

Co-ed Sheds Light On Thrilling Events Of Campus Day

Campus Cutie Reveals All In Stirring Letter to Family 'way Back Home

Dear Family,
Ohboyohboyoh—have I gone and done it! Never have I been so abjectly and utterly thrilled. You see, Wednesday was Campus day—my first Campus day! Can you wonder that I'm all agog? But of course—how stupid of me. I completely forgot that you don't know what Campus day is. You see how excitedly I am over the whole affair, when I even forget to tell you what Campus day is. Dear, dear!

I'll begin right at the beginning, so that you won't miss a thrilling moment of it. I left a call for five o'clock on the eventful morning, so that I would be sure and get over to MacLean field in time for the intramural track meet at nine. And I made it, actually I did; I was that excited!

Well, when I got over there, there were men—literally thousands of men—all over the place. Of course, that was all right with me—besides they all looked awfully cute in their shorts. Of course, I never pretended to understand much about track, but I'll try to describe it so you can see how marvelous it all was.

In the first place, there were a bunch of great big fellows throwing a little disk around. It really did look awfully silly, if you know what I mean, so I didn't pay much attention. I turned around to walk over and see what some of the other boys were doing, when all of a sudden somebody yelled, "Heads up!" right at me. Naturally, without thinking, I whirled around and craned my neck. And would you believe it! Here came this silly disk and whizzed right past my chin! And the funniest thing happened—one of those great big men fainting, actually fainting, and the rest of them acted so funny that I just turned on my heel and stalked majestically off. Can you beat it? Men are so peculiar.

But I wasn't bothered a bit by all their harsh language. No, indeed, I wandered on over to where there was a sort of a stick stretched across between two tall poles, pretty high up. There was some sawdust in a pit right by it, so I stepped out to see what it was for. And of all things! Some fellow came hurtling through the air going about ninety miles an hour, and landed practically right on me. We both went down in a heap in that sawdust, and honestly, he was about the impolitest thing I have ever met. He just sat up and rubbed his head and roared at me. He sounded perfectly execratingly funny, because he had his mouth all full of sawdust.

And would you believe it! He ordered me off the field—actually ordered me, in no uncertain terms. So I just informed him, with dignity, that as soon as he took his foot off my neck, I would be delighted to comply with his request, but not one whit sooner.

So I went home.

I gulped my lunch in two bites, so as to be back in the bleachers when the May fete started. It was undoubtedly the most impressive sight I have ever witnessed. First the band opened fire with a sort of a dirge, and then some fellows and girls started down from the top of the bleachers, two by two. The girls had on long black nightgowns and the funniest modernistic hats—I really must have some money for one right away, if you can possibly, possibly manage it.

The men wore little slings over their shoulders—and both groups seemed to be awfully impressed by their importance. At least, that's the way they acted. Next came a girl dressed up like a little boy—and honestly, I thought her costume was positively indecent. She carried a pillow, but she needed a blanket a lot worse. Oh, well, since I've been down here, I've learned not to be shocked at practically anything.

Then came a bunch of girls who got out and flitted around over the lawn and waved streamers at each other. They seemed to be making some sort of gesticulations at a pole—I thought they were acting pretty silly for girls their age who are practically considered to be young women. There was one girl, though, that had the right idea. She just went over and sat down on a big chair in the shade, and looked down of supercilious. I guess maybe she was kind of disgruntled because they didn't give her anything important to do. Somebody said she was the queen, and that queens never do anything. So I guess that must have been it.

Election Cute, Says Slipstitch

Woman on Election Board Gives Inside Dope of Torrid Contest

"I stayed at my post until the last vote was traded," chortled Sarah Slipstitch, member of the election board, Monday when approached by a MOAN snoop. Miss Slipstitch was seated before a two quart bottle of coke knitting a muffler.

"The election was extremely cute," Miss Slipstitch continued to wheeze, "especially I laughed when Harvey (slug is such a horrid word especially on a board) kicked a student out for not knowing where Broad street is. I think broad is a horrid word too, but streets will get those reputations.

Lovely Night

"We had a lovely night," Miss Slipstitch let go a tiny sigh and took a huge snort of coke. "The boys all took off their coats and the party was very informal. The cigar smoke made it cozy, too. A nice geranium plant was all that was needed to carry out the atmosphere. The janitor tried to carry it out several times, but it was a bit thick. The air was strangely chilled all evening.

"There were too, too, many ballots even after each side had destroyed their quota," Miss Slipstitch hissed as she adjusted her neck piece to protect her eyes from the glares in the street. "I'm so glad Otto won, he has such cute freckles. I think you have a pretty face, too. Rip, tip,..." and Sarah Slipstitch hop scotched down the alley.



Exclusive picture of Campus Queen obtained by a Moan reporter from the top of the flag pole.

Horrible Tragedy Leaves Path of Terror and Death To Grief-Stricken School

Shocked Students See Worst Catastrophe in History; Ingenious Moan Reporters Account Ordeal

The most horrible tragedy to be visited upon a long-suffering mankind since the Chicago Triguois Theatre fire or the San Francisco earthquake, took place Friday evening, May 10, on this shocked and grief-stricken campus.

The list of dead and dying has reached an appalling height, and the injured are being checked off and tallied by the hundreds. Medical men and morticians are working hand in hand in a frantic attempt to dispose of everyone to the best advantage. That could mean almost anything, but you'll admit it did sound well.

Even the most decrepit slabs in the least reputable morgues are renting for as high as ten dollars an hour, and people who have never before been ousted from a slab are finding themselves ejected to make room for new-comers. Of course, something like this was to be expected, considering the stress of the heart-rendering time.

Searching parties are frantically scouring the countryside for any trace of the Memorial gymnasium, which completely disappeared following the explosion which occurred just as the ill-fated Publications Brawl was at its height. This fateful soiree will go down in history—and elsewhere—as one which struck terror into the hearts of the few survivors, and which left a terrible trail of misery and woe to those mourners of the dear departed.

The exact cause of the horrible tragedy is unknown. However, conjecture is running rife. An enterprising and resourceful Moan reporter unearthed the whereabouts of D. Wain Vincent, president of the ill-fated Press club, whose idea the Brawl was. Mr. Vincent showed signs of great strain, and kept glancing furtively about him, like a hunted man.

Muttering vaguely to himself, the only rational statement which Mr. Vincent made was, "How was I to know that them samples, from that munitions company, that we was throwing around was nitro-glycerine!" However, this may not have any bearing on the case, as Mr. Vincent was believed to be out of his right mind at the time.

Diligent Moan press-women have managed to obtain statements from several eye-witnesses, and these follow.

Said Nina Varlan, well-known woman-about-campus, and a wily politician, "I had nothing whatsoever to do with the affair, and I refuse to admit anything and everything. You can't pin this on me. I'll fight the case in and out of every court in the country." Miss Varlan appeared highly agitated, and talked a bit wildly.

Dee Beamer, whose ability to get about has been widely recognized, but never questioned, chortled, "Say, now, was that ever a blow-out! Me and the chum-chum were standing right by the door when the whole thing happened. The first thing I knew, me and the door were four miles out in the country. So I just borrowed me a burro and trekked back to civilization. Some fun, hey, kid?"

