

# BLOT

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V. 2 no. 4

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO

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SUMMER, 1947



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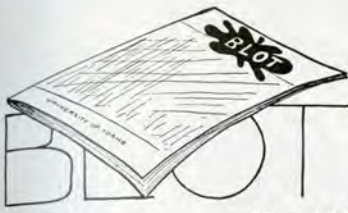


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Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*





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**University of Idaho**  
 Moscow, Idaho

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# Among Our Authors

June Thomas, a regular article contributor, hails from Glens Ferry and stays at Forney. An English major, she is looking forward to work in dramatics in her sophomore year.

Bill Andrews, a Delt planning a career in foreign trade, relates his vain efforts to give up smoking in an amusing piece on page 16.

**Irma Lee Cone**, whose interview of **Harold Forbush** is featured in this issue, is a **Pi Phi** from Grangeville. Musically inclined, she plays piano, cornet, and sax on the side.

Shirley Cowan returns with one of her best short-shorts. Now at Hays, she is from Driggs, not Moscow as we previously reported.

**Maurice Paulsen** completes in this issue his three-part serial, "Thirty-Seven Sisters." Perhaps we should have explained earlier that the story is a fiction adaptation of a three-act play written over a year ago. Readers will agree with Miss Jean Collette, dramatics director, that the third act **IS** the play.

Newt Cutler, collector of short story rejection slips and from Libby, Montana, didn't get a Blot refusal on his story "Shiela." He is a sophomore majoring in journalism and lives at the Idaho club.

Judson Irving is the pen-name of a young man who wishes to remain anonymous. He has his reasons. We can say, however, that he is also a journalism major living at the Idaho club.

**ON THE COVER**

**Margaret Eke** models a red bathing suit on the cover of our May issue. She can almost consider herself a professional model now, for she posed last semester for the art department.

A Moscow girl and an Alpha Chi Omega, Margaret adds a charming personality to a smart appearance. Some say she is a little on the shy side. Fred Farmer is the photographer.



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# *Murphy and Goss*



John Van Ryan, Ruth Gochner and Marg Walters seek shade during a warm afternoon shopping tour.



Russ Moffett, Pine Hall, takes it easy in a Murphy and Goss sport jacket and gabardine pants.



John Reid, president of Chrisman hall and wheel in Independent politics, pauses a moment to show off his Murphy and Goss ensemble.

He wears a biege flannel sport coat over yellow Van Heusen sport shirt, and rich brown gabardine slacks—all selected from stock on hand at Murphy and Goss.

## *Murphy & Goss*

MEN'S CLOTHIERS  
Moscow

For further news on what men will be wearing this summer, see page 9.



# The Eyes of Courage

Harold Forbush stopped before the Nest the other day to exchange a few words with a friend of mine as we were walking to class. My friend introduced him to me, but it was not until he had gone on that I learned that he was totally blind.

"It's marvelous," my friend said, "marvelous how he can get around the way he does without assistance."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Didn't you know? He's blind. Has been since he was ten."

Marvelous is a superlative word, but I've discovered it hardly describes how people on the campus feel about Harold.

## Not Handicapped

Not handicapped in the least, Harold gets around the campus completely self-reliant. Arriving here at night when he first came to the university, Harold and a friend walked around the grounds three or four times. In a few days he was able to get about without assistance.

He receives above average grades in the College of Law, where he is now working on his L. L. B., having received his B. A. last spring.

It would seem that studying might be rather difficult—but not so. By hiring six people to read to him, he has as he puts it, "quite a staff of employees." Since he is a law major, most of his homework is briefing law cases. He has his helper read the case to him and then he briefs it in Braille. Class notes are also taken in Braille but for a test he uses a regular portable typewriter.

As one talks to Harold, one would never guess he is blind. His eyes seek out one's face from the sound of the voice. With a group, he looks from speaker to speaker as the conversation proceeds.

And he adds a good deal to that conversation too.

He will pull out his pocket watch with which he can read time as quickly as anyone with sight. The crystal has been removed and he runs his fingers gently over the hands to find their position. He also will have a sample of Braille somewhere about his person.

When newcomers are introduced to the group, Harold is always first to offer his hand and let the other person take it. Unless the other is "mighty quick on the draw," the entire action will be so natural that it is easy to forget Harold is blind.

Harold says a blind person's greatest problem is getting people first to understand his limits, and then to consider him quite normal, not "different" or handicapped.

That is why he always turns on the light when he enters his room, and insists on combing his hair before a mirror.

In spite of his strenuous schedule he has time for and is especially interested in religion. He enjoys giving talks before the L.D.S. groups and in church.

## Dances, Too

Another of his favorite activities is dancing. He can't jitterbug,

but says he never wanted to anyhow. By careful maneuvering he is able to avoid collisions. Students have now come to recognize him on the dance floor and give him extra leeway.

"I like most any kind of sports," he says, "especially swimming." He learned to swim at home near Rexberg in an old canal. However, he is fond of roller skating, horseback riding, and golf.

From a large Mormon family, Harold has six brothers and two sisters, besides his parents. Born on December 2, 1921, Harold lost his sight in an accident at the age of 10. During his fourth year of school he entered Gooding State School where he graduated from grade school. At Sugar City, near Rexberg, he went to Sugar-Salem High, and then enrolled in the University of Idaho, Southern Branch, for two years prior to his entrance into the university here.

## Thumbing Rides

Last spring after receiving his first degree, Harold and a friend hitchhiked to Rexburg. Hitchhiking worked so well that when he was again faced with the problem of getting from Idaho Falls to Rexburg, he used it as a means of transportation. At the time he was selling life insurance policies, and had to get to Rexberg early in the morning. His friend drove him to a spot on the highway where the traffic was heaviest.

After waiting for fifteen minutes he heard an approaching truck. Anxiously awaiting an open door, he stood beside the road. "Then to my astonished horror, an Idaho Falls water truck went by!" Not only were his spirits dampened, but Harold was thoroughly drenched.

Somewhere in southern Idaho he plans to practice law, combining it with his life insurance business. Receiving his inspiration from John Carver, federal district attorney of Idaho, who is also blind, Harold has visions of someday being a great lawyer, owning a big office, propping his feet up on a mahogany desk, and sitting back to "dish out legal justice."



HAROLD FORBUSH

—Irma Lee Cone.



# OUT OF DANGER

He still had the old letter in his pocket as he walked along one late afternoon, his thoughts miles away, when he heard the plane buzzing the campus, its silver wings flashing into his eyes, reflecting a thousand memories, a thousand awakenings; bringing it all back to him.

Well, there you have it. Ninety bucks doesn't stack up very well, compared to a wicker chair and a desk, do they? he thought, fingering the letter.

"It was nice, thanks for the memories, but I've just fallen in love with a banker and now that you are safe, I feel that I can tell you. As long as you were in danger, I stayed with you, but now—"

The self-righteousness of it had made him sick when he first read it. It still made him sick. He supposed that if he had been in love with her still, he would have been hurt. But love is a simple emotion. He had not felt it for a long time. When he had first returned, he had tried to get used to her chatter, but she had been so obviously tender. It had been a relief to both when he came down to school.

The plane was banking for another easy glide. In the clear sky it hung, suspended for a moment like a toy thing, before it slipped into the downward grade. He watched it, wishing that the pilot would straighten out his turns, grinned at himself for the thought and shifted his chemistry lab book to the other hand.

Otherwise, though, you have a pretty easy hand on the stick.

"Hello, Jimmy!" A light voice suddenly jarred him. "Still flying other people's planes?"

He looked quickly around at the voice. It sounded to him like a tin spoon in a glass, "Oh, hello, Alice."

She fell in with his stride, casually. "Where you going?"

"Going?" He watched her pretty smile, thinking: Give me a strong face, a weak face, a beautiful or a striking one, but deliver me from a pretty face. "Haven't the slightest idea," he said.

"Oh, Johnny, don't be so silly. Everyone knows where they're going. Are you after a coke?"

"Oh. For a coke, yes." He was

comparing her with Cora. Cora, with the slim hips and the dancing eyes, the breathy voice that said one thing and meant another. "Want to come?" he asked, eyeing her.

"Johnny, do you realize that you simply embarrass a person to death, looking them up and down that way?" she asked, pleasure on her face.

"Oh?" He forgot his irritation at her in sudden amusement. "Do I, now?"

"Yes, you do."

The plane was making another pass at the campus. The slow dive was begun too low over the brow of the hill and it shot over them, clearing the buildings by a scant twenty feet.

Johnny's face flamed scarlet; he jumped out to the middle of the street and dropped his books. He stood with feet apart, his neck muscles straining as he followed the plane's retreat with almost hysterical intensity. "Pull back on the stick, you goddamn fool!" he screamed. "Do you want to crack up?"

"Johnny!" Alice looked faintly horrified and embarrassed. "Come back here. He can't hear you. He's all right, anyhow."

Johnny still stood, shaking, remembering somewhere a screaming descent and an earth, careening far below.

The goddamn fool! The goddamn fool! He kept repeating it in his mind, watching the plane make altitude, tip a saucy wing and head for a distant landing field.

His reason told him that the pilot had been in complete control of the ship, but he kept remembering the crash of a thousand worlds and he was still trembling as he picked up his books and walked slowly back to the sidewalk.

Alice began to talk quickly, nervously. He paid no attention until she said, trying to calm him, "After all, you're out of danger now."

He looked at her then, and realized that she thought him interesting though a bit mad. He began to laugh, almost silently.

"You know," he said, "I had someone else tell me that, once."

"Oh, really?" She was brightly attentive but disinterested.

"Yes." He was watching her lithe grace as she walked, the curve and the pure physical attraction of her. "Yeah. I'm out of danger now, she says, so she married a banker."

Alice's mouth shaped itself into a charming "Oh" of fascinated disapproval. "Did she throw you over?" she asked, hopefully.

"Well, yes. I guess you might say that she sort of helped me out of the boat," he said.

"I see," she answered, her brow creased.

"But then, the damn thing was leaking anyhow."

She was still puzzled, but for once had presence of mind not to pursue the subject vocally.

He walked along with her, his mind darting like a snake's tongue through his memories; back to the smell of 100 octane gas, to twenty-five and fifty hour inspections, to the raucous gaiety of a midnight mess-hall, to Cora's letters and her one brief visit.

He had taken her proudly to the dance at the Officer's Club, knowing that not another woman in the place could touch her. She had worn scarlet satin and she had brought the house down. He had been right, not another woman in the place could touch her, but that goddamn Clarron had.

He had been sulking in the bar when she finally came out to get him to take her home. He hadn't wanted to take her.

"Go back to Clarron," he had snarled. The brilliance of her gown and the gin whirled together in his brain, and his hand was on the bar.

But in the end he had taken her back to town and driven her to her hotel. She had told him then that she was leaving the next day and promised in her soft voice to write him constantly.

"My flyer," she had whispered tearfully, kissing him and disappearing into the hotel before he had recovered enough to laugh aloud at her.

"Yep," he said to Alice. "Some times you just can't bail water fast enough. Water, or maybe tears."

"Would you mind," Alice interrupted him, "telling me just



what you are talking about?"

"Oh, nothing." He suddenly knew that the girl could not possibly understand any part of him, yet because he found himself so in need of it, he invented an understanding in her that she did not possess. He said to himself that she really must understand, that she was only inarticulate.

It was growing darker, with the sun gone behind the hills, and they walked awhile in silence. She glanced at him now and again in puzzlement, but he did not see her.

"Guess you're right," he said, after a moment, closing his eyes to the knowledge that there was no deepness in her, but only the sand that runs close to the sea shore; yet drawing close to her because he needed closeness.

"Right about what?" Her blue eyes were turned to him, wide and innocent with the guilelessness of a woman who instinctively knows that here is a man for her, if she chooses him.

He was looking at her with his heart sick within him, knowing her certainty; knowing, too that there was no worth in either of them, yet unable to face the aloneness the truth would bring him.

Taking her arm, he jerked a careless thumb at the empty sky. "That plane," he said. "You said that I was out of danger."

"Well, you are," she was smiling then, feeling her victory.

"Yeah," He looked deep into her eyes. "Oh, sure. I'm out of danger."

Shirley Cowan.



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## Yeah, Yeah, I Know

Here I lie with limbs akimbo; sunlight streaming through the window,

Lie all morning 'till my senses rouse me from my lazy resting, Make me hesitate, detesting those who have of me been jesting—Jesting of my tired resting, jesting of my tired questing—

For a place upon the floor, Just a place of fond contentment, null and void of their resentment; Just a bed upon the floor.

Oh, it's great to lie here basking in the sunlight, never asking What my aim in life might be; Great to lie here mulling over thoughts and dreams while culling over Better deals in store for me.

Loafing while the day goes flying, losing time and not denying That I'm happy here this way; Loafing now and free from seeking life intent on boredom reeking O'er this dreary globe today.

Still I lie in hesitation, tortured by this sad sensation, Bothered by the evil justice forced upon me and appearing Artificial, domineering, like a fever hotly searing— Searing flesh while boldly rearing, searing thought and sight and hearing

'Till I'm numbed by awful pain. Yet I rise and don my clothing, bathe and eat and go forth loathing Those who toil and are insane. —Judson Irving.

There's a notable family Named Stein— There's Gert and there's Ep, And there's Ein.

Gert's verses are punk, Ep's statues are junk, And no one can understand Ein.

Mrs. A. "I'm bothered with a little wart that I'd like to get rid of."

Dr. M. "The divorce lawyer is the second door to the left."

"I like the jokes in Blot when they're not over my head."  
"I feel the same way about pigeons."

