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FALL ISSUE, 1947

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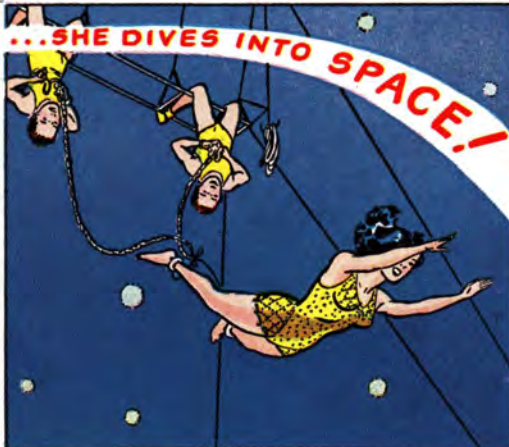
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FROM A LEAKY PEN

Since there was no well planned publicity campaign behind it (as there seems to be behind everything these days) we were pleasantly surprised to discover that after one year's existence,

Blot is already well known throughout the state, and has been mentioned, at least, nationally.

We can see how students may have sent home copies of the

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October, 1947

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—o—

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BLOT solicits stories, poems, essays, short one-act plays, or any other type of literary work, serious or humorous, photographs and cartoons, from any full or part-time student registered at the University of Idaho. All work should be typewritten and double spaced and left at the office of BLOT, Department of Journalism. All rights remain the property of the author.



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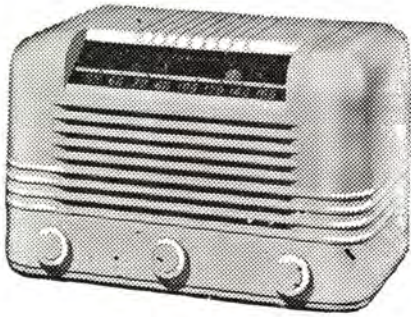
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magazines to their folks and friends, and we understand the publications department has sent out news releases to the home town papers of those who have written for Blot. But will somebody explain how Harvard's Lampoon credited to Blot a joke that we stole from who knows whom? Or where Varsity magazine got the idea that Blot is one of the few college mags to successfully combine literature and humor?

We think we know a good thing when we see it, however, and intend to cash in on it for the good of the university. University officials have recognized in Blot a possibility to further publicize the school throughout the state without lessening the entertainment value to the students. Beginning with this issue, Blot will be sent to libraries throughout the state to do just that.

Copies will also be sent to national magazines offering what work appears here for sale by the authors. Esquire and the New Yorker have already requested copies for this purpose. "We would be happy to launch a college writer on his career," an Esquire editor wrote us. Blot, too, would be happy to have a part in such a launching. We might even furnish the champagne.

—The Blotters.

For An Evening of Relaxation

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**TAKE YOUR DATE
WHERE IT'S MOVIE
TIME ALL THE TIME**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**KENWORTHY
NUART
THEATRES**

BOYD MARTIN: Political Scientist

Dorothy McClun

Dr. Boyd A. Martin, assistant dean of the college of letters and science, lives and breathes contemporary politics.

His interesting presentation fills his classes each semester with students eager to understand political science with the light he is able to throw upon it.

Experience and watching government in action make this light possible. Last summer he spent two months in the east attending sessions of Congress, and these were not only the open sessions. He was permitted to sit in on closed executive sessions of party councils and closed congressional investigating committee meetings. He had the privilege of attending the United Nations Conference which drafted the United Charter in 1944, and other sessions last summer. He was at the Mountain Plains Convention at Denver this spring when UNESCO was discussed.

Dr. Martin was born in Cottonwood, Idaho, on March 3, 1911. He received his early education in Idaho and graduated from Nez Perce high school in 1929. His B.S. was given him by the University of Idaho in 1936. The following year he began his graduate study with a research assistantship in political science at Stanford. There he specialized in comparative government, international relations, law, politics, and public administration. In June, 1939, he received the degree of Master of Arts from Stanford University.

He continued graduate study there with an acting instructorship. He held the John M. Switzer fellowship in 1939-40. In 1942 he received his Ph. D.

His literary work has appear-

ed in several national professional journals, including the **American Scholar**, the **American Political Science Review**, and the **National Municipal Review**. He is state editor of the latter.

His book, **The Direct Primary in Idaho**, published by the Stanford University Press, has been hailed as a "thorough investigation of an essential process of American democracy." The book, entailing more than ten

years of research, shows how the direct primary law originated, developed, and functions in Idaho.

Since coming to the university, Dr. Martin has studied world cooperation in government. He is interested in establishing liberal tendencies to bring about greater civil rights for all people and to strengthen the right of the individual in society.



Dr. Boyd A. Martin

THINGS LIKE DAWNS

May Napier Burkhart

I looked over a woman's shoulder. Many convention sisters were doing the same in the hotel lobby. **Paris Jenkins Hangs Self.** A headline in the small city daily. As I read the first paragraph something clicked. Paris Jenkins. Paris Jenkins. I knew him.

Eleven or twelve years ago he had been one of the little first graders I had taught in the one-room country school out near the village of Bryant. He had been a beautiful child, small, eager, brown eyed; exceptionally bright for a five year old.

Paris had been a good little boy. Whenever I could keep him busy, he gave me no trouble at all. He had learned to read before he had started to school so that with a very little help he read many books that year. Seat work, which the others of his class enjoyed, bored him dreadfully. He was completely indifferent to Cinderella and the Three Bears. He did, however, memorize all the countries of Europe, all the states in the union and the capitols, all our presidents, several battles of the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, and many poems, merely by hearing the older children recite them.

Before the first week of school had ended, Paris had com-

At the age of 17, when most girls were first experiencing the pangs of puppy love, Mrs. Burkhart, then May Napier, was sagely giving advice in the matter, conducting a lovelorn column for the Antigo (Wis.) Daily Journal. "Unfortunately the lovers in that part of Wisconsin were able to solve their own problems without my intervention, so the column didn't last long," explains Mrs. Burkhart. She has had work published in many Idaho newspapers and in the Yearbook of Modern Poetry. She is now taking a course in English at the University.

pletely ruined my desk clock trying to find out what made it tick. He took it apart, but neither he, nor I, or none of the older children could get it back together again. It did alarm, but before long Paris had stopped even that in his quest for knowledge. The schoolroom thermometer went the same way.

He had been a continual question mark that year. Countless recesses and noons had I spent trying to explain things to Paris. Things like dawns, and sunsets, bark on trees, why leaves were green and then why they later turned red or yellow; what makes the moon this shape or that, and why it was so warm in summer and so cold in winter; snow, rain, and fog, and frost—

And now little Paris was dead. I had an overwhelming desire to talk with his teachers, with the old woman with whom he had stayed. I wanted to go back out to Bryant—I had not been there all these years. I would go to see his parents and attend the funeral. I would take him flowers and some colored leaves.

II

Miss Mansfield's English class had just finished reading Bret Hart's **Tennessee's Partner** and the discussion was getting underway none too spontaneously when young Paris Jenkins re-



—Photo by Fred Farmer. Posed by David Banks.

just take a little precaution, he wouldn't die even if they did hang him." More giggles from the girls and several, "Oh yeahs," from the boys. Paris was always arguing about the darndest things.

"No!" exclaimed Paris, "I've been thinking that if you padded your neck good enough and put

It was just an idea at first, then Life, and then the end of life

marked that hangings are silly and a needless waste on anybody's part. Miss Mansfield said, "Of course," and Marjory and Jean giggled nervously in the back of the room.

"I don't mean it the way you think," flashed back Paris. "I mean nobody ever needs to get himself hung—."

"Of course not."

"That's what everybody thinks."

"If people behaved themselves in the first place, they wouldn't need to be hung."

"Or didn't get caught—."

"I don't mean it that way, at all!" Paris rose above the clamor. "I mean if the person who was going to get hung would

a strong, stiff piece of cardboard around it, you wouldn't get hurt." Several loud guffaws of laughter greeted this and Miss Mansfield rapped for order.

"Have you ever tried it?" Betty Jane wanted to know.

"No, I haven't tried it, but it stands to reason it ought to work. If you could keep your neck from being broken, that'd be all you needed, for that's about all that ever happens when you get hung."

"I wouldn't know, never having been—."

"What'er you going to do about the weight of your body?" Bill wanted to know.

"I don't think the weight of your body has much to do with

it. It's the way the knot is tied that jerks your head back and breaks your neck."

"I don't believe it——."

"Well, I can show you."

"Don't do that!" exclaimed Louise. Everyone knew that Louise was Paris's girl and several more giggles followed from the back of the room.

"This has nothing to do with the story," Miss Mansfield interrupted.

"No, but I'd like to prove what I said——" Paris came back.

"You've got to show me," Bob Johnson said.

"I will. I'll bring a rope to school this afternoon and everything and we'll tie the hangman's knot——"

"For goodness sake, what's a hangman's knot?" squealed the red headed Florence.

"I can show you. I practiced it last night."

"Paris, did you think of this last night?" Louise wanted to know.

"Why not. I got my lesson last night."

"Now let's get back to the lesson!" exclaimed Miss Mansfield. "You may come in here after school and demonstrate all you wish. Just see that you don't get hurt."

"I won't get hurt, I'm sure." Paris always was sure and sometimes he was right, Miss Mansfield thought to herself. A senior in the East Side high school, he was one of its best students. Desperately poor as she knew he must be, his threadbare, ill fitting clothes hung about his tall, thin body with no hint of grace. Had it not been for his fine brown eyes and expressive mouth, his appearance might have passed for homely, but no one, knowing Paris, had thought of him as such.

That afternoon at three several of Miss Mansfield's English students straggled into her room to watch Paris get ready to be hanged without hurting himself. Paris was always showing people things this way. Never content to take anybody's word for anything, he was always doing experiments so that everyone had long ago learned to be indulgent concerning this

whim of his, but they had usually become interested, too.

Paris had painstakingly put the padding and the tall collar of heavy cardboard about his own neck. Louise held it in place while Paris directed Bill through many trials to tie a hangman's knot correctly. All this took time, accomplished as it was by squeals of laughter and much giggling from the seven or eight girls present. The half dozen boys, skeptical of it all, offered little more than an over abundance of wise cracks. Finally when the knot was in place, the students found to their amusement that there was no object in the room far enough from the floor and strong enough to support Paris's weight.