Mary Ellen Brown, who needs no introduction to the reading public, was finally discovered quaking under the last bed on the D. G. sleeping porch. "Well, of course there was a little trouble," she admitted, grudgingly. "However, I think the people on this campus are inclined to make something out of nothing. The whole affair can be adjusted satisfactorily, I have no doubt, and I shall not hesitate to shoulder any responsibility; no sacrifice is too great for my suffering people."

Helen Latimore, whose signed ballots are masterpieces of literary art, stated quietly, "This is one % \$ 1/2 - 2X time when I refuse to sign a \$X - 1/2 thing. Isn't there a \$X - 1/2 thing that's sacred around this \$ - 1/2 & 1/2 TX place?"

Dorothy Brown, Song-bird of the South, carolled coyly, "Pahdon mah Southern accent, but wasn't this carry'n' things just a little too fah? Of coase, Ah knows that boys jus' will be boys, an' Ah jus' love to see the little dahllins have a simply mahvelous time, an' Ah will admit that the dance did seem jus' a little mite dead up until the excitement, but—oh deah, what does poah little me know about such things, anyhow?" This statement so exhausted Miss Brown that she was forced to reach languidly for four mint juleps in succession before she finally recovered her strength.

Type Lice Infest Amateur Reporter; Fear For Sanity

Auto Power, who recently forsook a study of the haunts of the wood ticks, encountered last week more venomous insects, type lice, in his new profession of journalism, and doctors now fear for his sanity.

Power, newly elected Hollar Monarch, was struck in the eye with the poison venom from some of the type lice as he bent over a galley of type at a downtown print shop, where he was joyfully revelling in the freedom of the press.

The fire department was called immediately and administered the only known antitoxin, trinitrotoluol. After the first aid treatment his sorrowing colleagues bore him to the hospital. A specialist came immediately from Orofino to take charge of treatments.

Power has been suffering intensely since the infection. He cries continually, "We must make the deadline, I want sleep!"

Labors Under Delusions

He is laboring under the delusion that he was elected Emperor of the Palouse Empire and he keeps passing laws that his name must head the list of all chain letters sent out in the Empire. At other times he believes himself a great inventor and says Amos and Andy owe him \$1,000,000 for a tooth paste container which he invented.

Doctors have hopes that the treatment was given soon enough that the derangement will be only temporary. They warn all print shop workers to be particularly careful not to wear the warm weather is particularly favorable to their growth and they are much more abundant than usual.

All amateurs and students have been forbidden to work with type as they cannot protect themselves like those better acquainted with the habits of the type lice.

Theta Sigma heretically worked on the Moan issue against express orders of all the doctors and specialists.

At the Infirmary

- Cassady Taylor
- Wally Geraghty
- Hamer Budge
- Lawrence Frisch
- Dallas Watkins
- Harold DeMars
- Eileen Kennedy
- Gertrude Olesen
- Elaine Hersey
- Helen Madson
- Barbara Moekler
- Barbara Lipps
- Ray Randall
- Donald McKee
- John Lukens
- Cromie Wilson

Barbecue Date Set

A celebration after their own hearts will be the foresters' annual barbecue Wednesday at Randall Flats with a feed of steaks, potatoes, salad, and pie a la mode, and entertainment consisting of tree climbing, two man log-sawing, log rolling, and a 75-yard dash. All foresters will be excused from afternoon classes for the barbecue.

Two baseball games will be played in the morning between classes by the foresters.

Committees to plan the festivity will meet Friday at 4:15 in Room 335 Morrill hall. All wishing to go must have their dues paid and sign on the bulletin board in the Forestry building by Monday.

Vandal Boosters Have Hangovers

In re the Vandal Boosters, all we can say is more power to them, and do they have a good time boosting the Vandals? That's as it should be, of course, but we were forced to laugh when we walked into the office of a very prominent alumnus the day after the big dinner. He enthusiastically welcomed us but when we asked him for information he hemmed and hawed, and finally said he couldn't give us a very clear story.

"If you get what I mean, there have been a lot of alums in town yesterday and last night and today, if you get what I mean," was the way he explained it.

It seems they had quite a party after the dinner. The next day one alum said to the other.

"Say you should have stayed for the party. We sure missed you."

"Oh, you missed me, did you?" said the second.

"Boy, we missed you. That was some party."

"What time did you get home?" the second asked.

The first alum admitted he was a little vague about getting home.

"Well," said the second, "I'm glad to hear you missed me, but don't you remember my taking you home and pointing you towards the front door about two o'clock last night?"

Will Have 1935 Gem Herrick Declares

Tells Persistent Reporter Some of the Main Features of New Book

"We are definitely going to have a 1935 Gem of the Mountains," said Robert Herrick, editor, as our reporter managed to find him sneaking out of the back door of the Sigma Chi house.

"Sh-h-h-h-h-h," he glanced stealthily around. "Don't tell anybody. We want to keep it a secret. It will be a surprize in the spring."

Upon our reporter's promise to reveal none of the secrets of the holy book, Herrick told some of the outstanding features.

"It is to be an Idaho book!" was the startling announcement.

"Yes, an Idaho book. All about Idaho students and Idaho things."

There will be main divisions and sub-divisions. And the book will open from the right to the left.

"Oh, yes, and the sheets will be separate and open one by one. The lines will read from left to right, and from the top to the bottom. All the pages will be numbered, too, and there will be a table of contents and an index."

"We are using pictures this year, particularly in the student sections."

As the reporter scurried away with his scoop Herrick called after him, "Don't forget—it is secret."

Miss Marjorie Druding received word from Ghandi in India to come over and run his paper.

Miss Mary Kay Riley left for Abyssinia to be business manager for Popeye, the sailor.

Miss Marlon Johnson spent the week-end in Timbuctoo on business.

Miss Eileen Kennedy has left.

Miss Virginia Merrick went by airplane to Siam for a rest cure.

Miss Elva Anderson spent the week-end in Moscow. Brave soul.

Miss Phyllis Peterson left for Tokyo for an extended visit.

Warning!

The Disassociated Feminine Scholars (A. W. S. to you) are planning a mass meeting for sometime this month. All women will be summoned to appear at Hays hall, or rather in front of it, for dessert.

Peggy O'Neal and Dotty Doll will give talks extolling the virtues of the Irish dole system. A big chance will be taken on having the Alpha Chi Omega quarter burst forth, so all who attend are cautioned to bring iron ear muffs.

The Gamma Phis will have some part on the program, it is hoped. They have so much talent that they are having a difficult time to select anything that people will listen to. Jo Betty Wickes will probably give a tap dance on the lawn and of course Ruth Farley will spiel about the confab she attended at O. S. C.

Girls slated to go on the Dole system next year will be introduced, so that the taxpayers may know who is being supported.

Having no business to which to attend, the meeting will adjourn.

Coach Ted Bank chose the assistant coaches and made definite line-up assignments before he left the campus for the South.

