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CAMPUS

MAGAZINE

SUMMER ISSUE, 1948

Twenty-Five Cents



BEV HALLIDAY

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Vandal Baseball Team



Vandals Score Four

The Vandals bounced back in the last game, as Salzer drew...

Mark Thome, John Bretz, and John Morley are ready for some heavy spring exercise and have dressed for the occasion. From left to right, it's a Van Heusen sport shirt, a Barclay tee shirt and a Brunswick sweater.

Murphy's Men's Apparel is stocked to take care of all your clothing needs — whether it's recreation, social, business, or school.



MEN'S APPAREL

MOSCOW, IDAHO

There is No Substitute for Quality

"Daddy and I won't be home tonight, Junior. Do you want to sleep alone or with Nursie?"

Junior, after some deliberation: "What would you do, Daddy?"

—I—

Professor: "Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?"

Student: "No, sir. It was I. I'm taking it over again."

Professor: "Extraordinary resemblance . . . extraordinary . . ."

—I—

Member: "Why don't you eat your Jello?"

New Pledge: "It ain't dead yet."

—I—

Who was that lady I saw you outwit last night?

—Aggievator

—I—

She: "And if I refuse will you commit suicide?"

He: "That's been my usual custom."

—Covered Wagon

TIGHT SPOTS

AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



He proves he's your Best Friend by lending you his best tie, but there's almost an amity calamity when he sees you with his best girl. Don't pale. Just hand some handy little Life Savers all around. There won't be tension worth a mention. Delicious!



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FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

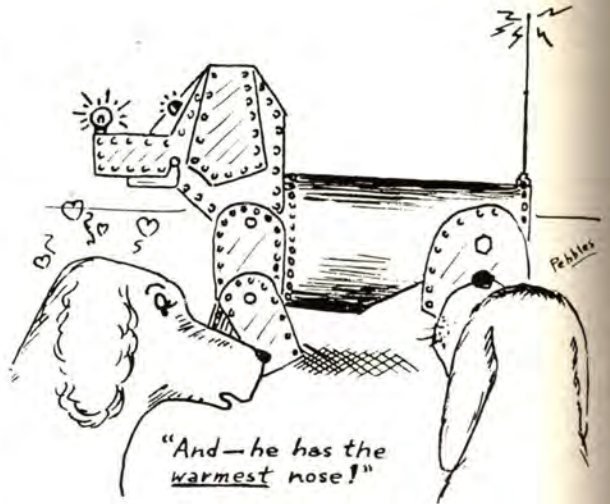
This Month's Winner

SAE: "Is your ice cream pure?"

Waiter: "As pure as the girl of your dreams."

SAE: "Give me a pack of Camels."

—Harry Howard, Ahsahka, Ida.



"And—he has the warmest nose!"

Man: I want a loaf of Mumsie's Bread, a package of Krunchies, some Goody Sanny Spread, Ole Mammy's Lasses, Orange Puddy, a pound of Aunt Annie's Sugar Candy, Bitsey Bite size.

Clerk: Sorry, no Krunchies. How about Krinkly Krisps, Oatsie-Toasties, Malty-Wheaties, Ricelets or Eatum-Wheetums?

Man: The Wheetums, then.

Clerk: Anything else? Tootsie Tatory Chips, Cheesie Weesies, Gingie Bits, Itsey Cakes, Sweetie Toofums or Drama's Doughnuts?

Man (tottering toward meat counter): Tant det anysing else. Dot to det some meat.

—I—

"Don't get up, Mrs. Astor. I just came in to brush my teeth."

—Columns

—I—

The results of the exam were exceedingly poor. Making inquiry, Mr. Cushman asked, "Mr. Owen, why didn't you study for this examination?"

"I was out drinking beer, sir."

"You are suspended for two days! And you, Mr. Putzel, why weren't you prepared for the exam?"

"I took my girl to a movie."

"You are suspended for a week! And—you there!—where are you going?"

"I'll see you next semester, sir."

—I—

I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said Pussy as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.

—El Burro

—I—

When she returned from her date, the house-mother noticed that one of her shoes was muddy. "Why is your right shoe muddy and not your left?"

"I changed my mind."

—Voo Doo

—I—

"In this bottle I have peroxide which makes blondes, and in the other bottle I have dye which makes brunettes."

"Yeah, and what's in the third bottle?"

"Gin."

"Dabney, is everything shut up for the night?"

"That depends on you dear. Everything else is."

—I—

"Do insects ever get in your corn, Farmer Jones?"

"Yep, but just fish 'em out and drink it anyway."

—I—

Anything you can do better than anyone else?

Yes, I can read my handwriting.

—I—

Lady (with newspaper in hand): "It says here that a woman in Omaha has cremated her third husband."

Old Maid: "Isn't that always the way? Some of us can't get one, and others have husbands to burn."

—I—

Wife: "What have you done to benefit any fellow-man?"

Husband: "I married you, didn't I?"

—I—

Prof: "But young man, do you think you can make my daughter happy?"

Stude: "Can I; say, you ought to have seen her last night!"

—I—

"You have an advantage over me when we go out together."

"How so?"

"You're in better company than I am."

—I—

"Why did you take so long in saying goodbye to that fellow?"

"But Mother, if a fellow takes you to the movies, the least you can do is kiss him good night."

"I thought that you went to the Pullman Country Club."

"Yes, Mother."

—I—

Know what the bride thinks as she walks into church? Aisle, Altar, Hymn.

—I—

The professor who comes in ten minutes late is rare; in fact, he is in a class all by himself.

—I—

"Your girl is spoiled, isn't she?"

"No, it's just the perfume she's wearing."

"How did you learn to kiss like that," she moaned passionately.

"Siphoning gas," he eagerly answered.

—I—

"Curse it, curse it," hissed the villain, snatching the fair maiden's waist.

"No it ain't, either," she retorted, "it's a girdle."

—I—

Prof.: "In this town are thirteen taverns and I am proud to say I have never been in one of them."

From the rear: "Which one?"

—Scottie

—I—

He knew the label said poison, but underneath it said LYE.

—I—

"Yes, sir! I used to be seen at more first nights than any other man in town."

"Oh, a dramatic critic, eh?"

"No, I was a bell boy at Niagara Falls."

—I—

A pessimist is one who thinks all women are immoral. An optimist is one who merely hopes so.

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PANDEMONIUM

Jane: "I suppose you and your husband worry a lot because you haven't had any children."

June: "Oh, yes, we've spent many a sleepless night over it."
—Arkansas Engineer

—I—

A young theologian named Fiddle

Refused to accept his degree For, said he, it's bad enough

Fiddle,

Without being Fiddle, D.D.

—Exchange

—I—

Alimony—the high cost of leaving.

—Ohio State Engineer

—I—

"Girlie, you look like a million dollars."

"Yes, and I'm just hard to (censored)."

—Duke Engineer

—I—

Janssen: "I say, sir, your tubular air container has lost its rotundity."

Motorist: "Beg your pardon?"

Janssen: "The elastic fabric which surrounds the circular frame, whose successive revolutions bear you onward over the road, has lost its roundness."

Motorist: "But . . ."

Small boy passing by: "Hey, mister! You got a flat tire."

—I—

She: "If wishes came true, what would you wish for?"

He: "Oh, I'm afraid to tell you."

She: "Go ahead, you sap. Why do you think I started this wishing business?"

—I—

A Texan entered a saloon with his wife and 3-year-old son. He ordered two straight whiskeys.

"Hey, Paw," asked the kid, "ain't maw a drinkin'?"

He was an American. She was French. He was in New York to buy furniture for his store in Tulsa. He met her on an elevator. She looked good to him. He looked good to her. He took out a pad and pencil and drew a picture of a hansom with a question mark after it. She nodded yes. They went for a ride in the park. He drew a picture of a restaurant. She nodded yes. They ate. He drew a picture of some dancers. She nodded yes. They danced. Then she asked for the pencil and pad. He gave them to her. She drew a picture of a four-poster bed—now, what he is trying to figure out is how she knew he was in the furniture business.

—I—

"See that good-looking gal across the street?"

"Yeah, so what?"

"Well, see that fur coat? I gave her that. And see those swell clothes? I gave her those."

"See that little boy with her?"

"Yeah."

"Cute, ain't he?"

—I—

Drink broke up my home. Couldn't you stop it?

No. Damn still exploded.

—Aggievator



"It was a sale! Those dresses were cut almost to nothing."

THE FASHION QUANDARY

SHEILA DARWIN

The story of Cinderella's slipper is an old timer in any coed's language, but have you noticed what fashion designers are doing to milady's shoes this spring. Not only do we have nylons in all colors of the rainbow, but now we also have shoes to match. Imagine lavender opera pumps to match your new Easter suit, or will it be pink, yellow, green, blue, or mauve. And the materials—where shoes last year were mostly suede, leather, or skin; this season's fashions show slippers and sandals of satin, gros-grain, velvet, and silk frequently done up in dress-matching plaids and polka dots. Even silver and gold kid sandals which previously were only for dancing are worn on the campus with cotton dresses and play clothes these days.

Everybody knows what a young man's fancy turns to in the spring but a young coed's fancy seems all too often to be turning to scissors and hair cutting sprees! We all realize that the new look this year in Vogue and Mademoiselle is the short, short coif and on some girls it looks terrific. There are lots of ways to convert a long bob into the new coif profile without using scissors though; braids are coming back into style worn coronet like, also buns, chignons, and tight short pageboys. Many college girls these days are keeping the long flowing hairdos for the classroom and devising new, more sophisticated new looks for evening and dating hairstyles.

One of the most interesting men's clothing notes at present is the slow, steady trend toward conservatism and formality in dress. Gone are the days of the flashy post-war period remembered for its \$1000 hand painted neckties and elegantly patterned jackets; now the fellows seem to be turning to gray flannel suits, French cuff shirts, conservative glen plaids in suits and sport jackets. College boys in most sections have largely abandoned blue jeans, loafers, the sweat shirts for sport wear and have turned to sun tans, clean saddles, and good-looking sports shirts and sweaters. Men's shoe news features the return of comfortable walking shoes with crepe rubber soles, which were extremely popular before the war but were discontinued due to the rubber shortage. These shoes were quite the rage on pre-war campuses and will probably be popular again with the college crowd.



About to take in a movie, Gene Michel wears a grey pin-point wool serge suit with matching grey and red tie. His shirt has the popular stubby collar and French cuffs. Gerry Johnson wears a black flowered silk dress with full swing skirt, with leaf green petticoat showing slightly, and a white shortie coat.