Paris suggested the overhead beams in the school basement but by this time it was nearly four o'clock. This being a Friday afternoon in early October, Miss Mansfield, wishing to make sure that no harm should come to Paris, and anxious to spend the weekend with friends in the country, shooed the gang out of her class room, locked the door, and left. Behind her in the hall, on the stairs, and as far as the corner the group of boys and girls followed, still giggling, laughing, and arguing, as yet unconvinced that one could be hanged and not die.

Paris went on home. Old Mrs. Dakin, for whom he tended furnace, swept and cleaned, washed dishes, and fetched and carried, was not there when he arrived. A note on the kitchen table told him that she was spending the next three days with her married daughter in the neighboring town.

Paris automatically walked over to the ice box. It was nearly empty as usual. Three eggs, a half bottle of milk, a little butter, and a small dish of cooked string beans were his rations for the weekend. Paris was hungry. He had been hungry for a long, long time. He slammed the door of the ice box shut and sank into a nearby chair. Tears stung his eyes.

"I wish I was home," he fervently thought to himself.

(Continued on page 14)



Everywhere it goes the assurance of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it

Beech-Nut Gum

Those who take active part in sport, as well as those who just watch, enjoy the refreshing flavor of BEECH-NUT GUM.





Moscow from the air is a typical small city, neatly laid out and with attractive buildings. Part of the campus can be seen at upper right. The post office building is lower left. We are looking down Main toward the south.

CITIES OF IDAHO

MOSCOW: Heart of the Palouse Country

Gloria Burgess

A tepid, easy going American college town — that's Moscow, county seat of Latah county.

It has grown out of the rich soil of the rolling northern Idaho hills. Evergreen hallways herald her entrances from the north and east, while vast farming projects usher the way from the south and west.

In the center of Paradise Valley, Moscow was a growing community before Idaho received her statehood. Long before the west was explored by the extending hands of white men, Indians made an annual pilgrimage into the big Camas Prairie and the region known as Paradise Valley to gather roots of the camas plant. Ground and made into flour, these roots became the main staple in the winter diet of the Indians.

In 1871, A. A. Lieuallen took a claim a short distance east of present-day Moscow and bought \$40,000 worth of cattle to graze on the prairie. Soon other families joined him and began the now thriving and prosperous farming community. A. A. Lieuallen, known as the founder of Moscow, instigated the building of the first schoolhouse on one of the farm sites.

Although mail was irregular and somewhat rare, the lack of a post office preyed upon the minds of the populus. The nearest United States post office was in Lewiston. For their own convenience and self satisfaction, a post office was established in Paradise, as Moscow was then called, in 1872.

Human desires have no limits. Next on the list of necessities

came the need of merchandise to supply the rural families with such desirable items as could find room on their budgets. Lieuallen once again rose to the situation and journeyed to Walla Walla, where he bought supplies for a small general store. This was opened in 1875 and called the Moscow Mercantile Store. Shortly thereafter the postoffice was moved to the store building and the townsite was renamed Moscow.

Then came the stagecoach lines and Moscow became an important station. Railroads made their debut in 1885 when the Oregon - Washington Railroad and Navigation company built a line into Moscow.

With these improvements, it seemed vital that baby Moscow should have a systematic gov-

ernmental set-up, so in 1887 the town was incorporated. The corporation seal dates from July 12, 1887, little over a month before the state of Idaho's seal, dated August 23, 1887. W. T. Griffin was elected city clerk and W. J. McConnell was elected chairman of the city council. Early Moscow laws quaintly provide for the storage of gunpowder, licensing of jugglers, and prohibition of liquor on election day.

At the first state election (October 1, 1890) Willis Sweet, a Moscow attorney, was elected to complete the unexpired term of the 51st Congress. He was re-elected for two years in 1897. Again in 1902 a Moscow business man, Burton L. French, was chosen as representative to Congress.

As a direct result of the move to annex the Panhandle of Idaho to the state of Washington, the Idaho territorial legislature passed a bill in 1889 locating the University of Idaho at Moscow and providing a building fund of \$65,000.

With the founding of the state university, the history of Moscow really began. Classes opened in 1892 with an enrollment of forty students. Faculty membership consisted of a president and one other instructor. Additional buildings were erected in anticipation of a few hundred students. By 1916 the average enrollment was five hundred.

Offering a large range in the field of education, the university today is divided into sixteen divisions: the college of letters and science, the college of agriculture, the college of engineering, the college of law, the school of mines, the school of forestry, the school of education, the school of business administration, agricultural experimental station, agricultural and home economics extension programs, non-resident instruction, and summer school.

The main campus has been called the most attractive in the Northwest. Covering 685 acres, its grounds slope down to a natural amphitheatre which has been laid out as an athletic field. Just south of the Administration building are the university's flower gardens and an ex-



Modern stores in downtown Moscow appeal to bargain-wise college students as well as thrifty housewives. The Gritman Memorial hospital is one of the best equipped in northern Idaho. The university golf course is a major recreation ground; the above photo shows the gently rolling hills of the Palouse country. The new high school building is a civic pride.

(Continued on page 25)

They said we'd never print it—

Wanna Buy a Blot?

Walt Jain

In the first place I was limp from registration, having exhausted my adrenalin while unsuccessfully defending a beautiful 12 hour schedule with no eight o'clocks or Friday afternoon classe sagainst people who have no souls and are now on the Idaho faculty.

That's how it came that I, an upperclassman, bought a subscription to Blot. When I came out the gym door, I just couldn't summon a proper snarl when the man said, "Wanna buy a Blot, the campus humor magazine? Only one dollar a year."



BEFORE that important weekend date, visit . . .

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Treat Yourself to
REFRESHMENT!

Kortner's
ICE CREAM

at your
favorite fountain

Idaho Dairy Products
MOSCOW

Like I said, I was limp. My sales resistance was down to point zero, zero, zero, and the Blot man knew it. "The Police Gazette gone to college. Only a buck. Do you buy?" I nodded dumbly, and as he made out the subscription order, I glanced on down the table where a group of lads who would outweigh the Minnesota line were selling I-caps. They employed a 6-2-2-1 defense and looked unbeatable.

"Say, pal," I asked the Blot man, "would you let me go around your end of the table?"

"Sure," he said. "That will be two bits extra, though."

Well, a buck twenty-five in September is not like a buck twenty-five the next April, so I reached for my billfold.

I staggered home, thankful that I had at least escaped the certain injury that bucking the I-cap line would have entailed.

During the next few weeks there were periodic notices in the Arg promising a bigger, better Blot for 1947, the first issue which was to appear on October 1, then October 9, and finally on November 2. During this time I admitted to no one that I had bought a subscription to Blot, as I have my self respect to think about.

When the rag finally arrived, I dropped everything. The cover wasn't bad, though it didn't compare with the last one.

I quickly turned to the joke page, hoping that the censorship policy had been liberalized to the point where Blot could steal its jokes from Esquire instead of from Boy's Life. The old Watch and Ward Society was still in there protecting the morals of Idaho's clean-cut farm kids—there was nothing there but some two-liners on the order of "Who was that woman I saw. . ." I understand that last year's joke editor became so frustrated that she is now doing graduate work in the college at Orofino.

Working backward (I always read magazines backward), I came across a so-called "foto-

crime." The only crime was the fact that it was printed. Oh yes, I checked the fashion page and was reminded of the comment in the Arg about the typically heavy-gammed Idaho coed welcoming the change to long skirts. There was a scandal column too. I skipped it. So should you.

I riffled through the pages and stopped at a story entitled "Whither Thou Ghost," by Maurice Paulsen. Paulsen, you will remember, last spring achieved minor notoriety by publishing a serial called "Thirty-Seven Sisters," although I would have settled for twins. Anyway, I read Paulsen's latest and decided that he would have to ghost somewhere else to see his stuff in print were he not, by strange coincidence, editor of Blot.

I passed up 'Pass the Peaches' and 'Things Like Dawn' but read 'Up to See My Etchings.' A better title would have been 'The Secret Life of Newton Cutler.' Esquire and New Yorker won't do battle this month for the talents of Idaho's Hemingways, Hersheys, and Cathers.

The smell arising from page 8 caused me to read "Wanna Buy a Blot," by Walt Jain, a chronic bellyacher with whom I have all my classes. After this page, I took a Bromo and continued bravely with an article on Moscow, as written by the chamber of commerce.

I tossed the copy to my roommate. He leafed through to the picture of the Homecoming queen. He cut out the page and threw the rest of Blot in the corner. After finding a bare spot on the wall, he Scotch-taped her up with the other loves of his life.

Blot, I decided, is at least original. Humor magazines on other campi ape only New Yorker; whereas Blot plagiarizes freely from Look, SatEvePost, Life and even Child's Life. I wish I had gone through the I-cap line.

Up to See my Etchings

Newt Cutler

His image floated back to him. Back from the mirror over the bar. Back from the rows of shining glasses. Back from the bottles arranged neatly on glass shelves.

It was maddening. Being lonely was maddening.

Then he saw her. Shining black hair framing a face too beautiful to be true. A dark blue dress clung to a well proportioned figure.

Nice, he thought. Trim and nice.

She was walking toward the bar. He watched her in the mirror until she sat on the stool next to him. Their eyes met in the mirror. Nice straight forward look. He smiled at the reflection. Her answering smile revealed white even teeth and her eyes twinkled.

"Do you have a match?" She was holding a cigarette between long tapered fingers.

"It's funny," she was saying as he held the match. "Whenever one's eyes meet another's in a mirror a person simply must smile." Her voice was quiet and husky.

"Really not so funny," he heard himself saying. "When people are lonely they naturally appreciate someone nice enough to smile."

"Yes, I guess you're right." She tossed her head. Shining black hair rippled to her shoulders. "You aren't from around here, are you?"

"No, I'm from New York. Just out here on my vacation. But before I tell you about that, let me buy you a drink." His smile flashed and he was waving to the bartender.

"Scotch and water," she said quietly. Her eyes moved over his face like a caress.

"Make mine rye," he told the bartender.