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Moscow



# The Woman Behind Dixie

Mrs. Dixie Howell met me with a smile at the door of her village home, when I came to interview her for **Blot**. Soon I was seated with a coke in a room bright and charming with gay yellow drapes at the windows. Attired in a kelly green gabardine slack suit trimmed with silver buttons, she was saying, "You picked a wonderful day to come . . . it's my birthday." Happily she explained that her attractive outfit was Dixie's gift and that she had just learned April 22 was also President Buchanan's birthday.

I admired the red apple pin at her throat and recorded the statistics as dark brown hair and eyes, 5' 5", and 110 well distributed pounds. Though born Peggy Taylor in Mississippi, she has claimed Birmingham, Alabama, as her home since she was two years old. Peggy Waters is more familiar than the surname Taylor since that is the professional name she used in dancing.

She began training for her dancing career in high school, studied ballet in New York with Albertina Rasch, took general instruction with The Dance Masters of America, and practiced exhibition ballroom dancing at the Chester Hale studios in Hollywood, California. While in Hollywood in 1934-35 she did several minor roles in movies and of that she says, "I was exposed but it didn't take." She never longs for that old life because the career is definitely secondary to the role she is playing now.

Eleven years ago in Mexico City she and Dixie were married twice. The whole affair began nearly fifteen years ago when President Roosevelt and the University of Alabama had their first birthday ball. Dixie was a student and Peggy was singing duets with a fellow in the college band. The leader of the band was a friend and fellow student with Dixie so he talked him into an introduction. Peggy's best girl friend was going with the band director. Together they made a merry foursome.

This was in 1932 and Peggy was interested in perfecting her dancing. She studied and danced for two years and then one of her



Mrs. Dixie Howell— "You're not kidding me!"

legs gave out and she was off to California for a month's vacation. She stayed over a year once there, doing bits in films. Dixie came out to the Rose Bowl to play on the Alabama team that defeated Stanford 29-13 in 1935 and saw Peggy again. After graduating Dixie's first job took him to Mexico City as head football coach. Peggy said their romance was rekindled when he brought a team up to play at

Los Angeles. Then in October of '35 she flew to Mexico City to stay as a guest in the luxurious home of the vice president of Hausteca Petroleum Oil.

Those were magical days complete with maid, chauffeur, and rooms such as grow in a millionaire's villa. Mexico City has always been a setting for romance and Dixie and Peggy decided to wed Sunday, November 24—Dix-





Dixie Jo displayed her first evening gown last week.



From the photo album—Dixie and Dixie Jo.

ie's birthday. Once again birthdays had crept back into our conversation with Peggy remarking that Dixie was never able to forget their anniversaries.

Unfortunately, all the civil officers in Mexico City decided to start their vacations on November 23. The couple had already spent two weeks getting six typewritten pages of marriage applications filled and stamped. Now they had to pay the salaries of all the officers to keep them in town for the Sunday wedding. After the civil marriage, the new Mr. and Mrs. Howell had to rush over to the Protestant chapel for a church wedding. After that they certainly felt well married.

Dixie resigned his coaching position in December to travel to Florida for spring training with the Detroit Tigers baseball club. Next their travels took them to Portland, Oregon, where Dixie played short stop. In the fall Arizona State was glad to secure Dixie as head football coach. In the four winters he was there he had two border conference championships. Every summer he played professional baseball. Before en-

tering the navy he was manager of the Albuquerque baseball team. While he was busy as a lieutenant commander directing welfare and recreation in the states, Peggy surprised herself by organizing "Modern Miss" classes in Shawnee, Oklahoma, and King City, California. The classes helped little girls grow into graceful young ladies through diet, exercise, and training similar to that she had when working as a model.

Peggy has always been interested in little girls because the Howells have a ten year old daughter who is quite attractive as judged by pictures in the photo album we had begun looking through. Dixie Jo is her name. Her greatest ambition is to own a horse and she comes by a love of participating in

(Continued on page 15)



When Dixie wore a Navy Lieutenant's stripes—with the wife.



# Sheila

A neon sign blazed one word—"Beer." Dave Johnson pulled his little roadster off the highway and came to a stop in the dusty parking lot. A rock-covered path led up to the door of the rustic tavern. A sign over the door said "Sandy Point". On the screened porch he could see people talking, smoking, drinking. A couple were dancing to the blare of juke-box music. In a scant bathing suit, a girl started toward the beach. He watched her go down the path. Through the dusty fir trees he could see silver patches of the lake.

He opened the screen door and it creaked a little. Inside was a row of slot machines. A woman stood by one of them, inserting a nickel and pulling the lever. A young couple in a booth toward the back were drinking cokes and holding hands. Behind the lunch counter, a fat man in a greas-spotted, once-white apron, mopped at his sweating bald head and swatted at an occasional fly. A city-dressed man sat at the counter, eating a sandwich and reading a newspaper, oblivious to his surroundings. The heat of the afternoon wrapped everything in tranquility.

Dave leaned on the bar. A waitress moved toward him, not in any particular hurry.

"Beer?" she asked.

"Beer," he stated flatly. She took a quarter from the change on the bar. The cash register rang. He looked at the mirror. Holding up his glass, he toasted his image. Surrounded by people but he was still very lonely. The beer tasted flat. A burst of laughter made him turn toward a table across the room. Jokes. A rather plump woman and two men, all in bathing suits were drinking beer and telling jokes. The woman's flesh hung over the edges of the swim suit and shook when she laughed.

Ordering another beer, he looked again into the mirror. The door was opening and he watched a girl come in and go to the other end of the bar. A white bandana covered her head and a yellow dress with a wide belt and flared skirt showed her figure to an advantage. Taking the sandwich and beer, she moved to a table near the door. She seemed lonely too. Probably

just passing through, much the same as he. Watching in the mirror he saw her take off the bandana. An abundance of shining black hair fell to her shoulders. A couple passed between, cutting off the view.

Lighting a cigarette, he knew even before he looked up that she was watching him. When he looked up, she held his gaze. Dave lowered his eyes. I wonder if she would mind if I sat with her, he thought. Well, nothing ventured, nothing gained. He ordered two beers, and moved around to her table. She watched his approach with interest. She was even prettier than he had thought.

"I hope you don't think me too forward," he tried to sound casual, "But I noticed that you seemed alone and thought that we might enjoy each other's company for awhile." An amused smile played on her face and dimples formed at the corners of her mouth.

"I rather like the idea," she remarked. "And I was lonely too. One should have someone to talk to while they drink, don't you think?" Her voice sounded nice, musical. She knows how to make a man feel at ease, he reflected.

"Maybe we should introduce ourselves, just to make things proper," he said. "My name is Dave. Dave Johnson."

"And I'm Sheila Garner," She smiled, those dimples again.

"Do you come out here often?"

"Not very, I'm just going through on my way home. How far are you going?" she questioned, sipping from the tall glass.

"Only up as far as Palmerton. I have a position offered me by a real estate company there. It's the first time I was ever in this part of the country." He offered her a cigarette and lit it for her.

"Why, I live in Palmerton. Perhaps you will see me sometime." That amused look was in her eyes again. Dave took a puff on his cigarette and was about to order more beer when she glanced at her watch.

"I really must be going now. It's getting late and they will be expecting me." She started to stand up.



"Before you go, perhaps I could get your address. I should like very much to see you again when I get settled." Sitting down again, she took a slip of paper from her bag and writing the address on it, held it out to him. Dave's hand touched hers and a thrill ran through him.

"Goodbye now. Be sure to look me up." He held the door for her and watched while she got in the long black convertible and drove off. He looked at the piece of paper. "Sheila Garner, 1717 W. Lake St." Folding it carefully, he put it in his wallet.

As the miles ticked off behind, darkness was falling and the lights cut a swath through the gloom. He thought about the girl. At least he had made one friend in a friendless country. Who knows, he thought, maybe I'll fall in love with her. It wouldn't be hard to do. Since he had come back from the service, he had longed to settle down, to quit jumping around from place to place. A home, a pretty wife, maybe kids; all that goes with it.

He thought of how proud he could be of her when they went out, of how other men would look at her and envy him. Of holding her in his arms, making love to her and the return of her affection, of coming home from work and finding her waiting for him. She was nice and very desirable. No, it wouldn't be at all hard to fall in love with her. He wished that she could be beside him now. The night was beautiful. The moon had risen and the sky was studded with stars. Maybe someday . . .



Rounding a long bend, he saw the lights of the town stretched out before him. He watched with interest as he descended the long hill. Lights flickered. On, off, on, off. His new home lay before him, and only one person in the whole town that he knew. New friends to be made. A position to establish. The letter of introduction in his pocket. A job waiting—that was something anyhow. Besides, he knew the prettiest girl in town. He would bet money on that. Life was rosy and he felt good.

A week later, Dave sat at his desk, mulling over the events of the past few days. He had been working hard, but it was a good job. Plenty of chance for advancement. Someday, perhaps he would be a junior partner instead of just a salesman. It would be hard work, but he was making good money. Should take some time out for enjoyment, he thought, maybe call Sheila. It would be good to see her again. The memory of her face floated before him for an instant.

When supper was finished that evening, he met Mrs. O'Grady, his landlady, in the living room.

"Mom, could you tell me how to get to this address? A girl gave it to me and I want to renew an old acquaintance." She looked at the paper, but said nothing. Hardly handing the paper to him, she turned quickly and hurried toward the kitchen. It puzzled him, but he shrugged his shoulders and thought—well, I'll try at the service station. There was a Conoco station on the corner where he could stop. Pulling away from the curb, he drove down the street and pulled into the lights of the gas pumps.

"Better put in about five gallons, I guess. And check the oil, too." He wondered why Mrs. O'Grady had acted as she had.

"That'll be about a dollar and fifteen cents, sir, the oil is okay. Anything else?"

"Yes, maybe you can tell me how to get to this address." Dave handed him the slip of paper.

"Sure, just follow this street until you come to Lake, then turn left until you come to the seven-teen hundred block. You can't miss it. Buddy. It's right in the middle of the 'district!'"

—Newt Cutler.

## A Sonnet or Two — Dick Williams.

### To Miss Smith

Miss Smith! You woman. You intrigue me greatly,  
 Although I cannot tell you why.  
 Perhaps I've been so much in contact lately  
 With ordinary college girls that I  
 Am gorged with silly femininity,  
 And your decisive ways are welcome change.  
 Oh yes, 'tis true your personality  
 Encompasses the customary range  
 Of suasive female charms; however, these  
 Are seldom used by you in verbal  
 fray  
 With men. Where other women  
 would appease,  
 You use intelligence to gain your  
 way.  
 I hope your future spouse will understand  
 That he must rule you with an  
 iron hand.

### To the Ladies

Women! God, what contradictions they possess.  
 How beautiful they are in moonlit lanes  
 Or softly darkened rooms, but oh the pains  
 When all that beauty fades to nothingness  
 In daylight's stern disclosures.  
 How they urge  
 The undiscerning male to brag and prate  
 About himself until he's in a state  
 Of self-esteem that knows no bounds, then purge  
 Him thoroughly with just a well-turned phrase—  
 One moment he is second but to God,  
 The next he's brother to the lowest clod.  
 Since women have so few traits one can praise,  
 You'd think that men would presently abhor  
 Them; yet, they take abuse and ask for more.



"Wait! Your wife didn't pose for this picture—I painted it from memory!"





Easy Does It!  
**Skipper Sportshirts**

*You'll feel free and easy—in these expertly tailored sportshirts by Wilson Brothers. In a pleasing variety of weaves and shades. We have them for you the next time you're in Spokane.*

**\$4.50 to \$9.85**

made  
by *Wilson Brothers* for

**FOGELQUIST'S**

*Northwest Corner, Sprague and Howard*

**SPOKANE**

The story behind a name . . .

## The Blue Bucket

The sun was sinking behind the mountains and the sounds of early evening were taking the place of the activity of the daylight hours, that day in the 1840's when a weary traveler slid from his horse beside the gurgling Paradise creek near the present site of Moscow. Upon reaching the creek he dipped an old blue granite bucket for water for his coffee. In doing so, he got some sand in the bottom of the bucket and to his astonishment he saw the glitter of gold in the sand.

But he did not go gold crazy. He was interested in farming and did not want to take time to pan gold. With a shrug of his shoulders he threw the water back and filled the bucket again with clear water and prepared his evening meal.

After eating he wrapped himself in his blankets to dream of his farm in Oregon.

He was up the next morning with the sun, and after a breakfast of coffee, bacon and sour-dough biscuits, he mounted and without a backward glance at the blue bucket beside the gold bottomed creek, he rode toward Oregon.

After many more days of travel he reached his farm, and with the deep satisfaction of being on his own land, he set to work planting his crops. All went well until his crops were well matured. Then disaster struck—hail storms and insects. The fruits of his labor destroyed, he turned his horse again toward the blue bucket on Paradise creek with its rich placer deposits.

But chances like the one he passed never come twice in a lifetime. He never found his Blue Bucket mine. Nor has anyone else, though many have tried.

Garth Collins.



"Don't Move!"

—Contributed by Melba Rae Barnett



# New Summer Togs Accent Men's Styles

Man, here's the latest scoop from the group. In order to look sharp, feel sharp and be sharp you don't have to use a particular brand of razor blade. Heck, no, fella, just check the words of wisdom in these next few paragraphs and govern yourself accordingly.

After extensive research, which consisted of contacting many of the leading men's clothing stores in this state, and observing the sartorially smart multitudes who frequented the arboretum last Friday and Saturday nights **Blot** has emerged with the following data which should be of interest to all of you who plan to continue wearing clothes.