Pink Keyhole Debates Over Sister Group

Gals Glee Over Prospects of Ogling Little Boy Blue

Pink Keyhole held a meeting the other day, which is the most outstanding thing they have done this year. In case you haven't heard of the club, and there is really no reason why you should have, it is an aggregation of junior and senior women. Purpose: none. Excuse for existence: none.

These fair damsels, according to the usual routine of a meeting, held a short wrangle, the topic for debate being was there or was there not such an organization. One member offered the information that there were seven other chapters in some remote region, but no one could tell just where these chapters might be located.

The president then called the meeting to order and announced that the organization, for the paltry sum of ten cents each, would hold a brawl in the near future with the Baby Blue Keyhole. The program for the coming year, which consisted of pink teas on every Fourth of July for the benefit of the poor unfortunate journalists in the university, and an annual taffy pull, was outlined and the meeting adjourned.

THETA SIGMA

- offers condolences to:
- MORTAR BOARD**
Ruth Farley, Dorothy Preuss, Ruth Farley, Wilma Mitchell, Dorothy Dole, Hazel Gentry.
- SILVER LANCE**
Cecil Greathouse, Hugh Eldridge, Theron Ward, Bill Wetherall, Frank Bevington, Maurice Malin, Russell Honsowetz, John Aran.
- SPURS**
Billy Jane Austin, Marjorie Glenn, Marie Haasch, Frances Williamson, Delcie Humphreys, Lois Savage, Marian Jensen, Lillian Savage, Helen Luke, Margaret Thornton, Miriam McFall, Mary Wickes, Mary McKinley, Agda Walden, Margaret Mattes, Emmy Lou Smith, Katherine Roos, Ernestine Wentworth, Louise Paulsen, Dorothy Walton, Jean Pence, Edna Simpson.
- Miss Mildred Carson spent the week-end in Peru, studying Italian art.
- Theta Sigma advocates that certain fraternities pledge some fellows and go co-educational.
- Theta Sigma advocates five cent beer.

True Fact Of College Life
Dr. Titterglub's Excruciatingly Frank
Exposee of Collegiate Carrying-Ons
Special This Week
Sign Anything and Send with
One Dime --15 Cents-- To
THETA SIGMA
17254308 North-South Boulevard
Illinois, Texas

Miss Marjorie Wurster was called suddenly to Liberia, because of the death of her aunt.

Theta Sigma members spent the week-end in Spokane.

Theta Sigma advocates compulsory shaving for men.

Theta Sigma advocates new upholstery for the library.

The Idaho Argonaut

Official publication of the Associated Students of the University of Idaho, issued every Tuesday and Friday of the college year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Moscow, Idaho.

Them Snoops Rate Only Has Beens

More Fingers to Nose Than to the Portable Co-eds Do Everything Journalists Capitalize on Nothing; Results Ditto

For the increasing number of freshman girls who wish to take up journalism "because you meet so many interesting people," or "because it's an exciting career," Theta Sigma makes the following announcements concerning its alumninae. These alumninae were most of them members of B. W. O. C. (big women on the campus), and just look where their journalism led them.

Frances "Carrie Nation" Hanley, '34, past president, is editing church news on a Nampa paper (she couldn't remember the name of it when we talked to her), and is secretary of the W. C. T. U. Frances will be remembered as the co-ed who started the campaign against strong drink on the Idaho campus.

Mary Murphy, '31, another past president and now Mrs. Dale Goss to you, spends her time admiring Dale's drawings. One thing journalism gives you is a lot of well adjectives to admire things with.

Lucie Womack, ex-'31, when last heard of had just broken one engagement and begun another. That was one of the best things she did.

The Argonaut and Alumni bulletin carried stories about Inez Callaway, hot shot society reporter on a New York daily. We feel it our duty to inform the budding journalists that Inez's reporting job is just a blind. Her real job is spy for an international ring of munitions makers.

Evelyn McMillan, '33, decided learning to knit was more interesting than reporting, so she quit her job on the Twin Falls Times and got married. Reporting was beginning to interfere with her bridge playing, too.

Mrs. Kenneth Dick, more familiarly known as Liz Taylor, was president in 1931-'32. She says she finds the increased vocabulary received from her journalism courses convenient when she has to get up in the night and heat the baby's milk.

Norma Longetelg, who succeeded Liz Taylor as president, expects to be governor in 1938. She has been reporting in Moscow, and building up a powerful secret political machine. So secret is this new political set up that the snoopest of our snoops have never been able to find a trace of it.

Mary Axtell, '34, has disappeared from the face of the earth. When last heard of she was somewhere near Winchester, which is a little town somewhere in the wilds of Idaho, working as a lumberwoman. Her log rolling experience in campus politics proved to be valuable.

Lynn Cowgill, '32 received a medal or something for not stepping on a baby's face as she crawled out from under a wrecked bus.

Rumor hath it that Shirley Cunningham, '31, is writing New Deal propaganda in Washington, D. C. It was her idea to have Mrs. Roosevelt go around disguised as a set of false teeth to avoid publicity.

Billy Grant Williams, '28, is also unheard of. She disappeared into the wilds of Michigan, and it is believed she is teaching the Indians philosophy.

Elsie Lafferty Olmstead, ex-'33, now of Spokane, is keeping in practice on her journalistic technique by writing chain letters.

Helen Kerr, '30, is dishing out tea and scones in Portland, and is learning to be an understudy to Dorothy Dix. She says there's a big future in the racket if Dorothy Dix ever dies.

Contrarywise to the ancient and honorable Argonaut custom of "liffing" editorials, the Moan editors in solemn and secret conclave have concluded coyer to "drop" the matter... you never read 'em anyhow... didja?

Twelve students at U. C. were arrested and fingerprinted for distributing hand bills advocating a student strike.

Huron College in Canada claims to be the smallest in the world, with 20 students and five teachers.

Rich Egyptians often placed a skeleton at their festal board as a reminder of the nearness of death and the promise of resurrection.

Bull Bored

Pink Keyhole will rally 'round at the cocktail hour down by Paradise creek—the big red brick shanty, this aft.

Senior class! be for a whiplin' down to get fit for topper and robe prior to the 15th—you can charge 'em maybe.

Studies in the school of before doctoring can have food and stuff at Chatcolet pond, Sunday. Anyone crazy enough to brave the bugs should r. s. v. p. to Malcolm (Spud) Woodward or John (Jackie) Murphy at the Beta Boys Home. The club is getting together this afternoon along about 4 in 110 of the Science hall. Members are urged heartily to attend in person and not bring knitting.

The infirmity announces the arrival of 25 good slugs of spotted fever dope free of charge to the first comers.

This space is dedicated to the Phi Gamma Deltas who "do not print news in the Moan."

"I" club sisters please be at A. T. O. dump Monday night at 7 prepared for battle.

Advice to the LOVELORN

Are your love affairs bothering you, as well as everyone else? Do you need expert advice in order to deal properly with your affaires d'amour? If so, write in to Madame Izza Dumbella, the heart specialist, and let her solve your difficulties. If not, write in anyway—the Madame can't conduct a column on thin air, be it ever so hot. Anyone desiring a personal conference with Madame can just try and get it.