"My name is Marta," she offered, her eyes holding his with easily discernable intimacy. "And you were telling me about yourself."

"My name is Robert Karnes, but please call me Bob," he lit a cigarette. "But now that we are formally introduced let's move back to a table where we can

hear the music and watch the dancers."

Soft music drifted from a small band arranged around a piano in the corner of the small dance floor. Lights were low and several couples swayed with the rhythm of the music.

They sat quietly and sipped their drinks. Conversation came easily. He told her how he came out her for his vacation from New York. How nerve wracking the stock exchange could be. How he enjoyed getting away from it all once a year. How lonely he had been until tonight.

She was a good listener. She didn't make the usual exclamations about—"Are you really in the stock market? How thrilling!"—or—"But you are too young and handsome to be in such stodgy work!"

No, she merely nodded and looked into his eyes across the table. No, she didn't need to talk. Paragraphs could be read in the dark brown depths of her eyes.

Time passer swiftly. Drinks came and glasses emptied. Cigarettes were lit, smoked, and stubbed out. The orchestra started to play a fairly decent rendition of "Stardust."

"Would you care to dance, Marta? That piece is an old favorite of mine," he asked.

She nodded with that "anything you say" look.

"Surely."

Her body melted against his. They were as one in time to the music. Her face tilted up against his. Perfume, or drink, or both made him feel slightly heady.

"They are getting ready to close up," she was whispering in his ear. "Should we go?"

"Sure, Marta. My car is just down the street." He picked up his cigarettes from the table. She took his arm and they went into the street.

He drove slowly to the address that she named and pulled the car to a stop in front of the little apartment house. The radio was playing music from some late dance band and the night was filled with the light of a thousand stars.

"Would you like to come up



for a night cap before you go home, Bob?" she asked, her voice soft and whispering.

"Why, yes, I could stand a drink, shall we go up?" He held the car door for her and followed her into the building. Inside, she operated the self-service elevator that took them to the third floor.

Her apartment door wasn't locked, the door swung open and Marta snapped on the light revealing a richly furnished room.

Laying her bag on the table she turned and stood close to Bob. Her arms fastened around his waist and he pulled her into his arms. Her head tipped back and their lips met. Her kiss was warm and responding, then suddenly she was pushing him away.

"I'll mix the drinks. Sit down and make yourself comfortable. There are cigarettes in the box on the table." She turned and went toward the kitchen. His eyes followed her, noting again the trim shape of her figure.

He heard her clattering around in the kitchen.

"Can I help?" he called to her.

"No, just make yourself at ease. I'll have everything fixed in a moment." Her voice sang back from behind the door.

Bob snubbed out his second cigarette and wondered what had happened to Marta and the drinks. He was about to call again when he noticed the quiet-

(Continued on page 14)

PASS THE PEACHES

Dorothy Dean Stanley

Peaches' high heels beat a tattoo as she hurried up the staircase. She looked at her watch to be sure she was on time. Still five minutes before her first appointment.

This morning Peaches felt unusually well. It must have been the new peroxide job on her hair. Peaches felt sure it looked perfect and that every strand shone just as she wanted it to. After all, she had always felt that what's worth doing is worth doing well. She wondered who had said that. Maybe Taft. Or it could have been Stassen or Lana Turner.

She reached the top of the stairs and turned right along the wide corridor. And there it was. The lovely entrance to Peaches' profession. Yes, it was an expensive looking door, a dark mahogany with simple gold letters that read simply: A. Murray School of the Dance. Peaches always felt like a queen when she walked through that door.

As usual Mabel was at the large black and silver desk. Mabel, the receptionist and guardian of the white French telephone at her side. It seemed to Peaches

out. Now take this list of rules and regulations and learn 'em. That'll be all."

And Peaches had learned them and worked hard. Only three years and she had made a name for herself at the studio. It was hard work, but it was worth it. The \$1.05 an hour wasn't bad, either.

A large orange French clock over Mabel's desk chimed the hour.

Peaches thought of her pupil and hurried to the powder room for a make-up check. All A.M. girls had to check their make-up before each lesson. That was one of the rules of the organization.

The powder room was crowded. Peaches looked around at all the girls she knew so well. She looked at the lime-lemon striped walls of the powder room, too. How she liked them. Peaches spoke to Sylvia, tall, lean, sophisticated. "May I have the mirror after you, Sylvia?" Peaches preferred the full-length mirror as did most of the girls. She envied Sylvia. It was Sylvia who was assigned to in-

to see if her dress was the right length. It was. She approved of the way the dress swayed alluringly around her legs. Peaches was glad now that she had saved her money and bought this good dress for \$40.00 instead of a cheap one.

On the way out she noticed a new girl in the mauve chaise longue in the corner of the powder room. The girl was studying her A. Murray "Rules and Regs." Peaches was glad she didn't have that memory work to do again.

She really wasn't looking forward to this particular appointment. But, an Arthur Murray instructor has to be exuberant regardless of the pupil in question. That was rule number two in the "Rule and Reg" manual. She walked faster now and had her smile in good working order by the time she reached the door of the Rhumba Room.

The strains of "Green Eyes," Xavier Cugat's version, floated through the supposedly sound-proof walls. Peaches opened the door and there was her pupil Joe, a pimply-faced adolescent, going through an amazing routine on the dance floor.

"How am I doing, Miss O'Reilly?" he gasped as he pounded by her, making swift spider-like movements to what he considered the beat of the music.

Peaches closed her eyes and waded in. Out of a possible ten errors in dancing the rumba, she calculated that Joe was making rapid strides toward number nine. She followed him around the room.

"Count it out loud," she suggested. "One and two and three and. . . Watch me, Joe. This is your fifth lesson and you really should be doing better."

The hour dragged to a close with Peaches pleading, explaining, clarifying, the different points of the rumba. To her dismay, Joe's rumba did not improve.

Mabel stopped Peaches as she passed her desk at the close of the lesson. "Say, something has

He was out of a dream, out of this world, and she was out of her head

that Mabel hadn't changed a bit in the three years of their acquaintance. For it was three years ago that Peaches began working for Arthur Murray. She could remember that first day.

Mabel had given Peaches an introductory sermon on the things expected of an A. Murray employee. "Just listen to me, Peaches, and you won't get into trouble here," she had advised. "A. Murray girls have to stick close to the straight and narrow. One bad mistake and you're out."

Peaches had assured her that this new job meant everything to her, that it was what she had always worked toward.

Then Mabel had yawned. "I've heard that before, kid. They're all eager when they first start

struct all the glamour boys who wanted to be dancers. It seemed to Peaches that her own pupils were the worst. They must have been patterned after that song popular during the war. She sang it under her breath:

"They're either too young or too old,

"They're either too grey or too grassy green,

The pickings are fine, but the crop is lean. . ."

So what. Peaches still felt lucky just to be working for the famous Arthur Murray.

When Sylvia left the mirror, Peaches began her check-up. Lipstick, o.k. Mascara, o.k. Powder, well. . . just a pat of the puff would fix that shine. Then she backed away from the mirror and did a quick rumba step



—Photo by Fred Farmer. Posed by Maxine Galvin and Hank Benrman.

come up and I want your help. Peaches."

"Who's sick?"

"None of the instructors are sick," explained Mabel. "It's just that I need someone to take a rumba lesson this evening. I know you hate evening appointments, but you're the best we have on rumba. Understand now, this fellow is awfully nice and he wants the lesson tonight. Will you do it?"

"You bet," answered Peaches.

An Arthur Murray girl is always cooperative. She and Dick had planned to go to a show tonight, but work always came first with Peaches.

At seven o'clock that evening Peaches was again ascending the stairs. She had showered, eaten a small fruit salad, pressed her dress, and was now ready for the appointment Mabel had asked her to take at seven thirty. She patted her stomach. It was nice and flat, the way a rumba

dancer's ought to be. What did she care if she had to go easy on butter, sugar, and cream. Dancing was worth any sacrifice to Peaches.

On pushing open the A. Murray door she was surprised to see a dark young man sitting on the shocking pink armchair by the main desk. After all, it was early and most of the evening appointments weren't booked until seven thirty or eight.

He rose and spoke. "Are you Miss O'Reilly?"

Peaches nodded.

"I'm Mr. Hamer Edwards and I believe I have you for a rumba lesson tonight."

"That's right, Mr. Edwards. You're a little early, but if you'd like to begin your lesson now we will. Just follow me to the Rumba Room."

The tall Mr. Edwards flashed an amazingly charming smile and followed Peaches obediently.

As Peaches led him along the corridor, she couldn't help feeling thrilled. Why Mr. Edwards looked just like movie star Peter Lawford! What a contrast to Peaches' usual run of pupils. Then Peaches began to worry. She hoped he wouldn't give her any trouble. Arthur Murray was pretty particular about how his instructors dealt with situations of that nature.

"I hear you're the best rumba instructor here," the young man ventured as they walked together.

"I try awfully hard, answered Peaches.

"You mean you throw yourself in to your work?" The young man began to laugh amusedly after this witty remark.

Peaches said nothing. She didn't need to for they had reached the Rumba Room. She opened the door and flicked the switch which turned on the pink neon lights, which were concealed behind the room's elaborate cornices.

"Quite a room," Mr. Edwards commented. It was. One wall was done entirely in glass blocks. Another was lined with mirrors. Arthur Murray believed his dance studios must have "atmosphere."

"If you'll sit here, Mr. Edwards, I'll attempt to explain

(Continued on page 14)

One of our most critical problems is

The Library Situation

June Thomas

The year 1889 marked the founding of the University of Idaho, and it was then that the university library began to grow, book by book. The library improved along with the rest of the young campus through the years until 1906. That was the disastrous year the Administration building burned and with it the library. All that was saved were the books which were out on loan.

After the fire the library opened on the main floor of what is now the Women's Gym with the morning mail of newspapers and documents and a dictionary. After a time the books and shelving were moved to the third floor of Morrill Hall where the library remained until moved to the present Administration building.

In those days there were few books and few students, but the library did itself proud. Re-

stricted finances made its custodians choose books sensibly. As a result the library has accumulated in forty-one years a valuable total of 118,000 volumes, 75,000 documents, and regularly receives and catalogues 973 periodicals. The Peabody Survey paid tribute to the library in these words, "Good judgment has quite commonly been shown in the selection of literary materials, and the limited funds that have been provided for this purpose have been wisely used."