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DR. ERWIN GRAUE

(Continued from page 6)

automobile if for no other reason than to get away from the urban psychology of the assembly belt and return to home, garden, and privacy.

As for biographical facts, Dr. Graue graduated from Cornell University in 1923, worked as a statistician in New York City until 1925, and then renewed his studies at Cornell where he received his doctorate. While living in New York he continued his studies in the New School of Social Research, and later on worked with Drs. Knight and Viner at the University of Chicago. Influencing him most in his intellectual career were five individuals: George H. Lauman, Carl L. Becker, E. R. B. Willis, H. J. Davenport, and F. A. Pearson. These were the men he got to know best, although they were not all in economics. E. R. B. Willis was then the associate librarian, and Carl Becker one of the brilliant historians in America.

I mention at this point that Dr. Graue was born in Germany. On the thesis that this is a world of self-help, he has attempted to make the most of what the institutions of America have to offer. Mrs. Graue, whose maiden name was Sarah Louise Baker, is from Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and is a graduate of Mount Holyoke. Their alliance is a romance untold and unwritten.

The students here at the university rarely find Dr. Graue romantic. His watchword is "Hit the books," and stimulus from him sometimes puts this motto into effect. He invariably warns his sophomore eco-

nomics students that the course is easy provided that you do your duty. "You do not come here," he says, "upon my personal invitation." Dr. Graue's real gripe is with students' conduct in class. There is none of the traditional campus "gum chewing" in his classes, and the fate of fingernail cleaners is well known, as well as that of the campus queens who attempt make-up manipulations in his class.

Dr. Graue is an economist of the old school which holds that wealth is produced by toil and sweat and not by legislation. He believes that the important factor in the economic order is the moral integrity of all men, that laws which do not receive the moral support of the people are useless. Some of his mottos are: keep your budget balanced; stay solvent; practice moderation; live to work and do not just work for a living. Dr. Graue himself adheres tenaciously to these ideals. The only vehicle he will admit having owned is a baby carriage. This, he says, he sold because it was too expensive to operate. Unluckily, not all of us (in fact, very few of us) conform to this theory.

I questioned the doctor concerning some of the popular campus legends about him, but he dismissed them with a grumble about some people believing anything, everything, or nothing. After all, as far as Dr. Graue is concerned in his association with the students, the pertinent question is whether economics is successfully taught at the university. The answer to this I leave in the hands of the veterans of Economics 51, 52, 152, 201, and 202.



MOTHER AND THE—

(Continued from page 16)

things in general, but he inspected the room now as though he had never seen it before.

Mother took coffee from the safe and put the pot on the range and looked in at the bread while she waited for them. She had put on her pink chambray dress, and her cheeks were pink too, from the hot stove.

As she closed the oven, she looked down at me. I must have looked as worried as I felt, for she smiled and winked at me. A surging relief took hold of me, suddenly, and I felt confident, too. It was no light matter to have all the neighbors at odds with Mother. But I was sure now that all would be well.

I smoothed the fur on Kitty-Manette's stomach. She stretched her front feet far above her head and then let them fall limp, purring, and I thought about my mother.

Soft-talkin', Dad called it. Then she could soft-talk other men, too. A wriggling feeling went down my back, and I could hardly sit still. I wanted to run and sail off the back steps and holler, but I made myself sit perfectly still to listen.

"Mighty sorry weather we been havin'," Mr. Laughlon offered mildly, and then, as the other men kept looking at him, he got around to the piano.

"We was mighty surprised to hear about the piano you bought for us," he offered.

With the ice broken, they got right down to business.

Mother explained that she thought, since no one in the community owned a piano that we should have one at school. She pointed out that few families would be able to afford either room or money for one for some years, and meanwhile the children would be growing up. She touched upon the fact that most of the teachers could play the piano.

Standing with the cream pitcher in her hand, she asked, "What do your wives think about it?"

The two married men shifted in their chairs, but did not answer as Mother went off to the cellar to get cream from the cooler.

When the door closed behind her, the men sat silent for a minute. Two of them were probably thinking the community piano would save their buying one alone, and Ailmar was doubtless tuning up his guitar to play with some future teacher, preferably one who could cook. Suddenly they pulled their chairs closer to the table, and began talking, low and hurriedly. I had just begun to wonder what Mother could possibly be doing, when I heard her start noisily up the stairs.

The men assumed a united front as Mother took cups and plates from the cupboard. Their eyes followed her as she took the pan of yeasty coffee-cake from the oven and rearranged the pans of bread.

"Have you any idea how we are to pay for the thing, Mrs. Caton?" Mr. Mintun asked.

She answered lightly, with the air of one totally innocent of the ways of finance, passing the coffee-cake. The yeasty smell was heightened by the melting butter on the sugary crust, and the men lost no time.

"I was sure you could think of something," she gravely assured them.

They put their minds to the problem as they poured cream into the big cups of coffee she was handing around. I wondered if Mr. Laughlon could really think, hungry as he looked.

Mother was not a patient woman where thinking was concerned, and she soon helped them along.

"How do people raise money? I heard that they gave some dances at Pleasant Valley to pay for their remodeling. But I suppose we couldn't do that."

Mr. Lowery looked up suddenly, "Do you know, everyone in this community goes to dances at our houses. I'll bet that that is the answer."

Mother started to say something, but decided not to. She just looked awfully impressed.

Suddenly my mouth ran full of water, and I realized that there was coffee-cake for me too. As I slid out from behind the stove the men all looked surprised, but I just said, "Hello."

They had eaten all the coffee-cake but one piece.

Kitty-Manette wanted to go out to the bunk house to her kittens so I went along.



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MEMOIRS OF . . .

(Continued from page 17)

her hip measurement. "Then how do you buy your clothes?" I asked. Her answer was quick and sincere, "Oh, Mother buys all of my panties."

I have been asked numerous times if I measure most of the models for the data sheet information. The answer is no. Most of them already have an answer handy, and some wouldn't permit such "liberties." My method is much less complicated—I just take their word for it—and then change it. With enough experience one can come just about as close by observation as by tape measure. Their errors and exaggerations are in both directions. The most common one is that a 32" dimension is written up to a 34" and a 36" one is written down by two inches. Thus a figure that is four inches out of proportion becomes, with a stroke of the pen, "a perfect 34." Recently a girl gave a dimension of 39", but this I objected to. A tape revealed her to be 36, a very standard size on this campus.

For the student of Bus. 13 (statistics) I have compiled a composite picture of the typical Idaho co-ed, as gleaned from the 62 data sheets on our myriad "queen" candidates. She first saw the light in 1928 (20.6 years if you want to be technical), stands 5 feet 5.2 inches on her flat feet, and will displace 118.5 pounds of water when in swimming. Her upper girth is 33.5-A, 24.5 inches amidships, and 35 inches abaft the beam. Hand and foot are the same size, 6.6, and she wears a size 9.65 (long) stocking. If you are concerned with colors, her hair is brown (46 brown, 12 blonde, 2 red, 2 black) with blue eyes (26 blue, 21 brown and hazel, 15 green). We might run this subject completely into the ground by a few more figures on figures; but the 62, if laid end to end, would total 36.3 feet and weigh 7,353.5 pounds. The tiniest girl recorded was 96 pounds, the heaviest, 140.

Can you think of anyone who fills the bill? Claire Hale is the closest to the average except that she has too good a face to represent Idaho's average.

But we musn't forget the subtitle of this exposé, "How to Alienate Housemothers." It isn't hard; in fact, I'm famous (or maybe that word should have the prefix "in") for my technique. You just go to some sorority house (or hall) to take portraits for the A.S.U.I. and there you are. That is such a horrid thing to do that my name was pummelled around in a housemothers' meeting by an upper Elm Street hostess. Said my admirer, "He not only takes *pictures*, my dear, but he takes *too long* to do it."

In the coincidence and oddities department should be mentioned this one. A few days ago I went to the Kappa house to photograph three frosh in white blouses: their names were JoAnn Margaret (Getty), Joan Marguerite (Rowberry), and Joan Margueritte (Wittman). A small world, this.

Why is it that, almost without exception, our best looking women have the poorest complexions? Most of our beauty contest and queen winners are a retoucher's nightmare and the little plain Jane who got in by accident, and was quickly flunked out, has a skin like alabaster.

Budding photographers of budding figures (those that aren't yet in full bloom) may be interested in a method of creating the appearance of a fuller development than nature and heredity bestowed his model. In other words, how to make a 32 look like a 34 in a strapless evening gown. The ancient orientals practiced a similar routine, except that their binding is placed just below, instead of over, the bust. This pressure is best applied by a strong conventional (or strapless) bra though in an emergency a soft belt or even adhesive tape can be used. The whole idea is to make more fullness and hence a deeper sagittal line. When a side spot or flood is employed, the indentation is filled with shadow and the desired effect has been fulfilled. The technique may not be entirely "honest," but the subject will be much more pleased with the results and your prints more in demand.

THE WAY THINGS GO

(Continued from page 4)

and seams. It was a good boat for trolling because it rowed easily. We generally used only one line and took turns rowing.

One day we decided to take an all-day trip to the head of the lake and told our folks not to expect us back before six or seven. The lake is about six miles long. It doesn't have many beaches because the mountains fall off sharply into the lake and the timber grows right down to the water's edge. We rowed up to the head leisurely in about three hours. There aren't any cabins at the very tip of the lake, only a log flume which carries the logs from the camps to the lake.

We stayed around the boom

for a while watching the logs come roaring down the water in the flume and hitting the lake with a tremendous splash. They have a four or five mile run before they hit the lake so they are moving fast when they come out of the flume. We tied the boat up and ate lunch, then we walked up the side of the flume on the narrow cat-walk. Every time a log swooshed by, I got the willies just thinking about falling in and I watched Runt closely, but he didn't seem scared. He was walking along big-eyed, taking everything in.

"Hey, Bill," he said, "look! A beaver."

The flume was built up ten or twelve feet above the marshy ground, and a small creek wound slowly along crossing back and

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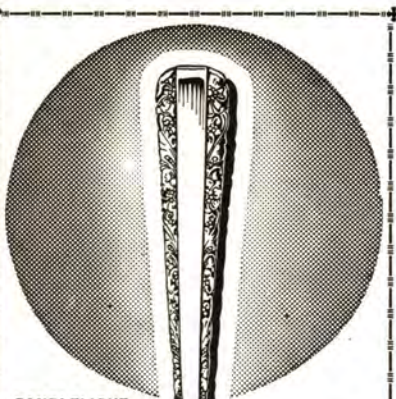
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forth under the flume and sure enough there below us was a beaver gnawing placidly at some heavy brush. We watched him until he waddled into the creek and swam away. We fooled away the time like that all afternoon. Runt was so interested in everything that he made me interested in the same things. He had to inspect every bird's nest and every gopher hole. When I showed him a crane's nest high in the top of an old dead snag his eyes bugged with wonder. By the time we decided we had better start back it was already four and the sky was growing dark with black and ugly threatening clouds. One of those quick summer storms had blown up and the wind was beginning to whip up white caps on the lake.

