After Two of the Fastest Games Ever Played in the Idaho Gym, Horton and Montgomery Star.

With the O. A. C. basketball squad playing here last Saturday and Monday evenings, Idaho crowded stands were treated to two of the fastest basketball games ever played in the local gym. The teams were evenly matched and in either game it was anybody till the whistle blew. Idaho won the first game Saturday evening by a score of 39 to 25. O. A. C. came back on Monday evening and played a graceful game by a 23 to 13 score. With the even break on the court next Friday at Corralie will be watched with interest.

In the first game, Curtis and Montgomery were the point getters, but the other members of the team were scrapping all the time and were deserving of great credit. The O. A. C. five played well together, their team work was of high order. Cooper was the point scorer. But Idaho was barely ended 13 to 9 in favor of the visitors. In the second half Curtis began to forget his guard and left him behind enough times to score ten points. McWilliams and Landrum held fast to the O. A. C. forwards and prevented any very effective basket work for the visitors. Montgomery did some dribbling and scored points in this half. Tate came forward with his donation of four points and did some very clever floor work.

Putnam of W. S. C. was referee; Angell of O. A. C. and Nissen of Idaho scorers.

Fields of Idaho held the watch.

Line up for Saturday game.

Idaho: O. A. C.

Curtis 5 Reed
Tate 3 Cooper
McWilliams 1 Pugh
Landrum 0 Horton

Evander replaced Tate in the first eight minutes. Pugh was holding the whistle in a fast game and while his decisions were at times unpopular he cannot be held as unjust; as fast a game as he worked in would have kept two men busy in order to see all that was gong on and Mr. Putnam's decisions under such conditions were not to be blamed as showing impartiality to either side.

On Monday evening, "Deacon" Thomas of somewhere started the game at eight o'clock. Both teams were real basketball and before the Reversend had time to blow his whistle two fouls had occurred, in his estimation. Everyone present now saw chance for an exhibition of a gentle little parlor game. Too bad Professor Thomas had never witnessed a basketball game played under intercollegiate rules. He evidently wanted to have the boys game give an exhibition of a girl's game. The game went nearly without any one interfering in writing fouls but opponents chance, for something like five minutes; finally the boys forgot themselves and gave second to basketball playing, but the Deacon promptly called a halt by securing O. A. C. of fouling. Horrid men, you Idaho rudely. The first fouled man on the floor ended without a minute, except in score, Idaho 7, O. A. C. 12. The second half started with a rush and the Deacon couldn't keep up but presently he found himself and reintimated the boys most heartily—they are refute feeling each other without even asking permission. Montgomery was punished severely, he had shocked the "man of the hour" five times and was disinclined by the ever so kind Deacon. Reilly replaced Montgomery, and still the boys behaved shamefully and the Deacon laid to use drastic measures; he still called fouls. McWilliams replaced Capt. Edmundson in the second half and in the last three minutes of play Edmundson replaced Tate. Keok of O. A. C. re placed Evers at this half out. Keok and Keck was equally rude and the Deacon called a foul on him. The game concluded, with O. A. C. in the lead, 22 to 15. This is undoubt ed, the fastest game ever played in the local gym, why, it was so fast that the referee couldn't see a foul until everyone had forgotten it. He certainly had a good nose job. For O. A. C. Horton was the star and his pretty goal tossing was a feature. O. A. C.'s victory was due to the fast floor work of this player. For Idaho, Montgomery did some good work as did Landrum.

Oh! what did we ever do to you. "Deacon" take our advice and at least read the rules before going to referring a game.

Those who took part in the little lovefest lined up as follows:

Idaho—fowards, Curtis and Tate; center, Montgomery; guards, Landrum and Edmundson. Reilly replaced Tate; Reilly replaced Tate. Reilly replaced Montgomery and McWilliams replaced Edmundson.

O. A. C.—Pugh and Horton, guards; Evander; center, Cooper.

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THE UNIVERSITY ARGONAUT

The Yosemite National Park is the crown jewel of Northern California's Sierra Nevada Range. It offers breathtaking views of towering granite cliffs, cascading waterfalls, and lush forests. This park is a haven for nature enthusiasts, offering a wide range of outdoor activities such as hiking, rock climbing, and wildlife watching.

[Image of Yosemite National Park]

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[Image of Yosemite National Park]
Shattuck, Addresses Assembly
At Wednesday’s assembly Professor Shattuck, of the Forestry Department, addressed the students. He prefaced his remarks by saying that it was a particularly difficult task to assign oneself a subject for a speech to a body of students. Some are interested in engineering, some in science, some in athletics, etc. It is hard to choose a subject that will interest all these different classes. Mr. Shattuck, however, succeeded in finding a subject of interest to all students. He spoke on the “Conservation of Minutiae.” He began by drawing a comparison between two classes of students: those who got A grades and those who got C and D grades. The second class, Mr. Shattuck said, most probably have as much ability as the A students. The reason they didn’t get A grades is not because they are not smart, but because they don’t work. When President Garfield was going to school he had much trouble with Latin. Across the street from Garfield’s lodging roomed a man who was a “shirk” in Latin. One day Garfield asked him how he got his Latin and how much time he spent on it. The man said he began at 8 o’clock and studied till he got it. The next evening Garfield started in on his Latin at 8 o’clock. When he got over it once and knew it, fairly well, he went to the window to see if his classmate had quit yet. The light was still burning, so he went back to his Latin. He went over it again and again as long as the Latin “shark” kept his light going and the next morning made a good restitution. So Garfield decided that it was work and not especial ability which produced good grades.

