson.

Defending champion Idaho was invited to attend the second annual Spokane Invitational Tournament as were Washington State, Gonzaga and Idaho State college at the conclusion of dual meet competition. The Vandals, with Frank Echevarria, Norm Walker, and Larry Moyer leading the way, retained the trophy as Idaho boxers amassed a total of 24 points. The surprise of the tournament was Gonzaga's Smith's unexpected win over national champion Leonard Walker of Idaho.

Coach Frank Young's Idaho boxing team established two new Pacific Coast Inter-collegiate boxing records and registered two new school marks in the PCC tournament that was held in Sacramento last March. Four Vandal belters—Frankie Echevarria, Norman Walker, Leonard Walker and Larry Moyer claimed individual coast crowns and the squad made it three in a row for team honors. It was the first time in the history of the coast event that a team had left the California capital city with four individual titles, and the first time in history of the twenty-year tournament that a team has copped the squad title three consecutive times.

Sending four men into the Nationals the following week, Idaho placed three in the finals—but lost all, as dark horse Michigan State dethroned the defending national co-champion, as a result of two national champions. Idaho had Frankie Echevarria at 125, defending national title-holder Leonard Walker at 155 and an able 175 pounder in Larry Moyer entered in the finals. None of the men were able to capture individual championships. Frank Young summarized the season and



“... and who invented war poppa!”

the tournament in just a few words, when he said: “we may have lost—but in my book they’re still champions.”



Firstie: "Yes, I have just returned from a big game hunting trip in Africa."

Plebe: Sure, 'nuff, what did you bring back?"

Firstie: "Seven lions, five tigers, two leopards and a potfer."

Plebe: "Potfer? What's a potfer?"

Firstie: "To cook in."

—I—

Frosh: "Say when, honey." (pouring co-ed a bottle of beer.)

Co-ed: "OK . . . right after the next drink."

—I—

Men have been tried and found wanting — wanting the same thing.

—I—

He: They had to shoot poor old Fido today.

She: Was he mad?

He: He wasn't any to pleased.

—I—

Say, I went to college, stupid. Yes, and you bame back stupid.



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Broom Handles (Continued)

lasses." Bob Griffith takes care of all commercials including "Fumo Deodorant" which, says Griffith, "doesn't remove the smell, it just envelopes you in a cloud of smoke so your friends can't tell where the stink is coming from." Griffith also recommends "Scalpo Hair Oil".

The old almo mater is not forgotten as the Playboys offer their rendition of the Vandal fight song.

Snakey and his group first became professional over the KRPL March of Dimes Radio show and have since then played at the Vet's Club and for the Crippled Children's Benefit dance last month. After dinner music was provided by the band at Pi Phi, Delta Gamma, and Theta dinner engagements.

The Craigmont Valley Playboys have no immediate plans for the future, but will undoubtedly continue their "jam sessions" at the Corner Club in good style. If weird strains of "Cattle Call" come floating over the campus with a sudden blast of a kazoo or clang of a bell, you're not hearing things—it's Idaho's one and only Snakey Riggers and the Craigmont Valley Playboys.

She told me that you told her the secret I told you not to tell her.

Hmmmm! I told her not to tell you I told her.

Well, don't tell her that I told you she told me.

—I—

"Why are you sprinkling that grass seed all over you, Miss Garbo?"

"I want to be a lawn."

—I—

What is the difference between a girl and a horse?

I don't know.

'T'll bet you have some swell dates!

—I—

You are clever, if I may say so.

You may say so, but not in front of these people.

You are clever, but not in front of these people.

'51 FORD

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Murder . . . (Concluded)

member wondering vaguely if he had shot at me or Maurice when Maurice had stumbled on to the scene. Anyway my cheek was burning fiercely, and the hand I put up to it came away bloody.

There isn't much more to tell. I got out of the country as soon as possible. Wherever I've gone, Don soon appears. But I'm all through running. It isn't any use now.

Don's had everything since Maurice's death that he didn't have before. There was a notice in the paper that didn't even make headlines. There were so many hunting deaths that season. The courts took his business reputation as so much collateral. And after all, it was his best friend. They gave him a fine and revoked his hunting license. It wasn't enough to seriously damage his position in the community. In fact, people were rather curious to see a man who had killed his best friend. His business boomed.

Yes, it got him Ellie's love too. He's a changed man now, without Maurice. Powerful and confident. He's got almost everything his own way—only of one thing is he not quite sure. There is one person left who could destroy it all, because he knows Ellie would leave him if she knew the truth.

He'll be back—to kill the one thing that separates him from his freedom. But he won't get everything. I'm taking him with me. It may be a little time, but when the courts find this evidence they'll know it isn't suicide as he'll plan it . . . they'll call it Murder!

Bow-Wow . . . from page 20 for the student body, and he was virtually chased off the campus.

He had had his last laugh and was never heard from again . . . until we picked up a recent *American* and read where a California policeman, talking to a man whose car had been looted, found himself unable to pronounce the name. But the man piped up, "Just call me 'Bow-wow.' Everybody else does."

Bow-wow Wojtkiewicz still reigns.

Father: "And since you have been in college what do you find is the hardest thing to deal with?"

Son: "An old deck of cards."

—I—

When a girl finds that she isn't the only pebble on the beach, she generally becomes a little bolder.

—I—

Wolf: "Give me your telephone number."