## SPORT COATS

Two buttons seem to be the maximum on all the new models with the three buttons on the wane. (A **Blot** representative will be around for the next week collecting all old three button jobs from you boys turning out greenbacks in the cellar.) The big drift throughout the state is toward long, solid color, lounge effects, so keep this in mind when laying down the cash. Corduroy coats are plenty good but don't get carried away on the color. These cords are practical too because you can put them in a washing machine and save the cleaning bill to buy a new car. A tweed is always good along with a soft worsted, and both lead in the popularity polls. Latest fad, but not too popular, are those collarless lounge coats. One thing definitely in their favor is the fact that they're plenty cool.

## SLACKS AND PANTS

Solid colors are in the lead with small checks and stripes making gains. You now see more gabardines than anything at the Any-Afternoon Club but when they can be had, good flannels, doe skins or soft tweeds should not be ignored. Incidentally the word now is that slacks will be more plentiful by fall. In any event, my son, the well dressed man definitely wears the damn things. Oh yes, almost for-

got, coming back to the Idaho scene are the beloved cords, rough as ever, twice as dirty, rude, uncouth, unattractive, and sometimes I wear 'em myself. In conclusion, in case you haven't noticed, there are still a few "pinks" running around on the impoverished ex-brass.

## SPORT SHIRTS

This year's models have been plentiful and good looking. They seem to be the one item that has reached a near peak in production with no apparent shortage at the present. Most of the preferable models seem to originate in California, which was admitted to the Union in 1850 in case it's been bothering you. Solid colors predominate and wide cut collars lead the style. Among the thousands strolling to and from the arboretum we've noticed that the really smooth lads still button the collar up to the neck under the sport coat. Advertised a lot but not seen much on the campus as yet are those soft, pull-over shirts with three buttons and what's called a Tyrol collar. They usually come with short sleeves. To set the record straight, a Tyrol is a species of humanity found in the Swiss Alps. They are marvelous yodelers but usually stand around with misbegotten expressions and unused Junior Serenade tickets. Of course the traditional "T" shirt is still in use around here by practically everybody. Don't let it get around but the latest model actually has a short, stubby collar around the close fitting neck. I seen it wit my own eyes.

## UNDERSHIRTS and SHORTS

What can be said?

## SWEATERS

Light sweaters are definitely in order for summer. Hardknit slipovers lead the popularity polls throughout Idaho with a few cashmeres showing up. In the sleeveless models bright colors are tops in solid colors or with a small print.

## SOX

The only thing that never seems to change around here are the socks. They're still walking around in the same styles and colors that characterized them in pre-war days. Right now wool socks are a lot more abundant than they were six months ago but they're still snapped up at Idaho as soon as they hit the shelves. The taste runs to solid colors and English ribs, but once in a while a few gaudy stripes float around. The supply of cotton socks is improving but won't really be able to meet demands till fall if you feel partial to them. Oh yes, almost forgot, white socks are also worn around here.

## SHOES

The saddle shoe shows great promise of attaining it's place in the niche of history along with the horse shoe and bare foot of the aborigine, but just so you fellows wearing them don't get too mad the following can be said. They are practical, comfortable and don't dent the government check too much. Besides you can always get some dye and make 'em look like shoes. Big thing for summer, for dress anyway, seems to be the two-tone. Ventilateds are definitely tops now in this style at Vandalville. A lot of loafers are seen every day in the Bucket, loafer shoes, that is. The rugged old brogue, however, still walks off with the prize, and rightly so for everyday wear. The thick sole and sturdy upper can't be beat for giving real service.

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- ★ Basketball
- ★ Baseball
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- ★ Golf

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## ERB HARDWARE

Lewiston



**BELTS and/or SUSPENDERS**

They're holding things up!

**TIES, ROPES and BOWS**

Whatever you wrap around your neck you've got to tie it with a Windsor. Small and neat or big as your fist, just as long as it's a Windsor. Bows are holding their own on the campus with the help of a pioneering movement at 600 University. Knits are a welcome addition to the wardrobe and once in a while some moderately priced silks will be found. Don't be afraid to wear something with some color in it, paisleys and splashy, "all-over" designs are good with stripes moving in fast, even the Chesterfield lads are wearing them. Solid colors seem to be out except in knits but if you like 'em go ahead and wear 'em, at times they're really dressy.

**SUITS, WHEN AND IF**

Comfort is the main thing in spring suits, they're long and evidently getting longer. The roll lapel seems to be more than a fad on double breasts so keep that in mind if you're about to take a plunge and find a good one. In single breasts the two-button coat is again at the top. Not many light weight suits in evidence yet but they should be showing up before too long. On the campus it's the brown gabardine that sets the pace with other tans and browns in general. Plaids are strong, too, and blues and greys are coming up. Indications are the situation will loosen up and suits will be more

plentiful by September so you can figure on something good to come back to school in after vacation.

**HATS**

Nope. Not at Idaho.

**TOP COATS**

Maybe a little out of season but still a good item to consider. Merchants indicate that gabardines and coverts are in demand with fleeces running a fair third. We've also seen some nice light tweeds strolling up Elm Street. Set-in sleeves are still tops though manu-

facturers are pushing raglans hard.

**RAIN WEAR**

The Moscow Junior Chamber of Commerce has given us definitely to understand that it will never rain again in Moscow.

**Interlude**—a time between times.

**Conscience** — that which hurts when everything else feels good.

**Morning**—that time of day when the rising generation retires and the retiring generation tires.



Luscious "Chuck" Cramer, Gamma Pi Beta, stacks up well in our eyes. Here she wears a most attractive ensemble consisting of light blue, pleated skirt and matching sweater, navy blue pea jacket and the standard saddles and bobby socks.

Who can blame Dick Fahrenwald for beaming at such an eye-fulf? Dick, an A.T.O. is looking rather smooth himself. His sporty attire consists of brown sport shirt with hand-stitched collar, brown gabardine slacks, beige cardigan coat with brown handkerchief, beige socks and brown shoes.

Who wants to

**STUDY**

*in days like these?*

This is the time of the year to be outdoors and doing things. And to make those things pleasanter, we offer now:

- ★ Ben Pearson Archery
- ★ McGregor Tennis
- ★ Converse Tennis Shoes
- ★ "T" Shirts .....\$1.00
- ★ DuBow Golf Balls .....\$ .65

**THE OUTDOOR SHOP**

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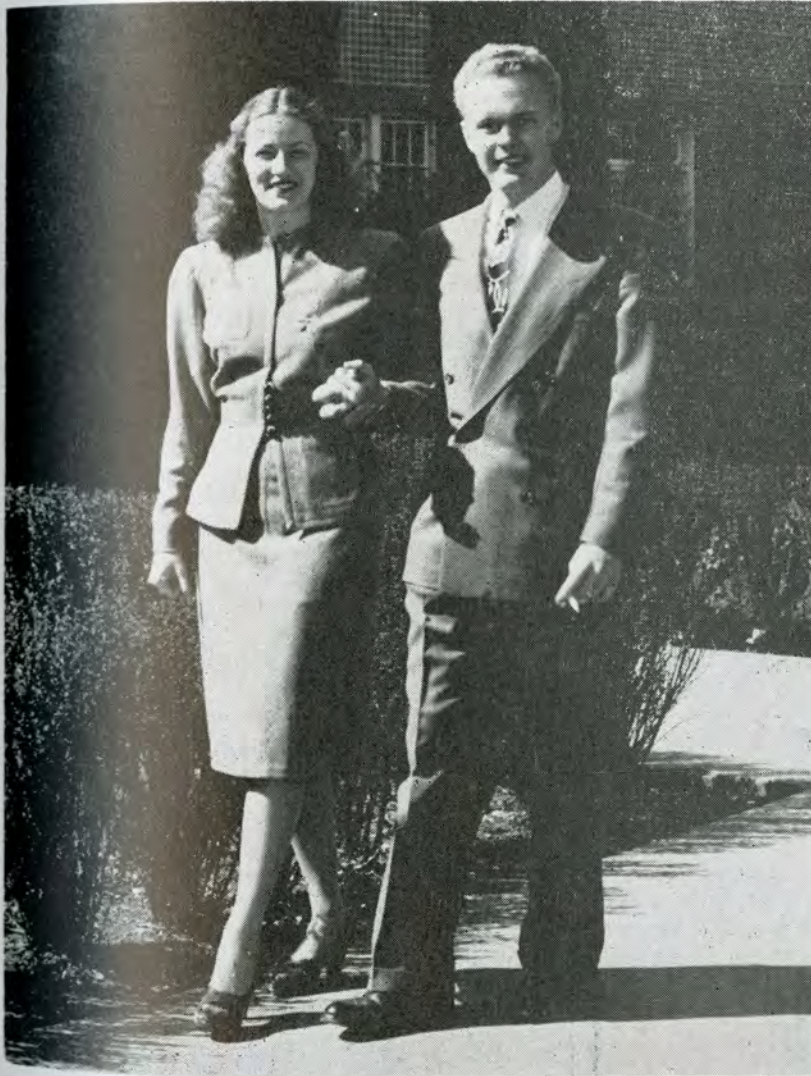
# Bywords In Women's Clothes Are Comfort and Smartness

For several years now manufacturers have been offering young Miss America clothes designed to make her as natural, comfortable and smart appearing as she can be. This year heads the list in their attempts, so from now on it's up to the individual.

You can take the tips from people who have spent a lifetime studying good clothes habits or

you can drag out the sloppy sweaters, baggy pleated skirts and battered loafers. The survey just taken by **Blot** on the campus shows that most co-eds are definitely taking the first path this summer so think twice before you open the closet door, and come out sure of yourself and smiling.

It was found that the style of suit fast becoming the favorite is



Beautiful Jane Thompson, Kappa, and Harold Jensen, Idaho club, display what the knowing folks on the campus don when dressing more or less to the hilt. Jane wears a checked suit of varied colors that produce a brownish cast. It has full shoulders and sleeves and patch pockets. The skirt is very narrow with two side slits. Encasing those limbs are nylons, and her studded sling-pumps have platform soles and are of ligagator.

Harold displays a long, full-drape grey suit with faint blue stripes of blue and red, a white shirt with a windsor collar, a blue and white figured maroon tie, maroon sox and brown shoes.

## FORTUNET CASUALS...

in all the smart  
summer styles and  
colors —

Plenty of smart  
Saddles, too!



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## HOLLYWOOD SHOPPE

WOMEN'S APPAREL  
*Lewiston*

## Dark Clothes Need Frequent Dry Cleaning, Too

THE MOST neglected garments in your wardrobe are often dark colors that don't show soil. They need frequent cleaning, too, for dirt shows up even in the finest fabrics.

Call French's now for a prompt,  
thorough, scientific job.



**FRENCH CLEANERS**  
PHONE 2233



Eye-Catching

**SWEATERS***in soft spring pastels!*

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**COTTON  
DRESSES . . .**

—For the Young Crowd

Bubbling with  
Brightness and  
Brimful of  
Strategic Styling  
Are These  
Sanforized Cottons  
In Intriguing  
Color  
Combinations!

Nationally advertised.

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524 Main

Lewiston, Idaho

that with the long straight skirt and either box or fitted jacket. Small checks or indistinct stripes in wool, and solid colored gabardines are most in demand. Pastels seem to be, as usual, the most popular spring shade. The next time you go out on a shopping spree, why not start with a basic suit as the beginning of a new wardrobe. Whether it has a cardigan neckline, or peter pan collar, it will be suitable for firesides or football games. For a little variety and interest, try varying your accessories.

To wear with that new spring suit is the currently popular shortie, or three-quarter length coat which, if of the right cut and material, can be worn with tailored slacks and also vie as an evening wrap. Pastels are becoming, as well as oyster white and gray which can be worn with more outfits than pastels.

The most popular dress shoe for spring is still the platform sling pump or sandal, but the completely closed pump or "baby doll" in all white or spectator style is fast becoming popular. As for school shoes, why not stick those old loafers in the back of your closet and leave them there. White "Joyces" or flat slings would be a welcome relief. They look smart with either cotton or woolen outfits, too.

If you still wish to cling to those old stand-bys—sweaters and skirts—make a few changes here and there and you will be amazed at the difference—and perhaps the improvement. As for sweaters, pastel angoras and cashmeres are all-time favorites on any campus. Short sleeve pull-overs seem to be much in demand for spring wear. A wool capped sleeve sweater, long straight skirt (they are getting longer!) and a wide leather belt can be combined to make a smart outfit for classroom wear. A boxy jacket with large pearl buttons makes a good topper for this ensemble.

For the many spring dances, off the shoulder, full skirted formals seem to be the all-time favorites. For those who dare are the strapless numbers, which, incidentally, look wonderful made up in pique or cotton stripes. White and pastels are of course the colors most popular. Dinner dresses in jersey or crepe with either a high round neck or low V have been most in demand. Chartreuse seems to be

the favorite color. Gilt slippers are back for formal wear, and ballet slippers are still in demand—because of comfort as well as looks.

With the coming of warm weather cotton dresses are of course very much in demand. And what a welcome relief they are, too. Solid colors, stripes and prints are all popular and are found in a variety of color combinations. Perhaps some of the smartest combinations this year are found in cotton plaids—big and bold—with black the predominating color. And doesn't black look wonderful with that early spring tan! Spring is the time for color, though, so do not be too conservative in picking out your color schemes. The hemline of cotton dresses has very definitely been lowered, which is really a break for most of us. Full and straight skirts are both in demand. Cap sleeves, balloon sleeves, or no sleeves at all are equally popular.

Don't forget that date dress either. It is true that black is al-

**Ode to 'The One'**

I think that I shall never see  
Two people quite like thee and  
me,  
For thee thinks I'm sweetest  
of us two  
But methinks the sweetest one  
is you!

