



EXERCISE MAKES US STRONG...

Lately, it has gotten to be disappointment when the chiefs haven't cooked up some new contortion for us to go through, or maybe they even forgot to give us a strength test that day. At first our muscles and joints creaked and groaned with agony but now look — no muscles.



THE OBSTACLE COURSE BUILDS UP OUR BODIES

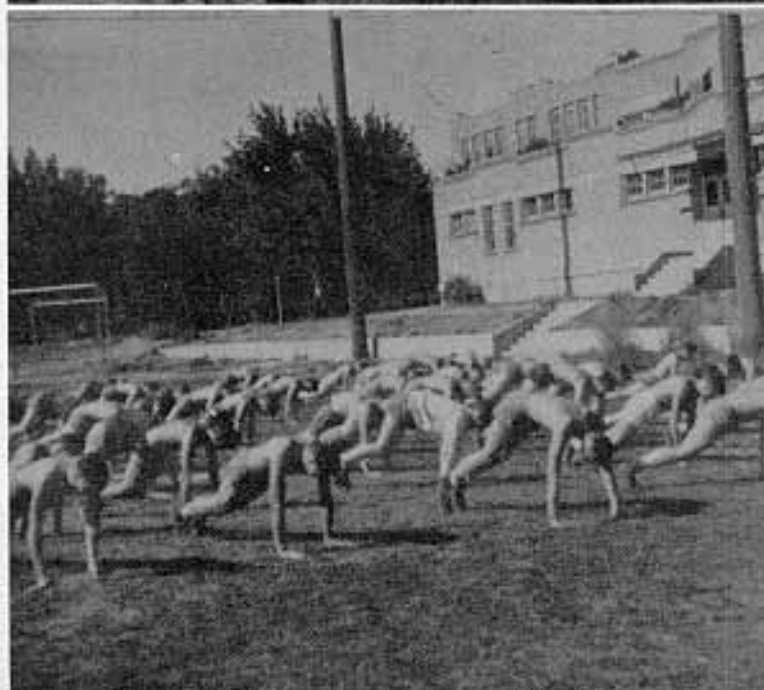
Why, we even get to do calisthenics at 0600, run the obstacle course, and then on special occasions we are given overnight liberty to explore the primitive area of Idaho via the cross-country run. But then we must be thankful that the chiefs are often stationed at strategic points to guide us on our way. And of course the honor students get a weekly ducking in the local tank.

