

FACTS TOLD REGARDING SPINSTERS

Disguised in new permanent waves and spring ensembles that would do justice to the most radical surrealists, Idaho coeds appeared, hardly recognizable, at the various men's houses upon this campus Tuesday, February 22, and right-side-outside it with fortunate high ranking swanking Idaho males to the one-time, long-time Blue Bucket, now S. U. B., in attendance of the annual Spinsters Skip held in commemoration of George Washington's first blind date. It is said that the deception and illusion were maintained right up to the first glass of beer.

The Mortar Board, under whose spinster sponstership the dance was held, had the brawroom beautifully decorated with a three months old layer of floor varnish and a brand new second hand calsumining on the ceiling that created a delightful and charming atmosphere like an Econ quiz room. The music was supplied by Glen Whitesel and his drum, calisthenics were executed by Bert Wood, and Benny Lutz wore a gorgeously flowing pink bow tie adorned with purple polka dots.

Chicly and pertly sporting natty-nutty chapeaux and gaily attired in apocated green tulle and pate de fois gras gowns, the blooming babes and sugar dainties looked positively ravished, and Earl Ritzheimer, flawlessly garbed in blue striped pantaloons, wore soberly conventional white shoes.

The afternoon was progressing smoothly until at exactly 3:79 3/7, SEX, with devastating abruptness and alarming morbidity reared its ugly head appearing in the form of the nude, decapitated body of a Beta fionh who was trammelled in the rush for the Beta date and who was subsequently and reverently deposited on the Blue Bucket dance floor by his ever-loving brothers. At first the corpse, because of its scanty attire and appalling transfixity, was mistaken for one of the coeds, but the error was soon recognized, and due and compensating apologies were made to the honorable dud.

boys got off the wagon to grease the wheels (of the political machine), Margaret King, Gamma Phi Beta bright-light socialite, entertained with a hotish Scottish schottische and was accompanied by Benny Lutz and his ocarina quartet playing Chopin's Funeral march. The Alpha Phi Trio, composed of Clifford, Clifford, Clifford, and two other girls, sang "My Beer Bust," by Eddie du Schon, and "I Love You Truly," both of which sounded strangely similar to the Alpha Phi trio (and Janet Clifford.)

Sigma Nu, not to be caught with their pennants down, added a highly diverting touch to an already hilarious afternoon by ogling Spinster Skipsters from second floor windows and by drooling diaphanous drapery from their walls. From all indications, though, no "rough stuff" was allowed, and the boys got off Scot free.

Among those reverting to that little grass shag (and I don't mean the hula-hula) were Stan (I'm from San Diego) Hume and Ruth (the Long Beach Peach) Mather. If you want to know how to go from the Silver Grill stomp

"NO RIFT" IN McFADDEN SULLIVAN ROMANCE

Glance slowly to the right dear readers, and raise your eyes over the behemoth stature of George Robert McFadden at the tender age of eight... The ex-president of Delta Sigma Rho, ace debate honorary, has, even at this tender age, been known to show remarkable powers of oratory.

Following the questionable career of law, McFadden received his training in the subtle art of wool pulling from an expert, one Ida May Gillenwater. Since then, our little G. R. has gone in for the extractive industries, and is happily settled with Mary-the-Miner Sullivan. Robby's titan curls are at present losing some of their density because of Sully's recent removal to the hospital. —appendicitis strikes in the night.

It was not so long ago that a nasty rumor found its way to the Idaho campus concerning the supposed marriage of the two lovebirds. Of course we all know there was nothing in it. Just because Georgie bought a jeweled pin engraved "to Mary" on the back before they even started going steady is no reason for awful folks to insinuate.

The McFaddens—Oh pardon—George and Mary have been spending their week-ends on the sunny shores of Lake Chatcolet. Local residents say the swimming is definitely tops in the middle of December. Incidentally that must be where George got that gorgeous tan.

The conclusion will be happily reached in the near future we hope, till then, little G. R. can climb from his chair, quit the earthy qualities of campus politics for the more earthy qualities of the mine, and with a prayer that all their children, or at least half of them, will have red hair, we close this biographical sketch.

An old quotation of Confucius was also brought to light in this romance: "When an immovable object meets an irresistible force, something has to budge," and Hamer certainly did, right out on his ear.

Just Friends



"Pinkey and I are just friends," smiles shapely Mary Sullivan as she swims in the icy waters of Lake Chatcolet.

to the California hop in ten easy lessons, just ask Hume Sweet Hume.

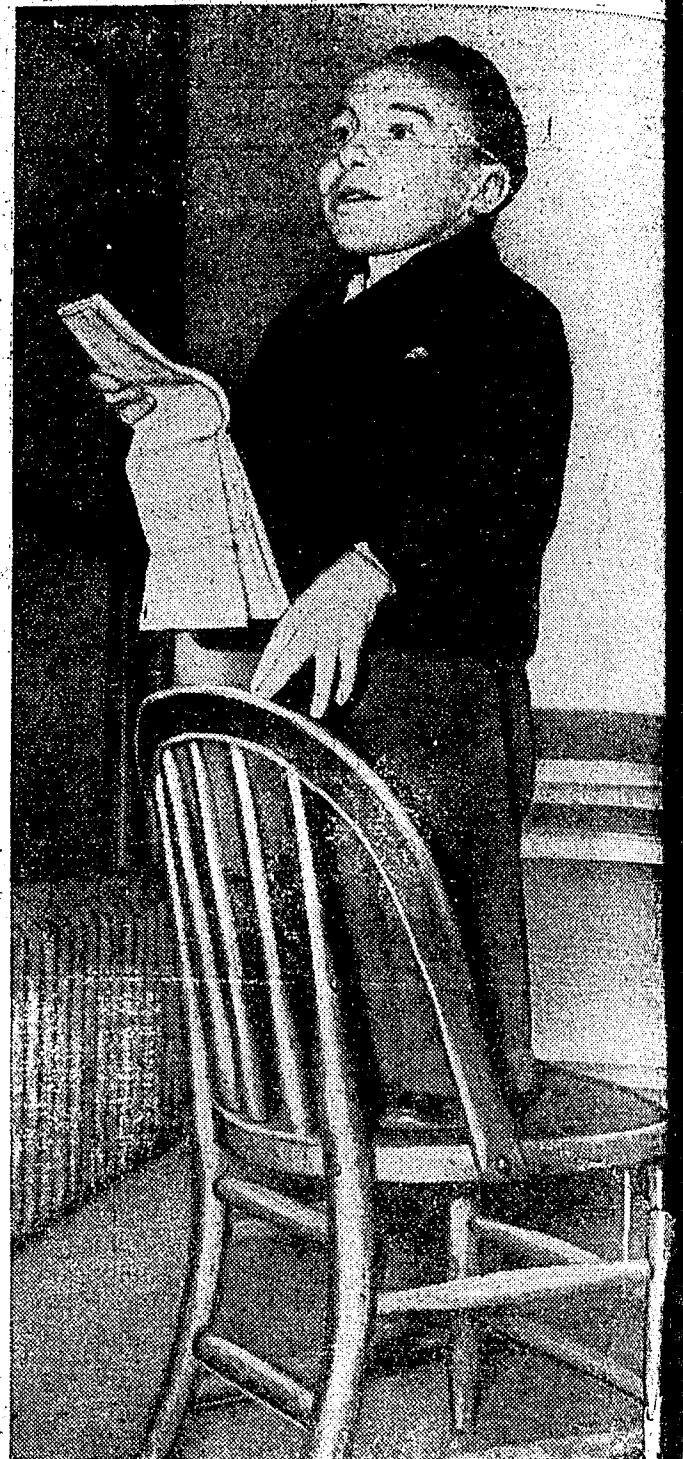
Conspicuously present by his absence was Clyde Gulp, Phi Gamma Delta's gum chummy, hum-drum bum, who is no bigger than a third-rate burp. It seems his Pi Phi Muckletio Mammy was escorting the denizen of the Delta Chi lounge, Ray Peters. Conspicuously absent by his presence was Karl Burp, sometime Odditor of the Germ of the Mountains, who is bigger than a third rate gulp and about twice as willing. It seems that he escorted that Dinnison of the S.A.E. lounge, Walt.

It was rumored that since a certain Kappa Sig was busy playing basketball at Oregon, Lorraine Williams had to bring her steady, Don Johnson, to the Skip, and Barbara White, Kappa "Hello" girl, accompanied "Fiji" lover Barney Hayes.

Also reported present was the Paradise Creek girl (you know that dirty old bog.)

The dancing continued until everybody was worked up into a stenching obnoxious state known

YOUNG McFADDEN



Agustavus Josephus Adolphus Pene. Of course, when things get dead on the campus, there's nothing like "uncorking" a little scandal and "brewing" some boiler plate for "Dopes and Dipshit-Doodle Duds. (Recriminatory note—curdle my beer, will you?)

Unnoticeably sober among holiday hey-deyers was a Pi Beta Phi Spurgle (Spur girl) who, after several tries, almost got a date. Yeah, none other than Phyllis Thomasinson. Typical of Idaho males to rate on the 22nd was Ho Hif'sniffle, who dropped around to see Beauty Parlor Fern will just barely to her front. After being forcibly ejected thugs, said he with philosophical detachment, "I guess the old age is true. 'Too many er spoil the brothel.'"

War Scare Hits Campus



Alarmed over reports of a purported uprising among the White Rus colony of Moscow, patriotic students engaged in a mock anti-gas drill in front of the Metallurgy building yesterday afternoon. Members of Spur, national underclasswomen's drinking society, gave a short intermission stunt.

Unknown Student Trampled in Rush

An unidentified male student was trampled to death in front of the Old Engineering building today during the noon rush while attempting to buck the Hays-Forney hall pedestrian traffic.

According to reports, the unfortunate first fainted when three buxom babes (names not released by the Board of Regents) walking abreast, closed ranks to allow him to pass without walking out in the snow along the edge of the sidewalk. Other members of the Hays-Forney tide, intent on beating each other to the victuals, surged over the body of the unfortunate, trampling him to death.

Slide Rules Out

Before witnesses in the Engineering building could get their slide rules and handbooks and figure the situation out, the battered and bruised corpse was beyond possible recognition.

Third aid was rendered immediately by the mine rescue squad, but to no avail.

The consensus on the campus was that such an accident had been long foreseen what with women students insisting on walking three-abreast, taking up the entire width of campus sidewalks.