—Marie Hampton.

ways good, but why not try a pastel and see if your "one and only" does not approve. For something really smart, pick a black crepe print. "Sack" dresses, though not at present too popular, are amazingly becoming to the figure.

When you buy your summer wardrobe and plan for your school wardrobe next fall, why not take some of these things into consideration. Your new wardrobe should contain clothes that are most becoming to you, so before you start buying look at yourself in the mirror and then decide what styles and color combinations would be best on you. Don't buy clothes in a helter-skelter manner, but plan out your entire wardrobe then start buying. Remember to buy clothes that can be worn for a variety of different occasions. Above all, remember to buy the things that you need, and the clothes that are styled for you.

—Claire Hale.



**The Woman Behind Dixie**

*(Continued from page 7)*

sports naturally enough. Dixie Jo helped her mother wait for Dixie's return when he was directing recreation in the Marshall and Gilbert area in the Pacific.

We were discussing Peggy's main hobby, sewing, when she brought out a darling blue chiffon formal with clusters of roses at the neckline and waist. The gown is Dixie Jo's first long dress. Peggy sews for all the family and makes a good share of her own chic wardrobe.

Peggy likes Moscow and has found that the people make the place. Idaho has treated the Howells well and she is quite satisfied to be right here. She has made a doll house of her temporary home, but when she looks at her enemy—the coal stove—it recalls most unpleasant moments. Particularly trying was the morning she was working around the house and had her face well smeared with facial cream (Idaho climate and water call forth weird customs). She attacked the job of cleaning soot out of the hostile stove. At last she had her boxful of black soot ready to dump into the garbage can outdoors. A sudden gust of wind blew the contents of said box into milady's face and in her words, "I could have sung 'Mammy' then!"

A little worried about Idaho mountains at first, she thinks they are beautiful now and cannot compare to the two mountains in Birmingham. As a matter of fact, she wrote home and told them they could just call those mole hill one and mole hill two. After traveling over Lewiston hill she says "... and you just call that a hill. That's a mountain—you're not kidding me!"

Thoughtful natives have assured her that it never gets more than forty below here, but chilliness isn't worrying her.

"After that very, very warm reception we received at the assembly, I don't think the cold weather can hurt us too much with that good feeling of friendship."

Over an hour had skipped away. I had enjoyed every minute of chatting and regretted closing the photo album and saying good-bye. Never had I met a more gracious lady.

—June Thomas.



For health's sake, roller skate at the

**ROLLARENA**

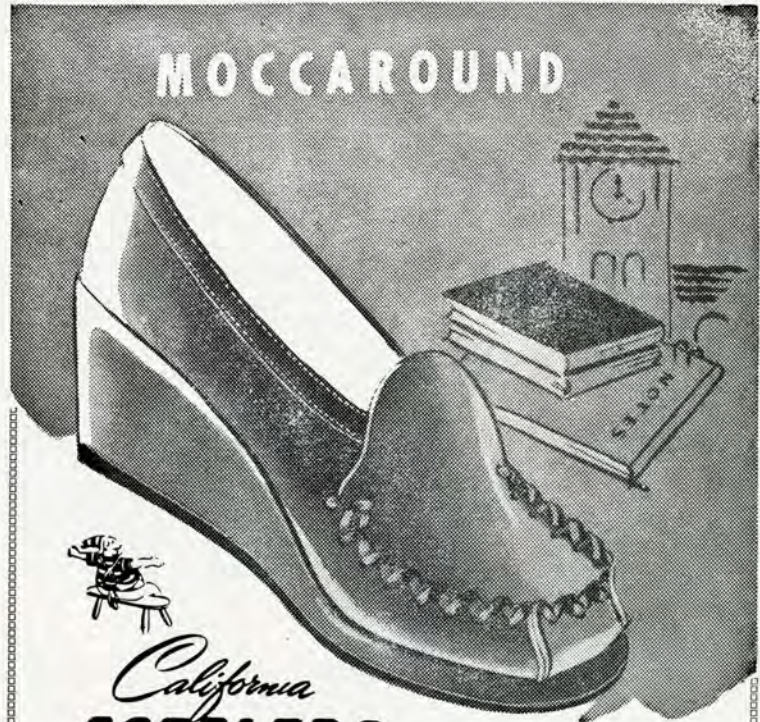
Skating every night except Monday and Wednesday  
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**COBBLERS**

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Army Russet—Red ..... \$6.95

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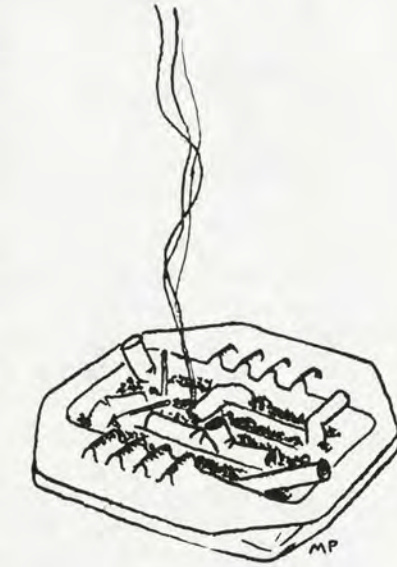
# The Smoke Ring . . .

Of the many articles on the subject of eliminating the smoking habit, the majority are of negligible value because of the inexperience of the writers. I, on the other hand, can deal with the subject authoritatively since I have eliminated this useless habit from my life many times.

My first efforts were begun five years ago. They were not very successful. I would, upon awakening in the morning, say to myself, "I will not smoke today." During this attempt I kept a chart to record the durations of my abstinence. After several weeks my chart disclosed interesting facts.

On Mondays I was eliminating smoking from 7:30 to 8:15 a. m., at which time I invariably yielded to an after-breakfast cigarette. On Tuesdays I lasted until 9 a. m. On Wednesdays the chart indicated a strange turn of events. It was marked with asterisks, wierd hieroglyphics, and a galaxy of footnotes. Close scrutiny of these symbols exposed the fact that on Wednesday mornings I was having a complete breakdown and smoking a pack of cigarettes in one half hour.

A review of my Wednesday activities threw light on this situation. On Wednesdays, Mr. Fuddlebottom, my employer, reached my desk during the course of his weekly tour of the office. He believed in the friendly type of em-



ployer-employee relationship. He would demonstrate this belief by quietly sidling up to my desk about 9:15 every Wednesday morning, and bellowing in my ear, "WAKE UP!!" Before I could recover from the convulsions that these inspirational little chats created, he would have stalked away.

Shortly after these charming little visits I would have to indicate on my chart the smoking of a full pack of cigarettes. Obviously, my failure was entirely due to Mr. Fuddlebottom. I concluded there was but one thing to do—eliminate Mr. Fuddlebottom from my life. I had my resignation half written when a horrible thought gripped me—if I quit my job I wouldn't have any money with which to buy cigarettes! Perhaps, I considered, I was being a trifle hasty with Mr. Fuddlebottom.

My second effort took a more practical course. I resolved not to buy any more cigarettes. It was logical but too simple. For two weeks I bought no cigarettes.

At the end of that period I took stock of my progress—it was very confusing. Although I hadn't purchased any, the record book indicated that I was smoking approximately twenty cigarettes a day. Unconsciously sticking my hand in my pocket to get a match I suddenly felt dozens of loose cigarettes. Turning my pocket inside out, the little white evidences of

my failure fell to the floor. Apparently I was bumming cigarettes from everyone. I kneeled and noted the brands. They bore witness to my degeneration. Among the varieties were a few home-rolled, Fatimas, Kools, Murades, a Coffee-tone, one with just the name "Vicki" printed on it, and one reading "Ajax Tobacco Co.—Sample." Failure again.

My most successful plan was put to trial six months ago. I called it the "substitution method." I began to chew gum. Whenever I felt the urge to smoke I would cram a stick of gum into my mouth. The results were immediately gratifying.

Weeks passed; my success continued. I was incredulous at my own achievement. My records indicated that I had cut my smoking from thirty to ten packs a week at the end of the first week. By the end of the second I was down to three. Of course I was chewing a considerable amount of gum, but that was irrelevant.

Or was it? The third week I kept a record of the gum. While the smoking remained constant, the chewing gum figure had soared to sixty packages.

The next week I consulted a psychologist. His analysis of my plight was not encouraging. He explained that my substitution method was unscientific and thus, inevitably, a very disastrous plan of attack. He further explained that the cigarettes had become what is called a "necessary habit." The introduction of the chewing gum (a pleasure habit) temporarily retarded the necessary habit. However, continued and excessive practice of the pleasure habit had transformed it also into a necessary habit.

I am now enslaved to both habits. At present I am paying regular visits to the psychologist. He is attempting to cure my cigarette smoking and gum chewing by hypnosis. I am keeping a chart of my progress under his care and it has been most encouraging.

However, I must admit, last week my records indicated a strangely suspicious deviation from . . .

Bill Andrews.

## MOSCOW HOTEL

... has excellent accomodations at reasonable rates for your week-end guests, and for your after-hour enjoyable and good food it's . . .

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*Your Hosts*  
PERRY COMO  
JO STAFFORD

**THE CHESTERFIELD SUPPER CLUB**  
AMERICA'S BIGGEST WEEKLY RADIO AUDIENCE  
Coming to you 5 times a week from New York and Hollywood  
MONDAY THRU FRIDAY ALL NBC STATIONS COAST TO COAST





**JO AND PAUL.** Jo Stafford runs over a new number with Paul Weston, leader of the Hollywood Chesterfield Orchestra. They agree that it looks like a new smash hit.



**OVER AND OVER.** "Let's run over that again, Lloydsie," says Perry Como as Lloyd Shaffer as they point up the phrasing of a Como number that has been recorded over a million waxes.

## BACK STAGE WITH THE CHESTERFIELD SUPPER CLUB FAMILY



**TWO GREAT ORCHESTRAS.** Shown here is a section of Lloyd Shaffer's Chesterfield Orchestra in New York. Paul Weston directs the Chesterfield Orchestra in Hollywood. Both orchestras are nationally famous.



**REHEARSAL.** The Satisfiers and Helen Carroll try out a brand new arrangement in the New York manner. The Starlighters, out in Hollywood, are working up novelty numbers of their own.





**ENGINEER CUES JO.** The control room times the show to a split second, cues the artists to keep them on the beam and regulates the sending mechanism to ensure fidelity of tone.

Millions of fans join the **SUPPER CLUB FAMILY** at dinner five nights a week. So everybody in the show works fast and furiously to cook up guest-star-studded musical menus that will really Satisfy, like those Chesterfield ABC's **SATISFY** smokers.

The Club's stars, **PERRY COMO** and **JO STAFFORD**, and their staffs are ever

on the alert to bring you new songs and the old favorites you love to hear.

**THE SATISFIERS** with **HELEN CARROLL** and **THE STARLIGHTERS** have a grand time harmonizing with their swing and sweet so every number clicks on every beat.

The two nationally famous Chesterfield bands, **LLOYD SHAFFER'S** and **PAUL WESTON'S**, keep whipping up sparkling

accompaniments for the stars and novel musical specialties.

The Club's ABC Men, **MARTIN BLOCK** and **BEN GRAUER**, find new ways to tell you the good news about Chesterfields:

**A—ALWAYS MILDER**

**B—BETTER TASTING**

**C—COOLER SMOKING**

*They Satisfy*



**PERRY AND BEN.** Perry Como and announcer Ben Grauer often team up on the ABC announcements to make sure all the benefits of smoking pleasure are brought home to the listening audience.



**AND MARTIN.** Jo Stafford and Martin Block run over the script together. What Martin has to say about Chesterfield will key in nicely with Jo's musical program.



**HOW HITS ARE BORN.** Perry's ability to spot a good tune is one reason you hear so many future hits on the Club. He works with the song publishers' representatives to get the best.



**ALWAYS Milder**  
**BETTER TASTING COOLER SMOKING**  
 WHEREVER WE GO CHESTERFIELD IS TOPS

*Perry Como - J. Stafford*



HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

LAKE PLACID

MADISON SQ. GARDEN

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

Tom Breneman's

ARK CLUB

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Frank Bailey's MEADOWBROOK

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FLYING SAUCERS  
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Cafe Society

**ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD**  
 RIGHT COMBINATION WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS · PROPERLY AGED

The Trocadero

COCONUT GROVE L.P.



20th CENTURY-FOX

Mocambo

HOTEL SHERATON



Crone  
 The BLACKHAWK



# Artland

Pretty as a picture, Shirley Gustafson, student in intermediate drawing, sits pencil sketching in the spring sunshine. Soon she will gather up her work and amble back to the university's new art building. This is where our story of paints and brushes begins.

Framed by a landscape of bright green, the gray, yellow and brown edifice stands out as the most modern on the campus. Ceilings, walls and floors set in angular designs give a feeling of projected space. Displays of colorful prints snatch the eye's attention and the unmistakable aromas of oil paints and turpentine brushes tantalize the nose. The artists' dwelling has been entered. Gathered in symmetrical circles or behind scattered easels are busy painters, sketchers, designers, architects, and even pottery makers.

The present quarters were remodeled in the summer of 1945 from what was formerly used as a temporary dormitory and before that as a livestock pavilion. Students and faculty designed the building that now offers everything from the crafts to commercial printing. A full four years in design, architecture, painting, and drawing are offered with lecture courses.