Dear Madame Dumbella, Mother says that the reason the girls and the other boys don't like me is cause they're jealous of me. What shall I do?

Worriedly, Lewis E.

Dear Lewis, What do you mean—other boys? Witheringly, Madame Dumbella

Dear Madame Dumbella, Lois told me that if I were the last man on earth, she'd commit suicide. Do you think that was nice of her?

Crushedly, Moon S.

Dear Moon, The gal has some brass—some brass. Comprehendingly, The Madame

Dear Madame, I'm extremely fond of a certain girl, and while she doesn't seem to care for me yet, I'm sure she'll grow to love me in time. However, sometimes, even now, she doesn't tell me the truth about things. Should I say something to her about it, or wait until I know her better?

Faithfully, Bill O'N.

Well, Bill, By all means, wait until she falls for you, and then let her lie. Facetiously, Madame I. D.

Dear Madame Dumbella, Women follow me around until I think I'll go nuts. What shall I do? I've got to do something, or I'll lose my mind.

Seriously "Shirtless Ed M.

Dear Ed, Don't do anything. The loss will be negligible. Scathingly, Madame Izza Dumbella

Dear Madame Dumbella, I like to drink, but my girl won't touch the stuff. What do you think I ought to do about it?

Wonderingly, LaVerne H.

Dear Fat, Offer up a prayer of thanks. Because if she ever started seeing double, you know what that would do to you, don't you?

Wearily, The Madame

Dear Madame Dumbella, I have a car, plenty of money to spend, I wear snappy clothes and am quite handsome. In other words modestly speaking, I would be quite a catch. Yet none of the women I know seem to rise to the bait. Why not?

Nonplusedly, "Zipper" M.

Dear Mike, I'll bite. When shall I expect you?

Nobly, Madame Dumbella

Theta Sigma advocates that Silver Lance be struck by something besides its own importance for a change.

Sock-eye

Well, bless me, while browsing around in these May day celebrations, who do you think was the life of the party? STARLIN THE SLAYER, so somber, sad, and stunny, and Breath-of-Bacchus wasn't little HOMER DAVID carrying on the old Phi Delt custom. MARY ELLEN BROWN didn't go to Spokane last week-end, but she was conspicuously absent. DOROTHY BROWN out of uniform at the Spur jitney dance, she must have had a new dress. Isn't it too bad that BOB FELTON is off on a fishing trip, since the Taylor players are in town?

I guess M. HEFTERNECK was on a picnic Wednesday, I didn't see her joy and abandoning over the campus. Did you ever see DORIS SIMONDS, when she wasn't going to town? Oh, I see MARY LOUISE BUSH is back on the campus, some more—and I guess "FAT" HUSTEAD has money in his pocket, for TESSIER didn't get any of that bay-window off while he was here. "FAT" thinks he's taxi-driver for the army.

Enhancing the horizon EN-SIGN just couldn't resist helping the Spurs, while playing Lord-open-the-Door at the Kappa house Wednesday night. Then there is EARL BULLOCK and MAXINE EASTBURN two minds with a single thought.

Between these doses of red and green pills at the infirmary some of the sap of spring burst forth with the news "sprig 'as sprug," and maybe they're right. Evidently the dart has struck "BRIG" NESBIT WILLIS and FRANCIS PAYNE. Not to forget NORM IV-ERSON'S attentions to MARY WICKS. (Wait till this paper gets to Spokane). BILLY ROBB, usually demure in a formal bow tie, is playing beau to JANET SANDERS. I guess cupid was only a pain in the neck to EMMY GASCOIGN about the time PXXEY WARD dragged in at about 11 o'clock, sleepy but penitent—and that dear readers is how he got his pin back—for a little while.

Perhaps we should have paid more attention to the styles of the week. Did you see ten-second BARBEE in a blue peekay with pink forget-me-not polka dots? EARL BOPP was striking yet demure in his own little sweet way in white organdy, with a cunning jacket of burlap belted in the most approved fashion. White earrings formed the accessories, or was that a couple of cotton plugs for the see-all, hear-all.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY

(Continued from Page One)

Roaring Rosanne Roark, somberly nursing a skinned knee—a souvenir of her most recent fall—forgot to giggle for once in her eventful life, as she muttered darkly, "Nuts." The ingenious Moan reporter, not being able to believe that Miss Roark was actually refusing to talk, disguised herself as a crack in the sidewalk, and after hours of patient waiting—notebook in hand, pencil poised, on the alert for any word which Miss Roark might, in an unguarded moment, let fall—her patience was rewarded. Miss Roark, at last convinced that she would not be the victim of prying ears, murmured morosely, "Nuts."

Frances Wimer, the tall, dark, and handsome mouthpiece of at least one campus organization broke down when quizzed and screamed wildly, "Poofoo powder and upstairs water! Is there nowhere I can go to be free from prying people? Erywhere I go it's the same—people leer at me and whisper behind my back. It's perfectly disgraceful the way people sneak around and say things about me behind my back that are absolutely and entirely true!" And with a rasping groan, Miss Wimer drew a gasp and shot the reporter.

Mary Hartley, toast of the campus—and no cracks about crumbs, please—as I-club queen, was shocked into insensibility at the news of the tragedy. When she had sufficiently recovered to receive reporters, she murmured weakly, "Pshaw—ain't it a shame? Such nice kids they were, too—even if some of 'em were dope fiends. I just hope this teaches everybody a lesson, I do."

New York Times Gives Important Jobs to Co-eds

Mary Kay Riley, editor of this issue of the Moan Argonaut, has accepted a position as head cartoonist for The New York Times, and will start her work immediately after being graduated.

"We have been watching your contributions to the Argonaut during the past three years," a letter from the Times stated, "and would be very much pleased to have you join our staff. At this time we should also like to announce seven other appointments from Idaho."

"Marjorie Druding, as business and financial editor, should be indispensable with her knowledge of high finance."

Mildred Carson and Marion Johnson are to be in charge of the rotogravure section, and Vir-

gina Merrick in charge of the Sunday magazine section.

"As soon as she arrives Elleen Kennedy will assume complete charge of the musical criticism. A regular column of literary comment will be written by Elva Anderson."