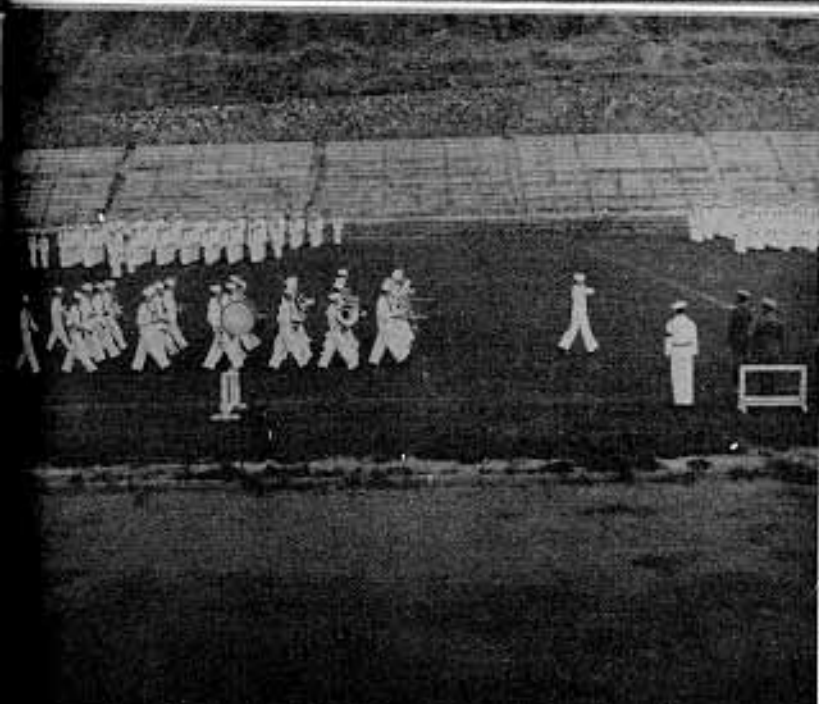
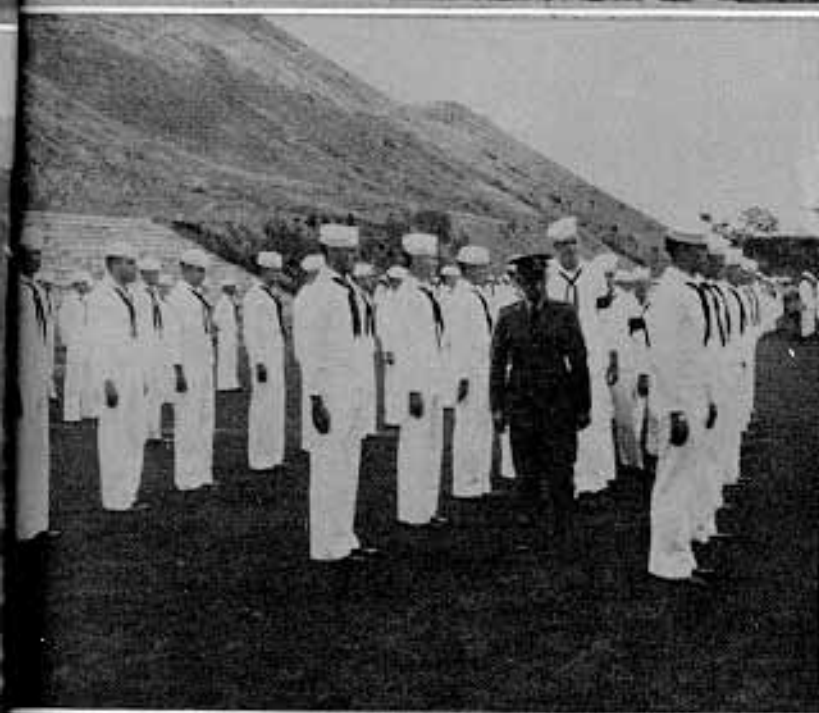
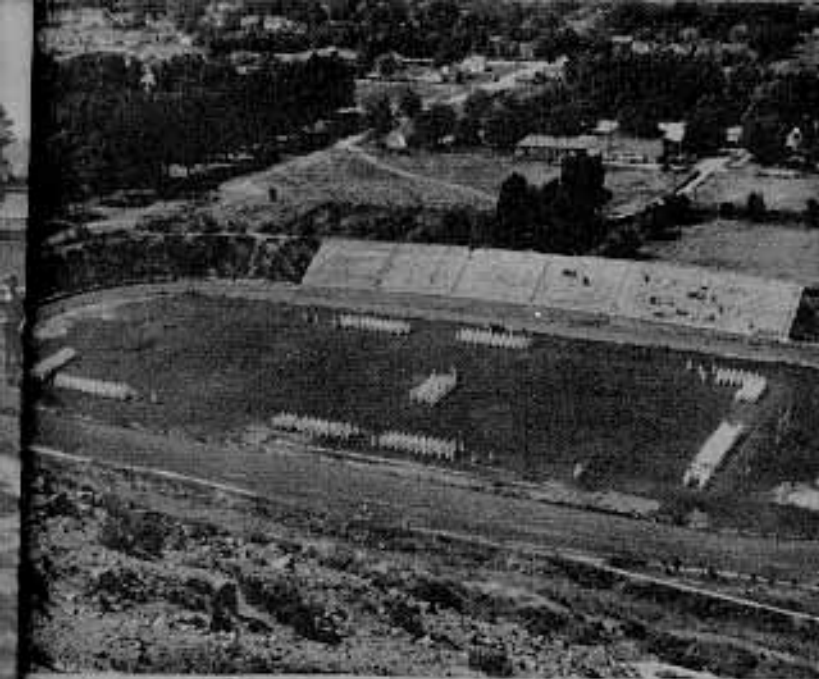


BUT
TOGETHER, THEY
RUIN OUR LIVES

Many a touch-football and basketball game at dear old ISU would put a rough, professional football team to shame. It's not that anyone is plotted against but merely each man for himself so-o—BEWARE.