Jean Miller and Anita Hamilton (lower left) receive instruction



from Miss Mary Kirkwood, a graduate of the University of Montana and the holder of the Master of Fine Arts from the University of Oregon. She studied at Harvard under two Carnegie scholarships and spent a year at the Royal Academy in Stockholm (1934) as a special student "award" from the King of Sweden. Mr. Alfred C. Dunn, though he eluded our camera, is an indispensable instructor. He graduated from the department here in 1936 and comes back after six years of top-flight experience in advertising agencies and in the printing field. He is fast becoming a water colorist of note with many of his paintings taking prizes in Northwest shows and finding ready markets among art lovers. His majors in commercial art are far short of the demands of the field for competently trained technicians in printing and engraving. Others on the



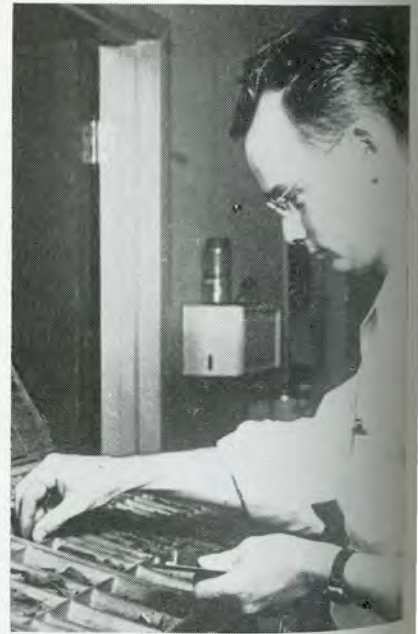


staff are Mrs. Eva Ellis, graduate assistant in art, and Mr. Edgar Lukens, assistant in architecture.

Although so recently remodeled, the building is already overcrowded with the largest enrollment since the establishment of the architecture department in 1923. The art department wasn't added until 1929. This year there are 120 students indicating their desire to be four year art majors. Sixty-five are architects while the others are majoring in general art, commercial art, or interior decoration. The department also instructs classes of home economic majors.

If present plans mature a wing will be added to the building to accomodate additional classes and two more instructors will be added to the staff.

Nancy Cowen and Dorothy Danquist (upper left) are in the process of completing their oil paintings. Jim Black, Teddy Giese, and Pat Robinson add finishing touches to their work (center left).

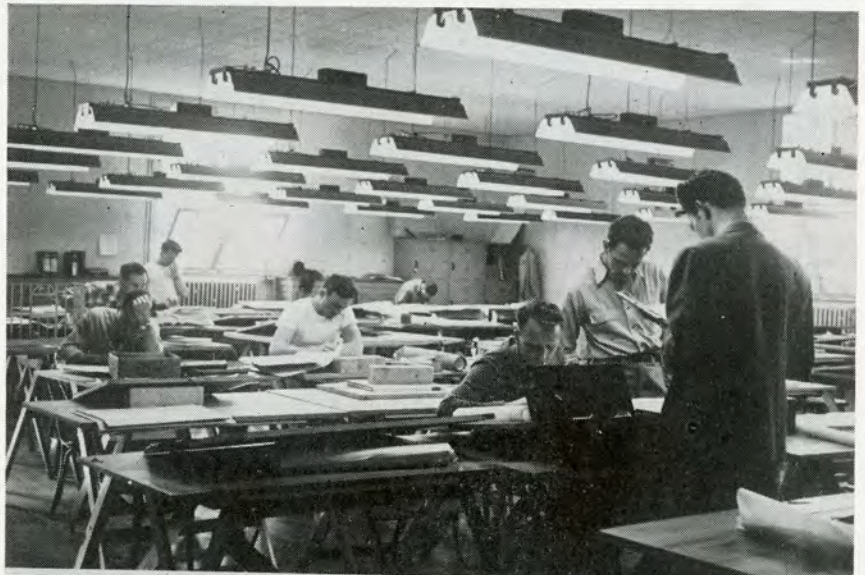


Luther Linkhart above demonstrates the correct method of holding a "stick" when setting type. (Lower left) Lynn Davis, interior design major, does some hand lettering for the university. On the campus the students' artist association is the Attic club. This active group sponsors an annual ball and this is the third year of their annual bridge party. At the party prizes of works of art done by students and faculty are awarded. Among their members not pictured





Marg Walters, president, and Zelva Hodge are seniors this year while Don Rankin is the boy who goes in for the unusual. At present he is experimenting with fresco painting on plyboard. Bud Chamberlain is an outstanding young artist from Minneapolis. He is going for surrealism and enjoys interpreting the adjacent Palouse country. (Above) Patty Robinson, Janet Billmeyer, Don Robertson, Melba Barnett, George Denman, James Gilbert and Bob Finlayson are at work in advertising layout class.



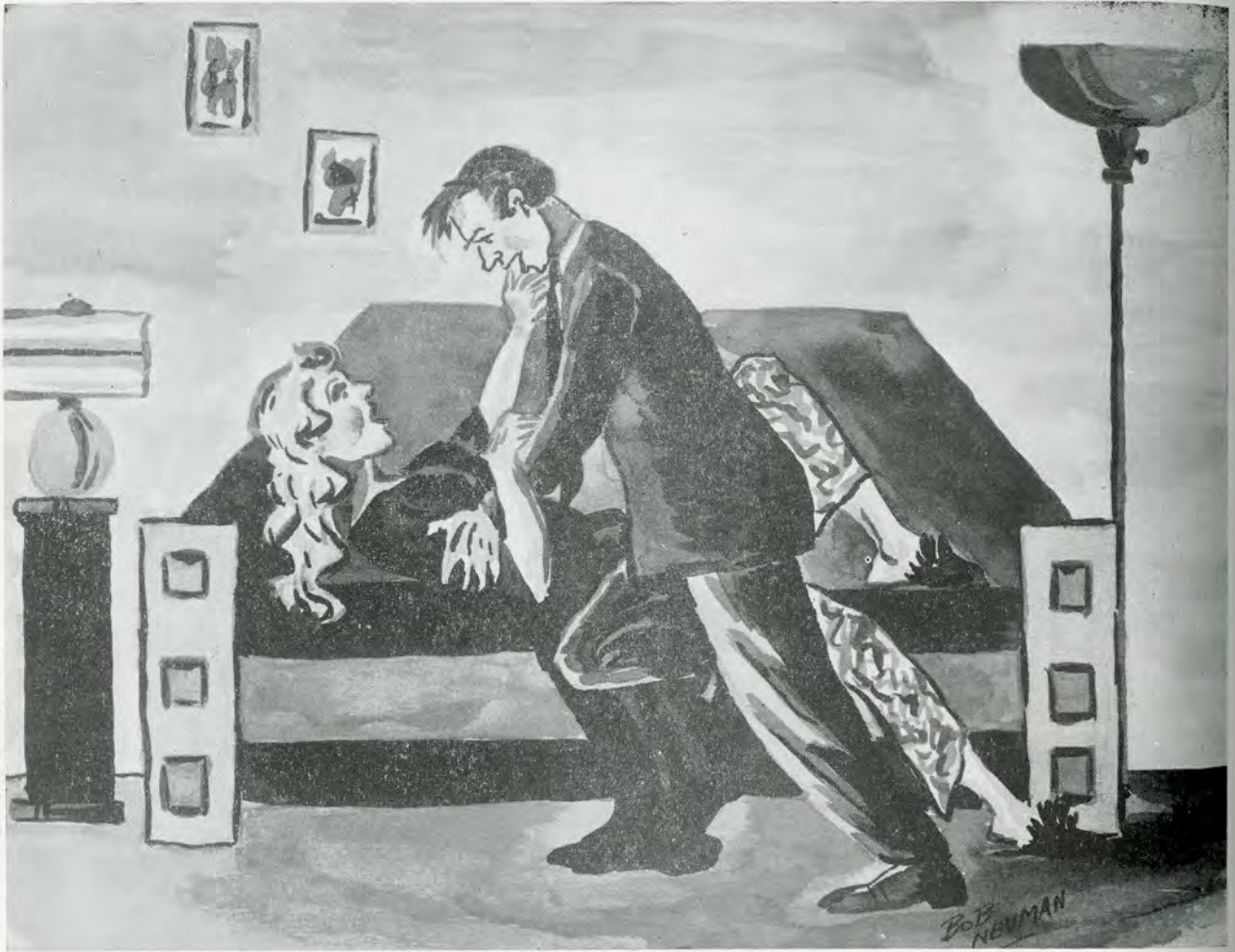
In the make-up lab (Upper left) our photographer has captured the impression of architects under the lights as they strive for the perfection and exactness required in their profession.



(Lower left) Melvin Halley, Robert Smith, Mr. T. J. Prichard, head of the art and architecture department, and Wayne Beard iron out a point of perspective. Mr. Prichard graduated from the University of Minnesota and has been here since 1926. He holds many fellowships and scholarships and studied at Harvard and the University of Oregon. In 1943 he won a first prize of \$5000 in the General Motors competition with an architectural drawing.

—June Thomas.





## Thirty-Seven Sisters

### PART III—ESCAPADE

Laura was sitting alone in the living room. She had books spread out before her, on the floor, and on the arms of the chair. It was the night before her first final.

"The ancients," she read aloud, "struck with the irreducibility of the elements of human life to calculation, exalted Chance into a divinity."

Mary bounced into the room. "You should have been kibitzing, Laura. Amelie and I made a grand slam in spades, doubled, re-doubled, and vulnerable! And I've never had a slam before."

"Fine."

"I haven't much urge to study tonight," Mary yawned. "Gwen had two aces so naturally she thought her double was a cinch."

"Naturally," Laura said without lifting her eyes from the book. "But you fooled her."

Mary nodded. "I was void in hearts and Amelie in diamonds and . . . Laura, let's go down to the Pelican and get a sundae."

"Can't. I've got to study."

"You're always studying. With your grades I shouldn't think you'd **have** to study. Come on, it won't take long."

"Really. I can't."

Evelyn and Martha came in. "Hi!" greeted Ev. "What's doing?"

"Nothing," answered Mary. "Laura's studying."

"What's the matter?" Martha asked. "Too much noise upstairs?"

Mary shrugged. "I never crack a book all semester and I get C's and D's just the same."

"A real talent," observed Laura.

"But you," said Ev. "study all the time."

"We mustn't judge her too harshly," Martha smirked. "Remember she is just a freshman."

"That's right," added Mary.

Laura looked up at them defiantly. "I figure finals are pretty important," she said.

"In a way," said Ev. "What you don't get in a course you're sure to get in the final."

Laura turned back to her notebook. "A fool can never hold his peace, for too much talking is ever the indice of a fool.—Demactus."

"What!" exclaimed Mary.

Laura smiled and explained. "That's a quotation. Dr. Jones is a stickler for direct quotations. The more obscure the better. I memorize a few from each author and pepper my examinations with them."

"So that's your technique."

"One of them."



Mary swallowed. "I thought for a minute she was referring to me."  
"How's Polly?" asked Ev.

"Okay, I guess," said Laura. "As good as can be expected."

Martha smiled smugly. "I would like to have seen Larry's face when he got his fraternity pin back."

"I still think Polly was a bit hasty," Ev said.

"Hardly," Laura answered. "You didn't expect her to be all roses and cream, did you?"

"Well," said Ev, "she doesn't even know all the circumstances."

Laura turned back to her book. "She knows enough of them."

"I'll bet Maurine is in her glory," Mary said.

"Probably," said Martha. "I knew she would do anything to get Larry back, but even then I underestimated her."

"Just the same," said Ev, "I wouldn't have wanted to be in her shoes when she went before the Dean of Women this afternoon."

Mary was interested. "How did that come out?"

Martha shrugged. "Nobody knows. She hasn't come back yet. Skipped dinner and everything."

Laura looked at her watch. "She'll be back soon. She won't risk being out after hours two nights in a row."

"I knew she was playing fast again last week when I heard she was seen with Larry in a night club," Martha said.

"Did Polly know that?" Ev asked Laura.

"I don't think so."

Martha smiled sweetly. "Shall we say, Larry has been wavering lately."

Ev looked disgusted. "After he and Polly have been going steady since the pledge dance."

"I can't blame Larry too much," said Mary. "After all, he's human."

"But Maurine," said Ev. "She was taking a big chance staying out with him until four this morning, and hoping to sneak back in on the fire escape."

"If she hadn't knocked everything in the place over," said Martha, "Mrs. Wilcox never would have caught her."

"I'll bet she was a sight."

"I didn't see her," said Mary, "but Carol did. And she says Maurine was drunk as a lord."

"Boy, she must have talked fast

before the Dean to get out of that!" Martha said.

Mary looked at the door. "She's probably staying away right now just because she knows we're dying of curiosity."

"Did she admit she was with Larry?" asked Ev.

"Admit it!" exclaimed Martha. "She shouted it all over the place."

"No," said Ev reflectively, "I guess I can't blame Polly for sending his pin back."

"He has tried to call her twice but she won't even talk to him."

"Let no woman believe a man's oath," Laura recited. "Let none believe that a man's speeches can be trustworthy. They, while their mind desires something and longs eagerly to gain it, fear nothing to swear, spare nothing to promise, but as soon as the lust of their greedy mind is satisfied, they fear

### L'Envoi

When we're riding to the sunset,  
Then it's done—the chips are down.  
And Time is just a memory  
In a crimson colored gown.

Then we're going to our Maker,  
And the ways that we have gone  
Are no longer things for sorrow,  
But a rising, growing dawn.

—Shirley Cowan.

not then their words, they heed not their perjuries." — Catullus, Odes."

"Another quotation?"

"Yup."

"Just the same," said Ev, "its too bad it had to end this way. Polly was really crazy about Larry and I thought Larry was goo-goo about her too."

"But —" added Martha, "The sheep has strayed from the fold."

"I still can't blame Larry too much," said Mary. "Maybe he didn't know what he was getting into."

"Look, kids," Laura said. "I've got to read over these notes. I thought maybe I could find some quiet down here."

"So we're bothering you," smiled Mary.