I hustled Runt into the boat and began rowing as steadily as I could. The storm broke just as we reached the half-way point. We were in the middle of the lake and the wind whipped the rain over us as it built the waves up. I was rowing directly into the wind and on each wave the bow came down with a heavy smack, drenching us with showers of lake water. Runt sat tensely on the stern seat.

"How you making out, Runt?" I yelled and tried to grin at him.

He smiled back as calm as could be and shook his head up and down. As it began to get dark the lightning started, those forked streaks that are followed almost instantly by ear-breaking, sharp cracks of thunder which roll on and on. I watched Runt closely, and I was amazed at his reactions. His eyes were big and bright and he had a half-smile on his face as he watched each streak.

The wind and waves made rowing a slow and hard process. The storm began to blow over about eight and we didn't reach the dock until ten. Helmer and Axel were waiting for us in their car. Both of them were mad as they hurried us along.

"What's wrong with you crazy kids? Ma's been worried sick and so has your mother, Bill."

Runt, as usual, didn't say anything to his brothers. As for myself, I was so tired I couldn't say anything. I just collapsed in the

back seat and let myself be taken home.

The next year was my senior year at Central High and I managed to get Runt interested in plenty of projects but not much subject matter. He won a model plane building contest and first prize in an essay contest on The Influence of Scandinavians on the Northwest. After the essay contest I had help in my project practically the whole English Department, but they couldn't sell Runt. He still remembered the poetry incident.

One day in shop class I watched Runt working on a cedar chest he was making. It was a nice piece of work but Runt's mind was a long way from the plane in his hand. I walked over to him.

"What are you dreaming about, Runt?" I asked.

He looked up but he didn't see me: he was looking right through me. I snapped my fingers.

"Snap out of it. Where are you, fishing?"

"Yeh, I guess so," he said. "How much does it cost to go to college, Bill?"

"I don't think it costs a lot, Runt, if you work. But listen, if you want to go to college you better start taking a little interest in high school."



"She's really a well-reared woman."

"There's nothing to get interested in, Bill. In college I'll bet it's different. I'll bet there's lots of things to learn."

I couldn't convince him that there were things to learn in high school, but I was glad to find that he was interested in college, and I wanted to help in the fight I knew it would take to break down the Thorensen family resistance to such an idea.

Runt never mentioned it the rest of the year, but he did slide through all his courses easily enough to pass everything.

I started in on Mrs. Thorensen first and as I met no resistance I thought I could mention it to the Old Man, but he wouldn't talk to me about it at all. All he would say was that Runt was too young to think about such things and that he was going to have to learn how to work before he wasted any more time in school.

I worked that summer in the planer mill and saved enough money to enter the University of Idaho in the fall. I saw Runt during Christmas vacation and he was all ears to hear about college. The fact that I was actually in college fired him up with enthusiasm to get there.

That was Christmas of 1941 and I enlisted in the Army the following June so I didn't see Runt again for almost four years. He never went into the service because of some physical defect and both times I came home on furlough he was working for the forest service. He had graduated from high school, but he hadn't gone to college.

I ran into him last week when I got home; and of all places I met him in Ryan's beer parlor, where all the local hands hang out. He was sitting at the bar with Mr. Thorensen having a beer. I walked over to them and shook hands.

"Hello, Mr. Thorensen, how are you?" I said. Then I turned to Runt and he looked so changed I could hardly believe my eyes. I didn't even call him Runt. "Hi, Harold, you're sure looking good." He smiled and we shook hands.

"Hello, Bill, it's sure good to see you again."

It wasn't that he had grown

so much, although he had filled out. But he didn't look like Runt Thorensen any more. The dreamy look had gone out of his eyes, and with a fuller face he looked like a young edition of his old man.

We talked for a while before I mentioned college.

"I guess I'll be going back to college this fall, Harold." It seemed awkward calling him Harold, but he accepted it and I felt he would resent it if I called him Runt. "Do you think you'll be going?"

"Naw, college is not for me, Bill. Hell," and it was the first time I'd ever heard him swear, "I've got it made now."

There it was again — Runt Thorensen had never talked like that.

Then his old man chimed in and began to tell me what a good job Harold had as a timber cruiser with the forest service, and how he could go with Weyerhaeuser for real money any time he wanted. While he talked Runt was contentedly chewing on a pretzel.

"But listen, Harold, I thought you wanted to go to college."

He washed the pretzel down with a long drink of beer, wiped his lips and turned towards me.

"I think college is fine for some guys, Bill. I think all the dreamers ought to go to college, and guys that want to teach. But if you're interested in making a good living you don't have to go to college, Bill, you know that."

He said it with a finality that I knew had been born of long thought and which I knew ended the talk about college so far as he was concerned.

Mr. Thorensen put in the last blow. "Harold forgot that foolishness about books. He makes good money now, ay, Harold?"

"That's right, Pop. You know, Bill, I think I'll take that job with Weyerhaeuser this fall. Make about 400 a month, not bad, huh?"

I told him it was swell. I could have closed my eyes and sworn it was Helmer or Axel talking instead of Runt Thorensen. Well, that's the way those things go. I know Runt had a poet's soul, but Harold is just another Thorensen.



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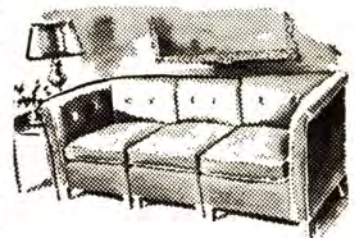
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GRADE A

ELMO WARREN DAVIS

"Twenty-one hours of A." "Who did that?" "Elmo Davis! He must be quite a guy!" Yes, it is possible to do such a thing at Idaho, but it takes plenty of booking and fortitude.

Elmo Davis comes from Sweetwater but claims Lewiston as



home. He went to school at Teakken and Juliaetta and graduated from high school at Lapwai. In the fall of 1940 he first came to the University of Idaho on a Union Pacific - Smith Hughes Scholarship. Registered in the School of Agriculture, he is majoring in Horticulture. In October of 1942, Elmo pledged Sigma Alpha Epsilon, where his name appears on the scholarship plaque for 1943.

In May 1942 he joined the Enlisted Reserve Corps. During the school year '42-'43 he took advanced R.O.T.C., finally getting his commission in November of '44. He saw action with the 99th Division of the 1st Army in Belgium and Germany, where he received a Belgian citation, Combat Infantryman's badge and the Purple Heart.

Elmo has lived everywhere on the campus from Forney Hall to the S.A.E. Annex and the University Greenhouses. Upon returning last year second semester he found his fraternity house full so he hung his hat at Pine Hall. He has been active in the Ag Club and is now Treasurer of Alpha Zeta, the Agriculture

Honorary. Upon graduation this spring he plans on registering in the University of California for advanced degrees in genetics of truck crops. At the same time he will be doing research for the school. mrij

NOT SO MUCH GRAVY

(Continued from page 8)

to, but it's going to be against my will—"

"If you're ready, let's go eat."

"You're still going to have that chicken dinner?"

"I wish I could," sighed Kathy, turning the key in the door. "I'd almost rather not to eat at all, I'm so sick of the same old things. If I even had a good dish of vegetables, it would help—"

"They never have anything but watery string beans—"

They reached the second floor of the hotel and sank into deep carpeting.

"Now if we could afford a room down here, teaching might not be half bad. Rugs, soft mattresses, over-stuffed chairs—" Grace remarked wistfully.

"Tile bathrooms, floor lamps, bed lamps, desks—" continued Kathy. "It really is a nice hotel if you don't go up any higher than this—"

The two women walked on silently side by side. They went down the last flight of stairs, and crossed the ornate lobby to the Coffee Shop. When they had selected an empty booth, Grace took a paper napkin from its holder and wiped off the leather cushions and they both sat down. The waitress folded napkins for some time, then she filled sugar bowls and later brought in five orders.

"We don't tip, that's what's wrong," whispered Kath.

"No, and I'm not going to. That girls makes a lot more money than I do. She even bragged about it to Wild Bill right here in the lobby—"

"Sh h h h !"

Kathy raised her eyes no higher than Edna's soiled white apron. "I'll take a hot beef sandwich and a cup of coffee," she said submissively.

"Make mine a hot pork," snapped Grace, "and tell George not to put so much gravy on it."

POCATELLO

(Continued from page 10)

But one must not get the idea that all people in Pocatello do is work at these many opportunities. On the contrary, Pocatello has everything in the way of entertainment. With the assistance of a mild climate, and one that can be depended upon, outdoor lovers can in a few minutes drive to Justice Park, one of the few natural picturesque spots left for the enjoyment of nature lovers and picnic enthusiasts. Also, Ross Park, which includes a live animal and bird collection, is a much visited spot. The rocks that are found in this park are covered with chiseled picturegraphs made by the Indians who used to roam this countryside.

During the summer, baseball fans are able to see the Pocatello Cardinals (owned by the St. Louis Cards) play in the professional Class C Pioneer League. Football crowds gather every fall to watch the high school and Idaho State College match playing ability with other schools. For golf enthusiasts the city has an all-grass municipal 18-hole golf course. Four movie houses are packed to capacity with top rate shows presented nightly. And last, but of interest to those who like night life, no city in Idaho or the West can top the modern clubs which dot Pocatello like spotted fever.

An intellectual town, Pocatello has the most modern and up-to-date high school in the state. Costing \$1,000,000, it includes the main school building and the gymnasium and auditorium, which has the largest seating

capacity in the state. Idaho State College is also located here and has a great influence on the life of the city. All of the college functions are supported generously by the townspeople and because the town isn't dependent upon student trade for survival, the prices are kept at a minimum. Possessing a faculty of over 100, it also has an enrollment of over 1,800 and confidence is expressed that it will advance each year as the four-year status is expanded. Degrees can now be given in everything except agriculture, engineering and forestry.

Two daily papers, The Pocatello Tribune and The Pocatello Post, supply the residents with all the latest local and national news. This is supplemented by the three radio stations, KSEI, KEYY, and KEIO, which represent the three major networks.