Stated Ben Franklin, Idaho

Palmolive Soap Polls The Votes Among The Dashing Idaho Romeos

Gentlemen prefer blondes—and Palmolive soap! Perhaps they want to keep that school-boy complexion, as Wilbur Larkam has done so successfully with Palmolive's oils. A campus survey of 141 men revealed that 54 of them use the soap palms, showing over a third of the soap used by campus men is Palmolive.

The next highest score was 20, made by Ivory, and it was followed closely by Lifebuoy with 19, and Lux with 18, Woodbury's rolled up 9 users, Cashmere Bouquet 6, and Camay 5. John T. Farquhar, campus luminary, performs his abulations in the scented lather of Camay. White King had two backers, and 1738, when interviewed on the Castle, Cremeoil, Jergen's, Germicidal, Basils, Boraxo, Lava, and Neko each had one lonely user.

Jerry Wright, when questioned about the brand of substance he used for sudsy slopping, said, "We use hotel soap."

question, "Two's company, but three—well, three's a crowd."

The Moscow hotel had better check up. Footballer Dean Green said "none," but quickly changed to Palmolive when the reporter reached for his pencil. Occasionally, "I'm not particular; I use whatever the roomy buys." Those users weren't counted. Sixteen brands of soap came to light in the course of questioning.

Eternal Date Riddle Agdin Debated By Popular Coeds

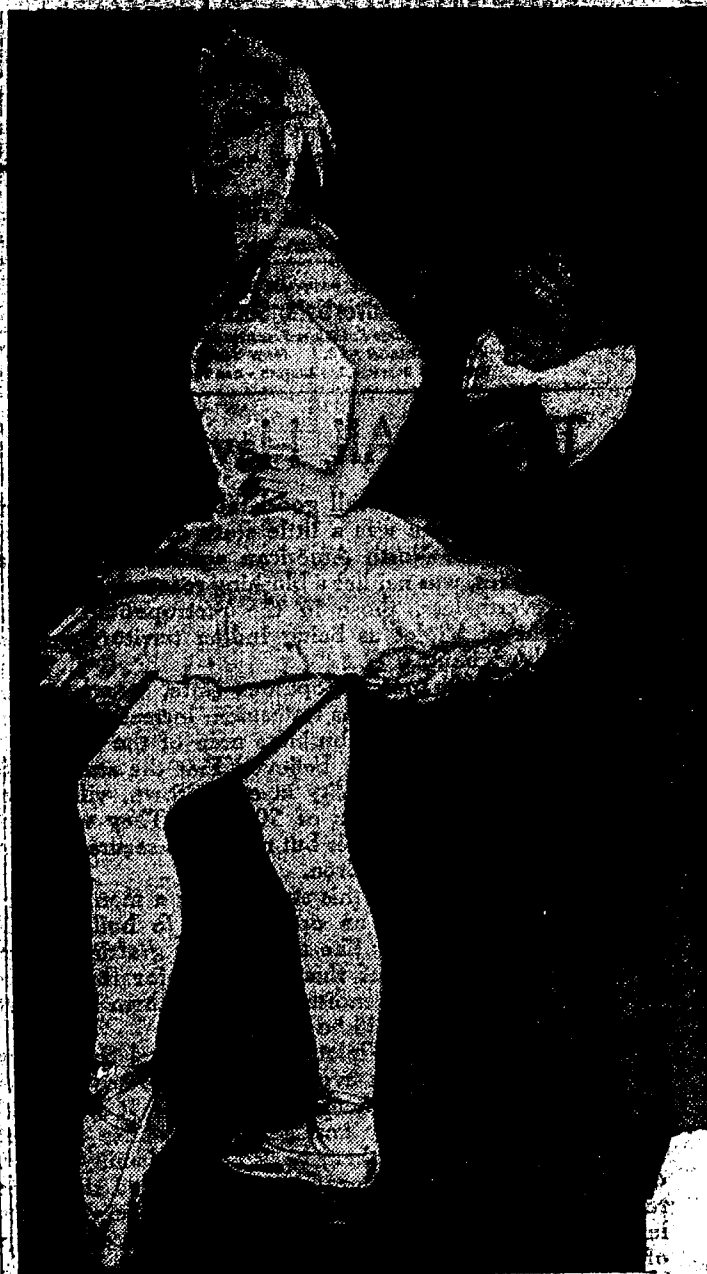
A discussion about everything from drinking to necking by some of the most popular women on the Washington State campus brought the following ideas:

The budget-sop girl:

"If he takes you out for a coke, he can hold your hand. If he takes you to a show, he can put his arm around you. If it's a dance, he can kiss you; and if it's the Varsity ball, you'll probably get married."

The time passer—she who sits in the car until 2 a.m., then rushes home to tell all the girls about

Local Talent Found at Blowout



Amazed were the dignitaries of Scrubboard and Blat when at their recent tete a tete at the Nobby Miss Gerty Dorset gurgled her second snifter of beer and sprang upon the table to dance her way to fame. Here she is in her dressing room at the Rocky theatre where she is now featured.

"To Ski or Not to Ski --- That is the Question"



TWO UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO SKI members are pictured above, resting after a treacherous and tireless climb up to the summit of the Arboretum. The Arboretum is one of the most difficult mountains to climb—just ask any University of Idaho casano va collegian. These two ski members will be ready to take off for a long one-minute run off Arboretum Heights to the picturesque Moscow village below, nestled in Arboretum arctic hokes. The University of Idaho ski team is busy in preparation for the championship match between Dartmouth and the University of Idaho ski teams which will be held on these same Arboretum Heights when the next snow flies. The Vandals are favored to take the meet by a wide margin. Watch for the date of the meet.

Graft!- Musician Slugged

It has been reported by Jim Kalbus, manager of the Blue Bucket Inn, that some unknown culprit has been putting slugs in the robot extortionist.

Mr. Kalbus said, "It is a shame for anyone to risk ruining one of these high priced machines for a song."

An extensive dragnet is being laid for the apprehension of this vicious criminal under the direction of Frank Kurdy, internationally known stool pigeon and perjurer.

Maybe "Hawkshaw"

From informed circles we learn that the officials are thinking of having "Hawkshaw" George assigned to the case in an effort to put an end to this crime wave,

that for the past two weeks has taken the campus by surprise so that it is hard to order a 35-cent meal at the Bucket for fear that you will only get a fruit salad and a cup of coffee, if that much.

The only clue so far reported is that Dick Darnell has been exonerated because the piece played was "Ro sally."

At last notice the authorities were in their usual perpetual dither.

it. The smoker thinks lighting a cigarette is a solution to everything because there's nothing kissable about a girl smoking. The statistical women feel necking is all right after the fourth or fifth date, and the prude rushes wildly into the house. The perennial daughter worries about what mother will think; and, lastly, there's the "try-a-little-harder" type who really leads a man on.

OBNOXIOUS PAPER OUSTS 5 STUDENTS

MOSCOW, Idaho, March 5.—Five students, prominent in journalism work on the University of Idaho campus, this evening were suspended for varying periods of time as the aftermath of the Press club's "Tabloid Argonaut" issued a week ago Friday.

The five, and the terms of suspension, are: William Ash, Boise, senior, editor of the Argonaut, twice-a-week student newspaper, until after spring vacation (April 12); Jack McKinney, junior, Salmon, managing editor of the paper, the same penalty; Gordon C. Smith, senior, Boise, business manager of the Argonaut and president of the Press club, suspended until next September; James G. Yoder, junior, Nampa, editor of the Gem of the Mountains, college yearbook, suspended until September; Fred W. Swank, sophomore, Portland, suspended until September.

President Harrison C. Dale left the campus for Lewiston immediately after the faculty discipline committee had made its final recommendation to him and could not be reached for a statement. J. F. Raeder, committee chairman, declined to comment.

Last Friday's student paper was issued by the Press club, comprising journalism students, and was modeled on certain metropolitan tabloid papers. The disciplinary action is reported taken because of objectionable treatment and handling of articles in the issue.

It is understood several other members of the club were denied further participation in campus activities until next fall, but the five named will retire from school for the terms of their suspension.

All are active in other campus activities, McKinney being president of Blue Key, honorary secretary of high standing.

The Idaho Argonaut

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They'd All Have One

Once upon a time, as all good fables, fairy tales, and fantasies begin, there was a little state of Violet existing somewhere in the North American continent. Violet, as its name implies, was neither a blushing rose nor a blooming pansy. Nevertheless, those in the metropolitan centers still thought of Violet as being Indian territory and infested with vigilantes.

Violet, although not a populous state, was beset by internal dissention among its statesmen. Instead of the one State U, it seems that the business men of the respective communities each sincerely believed that the state could support a four-year university in every town, village, or hamlet having a population of 50 souls. They were not interested for their own sakes but merely to secure the best in education for their children.

The chief executive of this state, being a man of great foresight, did not seize an opportunity to build public works with federal funds like neighboring grafting states.

"Let the population of this state pay for their share of the national relief expenditures, but let them be above reaching into the pot," said he.

Now the state U of Violet was very loyal to its own alumni. It mothered them even as a hen who hovers over her brood after hatching them into the world. It originated a "Buy at Home" policy and kept bread lines clear of the old guard by hiring them back on the faculty. Many of the teachers, as under graduates, completed the same required experiments and worked the same required problems in the same required manner as the present group of students. Tradition came to frown upon new ideas. With the number of graduates on the faculty increasing, each succeeding class of seniors became more like its predecessors than the predecessors themselves.

Even as in biology, the injudicious inbreeding weakened the strain.

Since all editorials should be constructive, since all fables should have a moral, and since the Argonaut has no race prejudice, an old Chinese proverb might be apt.

Confucius said, "No, Chinese boy, You can't marry ten pretty girls."

Kiddie's Corner

Books we recommend for your little brats:

The Frank Half-Shot series:

- "Frank Intoxicated."
- "Frank Paralyzed."
- "Frank Passed Out."

Subscribe now to our cunning little pamphlet containing the following useful hints:

1. How to rob a bank.
2. How to hold the light while your mother chops wood.
3. How to make the old man toe the line.
4. How to whittle with the old man's razor.
5. What to do in the woodshed.
6. How to cheat at cards.
7. How to make a Mickey Finn.
8. How to make love or get women or vice versa.
9. How to kick out teeth with minimum of damage to shoes.
10. How to jimmy a safe.

Campus Calendar

Goldie Digger will speak in the auditorium on "Lap Sitting Dangers." No one under 12 years of age may attend.

The Dean announces 3:30 a.m. permission for all sneak dates.

Scab and Bladder meeting tonight at the Vandal Cafe. Refreshments.

The Associated Foresters will meet tonight to discuss the dog

menace.