"We are confident that a refreshing western viewpoint will

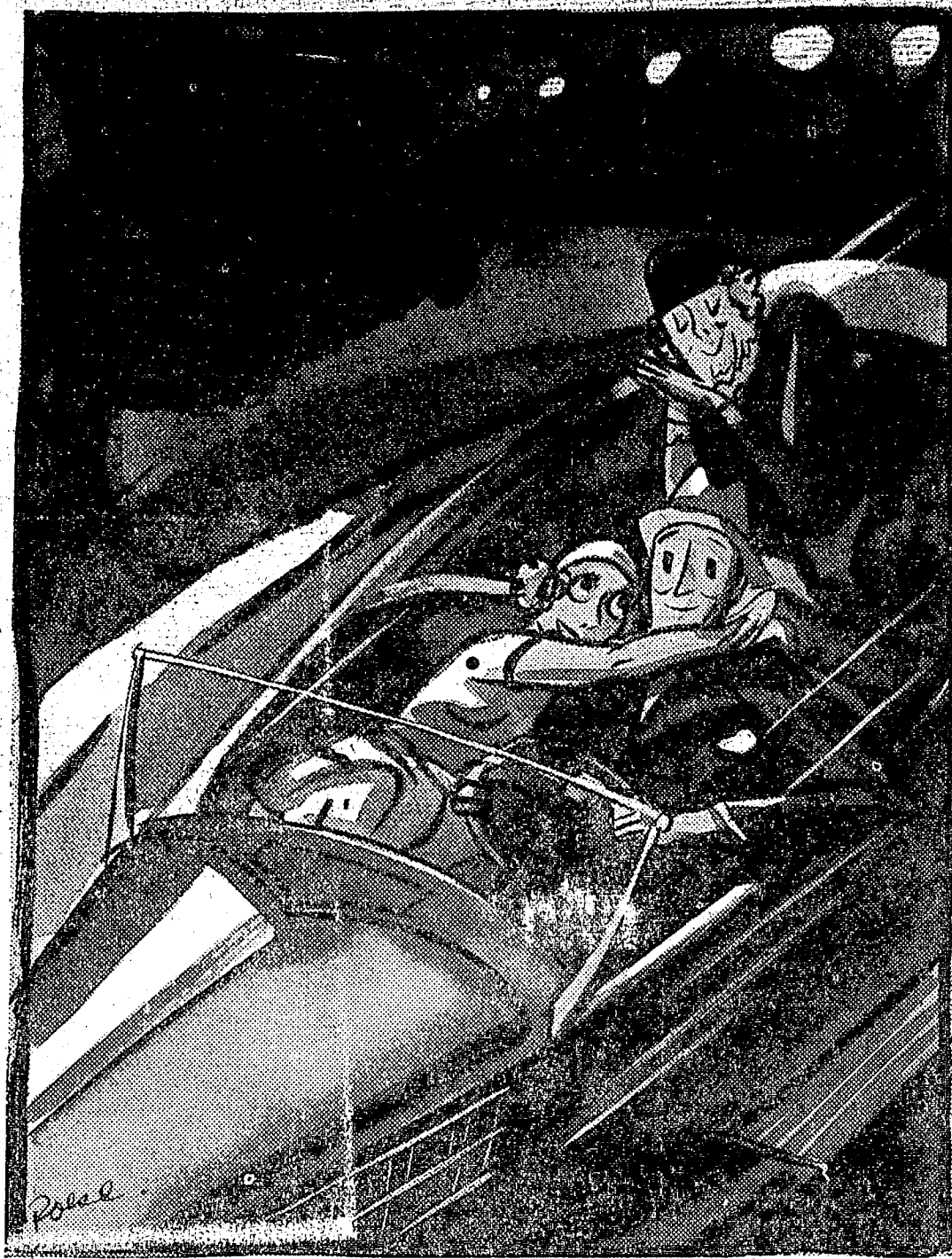
be employed by Phyllis Peterson in her sports stories, so we are making her assistant editor of that department.

"In view of her wide experience, Marjorie Wurster will cover all conventions meeting within the city, as well as writing our movie criticisms."

The eight women, all of whom

are members of Theta Sigma, Journalism honorary, expressed disappointment when asked about their new jobs.

"We realize that, after all, we mustn't expect too much just at first, though," they admitted. "These will just have to do until we can work up to something better. But really it is all just too, too exasperating."



"Aunty sleeps more soundly since you got a FORD V-8"

COMPLETE Ford SERVICE

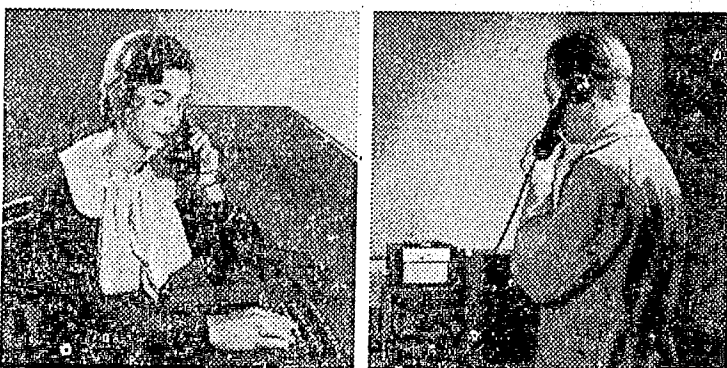
W. H. SPERBER

MOSCOW, IDAHO

Second & Washington

Phone 2383

"When will nud be done?"



This young lady records the meaningless syllables spoken by the man.

AND, "How does kib like that?" Such questions sound senseless—yet they play an important part in making articulation tests on new types of telephone apparatus at Bell Telephone Laboratories.

In making these tests, 6336 meaningless syllables are spoken—while observers record what they hear. Comparison of sounds actually spoken with those heard, shows how well the new apparatus reproduces the many sounds of which speech is composed.

Such thoroughness is typical of Bell System methods. Years of inventing, improving and testing have led to the apparatus which transmits your words so clearly.

Why not say "Hello" to Mother and Dad tonight? Bargain rates on station-to-station calls after 8:30 P. M.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



It's the tobacco that counts, and there are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies

Social Clumbers

THE LITTLE GIRLS on the Idaho campus are just being rushed off their feet with social affairs of varied types—just leave it to Idaho students to find original and different type of amusement. Even from picking wild flowers to horseshoe playing, but the girls can surely take it.

The social clumbers are surely spending long hours of planning to the last detail, so that some of these social bores might be given a break. It all goes to show that the good old spring fever is in the air, and the nature lovers prefer their social activity in the wide open spaces.

Press Club Plans Social Flop

The greatest social flop of the year will be given May 10th. The Bosses Hetteria Epydy, Alberta Anderson, Janette Crawford, Eldredge Eldridge, Carolyn Frazier, Roberta Herrick, Joan Lukens, Wilma McCrea, Dorothy Vincent, and Charlotte Warner, have been working diligently to maintain their social grace, but it just can't be done. They have anticipated a social affair something like this: Of course, they would have the best local talent so they hired the boys from Orofino to play for their shin-dig. All the buxom girls from the community were invited to add grace and charm to the square time dances; you see it was to be an original idea.

The receiving line for guests as they arrived is composed of the champion type slingers, and printer's devils. Oh boy, are the girls craning their necks to get a glimpse at these honored heroes. The gay festival starts with "Clementine," which was rendered harmoniously by the orchestra, and was concluded with "There is a hot time in the old Town Tonight." After this number the orchestra was so exhausted that they had to be carried one by one out the back way to be revived.

The wonderful treat happened during the intermission. As all the hostesses are vegetarians, the guests enjoyed a repast of young green onions, new peas, red radishes, fresh garlic, white turnips, which added a delightful refreshing perfume to the room.