Gretchen: "9999."

Wolf: "All right then don't."

—I—

Professor (to class): There is a young man in this class making a jackass of himself. When he is finished, I'll start.

—I—

The trouble with people who drink like fishes is that they don't drink what fishes do.

—I—

"Have you an opening for a bright young man?"

"Yes, but don't slam it on the way out."

—I—

Mr.: "Ah, my sweet, what beautiful eyes you have."

Miss: "Thank you, they were a birthday present."

—I—

"Me slept with Daddy last night," said the small child to her kindergarten teacher.

"No, Mary, that's wrong," said the teacher. "I slept with Daddy last night."

"Well then," said Mary, "you must have come in after I went to sleep."

—I—

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

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

—I—

Prosecuting Attorney: "You mean to say that you had sixteen beers and didn't move once from the table the night of the murder?"



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These are men.
Look at their hair.
Look at their trousers.
Look at their neckties.
Look at the sign, stupid.

PRIMER

for

PHI

BETA

KAPPAS

This is a primer. It is written for Phi Betas. Phi Betas study hard. They always have their noses in books. One characteristic of all Phi Betas is good grades. Sometimes they do not know what is going on—on campus, and in the world. We wrote this story so that they will know what is going on—on campus and in the world. Even though you are not a Phi Beta, you too can find out what is what by reading this.



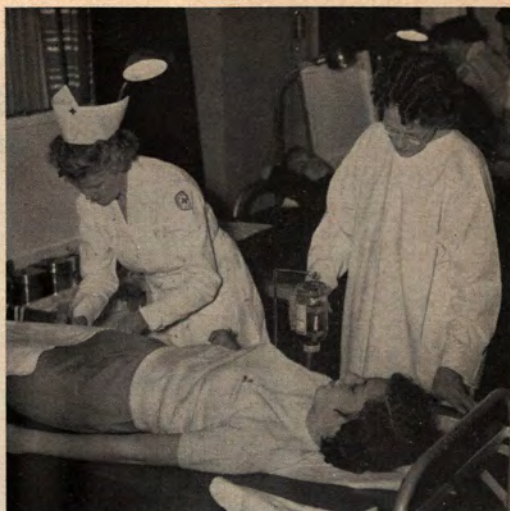
This is a plot.
People are trying to move the capital building from Boise.
They are Moscow people.
They will be fooled.
It is not really the capitol, it is the Taj Mahal.



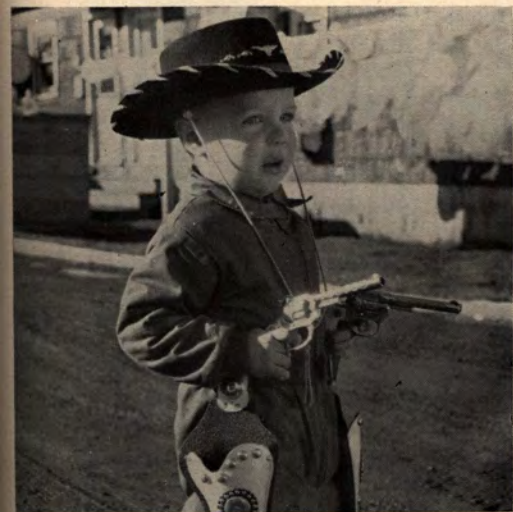
This is a lab.
These students are experimenting.
They are mixing things.
They expect a result.
They will get one!



This is a room in our Student Union Building.
 These students are having fun.
 They will lose money.
 They will tell Dad that their house bills have been raised.



This is Suzy.
 Suzy took a chemistry test.
 The Red Cross arrived.
 Suzy lived.



See Fred.
 Fred is a policeman.
 He protects us.
 We love him.



This is a lecture.
 The person with the open mouth is the instructor.
 Instructors always have their mouths open.
 Instructors are always talking.
 Instructors never say anything.

Blatter's

page -



I thought it might be muddy.



... are you sure this is summer camp.



On your mark...



I throw shoes away when they are that full of holes.

by nepcan

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You're not a bad locking sort of fellow.

You'd say so even if you didn't think so.

Well, we're square then, you'd think so even if I didn't say so.

—I—

"For goodness sake, use two hands."

"Can't; I gotta drive with one."

—I—

Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?

Don't believe they ever did.

Then where'd you get the idea?

—I—

Old Maid: "Do you always look under the bed?"

Another: "Always."

Old Maid: "Ever find anything?"

Other: "Only in the old-fashioned hotels."

—I—

Dairyman's Motto: All that I am I owe to udders.

—I—

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

—I—

Modesty has ruined more kidneys than alcohol.

—I—

"And to think my mother took in washing to send me through college."

"Did you do anything to help her?"

"Sure; I sent home my laundry."

—I—

"Are you a little boy or a little girl?"

"Sure, what the hell else could I be?"

—I—

Judge: "Hm, beating your wife again. Fine is ten dollars and forty cents."

Defendant: "Do you mind telling me what the forty cents is for?"

Judge: "Amusement tax."

—I—

Customer: "I want a close shave."

Barber: "You just had one."

Customer: "How's that?"

Barber: "That big guy who walked in here just as you took your hand off the manacurist's knee is her husband."

—I—

Clerk: "Shopping bags?"

Gals: "No, just looking."



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Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 8...THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE



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pitch!”

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