Pocatello is indeed a growing city. Each day brings changes and new opportunities, in fact, the Westvaco Chlorine Products Co., which produces elemental phosphorus, is going to start building this spring and J. R. Simplot is launching a \$1,000,000 apartment house in the near future.

Pocatello cannot be described—it must be seen. The best time to visit this year is July 16-18, for those are the dates of the "Frontier Rodeo and Indian Show" which is fastly becoming THE western show west of the Mississippi, ranking almost with Cheyenne and Pendleton.

Pocatello's 18-hole municipal golf course and a harvest scene on a nearby dry farm.



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Blot Goes to the May Fete



Donna Chapman, Orofino, reigned as May Queen at the traditional May Fete on Mother's Day. A Phi Beta Kappa and outstanding activity woman she was chosen by the Associated Women Students for the honor.

Inclement weather brought the May Fete indoors this year, with the usual ceremonies being held in the flower-bedecked Memorial gymnasium.



Pomp and pageantry, accented by spring pastels, leave colorful memories of the day for graduating seniors and visitors. Here the Spurs and Mortar Board lead the processional march.



Orchesis, country dance, and folk dance classes annually demonstrate their arts for the entertainment and delight of guests. Here a country dance group reaches a climax in their "hoe-down" by swinging the girls high in the air.



The Spurs, sophomore women's service honorary, gracefully wind up the year with their annual May Pole dance. Dance students also performed folk dances for the entertainment of the mothers.



Ending the weekend was the song fest, a competition between choral groups from each living group. This year the winning songsters were Hays hall and Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Shown above are the Kappas, second place winners.

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*If W-A-R has become an abstraction
Perhaps this will freshen your memory.*

BILL PETTIJOHN

The dank, green, never-changing jungle frowns down upon flimsy shacks and the ribbon of road the men had laboriously hacked out of it down to the lake below. Here, four thousand feet above the lake and four thousand feet below the crest of the ridge, lies the headquarters of the new army which had been there for three months.

Below and above the new headquarters lies the wreckage of the army which had occupied the spot three months before. In huge, twisted piles the remains of planes lie while the jungle creeps quietly over them. Vehicles are scattered at random along the new road and in the half overgrown clearing. The men of that army are even more dispersed. Some lie in huge, common graves. Others, dead but as yet undiscovered, lie hidden in the vines or thick grass, furnishing food for the monstrous blue flies swarming in the area. Far up the ridge, others are slowly dying of starvation and malaria while the penetrating heat closes in on them.

The only movement which disturbs these grass huts are the fumbings for a drink of water or the sighs and tossing of dying men. They look down on the air fields below and think, "How small." But the jungle in turn smiles down upon them, and the jungle knows.

The center of the new headquarters, as it is with every army camp, is the mess hall. Around it in neat, army-like rows are the tents and from here stretches the road to the offices of G 1 and G 2. The mess hall is a large "I" shaped building with a large dining room on each side and a kitchen in the middle. The walls are covered with green all-weather paper and the roof is made from red corrugated iron, already beginning to rust. Flies buzz through holes torn out of the window screens by the requent rains.

Behind the kitchen is a strange looking square trailer. Pipes run from it into the kitchen to large

square cans used for coffee and biling potatoes. It is a steam cooker designed by the Australians to burn wood, but converted at the order of an American second lieutenant to burn gas. On top sits the fifty gallon tank used for storing fuel. The tubes run directly below to the fire box, the improvised burner and the air pressure tank.

Beside the steam generator sits the operator, a man around twenty-eight, reading a pocket-book. At intervals he wipes the sweat from his chest with an old towel and often glances down the road to see if the afternoon shift of cooks has started for the mess hall. He is a tall, blond, slow-talking man. He mutters to himself.

"Well, it's getting about two-thirty . . . they should come any time now . . . sure hate to start the damn thing up . . . it's hotter'n hell now. . . ."

He reads another page before he sees the white aprons of the cooks slowly approaching through the shimmering heat. He tosses the book aside. "Booger's full of gas . . . might as well steam up before they get here."

He climbs into the trailer and picks up the home-made wick to light the burner. Lighting it, he accidentally brushes it against a joint in the feed pipe. A small flame appears. In an instant the flame is up the pipe to the barrel above. The barrel, already heated by the relentless sun, bursts into flames. One end blows out and a curtain of burning gasoline covers the man below. He runs eight steps . . .

To a small town in northern Mississippi, fall is coming. The last remnants of summer heat cling to the shaded street. A telegraph boy rides slowly along looking at the numbers on the unpainted houses. The message in his hand begins, in the usual phraseology, "The War Department regrets to inform you that your husband, Pvt. Gerald Sansing was killed in action in the Pacific theatre. . . ."

Memoirs of a Flash Mechanic

Or,

How to Alienate Housemothers

BY DON ROBERTSON

My troubles began in 1937 when I introduced myself to the necromancy of photography. To this day I wonder if I did the right thing when I bought my first Little Snapper Snapshot Kit (complete with darkroom red light) for only \$1.98. Ah yes, that was the day.

I know that my male readers are eager to get into a story of lust and plunder, of success and romance, of riches and fame. If so, they can look elsewhere, for the only romance (and no lust, plunder, success, riches or fame) that I ever found via my photography involved the girl who organized faculty portrait sittings in 1946. That conquest is still vacillating around the Pi Phi house—but it is a tale in itself.

Rather than that, my public life on the campus has been filled with exploding flashbulbs, developer stained fingernails, bloodshot eyes from re-touching negatives until 4 a.m. (and then making it to my 8 o'clocks in time to sleep through them), uncooperative housemothers, and mediocre-looking women who expect (yea, almost demand!) their prints to make them look like Margaret Cranston.



Barbara Bedwell, "the Perfect Model" and author



Margaret Cranston, "the Perfect 34"

The reward, and surprise, comes when your subject doesn't squawk about the proof prints and say, "Oh, they're *just awful!*" Usually when her fur has settled back to normal she decides that "this one" and "maybe this one" "aren't *too bad*" and she orders a dozen 8x10 sepia-toned enlargements. There you have a left-handed admission that job wasn't too badly done. Then if you collect a couple of dollars, that helps too.

This is supposed to be the story of Robertson, or maybe that of a campus institution, through probably it will sound like the history of the *Gem*. It is—our lives are inseparable; they are one and the same. From October through March I've averaged about 50 hours each week on *Gem* work, have exposed, developed, and printed over 1200 negatives and made hundreds of enlargements. Fortunately, I require but five hours sleep each night.

In doing the preliminary work for this year's *Gem* beauty section (a project of greater magnitude than has heretofore been attempted on this campus) I received a three month's liberal education in matters of the functioning of the female brain. Some examples were rare in humor, others tragically sad. Each model filled out a release and information data sheet giving all of her "vital statistics," information useful in figure problem analysis (as an aid in maximizing her physical charms) and necessary for judging from photographs.

One girl was making fine progress in writing down her specifications when she looked up and said that she didn't know

(Continued on page 29)

Jo Anne
Horton

Now That Senior...

Margaret
Arnold



Liz
Bottum



Polly
Harris



Shirley
Gustafson

Barb
Spaeth



College Days are numbered now for these six Seniors, who—with 451 others—will soon be classed as rich alumni as they wend their way in this wide, wide world.

Photos by Don Robertson



BY EDITH STOUGH

Friday, April 30, the day of one of the most unique tubbings on the Idaho campus, Dean Denison was found sitting in old-fashioned stocks on the Phi Delt lawn, covered with molasses and feathers. At his side, struggling with a combination lock was Virginia Greenough, DG, and the cause of his suffering.

Did the Independent party make a mistake when they put Bernard Schmitt and Joe Grove on their ticket? Their names did not appear on their posters the day of election. Next question, what are they going to do now that Joe was elected?

"Hey, let *me* look." This oft repeated phrase at the Kappa Sig house probably has something to do with the telescope focused on the Theta back yard.

For the past week June Thomas has been threatening to break her leg in the hole in the Delta Chi front yard and sue the originators of "Make Delta Chi Beautiful" for damages.

Going into the shower completely clothed in shower cap and towel, who should Jan Garber, Gamma Phi, meet but "the man from Ward's," who pleasantly tipped his hat and said hello.

What anti-gravity device does Ed Watkins, 6-foot-2, 200 pound football player, have to enable him to execute those graceful maneuvers in his Country Dance class?

According to Betty Rankin, Saturday morning character analyst at the Nest, all the better people drink tomato juice instead of orange juice and appear after 10 a.m.

Is it true that the Spurs had to take their bedding and other preparations for the Spur all-night party along with them on their dates because the Tri-Delts didn't want their living room cluttered up during the afternoon?

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MOTHER AND THE PIANO

MRS. LOIS DAY

Illustrated by the Author

The Laverin Theatre was a source of great pride all over the country. The raw land afforded little to be proud of, and for years any stranger who came was attracted by the Theatre. If the new-comer was a prospective land-buyer, it was heralded as a symbol of promise; if he were only passing through, or visiting the part of his family that had moved west, he had to see it anyhow.

When the theatre burned, everyone turned out to help and to watch the fire. The only thing saved was the most improbable, the piano. It was a Grand Rapids make, bird's-eye maple, every inch of surface covered with machine-carving. It was sold at auction after the fire, and its size made the aggregation of bidders small.

My mother bought it for the school. She was clerk of the board in our little rural district, the only woman, put there for the purpose of keeping the books, a point made very clear by the male members. It was spring, and the mud was hub-deep. This was Mother's excuse for not consulting the men.

She had hitched up the driving mare at sunrise, drove twelve miles to town and was waiting at the bank when it opened. When she returned home she brought some penny-postals with her, and notified the men.

Father saw the ditch rider next morning. Mr. Mintun came along just as Dad took the cards to the headgate. There is a little metal box, like a mail box only smaller, on each headgate along the irrigation canal. In these the farmers leave instructions for the ditch-rider, concerning the division and disposal of their water.

"What's this about Mrs. Caton buying us a piano?" Bill asked, after the usual greeting and weather speculation was disposed.

"You know just as much about it as I do."

Dad grinned.

"You will have to settle with Peggy. She didn't consult me either. I will be right pleased if you desire to fire her, but don't send her to jail. I need a cook."

"Well, you tell her we will be over this afternoon to see about it," Mintun grunted, as he heaved on the iron wheel that raised the lock in the headgate.

They stood for a moment, watching, as the dirty water boiled into the box and rose quickly to the top. It climbed after the saturation line until it reached the overflow and spilled with a splash into the ditch below. The men parted then, with no further words.