"To put it bluntly, yes."

The phone rang.

"I'll get it." Ev went to the phone. "Good evening, Eta Alpha Pi. No, this is Evelyn Comstock. Who? Oh, Larry."

The girls looked up with interest.

"Yes, I know. She has refused to speak to you. No, I'm not angry with you. No, Maurine isn't back yet."

The girls gave each other a significant look.

"Well, I'll try it." She set the receiver down, and walked to the head of the stairs. "Gwen!" she called, "Will you tell Polly she is wanted on the phone down here? Okay." She rejoined the group. It's Larry again. Still trying to get a word in somehow."

"What can he hope to tell her?" asked Mary.

"Damned if I know," said Ev.

"Maybe he thinks the sound of his voice will set her swooning at his feet," suggested Martha.

"Optimist," Mary said.

"I am but a fool to reason with a fool," read Laura.

"Will you stop that, Laura?" Martha demanded. "You give me the jitters. You sound like a conscience, and I poisoned my conscience long ago."

"I can believe that," answered Laura.

Polly came down the stairs. She was in a flowered dressing robe over blue pajamas. Her hair was



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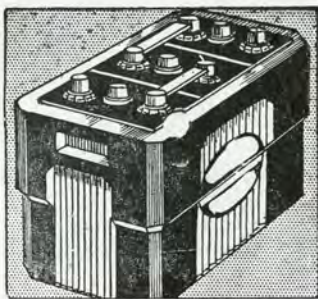
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up for the night, she thought.  
"Phone for me?"

"Yes."

"Is it Larry?"

"I don't know," Ev lied. "It's a man."

Polly picked up the phone. "Hello . . . yes, this is Polly Jackson. Oh, hello Rodney. Did you call for Larry? If you did I can tell you right now you are wasting your time . . . I can imagine how he feels . . . He wasn't thinking of me last night . . . Me! How can you say it was partly my fault? I suppose I didn't satisfy him? . . . No, I don't hate him, but I don't care if I ever see him again . . . What! So this is you, Larry! I thought so! Well I have nothing to say. Good-bye!"

She slammed down the receiver, crossed over and sat on the sofa. "Of all the low tricks! He tried to draw me out by pretending he was someone else. Of all the nerve!"

"Why didn't you give him a chance to explain?" Ev said. "Surely that couldn't hurt."

Mary smiled. "Maybe she's afraid her heart will take over and she'll forgive him."

"Heart! Do you think I can still love him?"

"Yes."

Polly sat down again. "Well, maybe I do. But I'll get over that."

"Forgive others often, yourself never." Laura recited.

"What!" exclaimed Polly.

"Publius Syrus, Sententiae."

"She's trying to study."

"But I give up." Laura gathered up her books and started for the door. "Maybe in the kitchen . . ."

Betty hurried in, excited. "Maurine's back!"

"What!"

"Of course I never say anything about anybody unless I can say something good," Betty rattled breathlessly, "and, oh brother, is this good!"

"How'd she come out?" asked Martha.

Betty turned to her. "Slick as a whistle. She ran rings around the Dean."

"She would," commented Ev.

Laura dropped her books and sat down again.

"How'd she do it?" Martha asked.

"Just talked fast, I guess. I don't know what all she told the Dean, but it must have been good."

"Some people are gifted in

squirming out of jams," said Laura

"She won't divulge the details," continued Betty. "Says she may want to use the angle again some time."

"She must have strained herself to think up something," Ev said.

Betty went to the sofa. "I say, Polly, I was sorry to hear about you and Larry. I was kind of looking for orange blossoms."

"Thanks, Betty. I was sort of hoping too, but I guess I made a mistake."

"It's too bad," said Betty. "You were such a nice couple. Hasn't Larry even tried to explain?"

"He's called three times," Martha said.

"Well?"

"She wouldn't speak to him."

"You might at least have given him a chance to explain," Betty said.

"What could he explain?" asked Laura.

"Well . . ." Betty shrugged. "I don't know."

Polly smiled vaguely. "If I were a poet and a philosopher like you, Betty, I suppose I could overlook the whole matter if he could, and start out again, but I'm not. I'm just a plain, ordinary girl who has been brought up to believe in what's right and what's wrong, and that there's no half-way measure."

"I suppose you're right, Polly," Betty said. "But it won't do you



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any good to mope around this way. Not just before finals, anyway."

"Finals! I don't care if I go to school or not!"

"See?" said Betty. "You're taking it too hard."

"That's what I've been trying to tell her," Laura said.

"You'll forget about him soon enough, and then you'll find some other guy you'll be crazy about, and you'll forget all about Larry."

"I'll never forget Larry nor the lesson he's taught me."

"That's not the right attitude," said Betty. "Say, I made up a poem a couple days ago that sort of fits your case. Want to hear it?"

Martha sighed. "Here we go again."

Betty recited.

"A kiss! a sigh!  
A long goodbye!  
And he is gone!

A glance! Oh, my!  
Another guy.  
And life goes on.

Okay, huh?"

Mary held her nose. "It stinks."

"But it's true!" Betty protested.

"Of course it's true," agreed Ev.

"But does that make it good?"

"Dr. Robbins says that really good poetry leaves the reader saying to himself, 'How true! How true!'"

"Thanks for trying, Betty," said Polly.

"But you've got to snap out of it, Polly. Look, I know a good-looking Delt that I can get you a blind date with for tomorrow night."

"Sorry."

"But you need to get out again in order to forget. Look, this guy's swell. You'll have a wonderful time."

Mary asked eagerly "What's his name?"

Betty ignored her. "You've been going with Larry so long that you've forgotten other men can be tops, too."

"Give up, Betty," said Laura. "It's no use."

At that moment Maurine chose to make her dramatic entrance. All attention was immediately given to her. Polly tensed, and sat back in the sofa. Maurine was well-dressed, wearing a little too much make-up. She was smug and gave her hair a toss as she came in.

"Hello, everybody."

"Hello," answered everybody.

"You all right?" Martha asked.

"Sure, I'm fine."

"Sure?"

"Sure. What do you expect me to do? Break out in a rash?"

"Oh, perish the thought!"

Maurine saw Polly. She braced herself and sneered "Hello, Polly."

Polly looked down. "Hello, Maurine."

"Hear you sent Larry's pin back." She simpered. "What on earth for?"

The muscles in Polly's face tightened. "You've won, Maurine. You said this was to be a contest to see who could stoop the lowest, and you've done it."

"Don't feel bad, honey. Larry wasn't your type anyway." She examined her fingernails. "Men like him want more than sex appeal."

Polly's anger flamed. "Will you shut up! You managed this very nicely and it worked out just the way you planned, so take him and—" her voice broke "—get out."

Maurine smiled with artificial sweetness. "You did like him, didn't you?"

"Like him! I loved him!"

"I'm glad to hear you put that in the past tense. 'Cause he's mine now, all mine."

Polly leaped from the sofa and slapped Maurine across the mouth.

"Why you . . ." Maurine's eyes narrowed. "I'll rip you apart."

Polly stood her ground. "I wouldn't try anything, Maurine. I've had wrestling in high school."

"Plus a few dates with Larry," Ev added.

"People don't slap me. Not and get away with it." Maurine flashed out a hand that cracked smartly on Polly's cheek. At the same time Polly got a hold about Maurine's waist, grabbed her other arm and tried to twist it behind her.

"Hey!" yelled Laura. "Cut it out."

Maurine caught Polly's hair with her free hand and pulled her head back with it.

"Stop it, you two," exclaimed Martha. "Do you hear!"

Polly wrapped a leg around Maurine and tripped her. They both tumbled to the floor.

Mary folded her arms. "Reminds me of a cat fight in the alley."

The two rolled over on the rug. "So you like to play rough, huh?" gaped Maurine.

Polly struggled to regain advantage. "At least I play fair."

Laura grabbed Polly and Mar-



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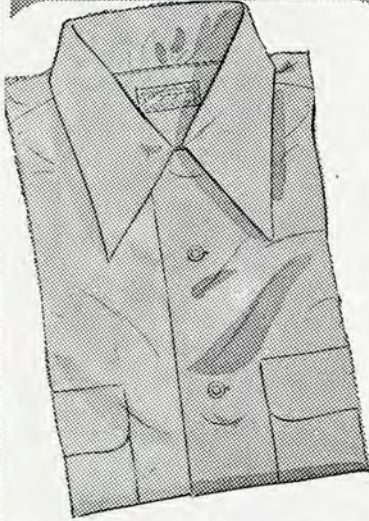
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tha pulled Maurine away. The combatants got to their feet.

Maurine was disheveled, and having had the worst of it, was still eager to fight. "Let me go, Martha. Do you hear?" She slapped Martha soundly. Martha released her, but Evelyn stepped between her and Polly.

"Oh, no," she said. "This little tussle is over. I just heard Mrs. Wilcox come in, and in another minute she'll be in here. You know what that means."

"She can't talk that way and get away with it," Polly said.

"Take your hands off me, Ev!" Maurine demanded. "Let go!" She struck at Evelyn, but missed. The doorbell chimed.

"Don't try that with me, Maurine, or I'll lay you out on the floor. Will you see who that is, Betty?"

"Sure." Betty left.

Ev turned to Martha. "Maurine wants to go upstairs. Do you want to go along, just to be sure she's all right?"

"I get it," said Martha.

"I'm not going anywhere."

Martha took her arm. "Come on, Maurine."

"Just one minute." She turned to Polly and drew back a fist to strike, but Polly was quicker and landed one on her chin.

"So you still haven't had enough," said Polly.

"My nose! It's broken!"

"I didn't touch your nose."

"My lord," exclaimed Laura. "You're supposed to be ladies—sorority women, but you act like a couple of bar flies."

"I'm bleeding," wailed Maurine.

"Come on, Maurine," Martha said, starting off with her. "You've had your day."

"I can't stop bleeding!" They left.

"You all right, Polly?" Laura asked.

"Of course."

"You'd think," said Laura, "she'd be satisfied after all she's done."

Evelyn looked at the door. "You can never satisfy her type."

Betty came in again. "Guess who's at the door at this hour?"

"Who?"

"Larry. He wants to see you, Polly."



"Could you show me **SOME-THING**—in sweaters?"

"Well, he can go to—I mean, he can go . . ."

"Why don't you give him a chance to explain?" Ev urged.

"No."

"You could at least give him a piece of your mind," Betty suggested.

"No, I couldn't talk to him if I wanted to. Not after . . . Besides, I couldn't go to the door like this."

"I'd think he'd give up," said Mary. "Shall we tell him you won't see him?"

"Yes." As Mary and Betty started for the door, Polly added, "And Mary, be careful how you say it." The other girls exchanged knowing glances.

"Polly, don't mind my saying this," said Ev, "but I think you're a damn fool!"

"Ev!" exclaimed Laura.

"Maybe you're right," said Polly, "but I guess it runs in the family." She put her head in her hands.

Ev sat down beside her. "Look, kid. You're letting this get you down. Why, this sort of thing happens to lots of people and they take it on the chin."

"Well, I'm not lots of people."

"Sure, but still . . . Oh, I know it hurts, but you'll get over it, and twenty years from now you'll look back on this night and laugh at your foolishness."

"Look, Polly," Laura sat at Polly's feet. "You shouldn't feel so bad about one guy. There are lots more running around twice as good as he."



"There's no one better than Larry."

"Why, of course there is," Ev said. "After all, he's just like any of the guys."

Polly looked up. "He isn't like the other guys," she defended. She looked down, smiled a bit, and said softly, "When he kisses me, it isn't as though he thinks he ought to get back his investment on a dance ticket or a chocolate shake, but because he just wants to touch me, to hold me close, to feel me near him."

"Wow!" exclaimed Ev. "You've got it bad!"

"And you still love him, don't you?" asked Laura.

"To stop loving isn't as easy as turning off a light switch."

"Then why don't you go back to him?" Laura asked.

Polly put her head in her hands again. "No matter how much I love him, I can never go back to him now."

"It's just your silly pride," said Ev.

"Call it what you like. Some girls could go back to him, but I can't. I never can."

"How do you think he feels?" asked Ev. "Do you think he has stopped loving you either?"

"It wasn't me he was loving last night."

"He does love you. Why else

would he be breaking his neck to see you?"

Polly finally broke into tears. "Oh, leave me alone, will you? I don't want to hear about it."

Ev got up. "Come on, Laura. Maybe it would be best to leave her alone. There's nothing we can do. Let's go."

Laura gathered up her books. As they started for the door she called back, "Goodnight, Polly."

Polly answered without looking up.

The room was empty save for Polly sobbing silently on the sofa. Then there was a noise at the window. It opened quietly. Larry McDougall climbed awkwardly through. He was probably well-dressed that morning, but now his suit was wrinkled, his hair mussed, and his hat shapeless. He looked tired.

Polly heard a noise, looked up, then got up. She saw him. "Larry!"

"I was hoping to find you alone." He tossed his hat into a chair, and started toward her.

"Have you gone mad?"

"Just about. You didn't want to see me, but I am going to see you."

"You're breaking into the house, a sorority house, at this hour! You'll be expelled!"

"You left me no alternative. I'm going to talk to you."

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LEWISTON

Polly turned away. "There's nothing to be said."

"There's plenty to be said. You've got to understand about last night."

She faced him, face red. "I understand perfectly."

"No, you don't!"

"Maurine was perfectly clear."

"Undoubtedly. But you have got to know the truth."

"I am quite aware of the facts. You were both drunk and decided to have a little fun."

"That's not so."

Polly continued quickly. "She came in at four this morning. Do you deny that?"

"No, but . . ."

"That's all I wanted to know. Goodnight," she started off, but Larry intercepted her, grabbing her by the arm.