D.T.G. meeting tonight to discuss the midnight date conditions.

The Intra-Fraternity Council will thrash it out with the Mortar Board.

Blue Key will souse new members at next meeting.

Trunk Key will hold its next meeting at the Phi Delt House basement.

The Associated Society of Agricultural Engineers will meet tonight to clean up some old business.

To The Editor—

Dear Editor:

I live on one side of a lake and my girl on the other. The other night I called up and asked her if she wanted to come across again in my rowboat. She hung up. What shall I do?

Anxiously,

Harry Trunk

Dear Harry,

She will probably come around in your car.—Editor.

Dear Editor,

I advertised in your paper for a young, goodlooking, well-developed girl as a housekeeper. Seven beauties have applied, and none will leave. What shall I do?

Yours,

Archibald Milquetoast

Dear Archie,

Such affrontery. I will take a week off and personally investigate your problem.—Editor.

Dear Editor,

I run a rural boarding house for young men. Recently a nudist colony sprung up on the adjoining estate. The boys won't come in to their meals. What shall I do about these immodest females?

Fearfully,

Harriet Killjoy

Dear Harriet,

Be neighborly. Invite a few of these nudists to dinner.—Editor.

P. S.—Reserve accommodations for three.

Dear Editorial,

Last week I went out to the farm and halled munure to make enuff to by one of them uplifting contrapshuns for my Betsy, that was advertised in yore paper. Now I know you ain't to blame, but my cow Betsy ain't milkin so good since. Cud you tell me whats wrong?

Hopefully,

Cant Squeezem Harder

Dear Squeezem,

Write for anudder size.—Editor.

Dear Editor,

My husband used to lie awake all night; he was troubled and couldn't sleep a wink. I was frantic; he was wasting away to a mere shadow. I read an ad in your paper about drinking Overtune for sleeplessness. Since feeding him this, he sleeps ALL night. What shall I do?

Waiting,

Ruby Hotlips

P. S.—I am young, pretty, and overflowing with energy.

Dear Ruby,

I think I can do more for you in a personal interview.—Editor.

From The Stench

By Stink

While thousands of jeering, booing fans tossed their unfeeling whoops to the rafters, Oregon's long-legged, long-armed, and hitherto long-faced human skyscrapers smeared Idaho's disconsolate Vandals all over the floor last week to win and win and win.

Boos from the balcony made the Idaho attempts at hissing which put Washington State's Lloyd Salt in journalistic nightmare after the W.S.C.-Idaho series seem as harmless as an Anti-Saloon League lecturer's remarks.

And what of the Vandals? Are they going to endure it? Are they going to be insulted, booed, and finally beaten without raising a hand? No! NO! NO!!! They are going to fight!

Listen to what Idaho supporters had to say in an exclusive interview:

"THEY ARE GOING TO FIGHT!"

And what of Montana? Will the unspellable Grizzlies be tossed out of the conference next year because the rest of the league says 20 games is a gruelling schedule, a tough schedule, an unthinkable schedule?

I, personally, am against it. Who would there be next year for Washington State to lick?

And there are other athletic movements on the campus besides the ones for Idaho to unconditionally delegate Washington State to the scrap heap which they unconditionally deserve and the movement to make Cap Horton figure out freshmen basketball schedules in advance.

Listen to those perennially famous, but presently forgotten, football players, those conquering heroes of the turf who can't conquer the maple court and are, therefore, neglected in the surging rush for heroes:

Says Rudy Aschenbrenner: "Yes, I have a gripe. Why can't the university furnish us guys a little more money for beer?"

If you can feel the heartache, the pathos, the touching drama, behind that comment, my friends, you will know that a hero's life is not always a happy one.

Where we ask you, was Steve Belko after the Oregon game here? Where would you be if you had just finished a tough game and had helped to win and the crowd had come in and shook your hand and then gone away, leaving you all alone? Where would you be? And I do mean you and you, and you.

He Done Me Wrong

SYNOPSIS

Toots Torsofire, our hero takes a job with a shyster ar Slick O'Toole, posing in the shall we say—ude. Toots pe day after day all atreible innocence. She sees Slick's e caress her tender form, and n with increasing alarm (?) gradual rise of passion grows and growing on O'Toole. S knows that soon the beast o conquer Slick and she will be his mency, she hopes.

Back in Kamiah, her boyho lover, Buster Cansoff, conjur a vision and sees her approach doom—CAN HE GET THERE IN TIME???

CHAPTER 84

Buster came to with a start and screamed to his Mother.

"Ma, we must sacrifice the mare to preserve the innocence of my one and only!!!!"

"By all means, son. Take Pa shoes, too; those sidewalks are hard on bare feet." (L! Ahn stuff)

Buster jumps the mare and o he goes toward the great cit 89 miles away.

Toots is awakened by the heavy breathing of her roommate. Glancing at the clock she sees that she has only an hour to do her toilet and be at work.

On the subway she notes the same men ogling her luscious curves. In the office she takes her stand, swaying ever so slightly from last night's party.

At the first rest period, Toots sits down on a nearby stool. The crafty O'Toole has placed a tack on the chair, but ah—she has foiled him. She had placed a cushion on the chair to protect her buxom posterior from the fresh varnish.

Clippity-clop, clippity-clop, the old mare's shoes beat out a rythm in the snow. Soon our hero would be at the slope only 10 miles from the city. With a final lunge she falls gasping (the horse). She says in horse language, which Buster understands, "That's all there was in me. You will have to pull out and travel from here alone."

Toots had dozed off for a moment and awoke to find the hot breath of O'Toole burning her neck, his lustful eyes staring at her wildly, glazed with passion.

"I must have you," breathed O'Toole in a hoarse crackle between pants. (His pants)

"Oh no," she protested weakly, "What will my dear old grandmother say?"

"Drat your grandmother," cursed O'Toole, "Nothing shall come between us. I will not be thwarted in my fiendish desires."

Little did he know that at that very moment our hero was strapping on his trusty skis for the 10-mile glide into the city.

Toots, still protesting, we hope, felt the artist's soft hands fondling over her. She decided to faint. She stood up in a final protest and fainted into his ready arms. He carried—(censored).

Thoughts raced through our hero's mind as he made his wild dash to town. Dear little Toots might at that very moment be in the power of the blackguard artist. He was racing down the side

(Continued on Page 5)

Woman Gives Up With Gun Smoke

MOSCOW (I.P.)—With guns still smoking, Miss Helen Wright walked into the local police station this morning to give herself up. "I killed him and I'm glad of it," she said. "He was fooling around with other women and jealousy overcame me." The body of her prey, Ed Hokanson, was found on the floor of a basement room of the Phi Delt house shortly after her surrender, punctured by bullet-holes through the head and heart.

Miss Wright is being held incommunicado in lieu of \$5,000 bail. Her attorney, Bob Cole, had no statement to make regarding her defense at this early date, but intimated that a startling expose would establish provocation for the killing.

Police are searching for an unknown woman, reportedly from Spokane, who it is thought is the third party in the case. Evidence leads police to believe that the mystery woman will aid in furnishing a motive for the killing.

The ghastly crime came as a terrible shock to friends of the deceased. Although Hokanson was jokingly called a "Blonde Casanova," nothing was known of his outside activities and the uncovering of past affairs was a distinct surprise to his many friends.

Prosecutor John Daly has tentatively set March 1 as the day of the preliminary hearing on the case. He stated that first degree murder charges would be filed against the beautiful killer.

ED AND THE MYSTERY WOMAN



Press Club Digs Up Dirt On Phi Delt Basement Murder

"SNOUTY"



SEEN ABOVE in one of their more informal poses we see the Kappa Trio. Caught by the I.P. photographer with their noses to the grindstone, this picture reveals that that usual 45 degree angle is not due to an incurable back ailment. Left to right in the usual order is Ann "Pontiac" La Rue, Barbara "Hello Spirit" White, and Joanne "Dead" Enger.

At last we bring to light the true facts concerning the well publicized campus Hot-Spot, the Phi Delt Basement. The vice exposed yesterday in the Police raid was beyond human comprehension. Smashing down the well barred door, which led to this den of inequity, Z-men came upon one of the wildest scenes in the history of the department.

Police had known for years that studs at the State U. were being led astray, but endless search had proved fruitless until yesterday. Captain of the Z-men declined to state where they had received the information which put the finger on the Phi Delt, but intimated that the tip-off had come from an irate brother who was trying to study. (The big sissy.)

HE DONE ME WRONG

(Continued from Page 4)

of Mt. Hugger, his goal in sight. O'Toole quit caressing Toots momentarily to add to his temperature with a finger of Scotch. Toots jumped from the divan and ran.

"There is no escape, me proud beauty," said O'Toole as he headed toward her.

"Our hero was at the moment gulping down a bowl of grape nuts on the run, heading straight towards the studio.

"Oh," cried Toots, "Oh..." WILL BUSTER SAVE OUR HEROINE FROM A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH AT THE HANDS OF SLICK, OR WILL HE MAKE 'ER? (To be confused in an early issue)

Feeling is running high, and a mob assault on the county jail is feared for this evening. The local gendarmes are making no precautions to protect the prisoners. Said Chief of Defectives Davies, "Tar and feathering is too good for the louses. I hope a mob does get them."

The beautiful lounge of the Club PDT was completely wrecked. The police used firehoses and tear gas to get the culprits out.

The entire house is being held in the county jail in lieu of bail. When the judge asked the bail, one of the brothers came forward with a nickel in cash money, but it was held to be insufficient. There are rumors floating around that there are more charges to come, but at present the suspects are being held on a charge of smoking cigarettes and drinking milk. This is also a blanket charge of disorderly conduct—two of the boys were playing hopscotch.

On breaking into an adjoining private room, one Jane Doe was found, who said when interviewed, "He was not my husband, this isn't my room, and I wash my hands of the whole affair."

From lack of evidence, Jane Doe was dismissed and the Phi Delt were warned to let the cook finish dinner and quit stealing the dessert.

Rice Lost, Curls, Sets Style

Red-haired Gwinn Rice was the loser of a bad bet with a few of his Teke brothers over Washington's Birthday and is sporting a beautiful new permanent wave around campus as a result.

"You Pay It"

Rice ill-advisedly offered to give his straight red hair a permanent if the others would pay the bill. A collection was promptly taken up and an appointment made. Some force was necessary to make Rice keep his appointment but once there he seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly as he was introduced to the mysteries of modern womanhood's charm. The beauty operator and the one other female customer got an equally big kick out of the affair.