When he washed for dinner, Dad was smiling to himself. He hung up the towel, came into the kitchen and looked around for Mother, as always.

She came out of the living room to meet him. He wound the hair that curled at the nape of her neck around his fore-finger, and she turned sideways. Her hair was a great affliction. It was too fine and curly to remain in the high, severe pompadour then in style. Tiny wisps before her ears and at the center back began disengaging themselves immediately after she combed it in the morning, and gathered themselves in knots of rebellion. The one in back was the best organized, because Dad never went by without helping it.

As she poked furiously at the curl, Dad said, "You are to have a School Board meeting here this afternoon and you had better marshal forces. Bill says that they don't think the piano is a bargain."

Mother smiled as she carried bowls to the table and sliced bread.

"I knew they would be along. That is why I baked this morning

instead of tomorrow. You know the mud was not the only reason for not asking them about it, dear. I felt sure they would say no."

Dad was pushing my chair up to the table, and I had to twist almost around to see his face. He just looked straight at the ceiling, though, and didn't say anything more.

When the board came to call, each too angry to speak, I crawled under the reservoir of the range to listen.



Ailmar Laughlon, a long tobacco-colored Texan, and our nearest neighbor, was spokesman for the group. He explained their mission at the door as Bill Mintun and Mr. Lowery painstakingly scraped the mud from their boots upon the gunny-sack on the porch.

They came into the kitchen and seated themselves around the table. Mr. Laughlon looked about him, from the geraniums in the window to the checked table cloth under his elbow. He had no wife, and came often to our house to eat and discourse upon the sorry condition of

(Continued on page 30)

**Clarence Day wrote 'Life With Father'
Now Lois Day (no kin) remembers Mama**

'That is the Question'

Enlightened Conservatism

RICHARD CHILDS

This year will see the trend toward conservatism become a major swing. There is too much uncertainty abroad to permit much liberal experimentation at home. The standard of living in the U. S. is high at present. We haven't had a depression for ten years. There are few unemployed or enjoying a low standard of living. The lower income group is now up in the middle income group. This latter group is traditionally conservative.

My conservatism is not of the hidebound reactionary sort.. Rather it is faith in the present system and a disinclination to experiment with radical theories. This conservatism does not preclude social consciousness nor social legislation. It includes the concept that each person has a valuable opinion, that the masses do not have to be led.

Communism here at home is an issue that must be considered in relation to your political economy. A fundamental concept is that minorities are entitled to certain rights and freedoms. To deny such rights and freedoms to a minority would be in contravention of the basic ideals of our government. But the Communistic minority is unique in that it is inspired by a foreign power. Further, Communism is avowedly working for the overthrow of the present governmental form and the substitution of a Communist state. As long as the majority of the people wish to maintain the existing order, the government should curb the activities of any group striving to overthrow it. This reasoning has a long historical background — treason has always been punishable by the existing form. Abundant examples of the Communistic method are available. Czechoslovakia, a leader in free and progressive governments in Europe between the two World Wars, has fallen prey to the predatory actions of a Communist minority.

Our government is correct in making loyalty checks throughout the federal service. To retain a person who is a member of a subversive minority in the government service outrages reason. The



government should take all necessary actions to maintain the present form. Certainly curbs on Communistic activities will be necessary.

The foreign situation will be the most pressing issue that will be debated in the coming presidential campaign. Corollaries of this issue will be preparedness and universal military training and draft. If war between the United States and Russia is inevitable we have an advantage in strength for several years yet, but time will be on the side of the Russians. Time will allow them to become stronger. A war between the U. S. and Russia is all too likely to end in a stalemate or to be indecisive since neither side will invade and occupy the continental homeland of the other.

Because of my conservative attitude I am a Republican. The Republican party seems to offer the enlightened conservatism—the wisdom and statesmanship—that is needed. There is a consistency in viewpoint that has been lacking in the Democratic party for the last four years. The Democrats have been in power for sixteen years. It is time for pruning and evaluating the vast bureaucratic machine. The cost of government is high and should be cut in many places.

I favor Senator Vandenburg for the Republican nomination. My second choice would be Harold Stassen. But Dewey probably has the best chance of election.

The Democrats, whether they like it or not, will probably run Harry Truman. Truman's vacillating policy with ill timed swings from left to right has lost him support from all groups. He antagonized the South over the Civil Rights measure, he lost conservatives by his vetoes of the Taft-Hartley act and the tax-reduction bills. He has consistently erred in gauging public sentiment. His cabinet has been a good one. Secretary of State Marshall has been most effective. Mr. Truman is a likeable, honest man but he lacks the wide perception and conviction of principles that make for fearless leadership and statesmanship.

The Third Party is out of pace with a large portion of the country's thinking. This year will see the swing toward conservatism not radicalism. Mr. Wallace's attitude toward Russia and Communism seems difficult to understand. Mr. Wallace's record is not impressive. He was one of the wheel-horses of the New Deal. But Mr. Roosevelt, sensing the trend, dropped Wallace in 1944. The senior senator from this state, Mr. Glen Taylor, has allied himself with Mr. Wallace. In the past it would appear that the Senator has not been too careful to reflect the political views and the temper of his constituents. The Third Party will provide a haven for the fellow traveller group and the radical fringe of the Democratic party. It may also draw some honest well meaning liberals. The Republicans stand to gain from the Third Party.

In a year when the political decisions of the American people will decide the fate of the world, it is imperative that we begin to consider the job before us. Blot has invited two student proponents of opposite ways of thinking to air their views on these two pages.

Far-Sighted Liberalism

DICK DELL

I believe the question as to who will be president next November is wide open. Many things may happen to change the picture before the fall election, but if the election were held today I believe a Republican would be elected because of a split Democratic vote.

I am for Henry A. Wallace because I believe the spread and threat of Communism can and must be stopped without a war, but I think our present bi-partisan foreign policy can lead us nowhere but to war. I do not believe that war is inevitable, but the men who guide our foreign policy seem to be working on the premise that the only possible solution for our present difficulties with Russia would be the immediate demise of 150,000,000 Russians. As the chances for such a debacle are very remote, even with the aid of the atomic bomb, I believe it is time we began studying the problem calmly and intelligently with a view to a peaceful settlement.

Many of Wallace's opponents claim that he advocates appeasement with Russia, and that his way can lead only to slavery. I deny that. Wallace demands that we seek a ground of common understanding with Russia, not appeasement. It seems evident that if we are going to avoid the most catastrophic war the world has ever seen we must find some method of compromise with the Soviet Union. Surely there is a difference between compromise and appeasement. If we deny that there can be compromise between our government and Soviet Russia we are denying that we can live peacefully in a world which includes a Communist government, and we are assuming that peace can be had only at our terms and our dictates.

And if we go to war with Russia what will be gained?

As Wallace, Dewey, and Dr. Frank M. Russell have all stated, Communism is an ideology and as such cannot be killed by bullets. We have to show the world by practical application that democracy is a better way of life and government. I don't think we should make the countries of western Europe feel that democracy is castor oil, a dose of which must be taken with each unit of relief under the recovery program. And those who believe we can force our way of government on the entire world by force are the idealistic crusaders, not Wallace.

If we really have faith in democracy, and I do have that faith, how can we justify our present policy of furthering its cause by force of arms? How can we justify aid in the form of armaments to Greece, Turkey, and China? Of Chiang Kai-shek's China, Gen. Joe Stilwell, who spent bitter

years there during the war, has this to say: "He (Kai-shek) is bewildered by the spread of Communist influence. He can't see that the mass of Chinese people welcome the Reds as being the only visible hope of relief from crushing taxation, the abuses of the army, and (the terror of) Tai Li's Gestapo. Under Chiang Kai-shek they now begin to see what they may expect. Greed, corruption, favoritism, more taxes, a ruined currency, terrible waste of life, callous disregard of all the rights of men." In view of this startling statement it appears that we would no more be aiding democracy by any support of Kai-shek's government, than if we were to aid the Chinese Communist party, and therefore I agree with Wallace's Hands-Off policy with China.

At the present time the differences between the policies of the Democratic and Republican parties are so small as to be inconsequential. And so it appears that Wallace instead of being a Red or a radical, is instead the only candidate through whom millions of thinking American voters can voice their own opposition to the present policies of our government.

Wallace demands peace through a stronger and more cooperative U. N. To accomplish this, both Russia and America will have to make major concessions and both will have to operate only through the U. N. instead of unilaterally as is the common practice now. These two major powers must realize that only through their cooperation in the U. N. can peace be established.



Wallace's other domestic policies include civil rights for our present minorities; a gradual roll-back in prices, similar to a recent proposal to Bernard Baruch; higher corporate taxes and a real reduction of income taxes in the lower brackets, contrary to the recently passed tax bill; opposition to monopolistic controls of business; and a repeal of the Taft-Hartley act.

Is this a Communistic program? I believe it's the most democratic statement of aims our country has heard during our time.

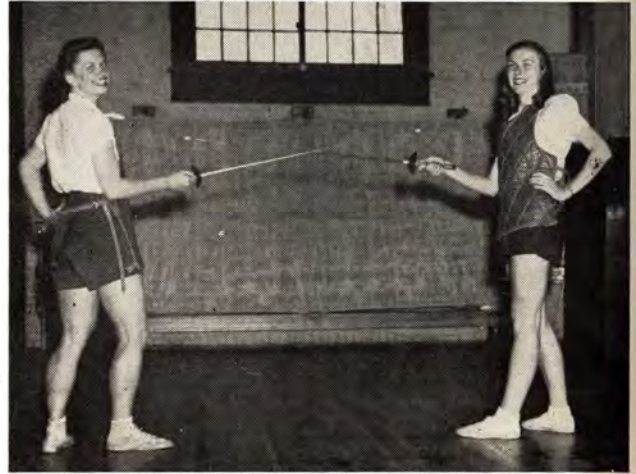
Blot Goes to the Cinema

By your reviewing reviewer, BOBI BRETZ, with photos by FRED FARMER

✓ Be there with popcorn.
 ✓✓ If nothing better turns up.
 ✓✓✓ Stay home and study.



✓✓✓ **Three Daring Daughters**—A meant-to-be-amusing tale of three scheming co-eds who intend to marry thier charming mother to the university's president in order to assure their graduation. Their well-timed plotting nearly ends disastrously when she marries the janitor, but they rally and plan to marry the prexy themselves.