"I didn't risk my neck to come here and then let you get away without explaining."

Polly struggled to break his grip. "There's nothing to explain. Let me go!"

Larry took her firmly. "You are going to hear me, see?" He maneuvered her back toward the sofa while she struggled desperately.

"I hate you, Larry. Now let me go, or I'll scream!"

"Scream if you like, but you're going to know what everybody's thinking isn't true!"

"I warned you." She screamed.

"Why you little devil! But I'm not going. Now listen—!"

"Let me go!" She struggled in vain.

"Shut up! Now listen to me!"

"I don't want to hear you." She made a desperate struggle and broke away, but Larry caught her and threw her onto the sofa, holding her there.

"You are going to understand if I have to kill you!"

There was a commotion on the stairs. "Larry! For heaven's sake, get out of here!"

"I'm not leaving," he replied, firmly.

He was holding her there when the door opened and Mary, Betty and Amelie burst in, dressed in various nightwear. They saw Larry and stood aghast.

"Did I hear a scream?" Betty was saying: "Ohh . . .!"

"Well!" exclaimed Amelie.

Ev and Laura came in next. "What's going on in here?" Ev asked. Then, "Larry!"

Amelie closed her eyes and shook her head. "Oh, what a scandal!"

Mary clasped her hands in mock solemnity. "It was Maurine last night. He must like variety."

Three other girls came in.

"What the devil!"

Betty was shocked. "Larry Mac-Dougall! What will the people in Watertown say when they hear about this? What will your folks think?"

"I don't care what they think," Larry answered angrily, "and I don't care what you think."

Laura came up to him. "What are you doing here?" she asked.

"That's easy," he replied. "I came to explain to Polly about last night."

Mary sneered. "Explain? Can you?"

"You girls have it all wrong," Polly broke in. "He did come to explain, and when I wouldn't listen, he forced me to. It's my fault he's here and now he's got to get out before Mrs. Wilcox comes up."

Gwen was at the window. "Her light's on. She heard the scream and is getting up."

"Larry," Polly demanded, "get out of here while you still have a chance!" Larry started for the window.

"He can't go out this way now," Gwen said. "Mrs. Wilcox's windows face this way. She'd see him



"I know there's a room shortage, but I have my reputation to think of—ONE of you must leave!"



sure!"

"But he's got to get out!" Polly exclaimed.

"Not by the front door," Sharon said. "She would meet him in the hall."

"Not by the back door," said another. "It's locked after hours."

"Oh, what the devil," Larry said. "Let her find me here."

"No!" exclaimed Polly.

"Think of the sorority," added Sally. "What a scandal this would be! He has got to get out."

"Mrs. Wilcox will turn him right over to the authorities. She'd never understand," said Mary.

Amelie was at the door. "Here she comes!"

Polly wrung her hands. "Oh, do something. Quick!"

Ev grabbed Larry, "Down behind the sofa. Maybe she won't see you. Hurry!"

Larry ducked behind the sofa. He was hardly hidden when Mrs. Wilcox, the housemother, entered the room. "What's all the racket in here?" she asked, adjusting her glasses. "Did I hear a scream?"

"Oh, no," Polly said quickly. "We were just laughing a little too loudly."

"Well, what are all of you doing up at this hour anyway? Why aren't you in bed?"

"We were down here trying to study together," Sharon offered.

"Without books? You girls are up to something again. I can smell it." She walked around the room. literally looking for trouble. Laura spied Larry's hat in the chair, slipped over to it and picked it up. Then Mrs. Wilcox turned to her. Laura flashed the hat behind her back. Mrs. Wilcox narrowed her eyes. "What have you in your hands, Laura?"

Laura dropped the hat into the chair and stood before it. "Nothing," she said, and offered her empty hands as proof.

"Then sit down. You make me nervous standing there."

"Yes'm." She sat on the hat.

Mrs. Wilcox continued her tour of the room, and was just about to look behind the sofa, when Ev tried to attract her attention.

"Mrs. Wilcox."

The housemother turned. "Yes?"

"Er . . ." She had to think of something fast. "You might as well know, we were just down here having a bull session and got a little loud."

"That's right," Betty agreed

quickly.

"I thought as much. Well, hurry up and get to bed. Some of the girls have tests tomorrow." She started out. "I still think something's fishy," she said as she left.

Mary wiped her brow. "Whew! That was close!"

Larry peered over the sofa. "All clear?"

"All clear."

"You've got to get out of here, Larry," Polly said.

"You're telling me!" He started for the window.

"Not this way," said Gwen. "She can see this window easily."

"And not by the hall, either," Sharon added. "She will probably leave her door open to see if we make any more noise."

"Then how?" Larry looked desperate.

Mary smirked. "How about up the chimney?"

"If we could get Mrs. Wilcox in here, and Larry out in the hall, we'd be set," suggested Sally.

"Yeah, but how?"

"Get her in here and have him hide behind the door there. When she gets clear in and isn't looking, he can dash out."

"Good!" exclaimed Polly.

"It's risky," said Laura.

"The whole business is risky," Larry said. "My neck is beginning to feel rope burn already."

"How will we get her in here though?"

"Just start another racket, and she'll be in!"

"Okay, let's," said Amelie. "I'm getting scared."

Larry took his place against the wall beside the door. They all began to talk loudly. Betty banged on the piano. At last Mrs. Wilcox appeared. She threw open the door and stood in the doorway.

"Girls! Didn't I tell you to get to bed?"

"We are going," gulped Amelie.

"Do you think I'm going to stand for this sort of thing? Now hurry along." She turned to leave.

"Mrs. Wilcox!" Ev called hastily.

"Yes?"

"Er . . . aren't you coming in?"

"No. I've given you warning. That should be enough."

Mary and Betty turned quickly as if to hide something. Mrs. Wilcox saw them. "What have you girls got?"

"Nothing," Mary replied guiltily.

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"Well, I'm not going to find out. I'm afraid of what I might find." She left.

"No luck," sighed Laura.

"We've got to get him out of here!" Polly insisted.

"Looks like I spend the night."

"Perish the thought!" Mary exclaimed.

Sally had an idea. "Why not dress him like a girl and he can walk right by her."

"Not out the front door," said Laura.

"No," said Sally, "but out of this room, and that's what we want, isn't it?"

"Sure," agreed Mary. "Why not?"

"It'd be fun," Judy giggled.

"Oh, no," Larry protested. "I have my limits on everything."

"Would you rather be expelled?" Polly asked.

"Yes," Larry declared stubbornly.

"No, you wouldn't," Ev insisted, taking off her dressing robe.

"Here, put this on."

"No." Evelyn was already helping him into it. "Hey, wait a minute."

Betty took off her kerchief. "We can put this around his head."

"Girls!" Larry protested.

They crowded around him, laughing and commenting. Betty tied the kerchief over his head.

"Isn't he gorgeous?"

"Here," offered Laura. "Let me roll up his pants legs." She knelt and rolled them up out of sight.

"Umm, hairy."

"Want me to get my lipstick?" Mary asked.

"If only I had a camera."

"I've got a lipstick," said Betty. "Here." She painted big red lips on Larry and laughed. Larry was dumbfounded.

When the task was completed, Ev exclaimed, "Isn't he luscious?"

"Divine."

Larry now began to enter into the spirit of the thing. "Think so?" He put his hand to the back of his head in the typical coquettish manner. The girls laughed.

"Now to get Mrs. Wilcox back in here."

"She'll spot him a mile away."

"At least she'd know he was a strange girl."

"Not if she were excited," said Ev. "That's it!" She snapped her fingers. "We'll have to get her excited."

"How?"

"Let's see . . ."

"Could we put somebody in the bathtub?" Betty asked.

"No, but — I've got it!"

"What?"

"We can pretend one of us has fainted," Ev said.

"Sure."

"Who will it be?"

"Not me!" said Amelie.

"How about Mary?"

"Will you, Mary?"

"Oh, I guess it's all for the cause."

"Good!" said Ev, "Now lie down here, Mary, and Larry, you hide by the door again. When I signal to you, make a break for it. Everybody get excited and I'll go for Mrs. Wilcox."

Mary lay down on the rug, arms outspread. Larry tiptoed to the door. The other girls crowded around Mary, talking excitedly, while Ev went for the house-mother.

"Is she dead?" Betty asked.

"Oh, how did it happen?"

Mary groaned.

"Is she hurt bad?" Polly asked.

"Any bones broken?"

At this Mary sat up. "Hey, I've just fainted, not been run down by a truck."

"Lie down. They're coming."

"Oh, this is dreadful!"

Excited voices rose to a crescendo as Mrs. Wilcox and Evelyn entered. "Right in here," Ev directed.

Mrs. Wilcox was an entirely different person when she was excited. As Mary would say, "she goes off the deep end". Faced with the present crisis, she was at her worst.

"Oh, my deah," she exclaimed, cantering over to Mary. "And she was such a nice girl. What will I do?" She waved her arms. "Stand back, girls, must give her air, you know." She began fanning herself violently. "How did it happen? Somebody had better call the doctor." All this was in rapid succession.

"It's awful, Mrs. Wilcox."

"Suppose she broke any bones?" suggested Sharon.

"Broke any bones? Oh deah, the girl is probably suffering. Don't anyone touch her. And right in the living room too."

Mary groaned.

"Oh, she is suffering!" She knelt beside Mary. "Does it hurt, deah?"

"What?" Laura asked.

"How should I know? What-



ever's the matter with her, of course." She began fanning herself again. "Stand back everybody, musn't catch it. Is fainting catching?" She staggered about holding her head. "Oh, I think I'm catching it. Somebody call the doctor quick!"

"I will," Sally offered. She went to the phone but did not call.

"Fainting isn't catching," Polly told Mrs. Wilcox.

"Oh, isn't it?" She composed herself. "Of course, I knew it wasn't." Then she was excited again. "Martha, run and get the smelling salts. Oh, that's right. Martha isn't here. Where is Martha? She isn't in the tub again, is she?"

"She's in bed."

"Good. She's safe there, unless she starts sleepwalking and falls out the window. Oh, gracious, wouldn't that be awful! Falling out the window. Somebody go upstairs and close the windows."

Mary groaned.

"Oh," shrieked Mrs. Wilcox. "She's suffering again."

"Hadn't we better get her to some air?" Ev signaled to Larry.

"Of course," said Mrs. Wilcox. "We'll carry her out on the lawn."

Larry, tiptoeing from his hiding place, was almost out the door, when Mrs. Wilcox saw him and called to him. "You there, you look big and strong. You help carry her."

Larry gulped. "Me?" he asked in a falsetto.

But Mrs. Wilcox was bending over Mary again. "We can't let her lie here. She's probably dying. Right on the rug."

"Ohhhh, Ohhhh, Ohhhh," Mary groaned.

"Don't overdo it," Polly whispered.

"I'm not," Mary answered.

"She said something!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilcox, bending nearer. "You're not what, deah?"

In mock suffering, Mary wailed, "I'm not . . . I'm not . . . I'm not going to die, am I?"

"Oh, now deah. You're not going to die," Mrs. Wilcox assured the girl. "I'm sure of that." She turned aside and whispered to Sally, "Call Reverend Johnson and tell him to hurry over."

Larry was again tiptoeing to the door.

"We'd better get her outside," Polly suggested.

"You there, pick her up and car-

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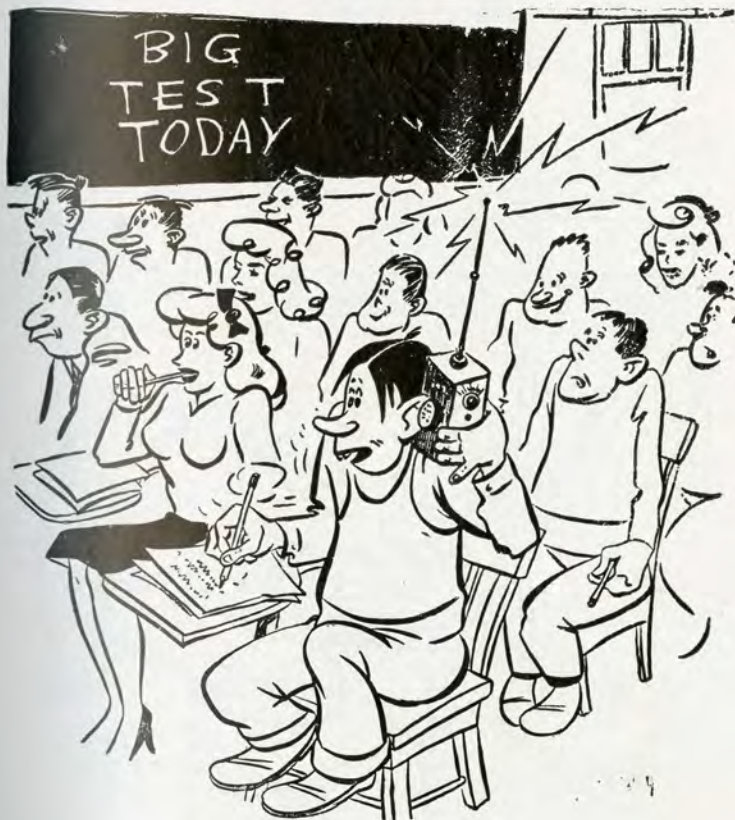
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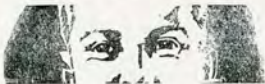
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ry her outside."

Larry's falsetto squeaked, "Pick her up?"

"Yes, Sharon, you take the legs."

Larry approached fearfully and with Sharon he picked Mary up by the extremities like a sack of flour and began to take her out.

"Don't drop her," Polly added.