As it was an exclusive social flop, and you, great readers, are dying with curiosity to know who the most unfortunate guests were, I will give you a partial list; I am sorry that I can't give you a complete list, but the assistant reporter, forgot to recover after the last bite of turnip. Patrons and patronesses were: Mr. and Mrs. John Poodle, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foxterrier, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Wolfhound, and Dean Spitz. Guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Turtle Dove, Mr. and Mrs. Pot

Eldridge Gets Married to Bride

Wedding bells rang gaily Friday at high noon, but the elite campus circles sighed with the thought of losing one of its most dashing and debonaire members—Mr. Hugh Wallace Eldridge, Esq., who is handsome and amiable a young man as one would hope to find on this campus or elsewhere.

The pews of the local Seventh Day Saints' church groaned with the weight of the multitude which shattered its usual serenity with gasps of awe and admiration. Dainty heliotrope, snap-dragons, lilies, and bachelor buttons swayed with the impressiveness of the scene as they graced the dignified windows of the magnificent structure, with a charm all their own.

The sonorous tones of the pipe organ swung into the lofty strains of "The Wedding Bells Are Ringing Out that Old Gang of Mine" as the procession marched down the aisle, each member swaying in rhythm with the next.

With a shy blush and downcast eyes, the groom tripped up the aisle on the arm of his father. Handsomely but quietly attired in purple pin-striped trousers with contrasting coat of orange check, the groom was faultless. A pliant touch of black contrasting with the color was his shirt, daintily tucked and ruffled down the front. His flowing Windsor tie, which blowed fetchingly about his modish celluloid collar, was composed of cerise forget-me-nots on a background of Canary yellow.

His yellow button shoes, a masterpiece in themselves, were topped by knitted hose of verdant green, which were held in place by the latest fashion in garters of crimson plaid. The groom carried beautiful horsehide gloves in his right hand, and his hair was drawn back from his blushing brow with a charming simplicity most becoming to his type.

A minister conducted the principal part of the ceremony, and asked several questions, which the groom answered in a low voice, never raising his brimming eyes until asked to produce the ring, which finally turned up after fifteen tense minutes of frantic searching. The groom's father gave him away. The bride was also present.

AMATEUR QUEENS WILL STRIKE SOON

The University of Idaho United Association of Amateur Queens met all of a sudden back of the bleachers at 1:55 Friday morning. Marching was enjoyed by all and train-kicking drill was held. Mehtabel Amswell led a discussion on the shortage of pages. The union voted to strike for orchids.

The meeting closed with two minutes silence as a memorial to Tillie Lobstervitch, former Idaho United Associated Amateur Queen, who was fatally crushed at a cement mixer.

Garbo sitting on a table, chewing gum, swinging her legs, and reading a biography of Gertrude Stelm. The doorbell rings, and Butler Hardy answers. Ah! In comes that roly-poly, handsome gent, Slim Summerville. He glances at Garbo with a woesome look—and is his pan plnk??? He must have come to press his suit—Yes! yes! He has! The iron is in the fire, and judging from the steam coming from behind the screen wher Slim has slunk, the suit must be plenty hit. Garbo has not yet noticed the guy. Slim must have burned up—or burned out, because he vanishes.

The doorbell rings again—another suitor. But will he suit her??? Apparently not, for W. C. is shrinking away from a look that says "I tank you better go home!" The Juggernauts have risen up in their seats. How they resent such treatment—and consequently they are blocking my view! Four down and one to go. There—now I see that the real hero has entered the picture.

He is none other than ducky little Joey Penner. He dashes over to the flower pot and picks two red geraniums, which he sticks in his pocket as Marlene Dietrich, whom he chastises with "Don't never do-o-ooo that!" Even Dietrich grins. Well Joey has found the can opener, the American emblem, and the sardines are craning their necks to see who has dared to disturb their rest before putrifaction set in. Stuffing them all in his mouth, Joey proceeds to tell the gardner how to plant onions and garlic to grow soup.

The Snake River canyon in central Idaho is deeper by 1000 feet than the famous Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

An English professor at Ohio State recommends that college students read more fairy tales.

Capricious Cinema Comments

Here we are, my dear fellow addicts, in the very last row in the balcony of the beautiful Vanworthless theater. As we await the first flash on the screen of this alluring drama of love and romance, may I describe a few notables who are sitting in front of me? You would never believe it, would you, but here are the Great Campus News Hawks (Eye and All), the Bosses of that scurrious publication, The Juggernaut. But there's the curtain! And

Dance

Everybody Welcome

Every Saturday Night

at the

Moose Hall

Modern Music



MOTHER'S DAY

Sunday, May 12

One day in all the year to honor the one who has given all her days to us! What a privilege—and what a pleasure—to wear a flower in her honor—a bright blossom if you know the joy of Mother's presence; a pure white one if her smile is but a treasured memory.

Say it with FLOWERS



SCOTT BROS.