Occasionally, the many times that the library has exactly what we are looking for, surprises us. Up-to-date information on all subjects taught at the University is on hand for ready reference in addition to an increasing number of technical books of interest to graduate students. The wide range of specialized subjects covered by

material in the library is at times astounding to those doing research work in its completeness and dependability.

Lack of adequate housing, not lack of books, is where the rub comes. Rumors of crated-up boxes of books in the library basement reach our ears causing us to wonder. The rumor is disgracefully true. Now let's consider why these books must stay in their crates and not reach the hands of readers. While we're at it, let's dig up some other sorry conditions and take a look at them, too. Let's begin though by remembering that a forty-one year old collection of books is housed in a library built for a school with an enrollment in the hundreds. That enrollment is now over three and a half thousand.

To begin with, we discover that in the University of Idaho the only place where \$15,000



Mary Stringer examines one of the maps in the library collection, kept in storage in the basement of the Administration building because of lack of room for display. Boxed files in the background and books in the foreground are similarly unavailable to students because of lack of space.



Booking in the periodical and reserve book library are Marty Radermacher and Ted Saulie in the background, and Mary Clyde in the foreground.

—Photo by Mary Stringer.

worth of books, many unreplaceable, may be stored in an unventilated ex-elevator shaft. Here many books of ever-increasing value sag on wood shelves subject to deterioration. Last year floor wax dripped through the ceiling and down onto the volumes to do damage.

Now let's go downstairs to a small room squeezed beneath a cement stairway. This is the Borah Room where the highly prized Borah Collection, given by Mrs. William E. Borah after the Senator's death in 1940, is kept. In a little wood padlocked closet rest the late Senator's personal scrapbooks complete with his newspaper clippings and other prizes such as messages from past presidents of the United States and many great statesmen of the world. Also in this room, which is as fire-proof as any place in the library, are stored boxes containing five-hundred beautifully colored plates of French regional costumes, a white Alaskan parka decorated with thousands of little bird feathers, a hunter's collection of ivory, the first flag to float over Pierce City, one of the first books printed in a Catholic Mission in Idaho, and other interesting items.

These are true museum pieces deserving a display room of their own where they may be viewed

and appreciated. The same is true for the oil paintings piled downstairs. Or perhaps someone might enjoy looking at the 250 posters from the first world war which can only be tied in a roll and put away because there is no room in which they could be shown.

A splendid part of college days is being able to handle and be near great books, and it is regrettable that much of our library's best is accessible only when we search through catalogue files. Those in charge of the library want students to be able to see and realize the treasures it has to offer, but only an appropriation from the state legislature can cause any major change in conditions. Open shelves for a collection of ten thousand volumes are desired, but the library has been two years trying to get the necessary lumber to build shelves for two thousand books to be open to students.

To continue with our prowling, let's just step into "The Dungeon." This is a cellar dug out under the old Administration building. There is no ventilation or natural light save that from two small windows through which water manages to seep and to sometimes flood the place. Here are the valuable master theses of all the university grad-

uates. Interesting too is the 1790 third edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica which came to the library as a gift. Published before color printing and when line engraving was used, the print is quaint and the maps intensely interesting. The volumes would be wonderful for historical research, but these, along with many rows of books, are not things with which our students are able to familiarize themselves.

Stacked in the downstairs passageways are the unbound files of ten Idaho newspapers, files of the New York Times back in 1914, fairly complete files of the Spokesman - Review from 1889, and files of the Idaho Statesman from 1910. Being unbound, these can't be referred to, and may not be in very good shape when they are finally made accessible.

If the reader has wondered why getting a periodical from the second floor library is such slow business, the answer is in the trip by elevator from second to the basement and back again after the librarian has located the periodical called for. All but the most used material must be stored below because of lack of space upstairs. Nothing can ever be thrown away because information may be wanted from any printed page the library has ever received.

(Continued on page 20)

UP TO SEE MY ETCHINGS

(Continued from page 9)

ness. Not a sound came from anywhere in the apartment.

Quickly he jumped to his feet and strode through the kitchen door. No one was in sight. The curtain at the window fluttered. Light shown through the open window onto an iron fire-escape. What on earth could have happened, he thought. Then his eyes caught sight of the note on the table.

"Thanks for the money, sucker. I only bring the boys with a big roll up to see my etchings. Thank the lady for the use of her apartment, darling. Marta."

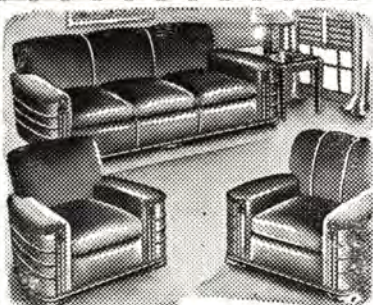
His hand flew to his pocket. The wallet was gone. Gone together with several hundred dollars, all the money he had with him.



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THINGS LIKE DAWNS

(Continued from page 4)

"There mightn't be many things to eat but there would be enough—I wish I could have enough for just one meal—."

After awhile he ate the dish of cold string beans and went out into the front yard to rake leaves.

"It's no wonder they think I'm nuts. I'm always arguing about things that nobody else ever thinks of," he thought as he worked. "But how can I learn to be a lawyer if I don't pick out these little things that nobody else thinks are significant. You've got to show a lawyer. A good lawyer has to know things. He can't take a person's word for it just because some person says it's so.

"I wish I had a good job. The folks don't understand. They've got enough. They don't know what it is to be hungry—and I can't tell them. If I did they'd make me come home. I don't want to go home—and be a farmer. I want to stay on here and be a lawyer.

"If I was a girl I might find a better place to live but there are too many boys looking for work. People don't want boys in their kitchens and tending their babies. But its only seven more months. Then next fall the university! That may be worse than this but I'll be happy, at least. When I really get down to law it won't matter how hard the rest comes—."

On and on he reasoned and when it began to grow dark he went into the house and cooked himself an egg.

That evening Louise thought of Paris a great deal. He was growing so thin it scared her. He worked too hard—studied too much. She wished he'd take her to a show now and then. He never asked her to go anywhere.

III

When Old Mrs. Dakin returned about noon on Monday, she was exasperated to say the least. Both doors of the house were unlocked. Somebody could have walked away with everything she had! That was the way with a kid, you couldn't depend on them to do a thing. He

hadn't finished raking the yard and here were his dirty dishes. All the lights were on in the back of the house. She'd fire him. She couldn't be bothered with people who neglected to do things. Plenty of kids looking for a place to eat and sleep.

She creaked her heavy weight down the cellar stairs growing more and more indignant as she descended. Another light burned brightly through the open door of the boy's room at the farther end of the cavernous cellar.

"Paris!" she shouted. No answer.

"Gone!" she exploded. "Gone to school and left the lights burnin'! 'Tis the second time—." She began to waddle toward his room and bumped into something at her side. Not remembering anything ever having been there before, she stood still and eyed it curiously. A body hung from the beam.

PASS THE PEACHES

(Continued from page 11)

something about the rumba before we begin."

He complied and watched her interestedly.

"I like to tell my pupils about the rumba originating in Cuba. In this way we get a better picture of the type of dance it is meant to be. For instance, just think of the Cuban women carrying large baskets on their heads. You must be just that smooth as you dance the rumba."

Mr. Edwards nodded. "How about a cigarette?"

"No thanks. It's against our rules to smoke on duty." Then she felt she had to get the man's eyes off her. She brought the explanation to a close and walked over to the wall music switch. Switch A was for fox trots. Switch B poured out a torrent of jitterbug music, and switch C was Xavier Cugat. Peaches flicked switch C, and the sultry melody of "Green Eyes" surrounded them.

"This is the basic rumba step, Mr. Edwards." Peaches began a travel step dancing beautifully, smoothly around the room. Her interpretation was precise, well navigated.

Mr. Edwards made no comment. He only watched her more

closely. His eyes were fixed on her legs, her hips, the swirl of her skirt.

She stopped. "Now if you'll stand up, Mr. Edwards. Stand right in front of me."

Peaches was nervous. She didn't like this at all. Did he have to look at her like this? Why the old men and kids she had for pupils never made her feel this way. She felt as though she could hardly breathe and wondered if he noticed her uneasiness.

"Just put your hands on my waist," she instructed. He did, but he must have forgotten what she said. For his arms encircled her waist and Peaches found herself held closely.

"Miss O'Reilly, I know you don't mind. You see, I can't resist you. It's the music or something. And you're so darn sweet." He kept talking and looking into her eyes. Then he bent his head to kiss her.

Peaches responded at first. Then she pulled away from him. She wondered why she hadn't stopped him before the kiss. It must have been because she had never seen anyone so handsome and young and appealing.

The rest of the lesson was free from any more advances on her pupil's part. Peaches was delighted at how quickly he learned the rumba steps she showed him. She found herself wondering if he might want to take more rumba lessons from her.

The next morning Peaches was again clicking up the stairs to the studio. She was still thinking about Mr. Edwards. He had seemed to like her, too. The last thing he had said to her was, "Please forgive me, Miss O'Reilly. I promise to behave if I decide to go on with my rumba lessons."

Mabel was sitting serene and sphinx-like at her desk. She yawned, then spoke through the yawn. "Oh, Peaches, thanks for taking that appointment last night. And, oh yes, I've got something for you." Mabel's crimson talon dipped into a desk drawer. She handed Peaches a small white card.

Peaches read it. The words seemed to leap at her. "Arthur Murray must request your resignation. You have violated rule number three of Arthur Murray's Rule and Regulation Man-

ual. If you recall, rule three discourages any promiscuous conduct with pupils." The card was signed in a large scrawling signature HAMER EDWARDS, Personal Representative of Arthur Murray.

"Sucker," said Mabel. "Arthur Murray always catches girls like you."