"No, don't drop her," Mrs. Wilcox warned. "She's probably suffering enough as it is." Gwen went with them to hold the door open. Mary gave one last wail as she disappeared from view.

Fanning herself violently, Mrs. Wilcox said, "Why must these things always happen to me. You're sure it's not catching, Polly?"

"Quiet sure."

"Very well, then. Did anybody go for the smelling salts?"

"Where are they?"

"Let's see, either in the bathroom or in my medicine cabinet, or in the lunch basket, or in my sewing box or . . . Oh, that's right. I lost them at that awful Frankenstein movie last spring. Is the doc-

tor coming?"

"He's on a call."

"And Reverend Johnson?" She smiled to the girls, "He's so handsome for a minister."

"He's out of town."

"Oh deah. Well, we must find someone else. Well, it won't do for all you girls to be standing around. I'm perfectly in command here. Now run along up to bed, especially you freshmen. Tests tomorrow, you know."

"You might as well go," Polly added. "Everything should be okay by now."

The freshmen and a couple others went upstairs.

"Well," Mrs. Wilcox said. "I'd better go see if Mary is all right."

Betty protested eagerly, "Oh, that won't be necessary, I'm sure, Mrs. Wilcox. The air will bring her around immediately."

"Maybe. But just the same, I'd better go see." She started for the door. The girls held their breath.

But then Mary, supported by Sharon and Gwen, staggered in. Sharon carried the clothing Larry



"Nice One!"



had worn. There was a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Wilcox rushed to Mary. "Oh, Mary, you're all right?"

Mary faked a daze. "What happened?" she moaned.

Mrs. Wilcox embraced her. "You can't imagine how worried I was about you. Are you all right?"

Mary held her head. "I'm tired."

"Oh, of course you are, my dear. Why don't you girls take her up to bed?"

"I wanna go to bed," Mary groaned.

"Yes, dear, Gwen, Sharon, will you take her up?"

"Sure." The girls left with Mary. Mrs. Wilcox followed them out.

"Boy, what an act!" Betty exclaimed. "And what a night. I'll have to paste an extra page in my diary. Whew! I'm about done in."

She got up and started upstairs. "See you girls in the morning."

"Goodnight."

"At least we can breathe again," Ev said.

"Well, Larry must have got away safely, though for awhile I thought he'd never make it."

"The fool," said Polly, sitting down.

Ev smiled, "He must have it bad to risk his neck like that to see you."

"If you had let him explain," said Laura, "he wouldn't have got caught like that."

"You didn't have to scream," Ev added.

"I've told you a million times, there's nothing to explain."

"You're a heartless creature," Ev said.

"Heartless! Do you think I'd be suffering like this if I didn't love him so?"

"Then why didn't you let him explain?" Laura asked.

Polly didn't answer.

"I'll tell you why," Ev said. "If she let him explain, she knows she would forgive him. Isn't that it?"

Polly didn't answer.

"See?"

"You still should have given him a chance to explain," Laura said.

"Have you ever considered this whole deal may be a trick of Maurine's and as long as you won't listen to Larry, it's working out just as she planned."

Polly looked up, but shook her head and dropped it again. "I can never face him again, not after tonight."

"Maybe not after tonight, but

the night isn't done," said Laura.

"What do you have in mind?" Ev asked.

"She could call him."

"Would he be back to his house yet?" Ev asked Polly.

"I don't know," she answered without interest.

"There's been plenty of time if he went right back," said Laura.

"It's only a block." She went to the phone. "I'll see if he's there yet."

Polly looked up and protested.

"I don't mean to get him on the phone—just see if he's there."

"I wish you wouldn't."

But Laura dialed the number.

Ev sat down beside Polly. "Maybe you were rather quick to judge, Polly."

"I can't see how. There was no question about it."

"Larry seemed to think there was," Laura said from the phone.

"He was certainly anxious enough to try to talk to you."

"You certainly can see that it was all a scheme of Maurine's to get him from you. She expected you to do just what you did."

"And just what I would do again. Put that phone down, Laura," she implored. "I don't want to even hear his name again."

"Hello? Could you tell me if Larry MacDougall is back yet? Oh! Why this is—" She covered the mouthpiece with her hand.

"It's Larry!"

"Ohhh," Polly wailed.

Ev put her arm around Polly.

"Why don't you talk to him?"

"Give him a chance, at least," Laura urged.

"I can't." Polly's head was buried in her arms on the arm of the chair.

"You know you love him, Polly," Ev said tenderly.

"No, I don't."

"Hurry! He's about to hang up," called Laura.

Ev helped Polly to her feet.

"Come on. Men aren't so plentiful that you can toss the best bet you'll ever see over your shoulder, just because of your silly pride."

Polly went to the phone slowly and unhappily. She turned to Ev.

"But I don't want to talk to him."

"Here." Laura gave Polly the phone. Polly sat down, and Laura sat at her feet.

"Larry?" she sniffed and smiled a little as she said, "This is Polly."

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# PANDEMONIUM

Jimmy, age 8, was assigned to write a piece about his origin. Seeking information, he questioned his mother. "Mom, where did Grandma come from?"

"The stork brought her, darling."

"Well, where did you come from?"

"The stork brought me too."

"And me?"

"The stork brought you too, dear."

Resignedly the young man wrote the lead for his composition: "There hasn't been a normal birth in our family for three generations."

Mamma Bear: "Somebody's been drinking my whiskey."

Papa Bear: "Somebody's been drinking my gin."

Baby Bear: "Hie!"

How was I to know she was a golfer when she asked me to play a round with her?

"Oh dear, I've missed you so much!" And she raised her revolver and tried again.

Hear about the guy who winked at the elevator operator, and she took him up on the eighth floor?

Lady in church: "Pardon me, but are all the pies occupewed?"

Usher: "No, ma'am. Follow me and I'll sew you to a sheet."

"Who laid out this town?"

"Nobody. It ain't quite dead yet."

It is better to get something in your eye and wink than to wink and get something in your eye.



"He's a lawyer—and he says I'm the first case he ever lost."





"The court, being unfamiliar with the term 'strip tease' requires a demonstration."

This notice appeared in the Western Kentucky newspaper: "Positively no more baptizing in my pasture. Twice here in the last two months, my gate has been left open by the Christian people and before I chase my heifers all over the country again, all the sinners can go to hell."

A Virginia kennel, with dachshund puppies for sale, advertised: "Git A Long Little Doggie."

In grammar class the other day, the instructor wrote on the blackboard, "I didn't have no fun at the seaside this summer." Then she turned to her pupils and asked, "Roland, how should I correct that?"

"Get a boy friend," was the quick reply.

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A good looking young lady had just been brought to the hospital for an operation. The doctor examined her and ordered her to undress and get ready for the ordeal. Accordingly she took off her clothes and climbed onto a wheel-table. The nurse covered her with a sheet, trundled the table into the hall, and left her while she went back to get instructions.

Presently down the hall came a man clothed in white. He paused before the patient, lifted the sheet dropped it and proceeded on his way down the hall.

Behind him came another who stopped to lift the sheet and look, only to leave without comment. A third figure appeared. Lifting the sheet, he also stared intently at the patient. "For heaven's sake," she cried, "When are you going to operate on me?"

The white-clad figure carefully replaced the sheet and prepared to resume his journey. "Darned if I know, lady," he replied. "We're just painters here."

Pat Barnes became fussed during a pop quiz in English comp. Serounging around in her brain frantically for a last minute fact or two, she was interrupted by the professor's, "Write your name on the back of your paper, please, and turn it in."

She gazed ceilingward, scratching hurriedly, and turned it in. Only too late, and horror-stricken, did she realize that she had written— "English Comp. Love, Pat."

The dean of women was investigating the charge of the Alpha Chis that the Sigma Nus next door forgot to lower their shades.

The dean looked out the sorority window and said, "Why, I can't see into any of the fraternity windows."

"Oh yes, you can!" chorused the girls. "All you have to do is to get up on a chair."

Hays gal: "I had a date with an absent-minded professor last night."

Ridenbaugh: "How do you know he's absent-minded?"

Hays: "He gave me a zero this morning."

Kappa (disgusted): "My boy friend has cold feet."

Housemother: "Shame on you, young lady. In my day we didn't find those things out until after we were married."

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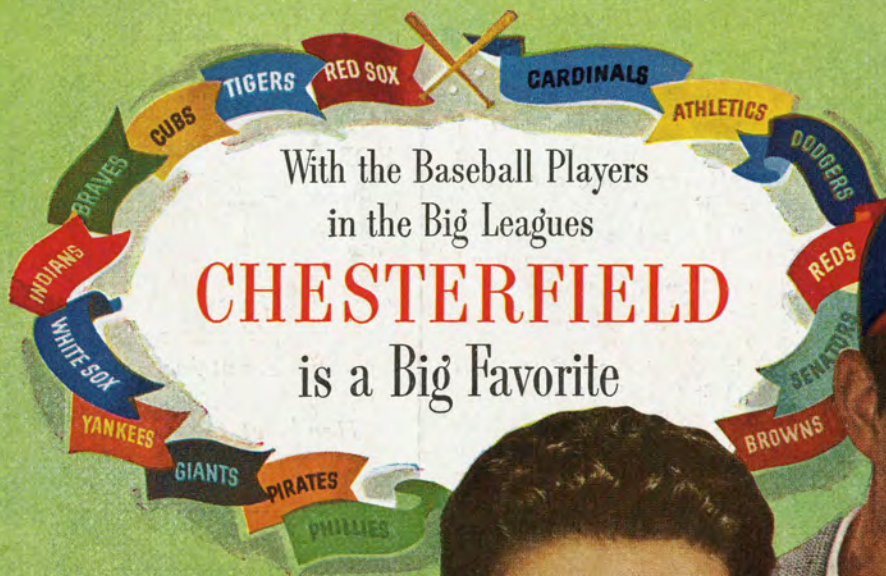
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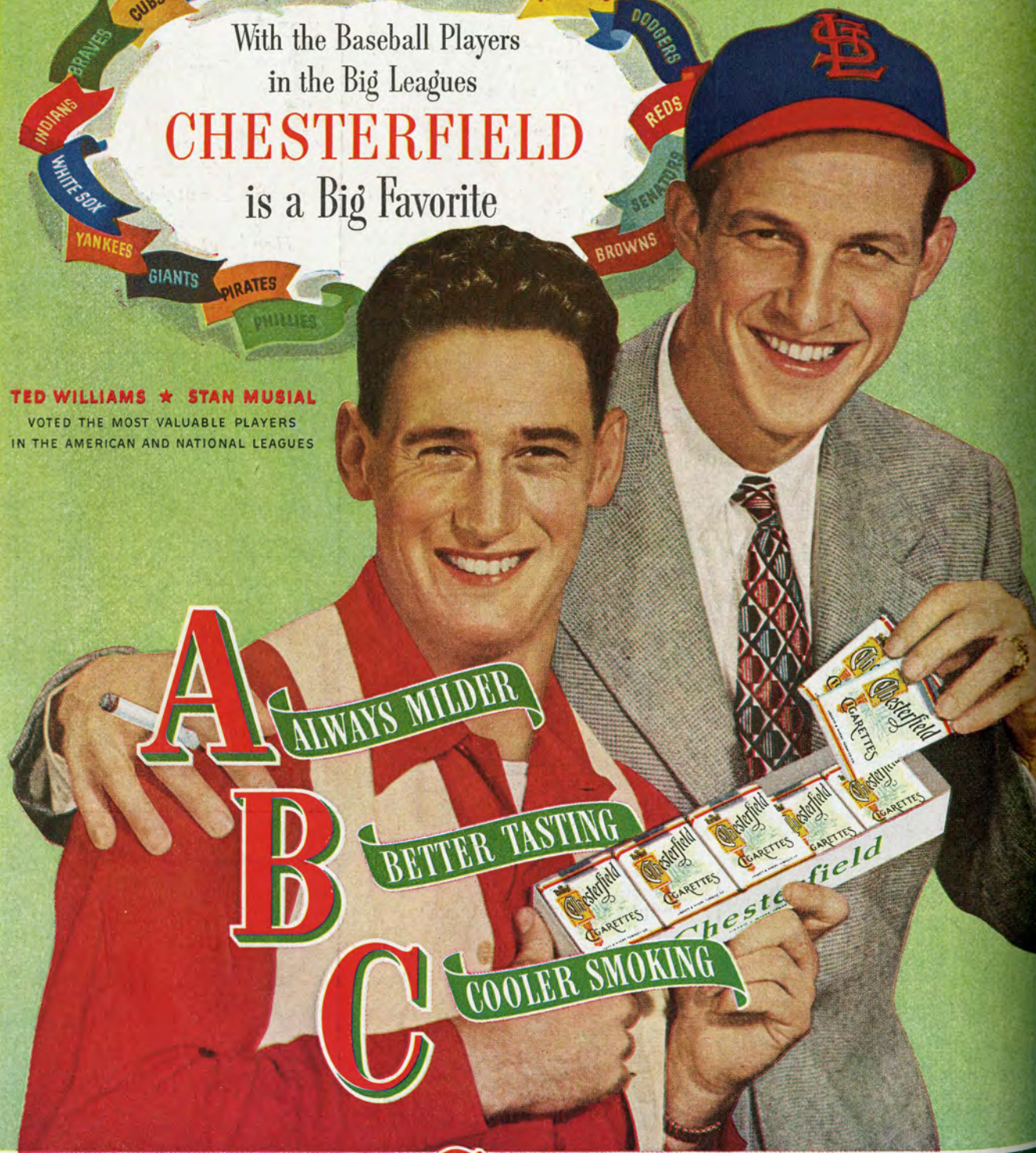
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