Hardly had Rice gotten home from the shop before bids began coming in for the Spinster's Skip. None were accepted, however, by the beautified one who was still a bit sensitive about his locks.

Sech Curls

The bright carrot-colored mass of curls now being car-

ried from class to class is seriously threatening to start a new men's style at the university as other straight haired males regard Rice with jealousy.

The beauty operator is said to be considering special low rates for men as their short hair is much simpler to deal with and more fun too.

normous quantities of beer, thereby depriving the honest and hard working Idaho students of their regular Saturday night drunk.

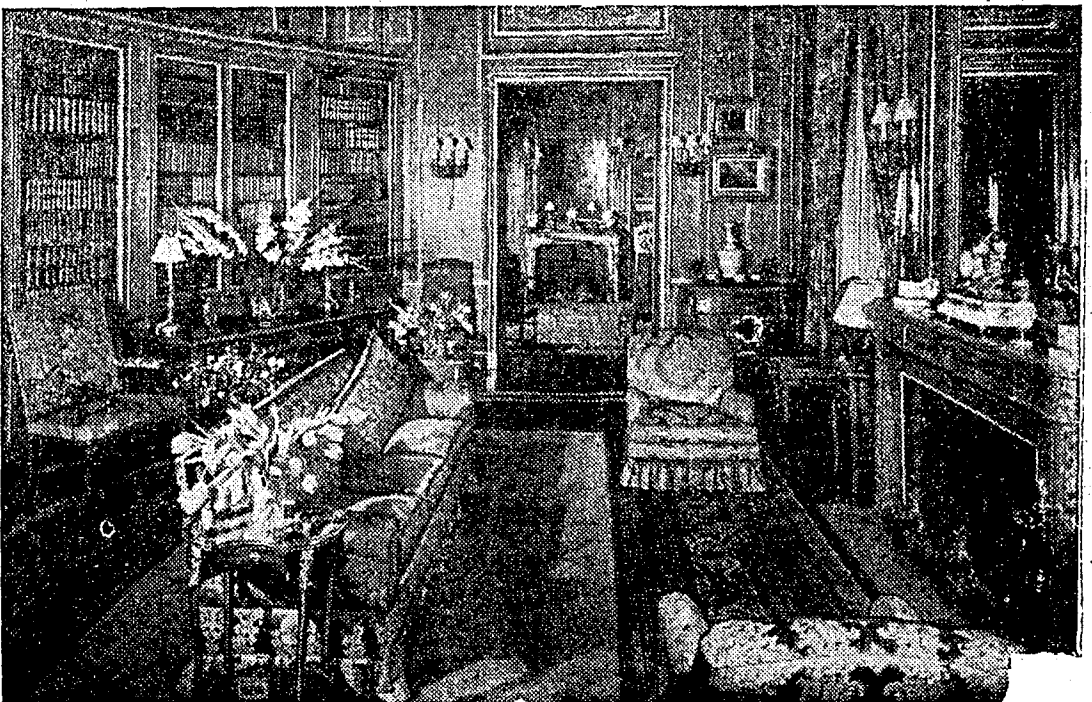
"Such a mockery of our unalienable rights must stop," said a prominent drunkard, when asked for his opinion. "They should be lynched," was the comment of a local politician when interviewed on the matter by your sterling reporter.

Idaho Defied By WSC Ring Of Smugglers

Late this afternoon a smuggling ring of gigantic proportions was uncovered by the local "T" (short for Theta Iota Theta) men. It is rumored that before the investigation is over, many prominent students will be involved. Police Chief Ivan Awful Itch said after arriving back at the station house, "We have just gotten started on this vile racket. It is impossible to tell at this time how far the tentacles of this dastardly plot will reach."

The accused are being held without bail at the county bastille. They say that the culprits would meet W.S.C. students at the state line and run them into the Nobby Inn by airplane. After arriving at the Nobby Tavern, the foreigners would consume e-

SCENE OF LOVE KILLING



HERE AMID THE LUXURY OF FLOWERS, bon bons, soft and hard drinks, and extremely soft divans, occurred the bloodiest and most startling shooting in our nation's long history of crime. The picture was taken shortly before the murder of Hokanson by his embittered love, Helen Wright.

Five Tapped By Press Club Yesterday

"WUXTRY! W-U-X-T-R-Y! Press Club picks five Butcher Boys" chant the caterwauling hawkers of this yellow journal, Bill Charlesworth, Sam Rich, Homer Davies, Rod Hearn, and Fred Swank who were sifted from the entire junior class as the latest recruits to the glorious black and red colors of the campus typewriter pounders.

A hard lot, these muggs. The janitor, setting out to pin on some ribbons, found them knee deep in type lice, gorilla chests soaked with ink, out behind the job press counting out tissue paper in bundles of 1,000.

High Power

Conversation disclosed that these newly created gents of the press were big shots of about the caliber of a Daisy air rifle in their home town tenements. Rod Hearn, flicking off three lice which had gone too far up, stuck out his neck to say that he hailed from Potlatch.

The janitor almost took back the ribbon at this, but relented when he considered the moral standards of the village to the north whose one street parallels the river. The janitor did some fast and fancy sleuthing after this disclosure of Potlatch Hearn, and discovered that said Potlatch was also known as "Lord" Hearn because of his affected English manner. (No, not manner)

Lord Hearn, Don't You Know

"This guy Hearn," janitor reported back, "caused a certain dean to burn out all his hearings in his swivel chair when the Potlatch tried to take P. G. courses while still suffering from sophomore allusions."

Hangers-on at the Argonaut point out that Hearn sometimes writes extraordinarily good features for the campus crier.

Sam Rich was the next apparently to emerge from the big round bundle of papers. Sammy's biggest bid for fame comes from his being for years the Casanova, if not the Boccaccio, of the Alpha Phi. Of course, the janitor points out, Sammy comes from Blackfoot, the Saturday night town for the near-by Bannock Indian reservation.

Lover Engaged

The Great Lover, however, has been considerably busy of late. Few are the starry nights but what Sammy has to hurry home about 3 a.m. from a short date to confer in secret session with the local military leaders on matters of extremely vital concern to every reader. The assembled brass hats drink quantities of black coffee, pouring over military maps and marching and counter-marching battalion after battalion of paper troops.

"Yep," says the janitor, "war is likely to break out bright and early some spring morning. Right here on this campus, too."

The things that kept Sammy from going right on through the Press club sift-

er was due to his being assistant business manager of the Gem and the same as copy editor of the Argonaut.

Rolling over about a thousand sheets of the stuff the boys were fooling with, the janitor found Homer Davies playing cat and mouse with pestiferous body lice. Davies pointed out that he was here only through a lucky break as the railroad police at Nampa almost nabbed him the time he made away with the only rose within miles of the section house.

Davies reported that conditions were much better in a famed campus basement after Jake I. Gotcha, special campus operative from the board of regents, rounded up the vice mongers who were entrapping luscious victims in their nets under a promise of a chance in the forthcoming Pep band show.

Davies passed the Press club board of review by virtue of his being campus life editor of the Gem and a wild bull in the Argonaut circulation staff.

Seeing a shaft of light in a big bucket of ink, the janitor stepped up at this point and yanked out a struggling figure. It proved to be Bill "Towhead" Charlesworth who expectorated an enormous cud of Sparkplug and began an extemporaneous but long rehearsed discourse on the applejack and sledgehammer politics of the university's smartaleck and not yet dry little brother at Pocatello.

"Towhead" is one of the fair-haired boys of the campus, and gets the nod from many a passing campus queen. He swears, however, that it is a natural gift and not due to a fright that he and his mother received the time Bill drove a horse and buggy over the old Pocatello viaduct. That alert look, the janitor says, however, is positively due to Bill's long association with the dusky Bannock maidens who frequent the southern branch campus.

The Press club cast its smile on "Towhead" for his ability to write eight to ten stories for every issue of the Argonaut. The Gem management also reported that once in a while he drops around to kid the boys in his capacity as assistant editor.

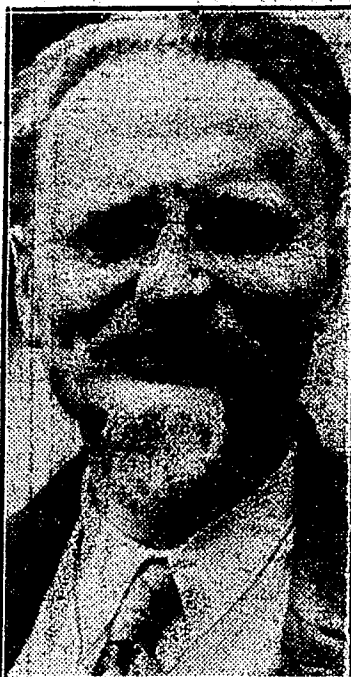
Where was Fred Swank, the last but not the least of the gorillas pledged by the club? Hearing a rather lavish misuse of the Deity's name beneath and amid the jumbled mass of paper which the boys were packing for the Northern Paper company in far-off Wisconsin, the janitor and the rest flung paper high and wide. Out came the long lost Freddy, slapping at his torso. "Oh my Gawd," gasped the

unhappy Swank, "those darn lice weren't satisfied with my knee. Now they're on the march. Call up the pill factory and tell 'em that I'll be there sure by 10 bells."

Freddy caromed into the rendezvous of the gentlemen of the fourth estate through his perspiring but dilatory work as the assistant editor of the Gem. Portland, the city of roses that never fade, calls him a native son.

"Buy a paper, Mister, with awful late news and help a butcher boy through college."

NEW PLEDGES



Gannon Oozes From Mire, Drags His Pal

Special to the Argonaut—Buhl, Idaho Feb. 23—Outstanding and upright senior at the University of Idaho—Wendell Gannon effused from the muck and filth of the Buhl Sink-hole with hair-raising experiences in the wilds of Idaho.

As sulphurous phumes issued forth from the sink-hole, Gannon, nearing asphyxiation, managed to drag stooge Ambrose from the flaming cauldron before that worthy succumbed. Harassed at every turn, thwarted when opportunity looked best, they nearly gave up the battle.

Describing the scene, Gannon characterized it as being so filthy that even politicians couldn't long survive. However, Buhl hucksters and the loyal Bucket hashers came to the rescue with a slush fund to aid in their rescue. To these faithful supporters, Gannon takes this opportunity to extend thanks.

Wendell bashfully admitted to this inquiring reporter that he would be present at the annual Pep Band Show this year to demonstrate the "Weber College Shuffle" for the music-mad collegians.

Last remarks of our hero as the Argonaut went to press were: "I'm sticking to agriculture

where the filth is half-way clean."