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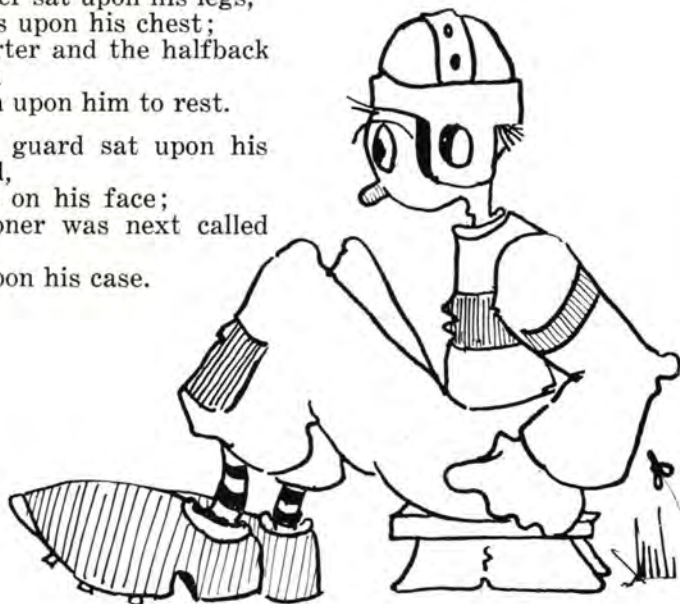
He made a run around the end,
 Was tackled from the rear,
 The right guard sat upon his
 neck,
 The fullback on his ear.

The center sat upon his legs,
 Two ends upon his chest;
 The quarter and the halfback
 then
 Sat down upon him to rest.

The left guard sat upon his
 head,
 A tackle on his face;
 The coroner was next called
 in
 To sit upon his case.

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By Sam Theis, Jr.



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Lynn Davis and Edith Stowe

Well to get on with our little line of patter, we luckier individuals had the occasion to witness the three Phi Delt tubbings recently. Gerry Douglas really had it rough following the passing of his pin for the second time. Chances are, he won't risk his life again in such an escapade. Due to the fact that Bud Galey and Gwen Thompson kept the thing a secret for such a long time, poor Bud had the opportunity of knowing what it feels like to be on cold storage. Theta Marge Johnson was confronted with her boy in the rough, after receiving that fatal phone call informing her that she had a little something to untie. There were also the unfortunate Fiji boys, namely Carl Eisinger and Cliff Gooby, who, incidentally, left immediately for home—to stay.

And, no doubt, you all have heard comment of the green piano displayed in the D. G. living room—the envy of the entire compus, I do believe.

We are quite interested in knowing whether Bumper Lyons ever found out which wedding he had attended. He seemed to have kissed all the women present in hopes of finding the bride, but the next day he was a little foggy about the whole situation. And, who could Mike Meaks be looking for every time she is being seen at the Nest?

It is nice, but it doesn't seem quite fair to the ardent male enthusiast that those Betas should have planted their pins, and then run off as they did, leaving Eve Smith, Shirley Gustaphson, Lois Herrington, dateless (?) for the year.

Styles seem to be the talk of the campus, and we find that the latest is red silk stockings combined with an exotic green perfume—don't take our word for it, look around yourself. If anyone is the least bit interested in knowing just what the fashionable college girl is wearing this

year, cast a scrutinizing eye in the direction of a new Tri Delt pledge, Beverly Evans. It is rumored that her mother styles all of her school clothes and evening attire. Something to look into, fellows.

And have you ever heard of washing your hair in Oshkosh beer? It's been done, hasn't it Betty?

Is it true that the Kappas are in possession of a pair of binoculars? If so, the Fijis and Phi Delt had better watch out.

The reddest face of the month seems to be possessed by Kappa Jeanne Foster. In case you are inquisitive and care to know more, I would suggest you call 8751 and ask for Mrs. Kaskitt.

It appears that a few weeks ago the Pi Phi house had a spontaneous, involuntary house-cleaning, after the mighty Delta Taus "cased the joint."

And which young man of the campus was it who said that the words buried and married have the same meaning?

SONG OF AUTUMN

(To K. D. D.)

Ramona Bills

Once, in a passing autumn day,
I saw your face
and you were October;
Pure, and calm, and clear,
Quiet and dear as the
late summer leaf
That catches the rays of
The late summer sun
and rustles softly in the
breeze.

You were the distant, caressing
song,
That comes with
the drowsy, carefree day—
That fades with the dusk
Of an autumn evening,
like the smoke spiraled glow
of leaves.

Not knowing then that
The blue October sky
could retain its color—
Not know then that
The pre-winter earth could
hold
such vibrant undertones—
I bathed full in the smoky mood.

But autumn once gone, never re-
turns—
So never shall the song
Of an autumn day.



Ted Beecher (left) sports a Lee "I chocolate brown hat with contrasting ta felt bound edge. His coat is a Mount R Monarch worsted brown and grey herringbo with box sleeves, slash pockets and 'button-thru' fr
Hubert Bruins (right) is proud of his t covert topcoat with slash pockets, l shoulders, cuffed sleeves and fly fro



MEN'S APPAREL

MOSCOW, IDAHO

Memo

To: Beauty scouts.
From: BLOT

The University of Idaho is loaded with potential models and stars. Here is just a sample.

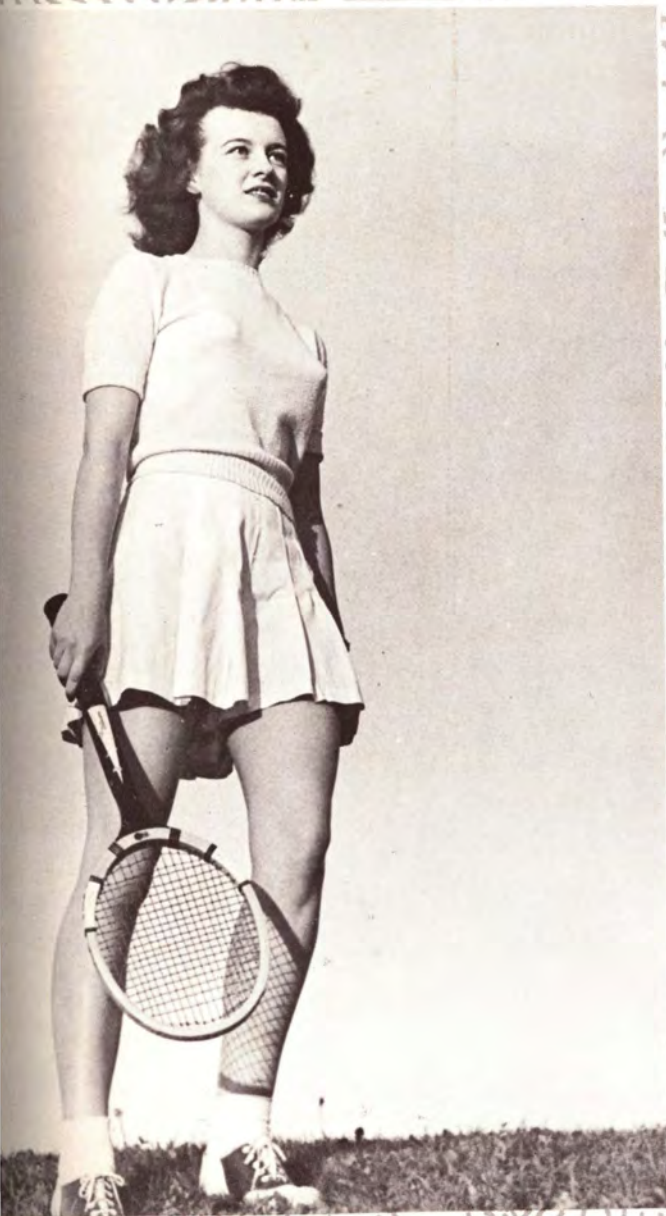
Mary
Stringer



Lela
Gardner



Shirley
Perrigo



Janet
Love



Helen
Vaara

Jody
Getty



Here's BLOT's Freshmen
queens--six lovelies from
the Class of '51. We're
seniors ourselves--dammit



Blot goes to

HOMECOMING

—Photos by Pat Hamilton.

Homecoming, 1947, was the biggest Idaho has ever seen. More people turned out for the game, more interest was shown in floats and decorations, WSC came closer to being defeated, than ever before. Lovely Lois Winner (opposite) was crowned queen at the alumni dance.

The week began with forages on the campus by WSC men. But Idaho was ready for them, and the luckier got away with a haircut (right).

Phi Gamma Delta took second prize in the men's division of house decorations with a Vandal and his ship (below). The banner lists the team's previous victories. House decorations were up at 8 the morning of Homecoming.



(Continued on next pages.)





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Delta Tau Delta took first prize in the men's division of the parade with this Vandal ship and JoAnne Elam.

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Campus Club didn't win a prize with this, but it got a laugh. Guess the boys never did recover their pants.

- STEAKS
- CHOPS
- 1/2 FRIED CHICKEN

THE NOBBY INN

"The Home of Moscow's
Finest Foods"



Sigma Alpha Epsilon harnessed the cougar to a Vandal chariot in this floral float. Lot of work there, eh boys?



Kappa Kappa Gamma came in first in the women's division with this "Happy Hunting Grounds" idea. Cougars forward, Vandals and Indians behind.



The game was the highlight of the day, and it was a hard fought game. Under a bright sky, grads saw Idaho defeated again by W.S.C., 7-0.



Bob Summers' orchestra brought grads and students to the Homecoming dance, the climax of the weekend.

Photo by Don Robertson.

KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN —

1899

The Kaywoodie organization, established in 1851 was making pipes 48 years before this model appeared on the scene.

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- CONNOISSEUR \$15, NINETY-FIVER \$20, CENTENNIAL \$25.

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LIBRARY (Continued from page 13)

Looking at the already over-filled storage space, it is almost frightening to think of how cumulative the whole affair is. Even if no new books are purchased, periodicals and documents stream in continually, demanding space. When rationing ended the OPA files and records had to go somewhere so they came to the library. They are there taking up space in their cardboard boxes while presenting one more storage problem. For immediate use as extra storage space, a Butler hut was erected. Using this as storage space involves bringing in books from outdoors when they are called for and through whatever weather prevails. As yet it has been impossible to provide shelving for the hut.