The effort, however, is not without reward. After the first semester of P. T. we are maintenance and then all we have to do is take the same things all over again.





Saturday morning brings out the vanity in men. Suddenly everyone is asking if his hair is all right, or if his uniform is clean enough, or if he needs a shave. All this primpin', of course, is for Saturday inspection.

Following a meticulous last minute inspection of himself in a mirror, each man hustles off toward the stadium, being careful on the way to have his pants rolled up and to keep dust off of his shoes. Upon arriving, he finds that his shoes are all dusty and cuffs of pants are grass-stained.

After more or less falling into companies, the bugle blast announcing the officers brings the men to attention.

Four men, picked because of their ability to fail inspection and to do column movements, present the colors.

The officers then break out of their huddle and, each picking the company he most dislikes, start going up and down squads with a critical eye. Now and then, their progress is interrupted by a fainting body, but they pretend not to notice. They usually find a few unfortunates with hair three weeks too long, or unmatching G.I.'s. After the demerits are duly given out, the officers rush back to their huddle and the marching proceeds.

The band, after a few false starts, takes its place and one by one the companies stumble by the reviewing officer. At the command "eyes right" they notice how out of line they are and a race starts among squads to see who can get through first. Two laps of this, and the survivors straggle off the field. Saturday inspection is over.



NIGHTTIME...



BROUGHT SUCH EVENTS AS THE ALL-COLLEGE BALL . . .

It was a beautiful night. It was clear and cold, and a sliver of a moon watched the big doings. Cars started arriving right on time, and before the evening was over, the parking area was filled in the good old pre-war manner. You could feel an air of excitement, for the Aloha Formal had been looked forward to for weeks in advance. And there was good reason; it wasn't often that ISU threw a prom with a name band playing.

As you entered the Student Union, you could hear the band up in the ballroom. As you walked up the stairs, the portholes and watertight doors told you that you were going up the passageway of a ship. You checked your date's wrap at one of the two gear lockers, and then walked down the gangway into Aloha land. There were white leather-covered programs for the ladies to put in their memory books, and bright leis for the men to get into character with. The band stand was decorated like an island with palm trees and exotic island flowers and grass around it. The ballroom was lighted with many soft-colored lights, and palm trees added to the effect of a tropical heaven where dreams came easily and the unnecessary was forgotten. The music of Al Donahue proved swingy, sweet, and smooth, and his vocalists were just what the Council ordered. Cute Lynne Stevens and Frankie-like Dick Vance attracted crowds to the bandstand all evening, and they literally stopped the dance several times with their handling of tunes.

The Formal certainly was a gala affair. Everyone seemed to be having a wonderful time; in fact, some couples seemed to vie with each other as to which could look happier. All the officers connected with the V-12 Unit were there, and Captain Brown of the Naval Ordnance Plant added to the glitter of the occasion. The formals of the girls were beautiful. When the couples walked through the arch for the good luck kiss of the evening, it looked as much like a New York fashion show as a UISB grand march. There were quite a few orchids, even a few white ones for the luckier dates of the less-broke sailors. The sprinkling of tuxes reminded many of the much-discussed old days, but the Navy blue was the big favorite.



With one o'clock came "Goodnight, Sweetheart." Weary but happy couples said "Aloha" to Aloha Land and began the task of saying goodnight. More than one person hated to leave the fun and the enchantment of the evening. It was a thoroughly enjoyable event, and it will be remembered as a wonderful night and a goal to aim for when planning future dances. The Aloha Formal can certainly be called an outstanding event of the year on this campus, and it would no doubt rate high on any campus in the country.