Windsors Expect Blessed Event

CANNES, France, (IP)—The stork is hovering over the palatial villa of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, it was learned from a very reliable source today. A very dear friend, of a very dear friend, of a very close relative of the Windsor's cook, gave this important bit of news to the world today. When questioned, the Duchess of Windsor, the former Wallis Warfield Simpson, just smiled and said, "We can't be sure." Their wedding will probably be remembered as one of the quietest and more dignified of last season.

WHATEVER IT IS
IT'S BEST AT
WRIGHT'S

BE SLUGGED INTO OBLIVION
GET HAPPY
WITH
OLD PANTHER

The fun sauce of the mob. The nose paint of the Elite. Giggle broth of the Bourgeoisie. Two drinks and you are fit to be tied. After a hard day at the office, take a nip of OLD PANTHER and kick hell out of your wife or the lights. A sip thrills you like a kick in the teeth with a frozen shoe.

COP SNARES One Quint Leaves Family For Fame SLICK BUTCH IN MAD RACE

Shyster Brings Habeas Corpus; Wins Light Sentence; Sways Jury

Walsher Drinkwater, alias "Butch Dinosaur," after leading the local police intelligence department in a thrilling fox and hounds chase through the city's underworld, was snared early Sunday morning by the police dragnet and taken before the city's highest court, only to again receive a parole through the efforts of his mouthpiece, shyster.

Get Tip Sunday

Department A of the city's intelligence service received a tip late Saturday night that the slippery Dinosaur was seen carousing in one of the underworld's most famous hideouts, Smoky Rohg's Bar. Immediately the word was radioed to the precinct's patrolmen and all cars were ordered to the dive. The police, taking desperate chances, crept down the stairs and into the back room of the hideout. The air was blue in that smoke filled room, and the din of the merrymaking was almost ear-splitting.

The leader of the police force spied the elusive Butch standing at the bar, brandishing a bottle of rotgut likker. As he was advancing toward the bar, he was spied by one of the scum districts hawks and the lights were flicked out. Shouts of men, screams of women, and reports from pistol shots came from the inky darkness. Amid this turmoil, the slippery Dinosaur made his getaway. Pulling his overcoat over his cringing body and pulling a black mask over his gleaming red nose, Butch ran with the speed of a demon into the black alleyway.

Hawkshaw Spies

Inspector Hawkshaw spied the gleaming bloodshot eyes of Butch as Butch streaked past him heading into the alley, and started in hot pursuit to run the fleeting Butch down. While following hot in pursuit, Hawkshaw shot his gun as a signal to tighten the dragnet. As Butch Dinosaur ducked up a secret passageway to put his pursuer forever behind, he fell. His feet had become tangled in the police dragnet chicken wire and he was trapped. Quickly the squirrel cage was driven up and slinky Butch was loaded in for what was hoped would be his final ride to the Courts of Righteous Justice.

"Have a Drink!"

At the station Butch Dinosaur rose to the full height of his meager gallantry. Pulling out a bottle of gangland's best grain he pled, "Here, boys, have a drink on me." Our efficient police department was not swayed with this potent offer, however, and Butch Dinosaur remarked in the unmistakable language of the underworld that cops all had canine relatives. As the force were bearing the notorious Drinkwater to the brig, John Weekly the mouthpiece, whipped around the corner and presented a habeas corpus.

Poor Mama

In the courtroom, shyster Weekly succeeded in freeing the elusive Drinkwater by delivering a heart-wrenching plea describing the infathomable grief a



ONE QUINT LEAVES HOLLYWOOD (I.P.) Dr. Dafoe (not the author of Robinson Crusoe) regretfully announced today that the Dionne Quintuplets are one less now. Little

Emily, not satisfied with her billing in the last five-star picture, has told her family to go to Halifax and is now seeking a contract on her own. Look out, Shirley Temple!

sentence would bring on his poor old grey haired mother. Through the wiles of this shyster, the jury became so confused and so impassioned that the 12 good men and true wept in sympathy for the man who had been led astray and convicted him of nothing, but vagrancy. He was fined \$10 and released, and now Lawyer Weekly is teaching the youngsters the loopholes in Business Law and Walsher Drinkwater roams the campus in sober regret for he must be a more careful criminal.

Dale Kidnaped; Police Suspect Foul Play

H. C. Dale, of the University of Idaho, was kidnaped late last night by a group of Chi Alpha Pi freshmen as part of their initiation rites. In spite of a nationwide hookup of G-men, Boy Scouts, and Inter-collegiate Knights, his whereabouts were still a mystery late today.

Ad Building Dynamited

President Dale was spirited away from the campus in a green limousine just as dusk fell over the Palouse hills yesterday afternoon. In order to cover their flight and delay temporarily any pursuing posse, the playful green frosh dynamited the Ad building. Six hundred bodies have not been identified. The librarian reports her pet turtle missing.

University authorities promise some disciplinary measures if and when the culprits are caught.

It is regrettable that Hell week is carried to such extent on this campus. We as up-standing students should not stand for this blight upon our alma mater's escutcheon of honor. The culprits should be punished.

Late News Flushes...

MOSCOW (PU)—Late today a drive was started to clean vice out of the sorority houses. Said Deen Willer, who is heading the Red Raiders "things have come to a pretty pass when I don't get my cut." For several days rumors of mysterious happenings had been circulating, but it is doubtful if anything would have been done if the Delta Delta Delta sorority had not pulled its blinds last night.

MOSCOW (PU)—Later today several sorority leaders met to plan a counter attack on Deen Willer. Plans of their meeting have been kept secret, but word was received by mysterious source a few minutes ago, that the secret love life of Deen Willer will be exposed unless the Red Raiders are called off.

IDAHOBOISE, Utah, (BS)—Nearly a hundred prisoners in the State penitentiary com-

mitted suicide early this morning. The mass tragedy came after the announcement that the State U military band would be disbanded by the State U military band. The Glee club is the chief entertainment for the Pen.

STATE U (PU)—Flash! This afternoon when rumors reached the campus that war would be declared within the next six years, Idaho's murderous male of the military department, Dick Hutchison fled for his home in the hills. Said Hutchison, when this reporter overtook him in the vicinity of Troy, "I have invaded the portals of Gamma Phi Beta. I have defied California sunshine, but it is asking too much when I have to eat army beans."

Editor's Note: And he has been to college three years. Tisk! Tisk!

STATE U (PU)—Yesterday Dr. Truffenhoser lectured on the desirability or undesirability of social diseases. Said Dr. Truffenhoser, "this scourge is sweeping our fair country from right to left, left to right, north to south, vice (it is) versa, etc. No one is safe—never go out without a guard, but even the guard may get you and all of that old stuff." The

question was brought up as to whether this topic should be used in the "best of company" Editor's pots: Who in the hills in the "best of company."

AG. BARNES, (PeeYew)—Flash and double flash! Paul Poulson of the Ag. school reported that the prize hull has just layed an egg. The strange thing about this is the size of the egg, which is one foot in diameter.

MAS COW (PU)—Flash, Flash. Six hundred coeds forced their way into Deen Willer's office, to make pow wow, late today. Upon breaking the door down Deen was found with six men. No more raids will be made on sorority houses as Deen was seriously injured in the crush, and will be unable to lead the Red Raiders.

A brain institute which will make Washington the world capital for the study of the brains of animals and humans is being established at Georgetown University.

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Do you blush easily? Do you cringe at an off color story? Be shock proof with our out of sight earmuffs.

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Can you rise to your feet at the strains of the Star Spangled without a groan? Don't be an Underwear cripple. Our underwear is self-supporting — buy two suits and be independent.

Campus Plumbing & Awning Company

We Deal In the Famous Weavever Sackcloth Drawers

Council Active As Usual Declare Heads

Rich Works Wonders on Decoration Committee; Greek Chorus on Slate

Now that the Interfraternity Council has had its formal, there is little else for that worthy assembly to do. Not that putting on their formal is not an accomplishment as is clearly indicated by the words of Sam Rich, chairman of the dance.

He says: "We have really expended a lot of effort in making this dance possible, not only the manual labor of decorating in such lavish style, but also in persuading the various house managers to pay for it."

This should not be taken as slighting to the efforts of the Council, for that body spends many nights in session discussing the weighty matters before them.

Bill Maclear, president of the council, says, "This year the council is sponsoring the idea of a Greek chorus to be composed of four members from each house on the campus."

This is not a brain storm idea as the council has been working on the project since the beginning of the first semester and now have the matter fairly well in mind and can think about going to work on getting someone to take part in it."

Such Activity

"Last year the council took an active part in deciding the eventual resting place of the garbage on the campus and this year we plan to arise to even greater heights, which shouldn't be too difficult from the amount of discussion that has taken place this year. Several times, members have had to be carried from the floor where they have fallen exhausted from hours of tiring debate on matters of collegiate importance.

The council is in excellent financial shape, according to Ron Parke, the newly elected treasurer.

No Money

He says, "The Interfraternity Council has no money in the bank and nothing to spend anything on now so that if the creditors of this group don't object we will have little or no use for the books of the organization. We might raise a little money by fining some of the houses for their rushing tactics; however, they are as guilty as the next one and as house manager I would hate to see the Phi Delta house put out any money that rightfully belongs to me for taking care of it for the fraternity."

If some evening you happen to be in the Blue Bucket and see a bedraggled procession dragging itself from the small dining room on the right as you go out, you can rest assured that it is the council wending its and their way home after a busy session; this is true only if it is not later than 10:15, because the council doesn't believe in spending all its time on extra-curricular activities, at least not all in the same night.

The only group comparable to the council is the League of Nations sitting at Geneva. This comparison is twofold: on the

Twenty-Six Old Men



ABOVE ARE PICTURED nine of the 26 old men who, after a brief social fling two weeks ago, have gone back into the retirement of their secret meetings.

Spur Waddle Makes Hit That Beats Big Apple

First it was the Charleston; then came the Shag; next the Big Apple. Even the Weber College Shuffle became momentarily popular. Now it is the Spur Waddle. This new dance (?) is taking the campus by storm. From the lowliest freshman to the most high and mighty senior, the intricacies of the Spur Waddle have become uppermost on the list of things to be accomplished.

The dance is comparatively new, having originated at a basketball game, of all places. The originators of the rhythmic expression of this utmost of utmost terpsichorean arts have been properly honored by having the dance named after them.