✓✓ **The Swordsman**—this is a swashbuckling story of days when each co-ed tried to fence with her face toward the camera. So many casualties resulted that the course was required in an attempt to balance the ration of men and women. However, it only succeeded in reducing the number chasing each man to six.



✓✓ **Unconquered** — This soul-stirring historic adventure of early college days shows the struggle of the unfortified and unwary male during the years of the great war. The hero and heroine are shown here in one of the more exciting scenes where she is enticing him into her lair in this epic of the rugged past when women were also.



✓✓ **Secret Life of Walter Mitty**—The most insignificant man in SIM was the hero of this fantasy. Frightened and frustrated by his casual contact with girls, he—but that would spoil it. Let it suffice to say that after dreaming of holding a co-ed in his arms, he finally did! Then trouble began—but ask any man about this.



✓✓✓ **Gentleman's Agreement** — An average treatment of a double-cross of two friends. The confusing issue is who double-crossed whom in this tale of the big against the little. The mouse races which drain students' allowances into dens of iniquity form the background for this dull story.



✓ **Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House**— This amusing comedy recounts the trials and tribulations of a happy-go-lucky veteran who decides "education at all costs!" Since no one will rent him and his six children any shelter, he acquires materials from local sources after dark and finally achieves his goal—a foxhole with running water.

The Desert Rat to His Burro

—May Napier Burkhart

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Ah, Jenny with the dark brown eyes,
And Jenny with the nimble feet,
When you day-dream do you behold
Some easy trail where the grass grows sweet?
Some mountain meadow where the tall flowers bloom,
And water bubbles from a cool, deep spring
Where the quaking asps rustle and murmur low,
And life is a slow and gentle thing?
Ah, Jenny with the soft brown eyes,
And Jenny with the nimble feet,
Out here on the desert we both day-dream
Of the long ago when the grass grew sweet.

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POCATELLO: Gate City of the West

MELBA RAE BARNETT

Home of Idaho State College and 30,000 other progressive inhabitants, Pocatello lives and grows in the southeastern part of Idaho. Contrary to popular opinion, many things besides the traditional sagebrush and jack-rabbits surround this western metropolis. Fields of the famous Idaho potato, grains of all varieties and acres of sugar beets enclose the district in a blanket of wealth. Yes, one does not have to be in or around Pocatello long to realize that the residents, and those who come in from the vast trading area, have more to make a living from than sagebrush prairies.

Pocatello's history dates back to 1810, although the town didn't come into actual existence until 1882. In the early days Andrew Henry led some trappers into this area and was followed in later years by many other historical figures. In 1934 Nathaniel Wyeth erected the site of Fort Hall, the most important post on the Oregon trail, which lies approximately 12 miles northeast of Pocatello.

In 1872 Pocatello's railroad history began. The narrow-gauge

Utah and Northern, started several years before by Brigham Young, reached Pocatello from Ogden. This road was eventually acquired by the Union Pacific and pushed through to Butte. Ten years later the Oregon Short Line was built connecting Omaha and Portland. These two roads crossed at Pocatello and established it as a rail center. Since that time the railroad has grown and given progressive life to the city by employing in its various divisions 3,000 to 3,700 persons, representing a monthly payroll in excess of \$900,000. It is now one of the three largest Union Pacific terminals and has superb railroad facilities including engine rebuild shops and a recently - completed \$2,500,000 "5,000-car retarder" yard.

In 1940 Pocatello had 858,000 railroad cars passing through its terminal district.

A date almost as important to Pocatello as 1872 is June 17, 1902, for on that day 416,000 acres were taken from the Indian reservation and thrown open for settlement. The rush for sites in this rich farming district made the California

gold rush seem like a calm tourist trip. In a short time these barren acres were turned into fields of golden grain, green potato plants and rows of garden products. An idea of the productivity of this soil can be gained from the wheat yield in 1944. Dry farms alone produced 2,273,00 bushels of wheat.

Railroading and farming are but a few of the industries which make Pocatello free from poverty. Cheese processing plants, livestock and poultry feed mills, a large flour mill with elevator capacity in excess of 700,000 bushels, the only important petroleum refinery in Idaho with an annual production of gasoline, fuel oil and asphalt in excess of 41,000,000 gallons, and a modern Portland cement plant are but a few. There is also a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service Supply Depot which supplies the United States with predatory animal control poison bait, a large fertilizer plant processing phosphate rock from the world's largest known deposits which lie in close proximity to the city and a locally owned brewery.

(Continued on page 24)

Not So Much Gravy

MAY NAPIER BURKHART

"Thank God for Friday fight!" breathed Kathy fervently as she sank down upon her bed and kicked off her sensible school-teacher shoes.

"You and me both," replied Grace, placing her pre-war tweed coat on a hanger. "Why, if I'd had another hour like that sixth period today, I'd be climbing telephone poles and chattering like a monkey. Have you ever read that book, *Thank God for Friday Night?*?"

"No, is there such a book?" Kathy lay back across the bed and wiggled stockinged feet luxuriously.

"I've heard there is but I've never read it. I tried all last summer to get it in Boise but never could. Certainly must be every teacher's sentiment, but none of the book stores seem to have it. Here I've been thinking, 'Thank God for Friday night!' for the past fifteen years but never wrote it down. That's the way I am, though. I *think* but never *do* and somebody else always goes ahead and makes the money. Why there's never been a Friday——"

"Yes, and sometimes in between——"

"I'll say—often, in fact. You know I've asked myself a thousand times why I go on at this sort of thing."

"Teaching?"

"Talk about getting into a rut! I'm in so deep that I can't see over the dirt on either side——" Grace's words were lost as she poured cold water into the granite wash basin and started to wash her face.

"Oh, I don't think so. You read such a lot——"

"Phooey! What good is reading if you just keep on in the same old way?"

"Even reading is more than I do," said Kathy, beginning to take down her hair. "It takes a whole lot more than wishing. All I do, and you, too, is get up in the morning, eat practically the same kind of breakfast every

day, hurry to school, stand up before a roomful of somebody else's darling children and give them all we've got. We study after school until the principal says we may leave. We come back here to this ten-by-twelve drab, dingy hotel room, rest a half hour or so, wash and put on some more powder and go down to eat. Even though we loathe hot roast pork sandwiches, roast beef sandwiches and calf's liver with limp onions, we eat one or the other day after day because we can't afford to eat anything else."

Kathy suddenly arose from the bed, lifted the side of the side of the bedspread and leaned far over.

"Honest to Pete, Grace, they haven't swept under our bed *yet!* It'll be three weeks tomorrow" she almost wailed. "If this dump ever gets cleaned we'll have to do it ourselves——"

"We can't do that. That insults the maid——"

"Who cares!" exclaimed Grace, snatching her towel from a nail beside the small mirror. "I'm not going to let the lint come up and smother me! My gosh, Kath, just *look* at this room——"

"I've looked at it so often in the past three years that I can shut my eyes and see the old dusty, peeling radiator over there in the corner. I can see the five big greasy spots on the wall paper on this side of the wash stand. The fumed oak dresser has three legs and only two drawer pulls and the table has to lean against the wall to keep from falling down. The linoleum rug is torn there by the door——"

"Oh, shut up!" Grace exclaimed. "The room looks bad enough without you talking about it. What a pleasant home life we teachers have here! What a grand place to spend every evening for nine whole months of every year. And speaking of evenings, ours are really exciting. They are spent in the same nice, genteel way that a million

other female school teachers spend their evenings. We come back here and correct papers until eleven or twelve o'clock, or if we do have company it is some other teacher like ourselves who talks school—school—school! What sort of a life is it? How can anyone be a normal human being under such circumstances? I can't and you can't.

"You are right. We're not normal human beings. If we were we'd go out and get drunk. The deadly monotony would either drive us to drink or drive us insane."

"I've read somewhere that more teachers go insane than any other sort of people except housewives who live out on lonely ranches——"

"I'd hardly say that school teachers *Go* insane. I'd say we were insane to begin with or we wouldn't keep teaching under such circumstances. I wanted to be a doctor but my mother wouldn't hear of it. It wasn't a lady-like job. Wouldn't even allow me to train for a nurse—naked men and bed pans, people with syphilis. But teaching school, that was something different. That was work for a lady. Yes, that was work for a lady, especially when one meets such *Nice* people!"

It was Kathy's turn to wash. "Come to think of it," she said, "I haven't met any body but teachers, and doting and irate parents for years. When I first started out to teach, some of the parents used to ask me to dinner once in a while——. A home-cooked meal would taste wonderful right now."

"I don't think we'll ever get one while we teach in this town, or in any other. We seem to be as much social outcasts as if we had leprosy."

"That's what makes me so tired of this job. We are fit to teach their offspring but we aren't fit to eat with the family or to play bridge with them or to belong to their clubs. No matter

how many degrees we have we are not their social equal and I, for one, am fed up with their condenscension."

"I'm tired of being eternally fenced in with 'Thou Shalt Nots'—"

"We're both tired, period. But I'm especially tired of trying to force English Lit into the heads of adolescents who resist learning anything. It's as idiotic and futile as that old boy in Spain fighting windmills."

"I'm glad I teach the second grade. Some little children are quite sweet and appreciative—" Kathy half smiled. "Even so, I am getting frightfully tired of it. Ten years of teaching, even if you do sort of like it, is long enough."

"What are you going to do?" Grace wanted to know.

"Go down and eat," said Kathy, bending over for her shoes.

"Well, that's about all that either of us will ever do. I talk my fool head off. I ruin my disposition griping about teaching conditions but I haven't the guts to get out of it and into something else. Why, I'd starve to death if I tried to work at something else—"

"You're not the only one. I might wait table, or wash dishes in some restaurant, or do housework in a private home, but I'd hate it. I like children—"

"I like children, too. It's this stage they go through while in high school that nearly kills me. I reported for a newspaper one summer but they pay less wages for that than teaching. Talk about starvation wages — the newspapers don't pay cub reporters enough to buy the shoes they wear out running after news twenty-four hours a day. Well, let's go down and eat."

"What is it going to be tonight? Liver, or a sandwich?"

"None of them. Tonight I am eating fried chicken."

"That's \$1.85!"

"I know it."

"Why all the extravagance?"

"I've been thinking." Kathy took out a pair of high heeled pumps and put them on.

"Really?"

"You said that teachers, or

did you mean just you, thought a lot but did nothin'?"

"Don't we?"

"Yes, but from now on, I'm doing something."

"What?"

"I believe I'll go to Bermuda this summer."

"Well, for heaven's sake, Kathy—"

"As soon as school is out, even if I have to borrow part of the money."