AND THE ALL-SCHOOL PLAY . . .

"Cuckoos on the Hearth"

Parker Fennelly's mystery-comedy was presented to the student body Friday, October 13.

The cast included . . .

Helen Flint
Chester Phillips
Nan Woodman
Kay Borton
Kirk Wilkins
Barbara Tallmadge
Betty Smith
Harry Boyd
Bill Draper
Dick Burrell
Irving Goldston
and
Dan Baisch.

The Delta Psi award was given to Harry Boyd for his excellent character acting.

Backstage work was capably handled by Leslie Raty, Lydia Kucera, Jack Hopkins, Jerry Anderson, Jean York, Marion Marley, Mary Lou Beck, Martha Lou Weston, Ed Tompkins, George Hummer, and Bill McKenzie.

A few shots of the cast during rehearsal.



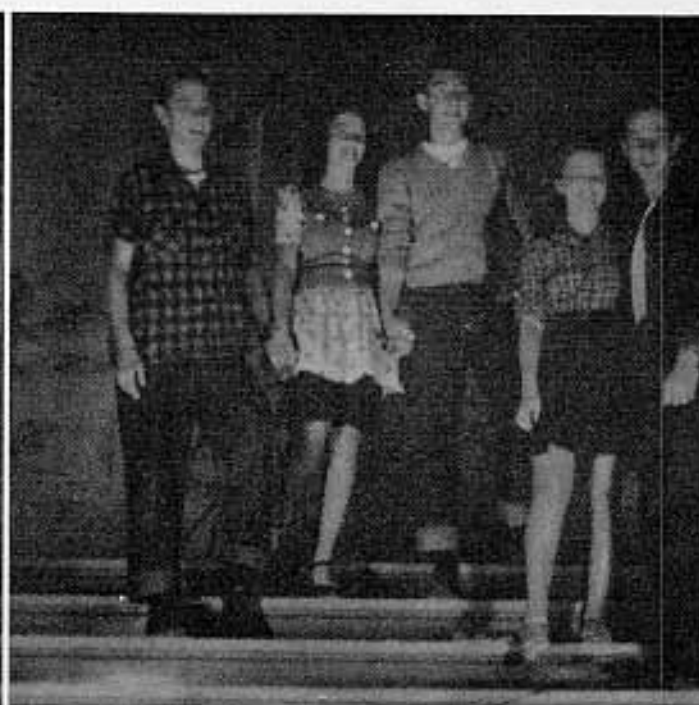


THE BARN DANCE.....

The whole school couldn't help knowing about it. Bright posters were scattered all over the campus, and an old, disengaged wagon wheel was rolled out to announce the fun. Yes, the big Barn Dance was easily the best publicized event of the summer social season, and it turned out to be by far the best sport dance most of the students had attended since they arrived at Idaho Southern.

The campus was a barnyard beehive for a couple of weeks before the dance. UISB's land-locked sailors ran around trying to find dates who suited them, and the coeds ran after the sailors trying. Scuttlebutt about bales of hay, barny scenery, and hick clothes ran wild, right along with committee members trying to round up the atmosphere.

The big night found fellows and girls climbing into Levi's and pinafores, plaid shirts and scanty dresses. Glamour bobs went up in pigtales, much to the date's dismay. When the couples walked in through the Barn door, the evening began in earnest. There were the essential soft lights, and added to these were piles of hay, wagon wheels, and even cider and doughnuts. With the Navy orchestra playing, brand-new-Lieutenant (jg) Abbatiello and wife led



the grand march through the lucky horseshoe; and with a lucky, lingering kiss and a sock of Ball Durham, the lid was off and the fun was on. The night was beautiful. The stars and moon were out in the best barnyard fashion. More than one couple enjoyed the night, judging from the looks of the balconies off the ballroom.

There were regrets when quitting time came, but you couldn't regret for very long out in that wonderful night with that wonderful gal, taking the long way home. It was a night to be remembered; and if you will ask around, you will find there are few who have forgotten the Barn Dance.