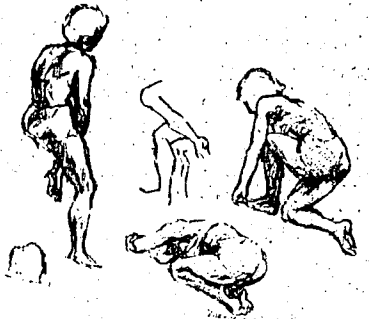
It was thought at first that the dance would be slow in attaining popularity, but it has exceeded all expectations. The originators have agreed to give weekly lessons in the fine art, and classes at the Student Union building are held each Wednesday at noon.

Opposition Seen

Some opposition has been encountered to the new "Waddle," several irate reactionaries expressing disapproval through the columns of the Argonaut. However, it is thought by exponents of the dance that this minority will be won over when they discover that it is an interpretive as well as entertaining occupation. The Spur Waddle is definitely headed for a place in the world's best known dances. Sally Rand has already asked for rights to introduce it to the world, and it is expected that it will take the place of the Big Apple in the country's leading ballrooms.

one hand, both of these organizations are noted for their activity, and on the other for the length of their debates. The purpose of this last is that by degrading the League of Nations to some extent we can more clearly see the value of our Interfraternity Council in training diplomats, who will meet with the approval of Neville Chamberlain because of their immense practicability.

He hemmed
And tutted
And hawed
And pshawed.
His face became quite waxy;
The rain
Poured down
On tux
And gown—
He couldn't take a taxi.



Budge at Outs With John Law Over Robbery

MA'S COW (IP)—Chief Justice of Bench and Bar Fame found himself in the toils of the law today after an unsuccessful attempt to break into little Sonny's bank. Robbery was the motive for the crime.

When discovered by Mrs. Budge, Walter was pounding upon the small bank with a hammer in an attempt to get at its copper contents.

Interviewed at the University Avenue Precinct Station, Budge's only statement was that "I couldn't bear the disgrace of being back in my Bench and Bar Dues."

Preliminary hearing will be held whenever the district judge gets back from a fishing trip. Attorney Grant Ambrose was appointed to defend the culprit.

GOSSETT'S BARBER SHOP

110 East 3rd Street

-BEWARE-

To All Idaho Students:

Accept checks from the Idaho Pressed Club only when made out with one of our special 89c pens.

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Do words fail you in answering social notes??? if so send your troubles to us. We supply printed forms for all social occasions. Following is a sample of one of our best sellers:

MR..... REGRETS EXCEEDINGLY HIS DEPLORABLE CONDUCT WHILE A GUEST AT YOUR PARTY AND HUMBLY CRAVES YOUR PARDON FOR THE BREACH OF TEIQUETTE CHECKED OFF BELOW.

-Belching
-Looking for Hidden Mole.
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-Wetting Floor.
-Singing Sweet Adeline.
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-Telling Dirty Stories.
-Singing Naughty Parodies.
-Failure to Keep Fly Buttoned.
-Showing Muscles.
-Copping Feels.
-Showing Where Horse Bit Him.

EXCELSIOR LITERARY CO.

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CLASSIFIED 'ADS'

MAN WANTS AN WIFE? Is asthma your romance? Every man wants and has the right healthy normal mate. Click for free trial offer method that brings relief. Argonaut.

Are your plates loose? Do you suffer with embarrassment your lover offers you? Send for sample tube **CLICK**. This paste-sold is guaranteed to positively eliminate all looseness, clicks, slithering of false teeth. Add. 63 Argonaut.

Are your rolls developed? Enlarged to 3x4. Make them tub your studio. Add. Argonaut.

Are you suffering from a leg? Send for our patent foot extension. Eliminate any aching. Swing along with smooth synchronization. Foot Repair Co.

Drinking men only: Do you burp at inopportune moments? Drink Highland Fling and burp all the time.

Wanted: Houses to haunt. Call Spook Parlor. Spook Parlor.

Confidential: Is your sewer plugged... Tsk, Tsk, That's too bad. Are you embarrassed by B.O.? Try Our Wonder Lotion. Then nobody will come within fifty miles of you.

Will trade candid camera for ticket to burlesque show or room with view. Call 2193. Ask for Joe.

Men! Renew your vitality. Now you can stay young forever. We hope. Don't be a plucker in the pinches. Try Vitality. Kno-siff, Inc.

WANTED
WANTED: Male student to share room. \$12.50 per mo. 728 Elm Street or call 2117.

LOST one large red davenport or Bob Williams. Finder please return to Phi Delta House.

There are places for two freshman boys on the A.W.S. business staff.

BOARD
KAPPA SIGMA HOUSE. Best meals on campus. Try us once. Recommended by thousands of rushees. Ask for House Manager.

The interfraternity Council will not meet tonight. Mr. Bill Maclear wishes to thank the many kind friends, who graciously donated their time and effort in locating the rumfounded Bert Wood. (this is no typographical error)

LOST & FOUND
Lost. One roll of bills with rubber band around it. Finder may keep bills but return rubber as it has sentimental value. Reward. Leave at S.U.B.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR LADIES. We have a new fascinating career for women who desire successful employment. No house to house selling or canvassing. Comfort-

able surroundings. Exclusive territory appointments now being made. Be the first in your community to take advantage of this real opportunity and write immediately for full information. Applicant should give age and complete details about yourself. Community Hostess Service, Inc.

GIRLS! Marry the man you want! Our book—"How to win a husband" will show how it is done. Write to Smith Book-ling service.

WOMEN WE have them—tall—short—blonde—brunette. Call the Kappa Alpha Theta House.

LOST—One six inch slide rule in the arboretum Friday night. Urgently needed by student for personal reasons. Inquire of Sum Funn at Sweet Hall.

IN MEMORIAM
The faculty and students of the University of Idaho extend their deepest sympathy to Doris Dawson on the recent loss of her Figi pin.

Alpha Kappa Psi will not meet in the Sigma Chi House tonight.

WANTED SQUIRMERS: Men's Cooper Y Front jockey shorts is the correct cure. 50c and up. Jean Nicholson.

WANTED: Position as ma-

...of a fraternity house by woman... Excellent references. Write in care of Dead End.

FOUND: Black Gordon felt hat. What do you feel?

Do horses interest you? Call Kappa Alpha Theta for hot tips.

Sleepless nights!! Are you tired in the morning? Do you lie awake tossing half of the night? If so try sleeping alone. Dept. JJ234!

Swelling reduced. Also short breathing reduced when caused by unnatural water in the belly, feet, legs, head and other stuff. Trial package free. Killum Medical Company Dept. MM456.

FOR SALE
TOOLS: Is your tool worn out? Then get the World's greatest Electric Tool. Worth its weight in gold to every homemaker and handy man. The WHIZ is rugged power tool for heavy duty and precision work. Saves time and eliminates tedious labor. Ball Bearing thrust. Order now and receive an emery wheel for sharpening and conditioning. Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back. Mechanic and Damming Tools Company.

HELP WANTED
WOMEN? GIRLS EARN GOOD PAY. Easy work, work-

...opportunity, everything... Write for free informa-

Wanted: One Delt Pin... I now have two Delt Pins, and I need one more to make me a Tri Delt. Call Spokane Smith at the Gamma Phi House.

Larger women made to look inches thinner. You ladies to whom nature has given a large frame and no bust, send for our book, "Large Women Have Natural Sex Appeal." Allure and personality in 10 easy lessons at home. Intellectual Uplift Co.

Amazing invention grows hair in thousands of places. For many years specialists have known that inner stimulation of deep-lying blood vessels stimulates growth of hair. "Intermittent Vacuum" actually pumps new life to starved and stunted hair roots. Send for trial offer. Airdale Hair Restorer Co.

For Rent: Large limb near Kappa house. View unobstructed. Inquire Classified JJ352.

People who live in glass houses should not Foo. Try our

...amazing discovery... Will leave no trace! Complete satisfaction assured. Dept. CB688.

beds. Attract your Span. Try our Lovy Dovy perfume. One drop is enough to make any man love you. Dept. JJ456.

Women who can Foo! Write me today for amazing opportunity to earn extra, extra money, without canvassing. Dept. CA10.

For Sale. Old copies of Sex magazines. True Love Tales, Snappy Stories, Paris Nights, etc. Inquire Delta Gamma.

Wanted! Six English Bulldogs to enter Gem beauty contest. Dept. CB-777.

Conklin asserted that students average only about six hours sleep a night, adding that fatigue and worry causing low grades often bring about drinking on the part of the student.

The "half-face test" popularized by a leading cosmetic house, came into its own during rat week at Mercer college. Freshman women had to appear one day with their hair done up in plaits and make-up on one side of the face only.

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YOUR HOME BANK
For Over 31 Years Under Same Ownership and Management

IS IT SPRING?
YES
THE ORIOLE'S NEST

LOVE - HAPPINESS - SUCCESS
FREE! . . . FREE!

I will answer three questions and help you accomplish your desires. Give immediate consideration. I **GUARANTEE** your complete satisfaction or will not return. A postage stamp will do. Keep your money until I arrive. Call 02746 and ask for **YUNO WHOO**—written applications—to Mill Baclear at Dead End.

HE WOVES 'EM



—STAR-MIRROR ENGRAVING

FLASH! AN EXCLUSIVE PHOTO of an S.A.E. with a date. Such a thing has not been heard of since the beginning of this sheet. An exhaustive study of the back files failed to reveal a single case on record. The student pictured could not be reached for a statement, but said a fraternity brother, "The boys decided that something should be done about the dating situation. We commend him for the brave course he has taken." (NOTE: Anyone wishing a similar date may get one by calling the Ag barn.)

Walter Wimpy Along Collitch Hill

Predictions and events of national campus importance always the order of day along about this time of year, your correspondent will do a short pause and point with pride to screaming headlines of our last prediction. **MAX FREED**, (remember). Little did the souls who tread 600 University realize that this would come about. Now, of the romanticists in question, the masculine member of the team is boy scout in Lewiston, an the weaker of the species is cavortin about with that smooth bean peddler Emahiser.

The prediction of this moment is that another couple of the last year regime who were slated to middle aisle it will drift far and wide. The girl was occupying an important position on a publication, and the gent, a blond buck tooth sort of a smoothie, was mingling an intimate romance with a professor's better half whilst working on a masters degree.

Bringing things to a more contemporary aspect, yours truly finds the stress is definitely on the separation of campus cute couples; viz., the **Jim McFarland-Marybelle Bennet** romance. McFarland lost a measure of good corn squeezins to one of the brothers when he bet he would not be seen with the gal again. Comes to the Hag's Hop, and the little fluff is seen totin her old boy friend **Jim Phillips** about the polished maples, so seems to me the romance is about pffft.