Still we have a smooth-running library adequate and efficient in its service despite the pressing problem of where to put the crated-up books and many other things. We are even to have an improvement soon. All planned awaiting only the shelving material is the Northwest History room. To go in this room is a collection of 15,000 army and navy maps. The total is expected to reach 75,000 maps. The collection is a result of a government action which made the University of Idaho the only map depository for the state. These map depositories were established throughout America where maps could be placed for ready reference in the event of another war. Also in the Northwest History room would be the gift from Mrs. Jerome J. Day given in 1941. This is the Day Collection of books containing mainly rare items of Pacific Northwest history.

Oddly enough, though books and students were scarce in 1906, state appropriations were much more liberal. Idaho saw nine permanent buildings go up in the first quarter of this century, but since 1925 only two buildings have been erected. It seems that as enrollment shot up, appropriations dove down. In this year of peak enrollment, the state legislature said we shouldn't build because costs are too high. Their opinion is that public building should be fostered in times of depression when

prices are low and business needs stimulation. However, when times were ideal according to this precept of economics, our local government felt we shouldn't build because it would mean "increased tax burdens to a people already hard pressed." As a result we missed the PWA gravy train of federal aid and had no new library then and have a serious problem now. Evidently this legislature is leaving the taxes for future citizens once more.

The time to build is when there is need. At least our Pullman neighbors think so. The Washington State College board of regents called for bids last month to start construction on a new \$2,500,000 library, and this was followed by an allocation from the Washington governor's emergency committee of \$3,000,000 to the college for capital improvements.

Other state legislatures are serving the needs of their people while ours sits debt-free refusing to take advantage of the current period of high incomes when Idaho's per capita income is estimated as the third highest in the nation. Prices are high, yes, but so are incomes; and it is not likely that prices will vary much within the next five years.

We need a new library with adequate storage space that would be fire-proof, free from dampness, and air conditioned to prevent deterioration of books, bindings, maps, and papers. There should be a display room for museum pieces, spacious reading rooms, offices for the staff and an abundance of natural light — to mention a few items. Until we get that our library's best will go on lying in the basement unseen and of no value to those who could put it to good use. The time to build is now. If a special session of the Idaho legislature is needed this fall, let's have it!

There are three kinds of women: the beautiful, the intellectual, and the majority.

— I —

One lecturer on this campus was so boring in one of his lectures that two empty seats got up and walked out.



Something you'll wish you hadn't read—the next time you're walking home alone.

I don't remember just when it began. It came on so gradually. It was weeks, maybe months, before I grew aware of it. Something indescribable—a weight, a shadow, pressing down on me. Something I didn't know and didn't understand.

I first realized that something was wrong that day at the office when Sally came up behind my desk and almost startled me. "What's the matter, Betty? Is there something I can do?"

I asked her what she was talking about.

"I thought—" she stammered, "Well, I've never seen you look that way before."

"What way?"

"Well, like you were just now. You looked scared."

Me? Scared? In the middle of an ordinary day at a job I'd

had for three years? I laughed at her. But she was still anxious about me. I assured her that I was all right and that she had nothing to worry about.

"If you say so," she replied. "Maybe you've been working too hard lately." She went back to her typewriter.

Now that was funny. Scared, she said. And I had nothing to be scared of. I sat still a moment. I found myself trembling. That surprised me. Then I discovered the strange feeling that must have been hanging over me for weeks—a feeling of something oppressive, of something that was about to happen. Something terrible. I wish I could find the words to describe it, but it was just a feeling, something intangible. But there it was, and there it had been for

Maurice Paulsen

GHOST

weeks. And I didn't know what it could be.

I thought about it going home that night. We had worked late. It was almost eleven. I could still feel it, only now I seemed to be going toward it. I know that sounds funny, but that's how it was. I had a feeling that it was waiting for me, up in my room.

My landlady met me at the door. She said I had a visitor upstairs. "A man, I think, and you know I don't allow that. You'll have to bring him down to the living room, although I'm sure I don't want him down here."

Mrs. Adel was acting very strange. I questioned her more closely, at the same time trying to suppress a terror that was rising within me.

"Well, he didn't look natural. And he didn't even knock. I heard the door open, and I saw him on the stairs. I asked if he was here to see you, and he turned and stared at me. I told him he'd have to wait down here, but he turned and went up."

"What does he look like," I asked.

"I don't know rightly. I really couldn't see him in the shadows. Now I wouldn't be surprised if I just imagined it all."

But she wasn't imagining things. I knew that as I went up the stairs. With each step that feeling became more intense. I knew that it was coming from my room. It was waiting for me.

Just outside my door I stopped. I could hear nothing. The silence was oppressive. I listened, but not a sound.

Suddenly I was terrified. I knew it was silly, but I was terrified. Fear took hold of me and I couldn't help it. I fled down the stairs, two at a time. I threw open the front door and ran out into the night. I heard

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Mrs. Adel calling after me.

I hurried down the street. I didn't know where I was going—I didn't care. One thing filled my mind—to get away from it. I ran, block after block. Only the street lights broke the blackness of the night. I ran until I was so tired I couldn't go any farther. I couldn't feel it anymore. I had left it behind. I slowed down to a walk.

"Hey babe, what's yer hurry?"

A man stepped out of a doorway. Rather sharply dressed, but I could see what he was.

"Put on your brakes, I won't bite ya."

I didn't answer. I kept on.

"Yer in trouble, ain'tya. Gals in trouble usually want help, from the first guy they can find."

I stopped. Maybe—maybe he could help.

"That's more like it. Come here, baby."

He grabbed me by the arms and kissed me. I felt sick. The moment he let me go I slapped him.

"Hey!" he howled, feeling his smarting cheek. That's no way to treat a guy who's trying to help ya."

"I don't need you kind of help, thanks!"

"The hell with ya. Whatever yer running away from, won't do ya no good. Ya can't run away from anything. I've tried."

I hurried on. Somehow I felt like crying. What was I doing? Was I going insane? But it couldn't be that. Everything was normal. The street was just as it had always been. I could reason. I could think. Yet here I was, running away from something I didn't even know. Going anywhere, nowhere—with only a few dollars in my purse. I stopped to think.

Then I felt it again. Just faintly, but it was there, sort of far behind me. It wasn't waiting for me any more. It was coming for me!

I began to run again. I had to run. I had to hurry. Got to find help. Run. . .run. . .run. . . Got to hurry! Streetlights. . . getting. . .fewer. . .now. Getting

. . .near. . .edge of town. Run. . .run. . .run. . .

"Pardon me, lady."

I gasped. A man was leaning out of his car and talking to me. He was saying something.

"You seem to be in a hurry. Could I give you a lift? I'd like to help out."

I got in. I seemed to be moving in a trance. I asked him to hurry. After we were moving, I tried to calm myself.

"Nice night, isn't it?" he said.

He was a young man with an honest face. I wanted to trust him, to tell him everything, but I knew he would laugh at me, and I didn't want to be laughed at. Not now. Besides, I was getting away from it anyway.

"I'm just going a few blocks," he said. "But if you're in such a hurry, I thought I might be able to help out." He looked at me and smiled. I thanked him.

"Sure nuff. Anyplace you'd like to have me drop you off? I'm in no hurry. Where're you going?"

"Going?"

"Sure, where you headed for?"

"I—I don't know."

He was surprised at this. I guess he had a right to be. He took his eyes off the street and gave me the strangest look.

Just then a car leaped across the intersection ahead. He might have avoided it had he been watching, but now it was too late. We hit it and turned over. It was bad. The car was demolished. I wasn't hurt. But the man. . . I got loose from the wreckage and stared. A crowd gathered. They began removing the bodies.

Then I felt it again. It wasn't far behind this time. It was there! Right there! I could almost see it enveloping me. I turned and ran. And I escaped it. I don't know how, but I escaped it. After I had been running for ten minutes a trucker stopped for me. Thought I was a hitchhiker. He was going to Trenton, forty miles away. I was glad. Maybe. . .maybe I could leave it behind. The seat in the cab of the truck was hard, but I guess I fell asleep.

Sometime later the trucker

woke me. "End of the line," he said. "I stop here."

I rubbed my eyes. "Oh," I mumbled, "Oh, thanks."

"Don't see girls hitchhiking much. When you do, they're not your kind."

"What?"

"Nothing. If you're hungry, there's a little place over there. It's one a.m., but it stays open all night. I've got to unload."

"Thanks. You've been very kind."

"Hey, what's the matter with your voice?"

"My voice?"

"Yeah, it sounds funny. Kinda like—you're far away."

"That's silly," I said. "I'm right here."

"Yeah." He looked at me again. "Well, goodbye."

The eating place was a typical roadside inn that caters to

O PROMISE ME

O promise me when early dawn shall come,
And you behold me minus make-up on,
Ringlets upset, pre - breakfast grouch in place—
That you will bear with me
Until I fix my face.

O promise me that when we're out to dine,
And you retell the jokes of ancient time,
You won't expect too many gales of glee
From your beloved wife
Eternally.

O promise me, no matter when or where,
If I should trump your trick, smile sweetly, dear,
And try to think me good and brilliant, too—
I will admit
That may be hard to do.

Beloved One, if dinner should be late,
Or if the steak be burned, or I create
A pudding that you never knew **could** be,
Don't wise-crack, dear, about it,
Promise me!

—May Napier Burkhart.

truckers. It was crowded even at that hour. I found an empty seat at the counter.

I was hungry and tired. And I didn't like this place. It was greasy and smelly. But probably the only place open. I didn't have much money. Nobody paid the slightest attention to me. I thought—that is, I was afraid, that some of these men would see me and get the wrong impression. Like that no-good who tried to kiss me.

It looked as if the waitress was never going to wait on me. She was talking to some men. I finally spoke to her as she passed. "Pardon me, but could I get some coffee and rolls?"

She was surprised. "What? Oh, I didn't notice you there. Sure, honey, coming right up." She frowned. Like something was wrong with me. Probably thought that somebody out alone at this hour was. . .oh well, whatever it was seemed to bother her. She frowned again as she brought me the coffee.

"Something funny about you."

"Is there?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"What?"

"I dunno. You're cute enough, but there's something — something unnatural about you."

"Unnatural?"

"Ah, I don't mean that. Funny, I don't know what I mean. Here's your check."