Flower Shop

Phone 7191

CAMPUS BARBER SHOP

OPPOSITE THE NEST

Shoe Repairing done by Latest Methods

Satisfaction Guaranteed

STEWART'S SHOE SHOP

TABLE SUPPLY SPECIAL SALE



ALSO

Snow Flake Honey Maid Graham Crackers

and

RITZ BUTTER CRACKERS

DIAL 2173

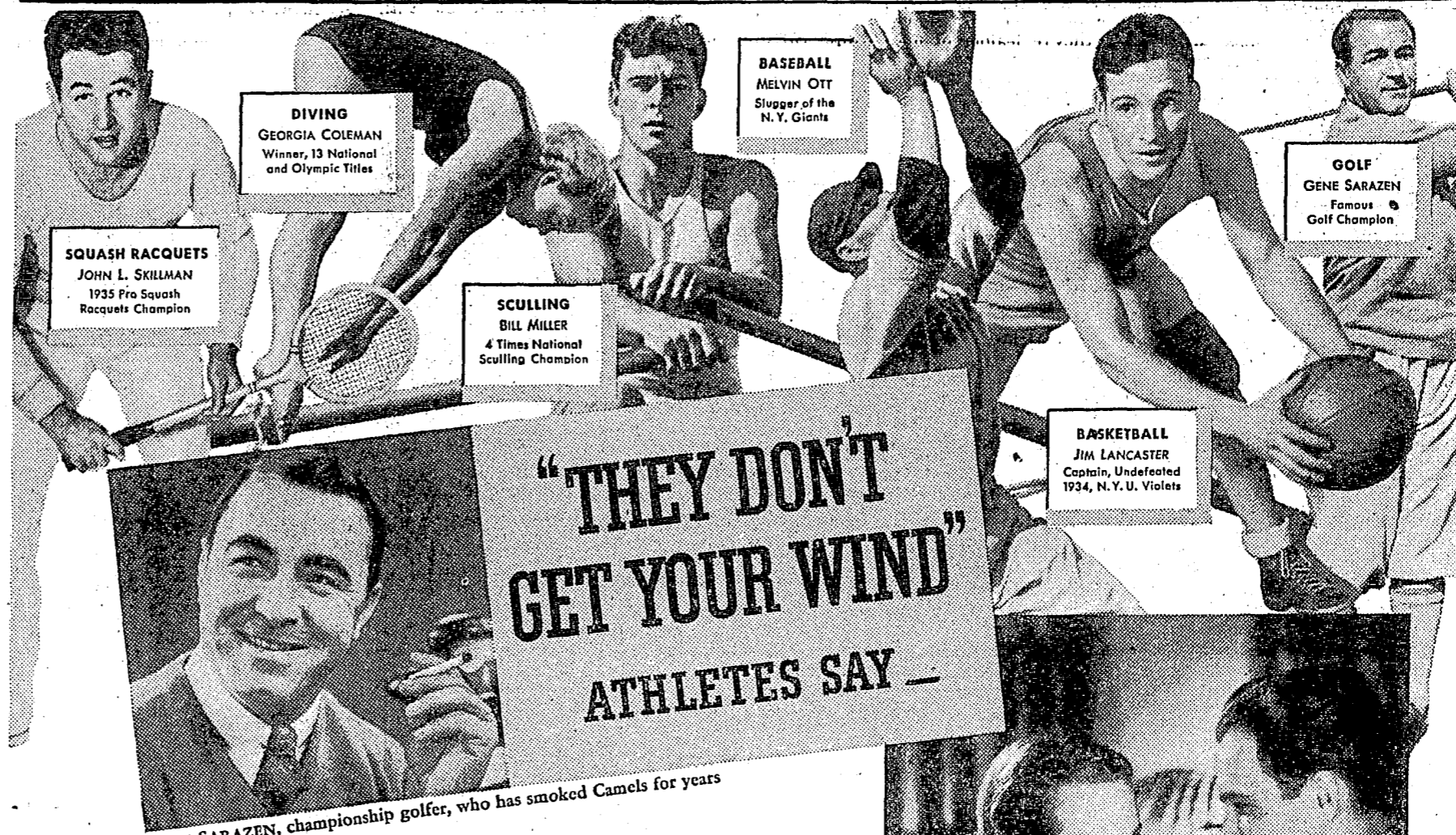
The Home of *SW* Groceries

Betas Give Basket Social

Beta Theta Pi gave a basket social in the aboretum May Day. Not only did the fair damsels from Moscow bring many baskets, filled with daintily prepared food, but all the Beta relatives from Deary, Kendrick, Potlatch, Troy, Lewiston, and Lapwai came dressed in their "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes.

Theta Sigma advocates smoking on the Ad steps, front instead of back, for gels.

One hundred and thirty-five undergraduates at Princeton University, working as waiters in the dining halls during 1933-34, received \$31,971 wages.



The mild cigarette the athletes smoke is the mild cigarette for YOU!

A cigarette so mild you can smoke all you want—that's what athletes say about Camels. And when a champion talks about "condition"—"wind"—healthy nerves—real tobacco mildness—he's got to know.

Gene Sarazen says: "Playing as much as I do—I have to keep in condition. I smoke Camels steadily. They are so mild they never get my 'wind'—never upset my nerves."

Other athletes back him up... "I smoke all the Camels I want, and keep in top condition," says Mel Ott, slugger of the New York Giants... Georgia Coleman, Olympic

diver, says: "Camels don't cut down on my 'wind'..." Bill Miller, oarsman; Jim Lancaster, N. Y. U.'s 1934 basketball captain; John Skillman, pro squash racquets champion—hundreds of sports stars smoke Camels regularly and report that Camels never get their "wind" or nerves.

What this mildness means to you!... It means you can smoke Camels all you want! Athletes have made this discovery: Camel's costlier tobaccos are so mild, they can smoke all they please, without disturbing their "wind" or nerves.

CONDITION IS IMPORTANT TO YOU TOO—on vacation, in college, at home. You can keep "in condition," yet smoke all you please. Athletes say: "Camels never get your wind."

SO MILD YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!



Camels COSTLIER TOBACCO!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

MAKE IT A MODERN Mothers Day



Give something to flatter her... some little gift that will send her hurrying to her mirror... something from Creightons, her favorite store. Then you'll be sure to please and sure that what you give her will be worthy of her.

- HANDBAGS**
New summer bags in linen. All colors... \$2.95
- SCARFS**
Crisp cotton, soft chiffons, all at... \$1.00
- JEWELRY**
Necklaces, clips, bracelets, metal and composition... \$1.00
- KERCHIEFS**
Gay prints and lovely new linens... 35c
- GLOVES**
Lacy summer weaves and fabrics... \$1.00

CREIGHTONS

Your Gift Headquarters

Idaho Played a Baseball Game with Washington

Hustead Rules Tournney Illegal

Refere Says Playing Unfair; Will Keep Prize Himself

The tiddley winks tournament between the would-be politicians on the Idaho campus was declared illegal and against the Idaho constitution as amended in a statement issued last night by Fat Hustead, referee. He declared that the playing of all contestants was so outrageous that all forfeited any right to prize money which he, therefore, was awarding to said referee as the only clean player.

He said he would fight any and all who thought they were big enough to take the money away from him. As the prize was made up by donations from the politicians and their supporters, it is believed that the decision will be contested as soon as a sufficient number of eggs can be obtained.

Decision a Surprise

The decision of Hustead came as a surprise at the close of the second day of the grueling tournament. At the time Mark Felt was 1-10 of a point ahead, with Earl Bopp a close second.

Play had to be closed early as the tiddley wink cup was removed by one of the disgruntled players and no one would agree on a substitution, for fear of foul play.

The tourney has been rather more expensive than was planned. The players have demanded a new set every half hour of play, as the cup and one set of playing pieces was discovered magnetized early in the game. This piece of dirty business was blamed upon a mysterious Third Party which, rumor has it, desired to get into the game.

Hustead had his hands full refereeing and keeping score as the contestants would become excited and start pelting each other with mud pies which supporters kept fresh and handy. He made a ruling that no mud could be slung, but as they then started using the playing pieces he withdrew the ban on mud to save the University the expense of buying sets continually.

Acts in Self Defense

Our reporter interviewed all the players as soon as Hustead's ultimatum became known. "Everyone played dirty but me," she reports every player as saying. "I play clean tiddley winks. I only threw a few mud pies in self-defense."

The university authorities threaten to remove the scholarship offered to the winner of the tiddley wink contest every 12 years. "The players are not worthy of this good old Idaho tradition," the Deans thundered in unison at an indignation meeting. They applauded Hustead's courage in defying the might of the politicians.

Hustead's calm was explained when he told the reporter that he had spent the prize anyway a week before the tourney.

Abe Goldsmith, frosh, declared yesterday that the whole thing, including Hustead's decision and the spending of the prize was fixed before the tournament was begun. He said he heard two seniors discussing it in the Nest. No attention is being paid to Abe as he is known as an idealist, anyway. He is in the infirmary.

What's A Fraternity

At last several students have found out the meaning of "fraternity." A fraternity brother is someone you can palm off a chain letter on. Though its getting so now you can't get rid of 'em. The brothers will take your girl, your best tie, and your last five bucks, but they won't take your chain letters. The racket is growing to larger proportions. Several students got letters from brothers (or sisters) whom they had never heard of, from chapters all over the country. The names had been taken out of fraternity magazines.

U. Club Entertains Gals at Movie

The university club gave a theater party for their lady friends. Sixty couples attended the first show and enjoyed the entertainment very much.