Then Mr. Shattuck went on to show the importance of economizing our time. He used Ex-President Roosevelt as an example of a man who makes use of every minute of time. He said that if a sample day of Roosevelt’s were taken record of it would be found that not a minute was wasted.

Mr. Shattuck, however, does not favor spending all our time on our studies. He believes in Athletics, social, functions, etc., but he believes that these things should be taken in moderate enough doses so that one would not have to neglect one’s studies for them.

Notice Rifle Team.
The members of the Idaho Rifle Club now have the following relative standing: 5

First Number of Competition

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Croom</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carlson</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leffer</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tate</td>
<td>695</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kettenbach</td>
<td>668</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jessup</td>
<td>44</td>
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<tr>
<td>Holladay</td>
<td>366</td>
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<tr>
<td>Zeller</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Myrick</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watts</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Armstrong</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The following is our score against town.

Croom 192
Carison 185
Johnson 181
Leffer 179
Tate 178
Stewart 175
.

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reach.

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& Co., Merchant Tailors, Chicago.
Fishing
(Mary Dutil 2)
Perhaps I don't fish as some
sportsmen do. I have never yet
had my picture taken with three
or four, hundred lifeline tras
hanging behind me, or a 200
pound sea bass suspended over me.
It may be that I take too much
pleasure in catching the fish that
I do get to ever break any records.
But that is not all. I rejoice as well
in taking you into my confidence soon
as late: I don't often go fishing
for the sake of the fish. I see that
you are rather inclined to smile
at that confession, but it wasn't
meant as an apology for an empty
frying pan at supper.
I am deep down in my heart, a
fervent lover of nature, and even,
when there is plenty of time at
hand, an exponent of the simple
life. Have you ever watched a
child at play when it was all
unconcerned of any alien presence,
and felt strange restraint was
thrown off? If so, you will know
what I mean when I say the only
real way to enjoy nature is to take
her in unarranged, unsuspecting
moments. Unfortunately, however,
I am a sensitive person, and
dislike to have smiles exchanged
behind my back, and you know as well as I do that an ordinary
persons sure to excitement if he
sets off to the woods or streams
with no visible purpose. In fact,
I rarely dare to brave my own
sense of fitness. The possession
of some tangible aim gives one an
unlimited amount of Added
courage. This with rod in hand
one can satter off and tile his way
along dreamy streams and only be
considered a little lazy, which is
such a common human failing that
no particular column is attached
to it.
So it is that ambling leisurely
along the banks of a thousand
and one "little rivers," I have made
many of my most valuable acquaintances among the wild folk.
Then, there is something ab-
horring in the water of i unwise
driver streams, or mirrors back the
high overhanging trees from the
calm surface of some deep, mystery-
ged pool; there is something so
enchanting in the moist, heavily
clothed banks of a wooded
stream that it makes the talking.
There is one more in Meditation
My friend must be my next
companion. I would like to add
that and say that my friend
must also be a companion to
me. I know of no better place
to try out the real nature of a
contemplation of the beauty of the
velvet water and the weird forested
shores until a "storm" would come. I
have been felt, an interruption.
I have followed a trout stream all
day in the rain through the
woods of Pennsylvania and
taken a somber pleasure in the
doden wilderness that I would
never dare to seek: without the
moral support of a rod and fly.
I don't remember when a love
for angling first secured me. It
may have been in some early
Petersen age for all I can
recollect. But I suspect, that, like Toppy,
it "just grew." I presume I can
remember more streams from my
childhood than I can remember
playfellow. I believe I would
describe an old william in the
Proverbs halls that I haven't danced
to since I was eight years old better
than I could nail the kinds of
Latin subjunctives.
Still I am not exactly an enthusi-
sastic fisherman. I don't wear
hip boots, a creel, a dark coat or
carry a fly book or a pair of
pocket scales with which to weigh
the big ones. I just don't deny
myself the luxury of shabby
clothes, and when so inclined I
may even indulge myself the
purchase of a supply of Bristol and a good
assortment of flies in some old
baccy box. Indeed I was once a
collector of fancy fishing tackle,
but I have never let such devices
interfere with fishing properly.
I have a deep conviction that three
feet of the fishing tackle made
like a housewife's plate, was
never intended for any other use
than display.
It isn't that one wants to fish
all the time. I am I suspect with
who's sense of heaven after a billion
unalloyed bliss, with the prospect
of billions more. Fishing is truly
a recreation. It transports one
away from human life and activi-
ties and reveals the problem in
us.
We are surprised, at the artific-
tiality of our life when we return
from even a day's excursion along
some stream or lake.
While travelling I have tired at
cities and conventional sights,
and have dropped off the train
at night in the midst of the
Rockies. Here I have waded in
milks, and trading post rattles until I
could view at leisure stand bits of
scenic die that but few people ever
viewed. and then only for the
twice of red and blue. At times and
plesare parties I have fished for
fishes with the most extraneous of
companions. But never with the
knowledge that, what a fishing
trip was following forty
yards behind the stream count-
ing wallo.

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