"You'll have to borrow the money, all right. And then if you get sick?"

"I'll trust to luck."

"You don't sound like Kathy—"

"I'm never going to sound like Kathy again. I wish I had a cocktail before dinner. I could do with one or two nicely—"

"Listen, Kath, you'd better come down to earth, nice teachers never say the word 'cocktail.' The walls have ears and the school board would lead the witch hunt against any teacher suspected of knowing about a cocktail, much less drinking one of them."

"I've made up my mind to be human if it kills me."

"It may not kill you but it will certainly lose you your job. You're not serious about Bermuda, are you?"

"I most certainly am. I've got to have a contrast to this—something swanky. There's a lot of English people living there and I like English people. So I'll go to Bermuda this summer and hope that something happens."

"What could happen?"

"An Englishman, maybe."

"An Englishman! For heaven's sake don't you know when you're well off?"

"Just because you didn't have good luck with the man you found—"

"It looks to me like you have enough to worry about without going to Bermuda looking for something else—. Besides Bermuda is a darned poor place to go to find a husband. There are probably dozens of women for every man there. If you're honestly looking for a man, right here in Idaho is just as good a place as any—"

"I'm not really looking for a man. I've just got to have some

sort of a change. Of course, if the right kind of a man happened along and we fell in love—"

"Baloney! All the Englishmen I've ever seen I wouldn't take for a gift. There's too much of this 'lord and master' stuff about them to suit me—"

"They don't need to suit you. You've already got a husband—"

"Why bring that up?"

"I want to go to Bermuda in hopes that the trip will open a new phase of life for me. You need a trip yourself."

"You're crazy. I don't even want to go any where. If I did, I'd rather go to Mexico, or South America. I've even thought about going to Africa."

"Bermuda would certainly be better than any of these other places. At least you could understand people when they talked to you—"

"I don't know about that. Besides a trip over there would cost at the very least, a thousand dollars and I haven't got a thousand cents."

"I haven't either but if I can't save it between now and the end of school, then I'll borrow it. I'm bound to go. Subconsciously I think I've planned this for years, but every time I got my check there was always somebody standing by who had to borrow enough to make a payment on something—"

"Most teachers have them—" Grace mused, remembering all that she had "loaned."

"It has finally dawned upon me that if I ever get to go any place or do anything I'll have to borrow the money and pay it back later. You see if I have a big debt to pay, I might not be expected to keep on paying some one else's debts. Anyhow, I am going to quit worrying about my future and begin to live a little in the present."

"Here's wishing you luck, because you're going to need it."

"You'd beter think it over and come along. It isn't going to be a bit of fun going alone."

"It probably won't, but I can't see myself coming back here to a thousand dollar debt, either."

"I can't see myself coming back here, period. Of course, if nothing else turns up, I'll have

(Continued on page 25)

Poll Shows Students Poorly Informed On Foreign and National Happenings

Through the cooperation of various members of the university teaching staff, *Blot* conducted a current events poll among sections of the Idaho student body in April.

A total of 350 students were polled with 42 women and 125 men being listed as lower division students and 44 women and 139 men indicating they were juniors or seniors.

Questions in the poll were taken from the front pages of locally distributed newspapers for a period of a month prior to the circulation of the test. Limited distribution, hasty make-up, cooperation among some of the students, and other factors are limiting items in the validity of the results and the test is more of an indication than a conclusive result. Quite obviously, if the Idaho students are typical, college students are not to be relied upon too heavily for an enlightened public opinion.

As a group, the women rated far below the men. The women's average was 26.9% right as compared to the men's 59.8%. This is probably accounted for by less interest and the fact that men are on the average an older group, many being veterans.

The high class score was recorded by the law group with an average of 73.9% right. This class consisted of upper division students and had but one woman in it. The lowest score was by a predominately feminine upper division class in English with an average of 33.5%.

Other class results include: an intermediate course in engineering physics, 67.3%; women in a multi major course in social studies, 24.2%; a similar men's group in the same courses, 50.3%; an advanced engineering course with 2/3 upper division students, 56.1%; a lower division course in political science, chiefly men, 43.4%; an upper division course in political sci-

	Percentage Missed				Av.
	Men	Women	L.D.	U.D.	
CURRENT EVENTS POLL					
1. With what country do you associate Jan Masaryk? (Czechoslovakia)	29.6	15.8	62.0	54.6	31.2
2. In what country is Tel Aviv located? (Palestine)	40.8	30.9	76.2	81.7	46.3
3. In what country is Mukden located? (North China or Manchuria)	59.2	38.1	90.5	81.7	57.5
4. What party is presently dominant in English Politics? (Labor)	24.0	19.8	45.3	45.6	27.4
5. Name the foreign ministers, or equivalent, for the United States, Russia, and Great Britain. (Marshall, Molotov, Bevin)	52.0	36.7	78.5	84.0	53.2
6. Name the recently ousted premier of Ireland (De Valera)	59.2	40.3	92.8	75.0	57.6
7. Which European country is having an election this month, the outcome of which will have world-wide impact on foreign conditions? (Italy)	20.0	5.6	38.1	25.0	16.1
8. Who is the commander of American occupation forces in Germany? (Lucius Clay)	54.4	39.6	90.5	88.5	57.2
9. Former King Mihai is associated with what country? (Romania)	49.6	36.7	76.1	70.4	48.8
10. Did the general assembly of the UN approve the Palestine partition in 1947? (Yes)	38.2	30.9	59.5	66.0	40.3
11. Name four cabinet members now in office, indicating their official title or duties. (Forrestal, Secretary of Defense; Anderson, Secretary of Agriculture; Schwelmbach, Secretary of Labor; Marshall, Secretary of State; Harriman, Secretary of Commerce; Donaldson, Postmaster General; Snyder, Secretary of the Treasury; Krug, Secretary of Interior)	16.8	32.4	5.3	11.3	20.8
12. Which is the main grievance in the coal miners' recent walkout? a. portal to portal pay; b. vacation with pay; c. old age pensions; d. closed shop issue? (c)	38.6	18.0	80.9	56.8	37.5
13. What proposed legislation precipitated the recent "southern revolt" against President Truman? (civil rights)	26.4	13.4	62.0	50.0	28.6
14. Who is the "kissing governor" of Alabama? (Jim Folsom)	60.7	46.6	98.1	70.4	55.7
15. Who is the chairman of the House Ways and Means committee? (Knudson)	87.1	72.6	97.5	84.0	82.2
16. Name Idaho's two senators. (Taylor (Dworshak)	4.0	2.9	4.8	9.1	4.3
17. Who is Bennett E. Meyers? (Former AAF general convicted of perjury and illegal war dealings)	37.6	33.8	73.8	61.4	43.4
18. Who are the respective heads of the Democratic and Republican National Committees? (McGrath and Reece)	16.0	17.6	69.0	59.0	28.3
19. Which Republican presidential candidate recently won in the New Hampshire primary? (Dewey)	83.0	68.5	95.3	72.7	77.6
20. Who is Dr. Edward Condon? (Head of Bureau of Weights and Standards, atomic scientist, and accused "weak link" in atomic security)	52.0	39.6	85.7	68.2	53.2
	66.4	49.7	85.7	81.8	64.0

ence, again chiefly men, 71.4% ; and finally, an elementary course in English containing a nearly equal proportion of upper and lower division students, of both sexes, scoring a 44.6% right.

Interesting side-lights were revealed by this poll. Only 4.3% of the students missed Taylor while our other senator, Dworshak, was unknown to 43.4%. Among the "senators" listed were the late Senator Borah, and Rayburn of Texas. Iceland somehow got overlooked as a possible location for Tel Aviv. Many senators had the honor of heading the House committee mentioned. Noteworthy is that only 1/5 of the students were able to name 4 of 9 cabinet members then in office.

Cordell Hull, Henry Morgenthau and Frances Perkins proved to be popular guesses for cabinet members. Vacation with pay seemed to be a logical grievance

for John L. Lewis to be worried about. Russia was the country most often named for the location of Mukden by those missing the question.

The grading of the paper was quite lenient. If the student gave any indication that he was on the right track he was given full credit for his answer.

On the computation of the grades the question relating to the cabinet members was worth 16 points. The two senators and heads of the Democratic and Republican National Committees questions were each scored at 8 points. The remainder of the queries garnered 4 points.

A misleading question on which of the European countries—Ireland, Sweden or Belgium—did not qualify for aid under the present version of the ERP was not graded. All of them are scheduled to receive aid.

DR. ERWIN GRAUE: Economic Man

BILL PETTIJOHN

In the office of Dr. Erwin Graue, professor of Economics in the University of Idaho, there is an autographed photograph of Henry L. Mencken inscribed, "Greetings to a fellow idealist." Below the picture in the frame there is also the autographed code of H. L. Mencken:

1. The cosmos is a gigantic fly-wheel making 10,000 revolutions a minute.
2. Man is a sick fly taking a dizzy ride on it.
3. Religion is the theory that the wheel was designed and set spinning to give him a ride.

From *Prejudices*, III

What is to be found in the work shop and house of a man may well identify his personality, interests and tastes; and may point out the direction of the character involved. On the desk of Dr. Graue there are small heaps of papers, notes, journals, and statistical charts that are in the making for something. There are two photographs of his boys Bill and Jim in silver and gold frames, and on the level of his eyes above the desk hangs a jasperware item, a plaque of the old administration building which was long ago destroyed by fire. It is considered an antique and was given him by his son Jim who found it on one of his frequent alley expeditions. It was probably discarded by someone who was moving or who did not know its intrinsic worth. In his office a surface 6' x 10' accommodates his immediate daily reference books, text books, journals, reprints, and pamphlets, while two 3' shelves are reserved for his really valuable volumes. To quote Dr. Graue, "Those which have permanence in the intellectual world." Among these latter are items by F. H. Knight, E. H. Chamberlain, Alfred Marshall, H. J. Davenport, Gustav Cassell, and others. The collection is composed of first editions, first impressions. On the opposite wall is the framed crest of Phi Eta Sigma, National Freshman Honorary Fraternity of which Dr. Graue has been faculty advisor for twelve years. There is also, notably, a shingle of the National Board of Arbitrators certifying his appointment to membership.

Among the books noted was a recent arrival from England — an autobiography by Herbert Spencer, and Walter Lippman's "Men of Destiny." This drove the conversation to books, the other books Dr. Graue has in his home. He has been known as a book collector and fancier for some years. His copies of "firsts" and association items are his pride and joy. Many authors are represented, but the names H. L. Mencken, Carl L. Becker, AE, Goethe, Schiller, and W. R. E. Russell, especially stand out. There are many single items in the field of economics and others in philosophy. As a fancier of things rare and beautiful, he has acquired several original Currier and Ives prints.