I stared after her. What could she mean? But I didn't wait around. When I finished my coffee I took the check to an old man sitting at the cash-register. I put the check and fifty cents on the counter. Instead of taking them, he just sat there. He seemed to look right through me. Suddenly I realized. He was blind! So I spoke to him.

"Here's a fifty cent piece. The bill is for twenty cents."

But he didn't seem to hear me either. He scowled and turned his head a little, like he might have heard something, but he hadn't. I took up the half dollar and rapped it down on the counter. He heard that quickly enough. He jumped. I almost shouted, "For coffee and rolls!"

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He squinted and peered right at me.

"Oh! I'm sorry. I didn't see you there, Miss. Guess I was dozing off. Shoulda said something."

I took my change and left. I was glad to get out of the place. Everybody was half crazy. I walked down the darkened street that led into the business section of the little town. A train whistle whined in the distance. I was looking for a cheap hotel. Somehow I had escaped whatever it was that was after me, and I felt quite safe now. I found a hotel, too. Rates \$1.75 up. I stopped and counted my money. I had six dollars and fifty cents. I figured I could afford it, and I was very tired. I stepped into the hotel lobby. It was quite empty.

But not empty enough! It was there. I could feel it just as I had at Mrs. Adel's. I hadn't escaped it.

I turned and ran. It was all around me. I could feel it closing in. But I outran it. I escaped it again.

A couple blocks from the hotel was a gas station. An attendant was putting gas in an old car for a fat, slatternly woman. I ran up to them. I was out of breath at first, but when I could speak, she paid no attention to me.

"Lady," I said, "please! Are you leaving town right away?"

"You checked the tires, didn't you?" she asked the attendant.

"Could I ride with you? I wouldn't take much room. Please?"

But she deliberately snubbed me. She was looking right at me, but she didn't pay the least attention to what I said. Maybe I was all messed up, but she was no Venus de Milo. She was getting in the car. I was desperate. I couldn't stay there. It was right behind me, hunting me. I opened a door and got in the back seat. She didn't even turn her head.

The motor grumbled and decided it could go a few more miles. The car rolled out into the highway. I felt guilty, sneaking in like that. I decided to apologize. But she gave me no answer. Then I realized. She

was deaf. Of course. That's why the attendant hadn't said much to her. He knew her. Poor thing. No wonder she hadn't heard me get in. I decided just to sit back and ride as far as she was going. It wouldn't do to frighten her while she was driving by tapping her on the shoulder. Poor thing. Deaf!

She said something then, not to me, but to herself. Something about the road being lonely. And she turned on the radio to listen to some swing music.

After the shock wore off, I fell asleep again. I was awakened when the car stopped. It was morning, I'd say about nine o'clock. We were in another town. I waited until she had left the car. Then I got out and walked. There were people on the street, but none of them noticed me. I didn't say anything. I knew they couldn't hear me now. I must have walked blocks. By the side of a boarded-up store was a beggar, a legless cripple selling pencils. He was an old man, probably from the first World War. I hurried past, but he called out, "Pencil, lady?"

I froze in my tracks. Did he see me?

"Pencil, lady?"

He must have seen me. I was so happy. I almost believed that no one would ever see me again, that it had finally. . . I went to him. "You can see me, can't you?" I asked eagerly. "You can see me. I'm not dead!"



"Pencil, lady?"

But he couldn't see me. He was blind, not like the others, but really blind. He shook his head and mumbled, "Funny. Thought I sensed someone. Guess I'm getting old."

And then I felt it again. Like a giant cat, playing with me, a mouse, before. . . I thought I had escaped it, but I hadn't. Run . . . run. . . run. It followed me. I tried to get away from it, but I couldn't. It wouldn't let me go. It was catching up with me, gradually. Run. . . run. . . run. I had to get away. Because I knew what it was then. **And I didn't want to die.**

I must have run for blocks. Or maybe I ran in circles, I don't know. I was passing a second-hand store when I saw the mirror. The mirror standing out on the walk with a price-tag on it. It reflected everything in its glassy surface—everything except me! I . . . couldn't. . . even. . . see. . . myself.

I walked on, not hurrying now. I knew it didn't do any good to hurry. I tried to remember just what had happened to me. The stranger at Mrs. Adel's, the strange feeling, the automobile accident. Wait a minute. The automobile accident. As I hurried away from it they were taking out the bodies. I didn't pay much attention then—I was trying to get away. But I remembered now. They took out a nice-looking young man **and a girl!**

I was in a residential section now. People passed me by. They didn't see me. I walked and walked.

I saw a sweet little cottage, cozy and nice—just the kind I'd always wanted to have. The door was open. It wouldn't hurt to go in—nobody could see me anyhow. It was wonderful inside—someone was just fixing it up. I wanted to help. This was just what I wanted. A home like this with a man I loved.

Someone was coming. Up the walk. A young couple, happy, alive. This was their home. And I—I was dead. But I wouldn't be dead! I was there—I knew I was there, and I was real. If

only someone would recognize me, I'd be alive.

I'd make them recognize me. I'd make them! I stood right in the doorway and determined not to let them in until they saw me. I wouldn't move an inch. They'd see me! They'd have to see me! They couldn't pass without seeing me!

But they did.

MOSCOW (Continued from page 7)

pans of forested slope, a part of the forestry department's arborum. Nearly one hundred types of trees grow in these university owned woods.

Following a winding path through the trees, the "I" tower, landmark of the campus, is passed. At the top of the hill, the countryside drops into a nine-hole university golf course covering rolling hills with its expanse of grass. Students stream up the hill and spend many leisure hours in both the spring and fall roaming the fairways in friendly competition.

Other facilities for recreation provided by the university include ample tennis courts, a swimming pool, and a ski lodge on nearby Moscow mountain.

Major buildings on the campus include the Administration building, Science hall, Memorial gymnasium, a women's gymnasium, and buildings for engineering, agriculture, geology, metallurgical sciences, dairy science and farm buildings. In addition there are five men's dormitories, four women's dormitories, eight national sororities, eleven national fraternities and one local; numerous temporary classroom buildings, and housing annex for veterans and their families known as vet's villages.

The majority of students live on campus, creating a friendly and personal atmosphere seldom achieved by "street-car colleges" as many large schools of today are called. The students uphold an enthusiastic support for the college athletics. Eager for fun and earnest in the endeavor for education, co-eds and college men at Idaho store up many memories for future days when the gothic towers of the Admin-

(Continued on page 27)

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Blot's FOTOCRIME

1. Chester Fields felt the money he received for giving away cigarettes was no longer safe in his dresser drawer at night. Too many robberies lately. He decided to deposit half of it in each of the two Moscow banks (so they wouldn't get suspicious) in the morning. But for the night, without telling anyone or letting anyone see him, he put the money in his pillow for safekeeping.

2. Ches wasn't worrying about the money in the morning. He wasn't worrying about anything. He had died with agony written all over his face. His roommate Bill discovered a stab wound marring poor Ches' physique when he tried to rouse him his third period class to go down for a cup of coffee. Or so he told the police. No weapon was found. So it wasn't suicide.

Photography by Fred Farmer
Posed by the following innocent people: Roger Fisk, John Linnenkamp, Bryan Rambo, Everett Green, Roland Huffer, Glenn Southworth and Billie Odberg.

Answer on Page 29



3. Inspector Hamactor (foreground) questioned Joe and Hank, who bunked across the hall from Ches. They were with him down at the Varsity the night before, but had returned at eleven thirty. Joe said Ches had acted worried about something, but he thought it was a math test. Hank didn't say anything. He's rather stupid.

4. Professor Darkhorsh condescended to add that both Ches and Bill had missed his first period class. He thought it was because he had marked them down a grade for blowing bubble gum during his lecture the day before. The tragedy hit him hard, but he took it like a man.

5. Betty Keeute, Ches' girl, told the inspector that Ches had kept a large sum of cigarette money in his room. That was the answer! No money had been found in a thorough search of Ches' room. The motive pointed to the killer. The inspector arrested and dispatched the villain and justice. Crime does not pay. But who was it?

MOSCOW (Continued from page 25) istration building no longer greet them.

Not only is the university high in the minds of Moscow citizens, but Moscow supports two secondary schools. Also located in Moscow are Catholic grade and high schools, with boarding privileges for girls. Churches of nearly every denomination are scattered throughout the city.

The Daily Idahonian is Moscow's contribution to the newspaper world. The paper is the result of a combination of two former dailies, the Star-Mirror and the News-Review.

Accommodations for her visitors are provided by two hotels, tourist parks and camps, and modern motels. Thinking of her citizens' health, Moscow has two hospitals to care for any illness or accidents occurring in her territory. A public library runs parallel to the remainder of her educational facilities. Throughout the summer a recreational program is carried on in her two city parks and public swimming pool.

Moscow is the ninth city in size in Idaho. With an altitude of 2,569 feet above sea level, she has a mellow climate. Many years her Indian summers have extended into December. Summer evenings are cool and refreshing. Spring comes early and warm, although preceded by showers. And when the snow is on the ground not only is Moscow mountain good skiing, but tobogganing and skiing practice slopes take over the university golf course. The average mean temperature based on a

forty year record is 46.9, with an average mean maximum 57.1 and the average mean minimum 36.7.

Moscow's resident population when not teeming with starry-eyed students is 7,200 but during the winter the University population inflates it to over eleven thousand.

Attractive homes pepper the residential districts, where great interest is taken in lawns and gardens. Citizens are fortunate to be ideally located for seasonal hunting and fishing in two surrounding sportsmen's paradises.

The 800 block on B Street is the historical site of old Fort Russel, now commemorated in a monument. Until a few years ago some of the stumps of the old stockade could be seen, but now all have been removed save those which remain buried in the earth.

Transportation to and from Moscow is made simple by three railroad lines, highways, bus lines, and two airports.

Moscow is the leading city in the United States in the manufacture and production of split peas. Her production exceeds the combined products of all other sections of the country and Canada. She is a farm marketing center, and the leading wheat producing county in Idaho. The crop rotation system employed and her black volcanic soil is still rich as a result. Oats, alfalfa, rye, barley, sweet clover, fruits, vegetables and melons are raised as rotary crops. Crop failures are unknown and prosperity is high.

Nearby are lumber camps and mills for white pine, yellow pine, and fir grown in the area. Mining of mica and clay is done, there is also some placer mining in Latah county.