This writer's contribution to the port of lonely hearts and recipients of the long and—, is **Bill McKinley**. Seems the mid winter picnics he an pudgy **Phyllis Morrison** journeyed on were not enough to bind the tie an cut the mustard. Now the pride of Jamma Phi Beta browses around with all the boys, an I might add 'tis a most frequent occurrence. —Correspondents in the field are findin out if it's her looks.

Flash!!! by way of the high S.A.E.'s, **Ralph Wilson** (You remember **Betty Magle**) is down at Sun Valley earnin a little marryin money. After bein promoted to bus boy, it would no doubt be a shame if the tow headed gal in question were not available to appreciate his gratuities.

Page Ripley!! After four years, **Hallberg** attends his first Spinster Skip, and with **Jennie Claire Comstock**. Seems like nowadays nobody nose whats gonna happen.

Latest confirmed rumor has it that **Jo Cook**, the Persian prodigee, was refused by **Tony Knap**, **Stan Zappel**, an others, before she made up her mind that the Spinsters' struggle was no place for her.

Your correspondent might, at this point, bring up a few well selected suggestions for the lads, in re this matter of one **Jerry Davidson**, who doesn't seem to be gettin around as well as might be expected. Best the boys check into her deep dark past in the capital city an act accordingly. Please don't misunderstand me; I mean she went far in the bon fire babies, an thus should have all the qualifications for a picnicker.

Now kiddies, we'll all gather round an play "Mother mother, who's got the Mother." Reasons bein **Bill Studebaker** received a posy bordered birth certificate from Boise tellin him he was the proud father of a daughter. My my, wonder what these pin ball makers will think of next.

Silk Hume spent a quiet holiday season in Spokane; course we didn't hear him breakin any dates to the Skip to go. —Just in passing, it might be added that **Ruth Mather** attended the function with one **Hankins**. An ideal couple if you get the meaning.

The vanishing American had its day, or rather night, t'other jour, when **Bill Tomlinson** toted a sprightly miss (half Cherokee) to an S.A.E. brawl. Note should also be made of his affair with squaw "Two Dates" **Thomas**, who took him to dinner and show after packin' **Jack Butler** about on her arches during the dance proper.

Flash!!! Exclusive!!! **Barb "45 degree" White** was seen sayin hello to a boy the other day. No, they do not expect the stork.

Eddie Wilson, with darts hangin from the proper place for little **Ann McGuire**, has been hob nobbin with **Ikie Louis** in hopes of reinstating the **McGuire** flame. —Seems she was burnin plenty last we saw.

Interfraternity council met the other night to discuss the problem of how to break the news to **Bill Gigray** that babies do not come from behind the moon. —tread easy, boys, dissolutionment is an awful thing.

Edith Hopkins had best look to her laurels, seems **Jo Cook** No. 2 is accin her out. —Maybe she is gonna lure some more football players to our alma, or give the boys a lesson in "College isn't so expensive if you know the right people."

Pat Churchill draws the vote from this corner for the "How to lose friends and alienate people" club. After bein squired by **Ed Lloyd** for a lengthy time, the canny lass turns about an doles a bid to **Chuck Harris** for the skip. —A bit henhouse me-thinks.

Salvaged from the Phi Delt basement raid is this tasty bit of news. Seems that **Don Berger** and **Marion Jenny Isenburg** scoffed at the aforesaid basement to carry on romantic manuevers. They prefer quiet little trips to the **Berger** mansion on the beautiful Clearwater. —All I can say is tsk tsk, an poor old **Mooney** home sellin tombstones.

Francis X Stolle dashed all suppositions of steady jobs with **Bruce Lee** by bouncin out with **Homer Fisher** an gettin herself skunked. —can't figure whether it was the car or a change of liquor she was needin.

My my, seein the Awful Phees handin it **Liz Jensen** as their aspirant for beauty an fame in the coming Gem contest leads me to believe that all must be gold that does not glitter. —

Maybe she's just a diamond in the rough. We often wonder and we're not alone, just what is the deal in the **Alice Alford** league. She seems like such a nice voluptuous lass, but you can't quell these nasty rumors. Some dark and sinister think your correspondent will take a night off an go bay neath her window. —More to follow.

Exclusive!!! Speaking of rifts in campus couples, we wonder if anything serious will come of the date **Mugs Brown** has with "Power of the press" **Yoder** for the Delt sucker dance. **Homer Davies** will no doubt stay home with the books.

So, comes another thirty for your correspondent of fraternity row, things were a little dead for this issue, but the weather eye is open on youse guys an gals, so watch your step, for another day will come.

Terse Comment

By **Flamin Bunyon**

Flamin Bunyon, that exponent of honoraries, nominates the following:

As brother organization to **Blue Key—Sigma Phi** Nothing—to show the campus how not to do it.

More "I" men (I am this and I belong to that).

Crop and Saddle: People interested in horsemanship have been taken for a ride long enough on this campus.

Hook and Ladder: Step by step they have been going up until they now feel that their group should be hooked up with the better organizations.

In a rhetorical mood, **Flamin** closes with this bit of poetry:

A smooth are- pit
Wins approval
Diapers wel . . . !
Demand removal.
or
Shorts that are Loud
Blunt romance
But no shorts at all
Necessitate pants.

Russian Agent



A group of Idaho students, out on an early Spring picnic, mistook this lumberjack for a Russian agent. Hurrying home in their 1917 Ford town car they spread the alarm which has kept the citizenry of this quiet village in a dither for the past 24 hours.

For Politicians



Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
Your car's at the crossroads,
Your brake lining's worn.
But little Boy Blue made nary a peep.
Now he's under a tombstone fast asleep.

Weighty problems of college students usually can be traced to love, economic worries or fatigue. Prof. E. S. Conklin, director of Indiana University's psychology department told the annual Purdue University vocational guidance conference.

We understand that Jap airmen bombing Chinese civilians are ex-navy fliers. At least, their oceanic training is shown in the bombing motto, "Women and children first."

GRANGE DANCE

Saturday, February 26th
Moscow Grange Hall

Music by
NORM'S ORCHESTRA

Gents 40c

Ladies 10c

LET US CLEAN AND PRESS YOUR

Spring Suits and Coats

THE VALET PRESS SHOP

SMOKE

El Fabrico

the funeral director's friend—
Smoke one today and you'll go home
and rob your own trunk.

EL FABRICO—strong as a Greek
wrestler's tights.

Be a SOCIAL OUTCAST WITH

EL FABRICO

Diplomas To Carry Off Four Vandals Veterans



DON JOHNSON
Captain



BILL KRAMER
Guard



ROLAND WINTER
Guard



WILLIS BOHMAN
Center

CAPTAIN DON JOHNSON NEXT YEAR the University of Idaho will do without the services of Bill Kramer, south-paw on the Vandal casaba team. Kramer is playing his third and last year for the Idaho basketeers. He is one of the outstanding guards and best long shot artists on the team. His spot will be hard to fill up next year.

ANOTHER VANDAL who will see service for the Vandals tomorrow and Monday is Rolly Winter. Winter is a reserve man on Coach Twogood's basketball machine. He is one of the most valuable utility men on the squad. Winter is a one-year letterman.

ALSO DONNING the silver and gold for the Vandals the last time will be Willis Bohman, reserve center. Bohman is a one year letterman from last year. Remember, it was his foul shot a couple of weeks ago that beat the towering Oregon Webfeet 32-31.

Alpha Chi Parlor Scene of Heat So—New Sofas

There is absolutely no truth to the rumors floating around the campus that the Alpha Chi Omega Sorority House burned down last Saturday night. The whole of the matter is that one of the sisters had a Parlor date, and the smoke seen issuing from the house was not from any combustion.

Because of such things, the house president has called for bids from a local asbestos company for new sofas. They are expected to be installed in the very near future.

President Marie said when asked as to the benefits to be derived from the new sofas, "We have had a great deal of trouble in the past with the upholstery being scorched. These new sofas are absolutely guaranteed not to burn under any conditions."

YALE MAY MAKE LIQUID HELIUM

Yale university physicists expect soon to go into the wholesale manufacture of liquid helium as a result of a new apparatus being set up in the Sloane physics laboratory there.

It will take one hour for the apparatus to produce one quart of liquid helium. That is 80 times better than the old method.

Cannoneers Bombard All Time Records

University of Idaho cannoneers shot up a score of 3604 in the annual Ninth Corps intercollegiate matches. Fired in four stages, each from a different position, scores of individual stages are: Prone, 982; sitting, 952; kneeling, 874; and standing, 796.

This year's cannoneers shot a 3604; last year it was 3600. In other words, dear readers, this year's cannoneers shot four points better than last year. Fifteen men compete in these matches, but only the 10 highest scores are counted each time, and these same highest 10 are used to compute the final total. Last year's rifle team placed third.

John The Elder Blasts

John "I should have been a big shot" Elder garnered high scoring honors this year with 374 points out of a possible 400. Don Burnett, "Erstwhile politician of the Independent party, we think," scored 371, and Capt. Otto Nelson 364, followed closely. Scores of other team members firing with the first 10: William Alcorn, 359; John McVey, 357; Paul Morken, 356; Robert Frazier and Clarence Kassens, 353; Robert Abbey, 346; and Robert Abbot, 337.

Not being used to standing on their own, University of Idaho cannoneers shot a terrific blast ranging from 44 to 91. Men who broke in the 10 highest fever from this difficult firing angle were William Alcorn, John Elder, Don Burnett, Paul Morken, John McVey, Otto Nelson, Robert Frazier, Amos Ashley, Clarence Kassens, and Tom McGill.

GOODEY CROOL WORLD

He shook his head,
In gloomy manner.
He shook, and said,
Gone! bright banner.
Of courageous eye,
Of hopeful swagger,
Cast down to die,
As stabbed by dagger.
Take me, sweet death!
Oh, grief-filled woe,
With cold-drawn breath.
The gal said no!

Sweet Hall Takes A League Title By Foul Means

Kicking people in the shins, spiking their beer, and even expectorating in their faces was the only way that the Willis Sweet hall dopes could win the A league intramural ball in the basket throwers. After a thrilling series of infirmity calls, and special excuses from classes the Willis Sweetsters came through to conquer their 20 hardy competitors.

Sign up now for next year's contest. Only 365 days until the next session ends so do it early.

Between 147 and 149 men participated in this most feminine activity.....(suckers.) Woody Hall, he man with those two hairs (maybe heirs), won the title of most proficient ball thrower inner. He got 85 points for the Phi Delta's.