After the movies, the couples adjourned to the university club where they played rummy. Prizes would have been awarded at the end of the evening, only the winner couldn't be determined, so they split the banana between the two biggest rummy players, Mr. Eglington, and Mr. Nuttington. Everyone had a most delightful evening, until the 12 o'clock gong rang.

Ye Sporte Shoppe

It is about time those interested in football got thinking of such serious things as what shall be worn in the line-up next fall. We have always felt that seeing their opponents come out in snappy satin suits and the latest cut-out knee guards created an inferiority feeling in the Vandal team that accounted for their heavy losses. My goodness, anyone knows that clothes make the man, and if men make the football team, seems logical that clothes could make the team.

The last game Wednesday gave us an idea. Blue and Gray teams, now wasn't that a clever spring style? But next year—and here comes that nurtured idea—why not call our team the Crimson Orioles, or something equally fashionable, and dress them accordingly. Of course, that would mean cutting out a lot of the rough plays, but you can't tell us that those men really like their faces rubbed in the mud. It isn't natural, and besides it would spoil the nice new suits.

While we're on the all important topic of sport clothes, something SHOULD be done about those awful hats they wear. Any modiste would know better than to make a hat like that to wear to those big season games. They hide the players' faces until you really never know who makes an exciting play. And we know that they make the poor fellows hot. It is inhumane.

The new tiddley winks tournament has caused several serious injuries. Cassidy Taylor has a black eye. He said he was hit in the eye by one of the playing pieces, but we suspect it was one of the playing politicians.

Felt has been leading almost constantly, but by a narrow margin. He bravely continued in the game even after he had an acute attack of housemaid's knee brought on by all the kneeling.

Dave Evans started to play, but was eliminated by a mud pie early in the game.

We weren't sure if Bill O'Neal were crowned queen of intramural or merely head of the new honorary, but his coronation lent a note of distinction to the spring football game Campus day. It does one's heart good to see them try to inject a note of beauty into such a game.

SWIMMING MEET SCHEDULED TODAY

A swimming meet will be substituted for the W. A. A. tournament today, as the courts were flooded by mistake, and it is impossible to get the water drained off. The tennis entrants will enter the meet instead.

This will be the first out-door swimming meet to be held at Idaho. If successful, Hell Divers tryouts, as it will give spectators a chance to get a suntan while watching the pledging.

One of the novelties of the swimming meet will be "bobbing for the tennis ball." Only women minus a front tooth are eligible to enter this division.



FRIDAY — SATURDAY
"THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN"

SUNDAY
"PRINCESS O'HARA"

MONDAY
UNIT VAUDEVILLE

VANDAL THEATER

FRI. SAT.

BARBARA STANWYCK

In

"WOMAN IN RED"

SUN. MON. TUES.

KAY FRANCIS

In

"LIVING ON VELVET"

Berg-Little Still Deadlocked In Match

Bout Started Wednesday; Wrestlers Going Strong; Supporters Are Worried

At 11 p. m. last night Ap Berg and Bob Little were still deadlocked in the wrestling match started Wednesday as a dare. Berg has a half-Nelson on Little and everyone feels that he will probably be able to make Little cry "Uncle," if he can get his toe out of Little's mouth.

Little's supporters declare that he will not let go of the toe, even to end the match, as he feels he is vindicating the use of little men for all times in Idaho athletics. The match has been reduced to a contest of who can hold out the longer. Odds are on Berg, but Little has determination that may mean victory.

The match started accidentally one day when Berg dropped his pipe and he and Little both dived for it. They came together with terrific force and without thinking, started to wrestle each other to maintain their equilibrium.

Cheering Audience

Cheers of passers-by who had been drawn to the spot aroused them, and when an enthusiast of the sport dared them to have a real match they agreed before they got out of the daze.

At first the promoters of the match attempted to arouse enmity between the two, feeling that it would improve the action in the match. That was found to be unnecessary, however, as Little became obsessed with the idea that he was elected champion of little men and would be immortalized if he won the match.

Special season tickets have been sold so that students can go in and out between classes and watch developments.

If the deadlock is not broken by midnight Saturday the match

will be called off, as the authorities refuse to let them go on with it on Sunday. Then the prize, which is a pipe, will be cut exactly down the middle and one-half presented to each.

Grey Sword Meets To Get Acquainted

Men's Honorary Thrilled To Bits at Pledging And Other Stuff

Grey Sword, those fellows who parade in the May Fete with grey ribbons around their necks, held its annual meeting last week. The main object of the meeting was to see who else belonged to that superior organization since they hadn't congregated since May, Day last year. The fellows expressed surprise at finding they belonged to the same club as some worthy males on the campus who didn't even speak to each other.

After each and every member was accounted for, the momentous decision of new pledges was attacked. Numerous black eyes and unkind words ensued, but the list was finally cut down to eight lucky people.

The master of ceremonies then announced that the club had been asked to provide the greenery for the May Queen's throne. This was put in the form of a motion but was voted down. The boys decided that, although it had been a custom for them to perform this, their one and only activity of the year, that all would be a bit hung over after the Spur serenade the night before and that they would need their beauty sleep.

The sergeant at arms then gave a toe dance and after enjoying refreshments of boiled bananas and skim milk, the meeting adjourned.

More Dirt

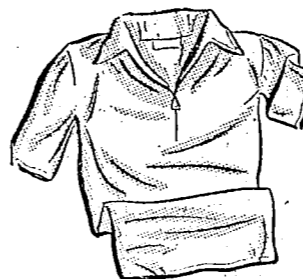
It was just too bad the other day when the fire engine broke up the little serenade and hon fire of a few boys in need of song, who could sing and warm up no place but in the middle of the street. I guess they were right or tight, in the middle of those heart-rending notes of "HOME ON THE RANGE."

If I said that I as browsing I meant sousing, and who should I run my head against in the

gutter the other night but friends PICKLES McNICHOLS, BILL KRAMER, and PETE BEAL, singing—"MY BONNIE." (This to be sung melodramatically, and in a love-lorn key.)

Breng bock, bting bzcck Oy, brung becl mub trpst ti my tp, mr; B(&ng b4xj, be-ng bicz Oj, bvong bosk ma belno-l mxoh helkl!

Cool Summer Wear



75c 85c \$1.00

HOSLEY'S

Distinctive Men's Wear



White LINENS

For Wear Right Now— And All Summer

But they must be tailored right—fit right and be of good quality to stand repeated washings.

Now shown in either single or double breasted models.

\$11.50 and \$13.75

DAVIDS'

Where Fashions Last Words Are Spoken First

I'm sometimes asked about cigarettes . . . and I believe they offer the mildest and purest form in which tobacco is used . . .

Mild Ripe Tobacco . . .
Aged 2 years or more . . .

—the farmer who grows the tobacco . . .
—the warehouseman who sells it at auction to the highest bidder . . .
—every man who knows about leaf tobacco—will tell you that it takes mild, ripe tobacco to make a good cigarette; and this is the kind we buy for CHESTERFIELD Cigarettes.

All of the tobacco used in CHESTERFIELD Cigarettes is aged for two years or more.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Chesterfield is the cigarette that's MILDER
Chesterfield is the cigarette that TASTES BETTER