Many and varied are the educational, recreational, and business opportunities found within Moscow's immediate and surrounding territory. Moscow is a home city—an ideal, picturesque family town, quite lacking in industrial atmosphere. Much lies in the future of the charming community.

Watch for an article on Boise, the second in Blot's Cities of Idaho series, in the December issue.



"Sure I was young once. Whadda you think I'm chasing him home for?"

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"There's Dancing In the Vandal Room"

The 1947 fall term in the world of fashion is in a whirlpool of do's and don'ts. Style experts tell us that it will be several years before things simmer down and the new look becomes national. Some of course, are carry-overs from late spring, but others are strictly new and different — different to us, but possibly not to our mothers.

The most discussed topic is, naturally, the long skirt. Any poor girl passing a group of boys will hear murmurs of disapproval—"She might as well be go-

ing to a formal ball—That one just put a belt around a nightgown—why pull down the curtain when the show is just beginning?"

Even the women stand divided concerning this history making issue; therefore it is not unusual to see the "long and short of it" walking side by side. But don't despair girls. The American Coed has taken this season's fashions to her heart more than any one else! Think of the hours we gals spent in facing old skirts

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Carmelyn McMahan sports a grey, flare-backed coat with a high collar, something she'll be glad she has during the winter days ahead. Helen Mean's new "short" formal should make her the belle of the ball this winter. Moscow "smog" doesn't bother Mary Jane Brier in her gay plaid raincoat with the new flare back and warm hood.



to meet the new "musts." There are both extremes seen on the Idaho campus—at the knee and about 8 inches from the floor. Most girls, however, have met the happy medium—between 14 and 15 inches from the floor.

Although everything seems to be going down including suit jackets, the length of evening gowns is doing a turn-about. These are being raised 5 or 6 inches. There is no apparent reason other than the desire for a variety. These were seen some last term, but now, expect them in a great quantity.

Hoods of all types are every place—removable and reversible on raincoats, jackets, evening wraps—even dresses. Especially popular is the hooded raincoat with the flare back, most becoming to tall girls.

Yes, flares are also the thing. Circular skirts, narrow belts (or last season's specialty—the wide, striking belt, with a neat, tucked-in sweater is the height of school fashion. One particularly attractive flare skirt, seen in Spokane stores, has a quarter inch cording of the same material around the skirt about 6 inches from the bottom. Done in pastels and dark plaids.

The regular school "uniform" is as it has been and will be for countless years, the skirt and sweater. But this year, neatness and the trim look count above all. Narrow belts replace

the wide, dashing ones of last season.

Another most popular skirt is the straight-cut with a folded pleat in the center front and slit side seams. A striking topper is the skirt waist blouse with a tie and unusual stick pin. Marjan Morris of Kappa Kappa Gamma has a black and gold leaf cluster which she wears with a black, straight skirt, white blouse and black tie.

Speaking of black, what do you think of black stockings? The manufacturers didn't stop with black, either. There are on the store racks and roaming around Moscow, a few pairs of sheer green, maroon — or just about anything Sweet Sal could ask for. By the way, the black stockings are very becoming to any legs.

If these are the drastic changes made in three short months of summer vacation, what will the next three months offer?

ANSWER TO FOTOCRIME
 Whodunnit? The photographer, stupid! He was the only one who saw the money hidden in the pillow. Besides, right at the top of the page we said the models were innocent people. Gee! Are some people dumb!

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Said the blonde to the floor-walker: "Do you have notions on this floor?"

Said the floor-walker to the blonde: "Yes, miss, but we're supposed to suppress them during business hours."

— I —

First Bride: "Does your husband snore in his sleep?"

Second Bride: "I don't know yet, we've only been married three days."

— I —

"Everybody is crazy over me," said the first-floor inmate of the insane asylum.

—El Burro.

"When Frank Sinatra visited a sheep ranch in Fremont county this summer, 8 rams committed suicide."

"Why?"

"He sang 'There'll Never Be Another You.'"

— I —

Kid Brother: "Give me a nickel or I'll tell Dad that you held hands with my sister."

"But I didn't."

"No difference. I'll tell him anyway."

"Okay, here you are."

"Give me a quarter or I'll tell him you kissed her."

"But—Oh, here, pest."

"Now give me fire dollars."

—Exchange.



R. Bills

"Oh, Mr. Arthur, couldn't you just spend hours gazing at this wonderful skyline?"



"I'll take the tall one."

Johnny was visiting one of the sororities on Elm. In fact he had one of the girls cornered on the sofa.

"Kiss me, darling," he said.

"There's a ten dollar house fine for the fellow who kisses a girl in these confines," she said.

"I'll gladly pay the fine on one condition," he told her.

"What's that?"

"That you let me turn out the lights and take as long as I want to and kiss you as many times as I wish."

"Heavens, yes, of course."

Three - quarters of an hour later she said to him: "You're kissing beautifully tonight, Johnny!"

"Johnny, hell!" the guy kissing her stated roughly. "I'm just one of Johnny's frat brothers. Johnny's at the door selling tickets."

—Columns.

— I —

The night was yielding to the light bluish sky of the early dawn when a lady, alone, was entering the door of an apartment house. She suddenly stopped and turned to the milkman who was pulling up to the curb.

"Pardon me," she said, "but do you have the time?"

"Yeah," he answered, "but who is going to watch my wagon?"

Sam had been interned in an insane asylum for several months. The doctors, thinking that he was probably sane, called him up before the board.

"Sam," they asked, "If we were to let you out of here, what would you do?"

"Get some rocks and break every damn window in this place," was Sam's swift reply.

Poor boy is still crazy, thought the doctors. So Sam went back to spend another six months.

Half a year later, Sam was again called before the board. Again the question was asked. Sam took some time about his answer.

"Well, I'd go down into town and find a bar.

The doctors looked at each other and thought, that's normal—maybe he is sane this time. "And then what would you do?"

"Then I would find a pretty girl at the bar and buy her a drink or two."

"Yes?"

"Then I would take her up to my room and turn out all the lights and start taking off her clothes."

"That's probably a normal reaction. Then what?"

"I would take off all her clothes until I got her corset off."

"Yes? What then?" they asked eagerly.

"Then I'd tear up her corset and make a sling shot and break every damn window in this place."

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"Patient recovering from an operation: "Why are all the blinds drawn, doctor?"

Doctor: "Well, there is a fire across the street, and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure."

— I —

He married Helen
Hell ensued.
He left Helen
Helen sued.

—Columns.

— I —

Definition of a pink elephant:
beast of bourbon.

— I —

Her lips quivered as they approached his. His whole frame trembled as he looked into her eyes. Her chin vibrated and his body shuddered as he held her close to him.

Moral: Never kiss a girl in a Jeep with the motor running.

— I —

He kissed her in the garden
It was a moonlight night.
She was a marble statue,
He was a little tight.

"If you stay overnight here you'll have to make your own bed."

"I don't mind."

"Okay, here's a hammer and saw."

—Kickapoo.

— I —

King Arthur: "I hear you have been misbehaving."

Knight: "In what manor, sir?"

— I —

"My mother says there are some things a girl should not do before twenty."

"Well, personally, I don't care for a large audience, either."

—Idaho V.F.W.

— I —

"Why are you back at the house so early?"

"We were sitting on the sofa and she turned out the light. Guess I can take a hint."

— I —

"The girl I'm married to has an identical twin sister."

"Gosh, how do you tell them apart?"

"I don't try. It's more fun."

—Exchange.



"Since we're without food, I'd feel safer if you'd hand over your teeth to me!"



EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



Little Moron Corner

Mohair Moron, the upholsterer's son, was found huddled up and shivering in his refrigerator one day. He explained by saying, "I was th-thirsty for a P-pepsi-C-cola and was t-told it should be d-drunk when cold. Now I can drink it. I'm c-c-cold!"

You don't have to be a moron to write these . . . but it helps. \$2 for each accepted we'll pay you, and not a penny more.

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makes us smile. So send in your jokes, gags and no bottle tops to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

The very next day you may receive a de-luxe radio-phonograph combination and a nine-room prefabricated house. It won't be from us. We'll just send you money if we feel like it. Easy Money, too.

—HE-SHE GAGS—

If you're a "he" or a "she" (as we suspect) writing HE-SHE jokes should be a cinch for you. If you're not a "he" or a "she" don't bother. Anyway, if you're crazy enough to give us gags like these, we might be crazy enough to pay you a few bucks for them.

* * *

He: Give me a kiss and I'll buy you a Pepsi-Cola . . . or something.

She: Correction. Either you'll buy me a Pepsi . . . or nothing!

* * *

He: When a man leans forward eagerly, lips parted, thirsting for loveliness, don't you know what to do?

She: Sure, give him a Pepsi-Cola.

* * *

He ghost: I'm thirsty. Let's go haunt the Pepsi-Cola plant.

She ghost: That's the spirit!

* * *

\$3.00 (three bucks) we pay for stuff like this, if printed. We are not ashamed of ourselves, either!

GET FUNNY... WIN MONEY... WRITE A TITLE



This is easier than taking candy away from a baby. And less squawking. Maybe you don't want to be rich, but just force yourself. You'll like it. And, if we like the title you write for this cartoon we'll force ourself to give you \$5. Or if you send us your own cartoon idea we'll up it to \$10. For a cartoon that you draw yourself, we'll float a loan and send you \$15 if we print it. Could you expect any more? Yes, you could expect.

CUTE SAYINGS of KIDDIES

(age 16 to 19 plus)

cept. Chances are it would be things like these unless we get some sense.

"My George, who will just be 17 on next Guy Fawkes Day, had his appendix removed last month. When the doctor asked him what kind of stitching he'd like to

have, George said, 'suture self, doctor'."

"Elmer Treestump says his girl Sagebrush, only 22¼, brings a bottle of Pepsi-Cola along on every date for protection. She tells everybody, 'that's my Pop!'"

\$1 each for acceptable stuff like this.

A famous sage has said that people are funnier than anybody. If that were true, all you'd have to do would be to listen to what the kiddies are saying, write it down, send it in, and we'd buy it. If that were true. It might be, for all we know. We haven't the slightest idea what we'll ac-

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