Mussolini Resigns From Lime Light

ROME, Italy (I.P.)— Dictator Primo Musolini announced to the world that he is definitely through with running for public offices. As he rocked back and forth in his comfortable rocker, he told reporters that he planned to retire to his little farm in the south of Italy and grow pansies. "I have never been fond of being in the public eye," he said, "but one must make sacrifices for his country. Italy can take care of herself now and I can grow my lovely little purple pansies."

Minor Sports Job Held Tomorrow, We Think

Secrets, secrets, secrets. What is wrong with the athletic department of the University of Idaho. We hear that there is going to be a minor sports programme between State U. and those nasty Ol' Washington State Cougars and then the athletic department won't give us the lowdown on who is participating. What is a correspondent to do?

We know that the minor sports programme between the nine mile rivals will consist of wrestling, fencing, swimming, but not ping-pong, volley ball or badminton. We know that "Bad Man" Bert Huntington will probably be wrestling but we aren't sure because we don't want to evoke the secrecy policy of the athletic department.

We Are Fairly Sure

We are pretty certain that Arthur Peterson will be shooting his rapier at a Washington State Cougar in the fencing meet between said rivals but again we can't be sure. For a certainty, it is expected that Dick Slade will swim for Idaho in this meet and that Thomas Gill will do some fancy diving —But we wouldn't say for certainty. "Chubby" Robert Tessier, swimming coach for the Idaho swimming fish, won't say a word. He says he won't talk and to see his lawyer because everything he says will be used against him.

So from all this information we have drawn our own conclusions. They are: that there is going to be a minor sports program between Washington State College and the University of Idaho tomorrow at Memorial gymnasium sometime in the afternoon. That the wrestling matches are going to be plenty tough because both schools boast of a strong aggregate of bone crushers, paunch punchers, and in general, good grunt men. That

the swimming meet will be pretty close. And that the fencer who cuts the biggest swathe will win the fencing meet.

The athletic department is more secretive than the Fijis perched up on 600 Hill. That is saying something.

COLLEGIANS Choose THE DOBBS KENLEY HALL and the HANLEY HALL



The New Hanley Hall has wide popularity for its bound edge, its new color—Park Brown.

With the new, lower crown, wider brim and welt edge, The Kenley Hall is a favorite in the original Dobbs color—Pine Grey.



Both styles proven at the leading universities.

DAVIDS'

Vandals Vow Bloody Border Battle

Twogie's Champs Invade Cougar Lair Saturday

The Standings

	W.	L.	Pct.
W. S. C.	11	5	.688
Oregon	12	6	.667
Idaho	11	7	.611
Washington	9	7	.563
O. S. C.	6	12	.333
Montana	3	15	.167

Going into a "last stand" series with their rivals from across the state line, Idaho's cagers tangle with the first-place W. S. C. Cougars tomorrow night at Pullman in the next to the last game of the conference season.

Home from their treacherous four-game Oregon invasion on which they netted only a .500 percentage average, the Vandals are faced with the necessity of winning both the final games with the Pullman gang if they are to remain in contention for the Northern Division crown.

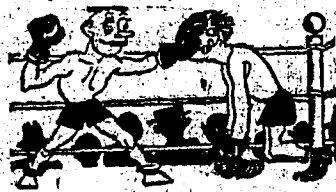
With each team having won one encounter from the other in their first two-game series earlier in the year, the sports prognosticators are placing them on even terms. The Cougar quintet, however, will go into tomorrow night's battle in undisputed possession of the top rung of the ladder which represents the teams in the Northern Division conference title race, while the Vandals are resting on the third bar.

With little chance to give him men much of a workout, Forrest Twogood, Idaho coach, faced the game pessimistically. The tough Oregon invasion was believed to have tired the Idaho team, while the Cougar quintet has the advantage of a week's layoff from the basketball wars.

Last Game Monday

Final game of the season for the Vandals will be played in Memorial gymnasium against the Cougar quintet Monday night. If Idaho takes both encounters, the conference standing will then show Oregon in the top spot with .667 and two games to play with Oregon State college. Idaho will be in second place with .650 and their season finished. While W. S. C. will have changed places with Idaho and will be riding in third place with .611, and a two-game series with the University of Washington yet to play. If the Vandal quintet takes their final two games and the Cougar outfit wins twice from Washington while Oregon drops one to Oregon State, the conference title will have to be decided in a playoff between Idaho, W. S. C., and the University of Oregon.

Intramural Sports



Sigma Nu, Willis Sweet hall, Idaho club, and Delta Chi led the way into the "B" league semi-finals to be held next Tuesday Wednesday, and Thursday.

Delta Chi and Sigma Nu each rounded out a five-game schedule undefeated. Willis Sweet hall handed their arch-rival, Lindley hall, its only defeat to win the League I championship, and Idaho club coasted through League IV undefeated. Pairings for the semi-finals and finals have not been drawn. Final standings:

League I—Sweet hall, 4-0; Lindley hall, 3-1; Sigma Chi, 2-2; ATOs, 1-3; Lambda Chi, 0-4.

League II—Sigma Nu 5-0; L.D. S., 4-1; Phi-Delts, 3-2; SAE, 2-3; Beta, 1-4; Tekes, 0-5.

League III—Delta Chi, 5-0; Collegiate hall, 2-3; Kappa Sigma, 2-3; Phi Gamma Deltas, 2-3; Delta Tau, 2-3; Deseret club 2-3.

League IV—Idaho club, 4-0; Chi Alphas, 2-2; TMA, 2-2; Lewis Court, 1-3; Triangle club, 1-3.

Immediately following the "B" League playoff tournament next week, intramural swimming will open on March 7. Seven events have been scheduled for team competition in this sport, which awards a plaque and 200 intramural points to the winner.

Coach Jack Friel of the Cougar casaba flingers is expected to start his regulars of the season, Kosich, Kerpa, Hooper, Carlson, and Chase; while Forrest Twogood will probably throw his regulars, Belko, Johnson, Barrett, Smith, and Kramer, in at the start of the conflict.

RIFLEMEN WIN AGAIN

Idaho's rifle team counted its seventh win of the season today when it was learned that they had blasted South Dakota college away to a score of 1868 to 1815. Fifteen in the series of intercollegiate matches remain to be fired this season. Idaho has been shot away for two losses so far.

For 10 years a University of Alabama sophomore has been pursuing the cleanest hobby on record. He has sample bars of soap garnered from 20 states.

Idaho Frosh To Trade Punches With Cougar Kittens Friday Night

Friday night will see a practically new University of Idaho freshman team run up against the Washington State Kitten leather punchers. The fight will be a return match between the two boxing camps. Fights for Friday night will be held in Pullman.

Leading the Idaho boxing squad will be those tricky glovemen, the two Kara brothers, Ted and Frank. Horace Brelsford, frosh football player, will also don the gloves tonight against the Cougars. Last November "Horse" drew a close decision over his Washington State opponent.

New faces on the Idaho freshman boxing team to appear tonight over in Pullman include Hank Straub, 119, who will run up against Frank Fletcher of the Cougars. Also slated to make his winter debut in the Washington State arena will be Rex Pegg, 149 pound Coeur d'Alene puncher, who signed up with the Vandal sluggers this year.

Other new faces for 1938 on the Vandal boxing machine include Ernie Jensen, Cliff Palfreman, Idaho frosh football player, and Charles Glasby, also a football player and a lightweight fighter.

Oregon Games Were Ducky, Say Vandals

The University of Oregon Webfeet ducked the Idaho Vandals on the Eugene pond Tuesday night 68 to 41. This defeat was the Vandal's sixth. They were knocked out of first place down to a tie for second with the Webfeet.

Starting out the first eight minutes on fairly even terms, the game seemed as if it would be close. But at the end of 15 minutes, the Webfeet held a 21-14 lead, and from there to the end they continued to stretch it.

Regulars Jerked

At half-time the Oregon five led 35-18. Coach Forrest Twogood, mentor of the Vandals, used his head at this period of the game. Realizing that the Webfeet were too hot to stop, he jerked his regulars and used his reserves, saving the regulars for Wednesday night's game. Reserves who played the rest of the game included Willis Bohman, Mike Sullivan, Bill English, Roy Ramey, and Bob Parks.

Reserve Ted Sarpola, Oregon forward, turned on a hot streak and looped in five howitzers from the foul line in rapid succession. Other hot numbers on the Oregon team were "Slim" Wintermute, Laddie Gale, Dave Silver, Bobby Anet, and Wally Johansen. Brendan Barrett, Captain Don Johnson, and Steve Belko on the Idaho squad accounted for most of the Vandal points.

Booing from the Oregon rooting section came over the ether waves most effectively.

WEDNESDAY—Oregon 41—24

University of Oregon again submerged the Vandals Wednesday night by a score of 41-24 to even up the Oregon-Idaho series. Idaho had previously taken two games from the lanky Webfeet on their own home floor in Moscow.

The Ducks took an early lead which seemed to indicate that once again they were going to run the Vandals into the ground, but fiery little Steve Belko paced the Idaho quintet to within three points of the rangy Oregon men shortly before the half ended.

Foul, Foul

Idaho was definitely off their

shots. They couldn't connect with the hoop from any spot on the floor. All they apparently could connect with were fouls called against them. A total of 23 personal fouls was called against them by referees, or fascimille, Ralph Coleman of Corvallis, and Archie Buckley of Spokane. Oregon had 13 fouls called against them. Johnson, Belko, and Price went out of the game via the foul route. Dick and Wintermute were both ousted from the game for being naughty (too many fouls).

The second half was a King dong battle until the final few minutes, with the Vandals using a deliberate set offense in an effort to unleash their big guns which had previously carried them to 10 wins in 11 games. But the Webfeet stayed off a determined Idaho attack and eventually broke away to roll up a lop sided margin of victory.

Laddie Gale, Northern Division record holder, paced the powerful Oregon team with 12 markers. Bill Kramer, Idaho howltzer expert was second high with a total of eight digits.

'Mural Swimmers Set to Splash By March 7

All fellows interested in taking their yearly bath (exempts the swimming team on account of they have had their turn) are asked to prepare now for the intramural swimming contests. This warning should prepare all applicants for such bathes. Bring your own soap. Of course the soap is not necessary but just think....what if you didn't get to swim next year.

All men will be allowed to swim twice. "If you can't have five, take two." Seven events to pick from should prove ample from which to select a particular type of swabbing.

COME ON SUCKERS

12 PIECE HILLBILLY BAND

TICKET DANCE AT STUDENT UNION

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NITE