When traveling he is always on the alert for books and prints. Usually they must be bargain or pick-up items due to his professor's income. "One art in life," so he says, "is to know how to get more income, and one way to get it is to buy low and never sell what enriches your life."

One last item in this workshop of Dr. Graue remains to be examined—the tremendous waste paper basket in its reserved place at the left of the desk. It is always full at 5 p.m.; all that would accelerate man's dizzy fly-wheel ride finds its way there.

This whole idea of buying and selling and enriching your life is ultimately a matter of taste and opportunity costs according to the doctor. He does not own a car, and he maintains that the foregoing cost on a car is so low that he is out of the market altogether. One of his hopes is to acquire two or three acres in the country; then a car may become a necessity. The peace and quiet of the country would be an inducement to get an

(Continued on page 31)



DR. ERWIN GRAUE: ECONOMIC MAN

The Way Things Go

His name was Harold Thorensen but everyone called him Runt. He had been called Runt ever since grade school. It's funny how a little guy like that comes from a big family of big Swedes. The whole family with the exception of Runt looked as though they were cast from the same Scandinavian die. His mother and father were both heavy-set people, and his two brothers and two sisters all looked like their parents: big boned with wide shoulders and round blonde heads.

Although we lived on the same street, I didn't become acquainted with Runt until we were in high school together. He was a funny little kid, always keeping to himself; he never seemed very friendly and no one was very anxious to befriend him. One day I noticed him in a gym class. The mats were strewn around on the floor and a group of kids were tumbling all over them. Runt was standing by himself away from the action. He looked small and almost ridiculous in his gym clothes; a baggy sweat shirt that hung like a poncho on him, and a pair of gym shorts two sizes too big for him. The sweat shirt was a gift from his oldest brother Axel, who had played football for Central High.

"What's the matter, kid?" I asked. "Don't you like tumbling?"

He shifted uneasily and rubbed a knee against the other leg.

"I might be interested in it if I knew how," he said very seriously.

"Well, come on, I'll help you. You know how to somer-sault and that's all you have to know to start."

I worked with Runt for the whole period and every period after that for the rest of the semester until I had him doing hand-springs and running flips, but he never did really like it and he was glad to get out of P.E.

We were friends after that. The more I learned about Runt, the more he puzzled me. He was as bright as a quiz kid in anything that interested him, but he made poor grades in most of his classes. For instance, in English Lit. he didn't do any work at all until the class started studying "Macbeth." After he read "Macbeth" he checked a volume of Shakespeare's complete works out of the library and went to work on that. When the class moved on to American Lit, Runt was still on Shakespeare and at the end of the year when the class was studying modern Lit Runt had finished all of Shakespeare's tragedies and was beginning the comedies.

I was only two years older than Runt but I felt like his father. He began to tag after me around school and I tried my best to steer him right. When I rode him about not making better grades he would clam up, but if I asked him a question on the plot of "King Richard III" he would start talking a mile a minute.

Runt always came out to football practice and waited for me. I got so in the habit of seeing him sitting there on the grass watching me that I didn't think much about it. He was like a pet dog, always waiting.

I took his meeting me every night so much for granted that I was surprised when one night he was missing. After I had showered and changed clothes I started upstairs and Runt was waiting just outside the door for me.

I mussed his hair with my hand.

"Where were you, Runt? I thought maybe you were sick. Have to stay in after school?"

Runt smiled one of his very rare and very melancholy smiles.

"Got something to show you, Bill," he said and handed me the latest edition of the school paper. I took it and he pointed to the English Composition section.



He should have been a lumberjack But he had a poet's soul . . .

The section was made up entirely by a poem Runt had written about Shakespeare.

"Hey, this is swell, Runt. Old lady Campbell will have to pass you in that Lit class now, huh? Has she seen this yet?" I asked.

"Yuh, she's the one that gave it to the paper," he said.

I put my arm over his small scrawny shoulders as we walked home. I felt a real interest in the crazy little kid, and I was glad to see him getting enthusiastic about something. When we got to his house I had the paper under my arm. I went in with him for two reasons. One, I wanted to get a piece of pie—his Mom baked the best apple pie in town—and two, I wanted to see how the rest of the Thorensens reacted to Runt's poetry. I was a little dubious. We went in the back door to the kitchen where Mrs. Thorensen and Emma, Runt's younger sister, were bustling around getting dinner. The kitchen was big and light and everything was scrubbed spit and polish clean. Mrs. Thorensen put her large bare arms on her hips and looked at us as we trooped in.

"You poys get mud on my floor and you yust wash it yourself."

I grinned at her. "Aw, go on, Mom, you wouldn't make us scrub it, and besides we're hungry. Got a piece of pie?"

Mrs. Thorensen always made a scene about me eating before meals but she always got me a piece of pie and glass of milk. While I was eating I told her about Runt having a poem in the school paper, and while I was telling her Axel came in.

All Mrs. Thorensen said was: "Vell, that's nice," but Axel had a lot more to say.

"What's wrong with you, kid? Writing sissy poetry."

Runt's face got awfully red and he didn't answer.

"He's not a sissy because he writes poetry, Axel," I said. "Lots of guys write poetry for a living and that doesn't make them sissies."

At that Mrs. Thorensen began to wave her apron at us.

"If you boys fight, yust get out! Shoo!"

We moved in to the front room where Axel enlisted the aid of Helmer and Mr. Thorensen. Runt didn't say a word, just listened, red-faced and tight-lipped.

Helmer jumped into the conversation with a vengeance.

"How do you expect to make any money writing poetry? Whatta you wanna be, Runt? One of them starving poets in a garret?"

"Yeh," Axel said, "you won't starve to death in a mill but you sure can writing girl's poetry."

I started getting mad then.

"Listen," I said, "every Swede in the country doesn't make his living piling lumber. Carl Sandburg makes a lot of money and he writes poetry." I couldn't think of any other Swedes who didn't pile lumber. That was a mistake though because it started old man Thorensen off on how the best way in the world to make a living was with the back muscles and the sooner Runt knew that the better off he was. Mr. Thorensen was a bull-necked Swede with a round red face from lots of sun and whiskey. He was sitting in a straight backed wooden rocker and the madder he got the harder he rocked, and he kept pulling at his wide black suspenders. He kept at it until Mrs. Thorensen came in and quieted everyone down by calling the family for supper. I left for home, mad and blaming myself for bringing the issue up when I had known what would happen. Runt seemed just the same as always the next day, but he stopped writing poetry and he lost interest in Shakespeare.

That summer after school was out Runt and I used to go fishing together almost every day. We did a lot of trolling for bass on the lake in Axel's boat. It was an old flat-bottomed row boat which he had patched up with tar and burlap along the cracks

(Continued on page 28)



by
DICK DELL

She's Lovely . . . She's Engaged!



"I owe it all to Woodburn," Wanna says, "and my father."

SHE'S ANOTHER WOODBURN DEB

WANNA MARION HASTE, one of Noise's most unfashionable set, and lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dunn N. Haste, smiles happily—with accent on her dish-rag blonde hair—in the arms of her betrothed, Burle Escue, Jr., of Kuna Springs. Woodburn has been her beauty care since childhood.

Wanda's ring—
A Gen-une diamond, flanked by a few other shapeless stones as advertised in True Romance at \$1.98 C.O.D.



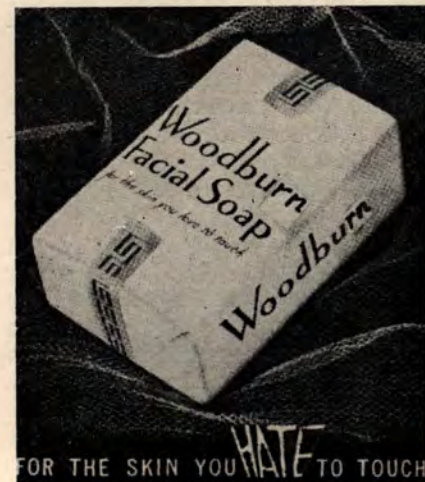
Girls, you too can have that instant raw, red look and a more repulsive color with Woodburn. There's no need to wait 14 days to find out what it does for you. One brush-scrub application and plastic surgery is the only resort. Unmarried women throughout the country are raving. About that neon-light glow of Woodburn facial soap.



Back when she was a wee toddler, she lisped "Wanna" for "Wanda" and played with a boy named—Berle Escue. Said **then** he'd marry her—and what do you think? He LIED!



Sports-lovers, the lucky couple make twosome fun of tennis, golf, fishing, and wrestling. "Followed always by my Woodburn Facial Cocktail," says Wanda, "to bring back that burlap complexion."



Add Woodburn beauty baths to your beauty routine. Made from real burned wood, it will leave you feeling like an ash. So get your giant size 2-pound cake whenever convenient. No hurry—it will still be there.

THIS INTERESTING WORLD

Twenty-nine years ago Mrs. J. M. Hall of Kimberly lost her wedding ring in her backyard garden. Last week she was digging in the same spot, but never did find it.

—I—

What The Postman Should Have Lost Department

Dear Sir;

Hear I send my precious child off to that there University, and what happens? You ruin his pure mind with jokes you print in magazine. He come home and call me liar, which is insult and also not nice. He don't believ in stork no more and he got ideas. It is more than I can bare.

Mrs. R. R. Rasmutton,
Kuna Springs, Ida.

—I—

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

In a Phoenix real estate office window: "Get Lots While You're Young."

—Arizona Kitty Kat



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FROM A LEAKY PEN

Blot respectfully dedicates the last issue of the magazine this year to those people who faithfully read magazine from the back cover forwards—bless their little hearts! There is nothing more pleasing to an editor or layout artist than to see people leave their best effort until last—like dessert.

But for fear that they get mixed up in the sequence of things, we have arranged this issue for their greatest enjoyment, with the jokes—which they read first anyway—on the first page.

Miss Idaho Coed

For those of you to whom the identity of Miss Idaho Coed of 1948 was still a secret*, we take pleasure in announcing Beverly Halliday as the winner of the what will be Blot's first annual beauty contest. She was picked by a board of eleven student and faculty judges from photographs of twenty-nine contestants nominated by men's living groups.

Miss Halliday has been entered as the University of Idaho contestant in a national contest for Miss American Coed of 1948, with \$5000 in prizes. The contest is sponsored by Sammy Kaye through college magazines. The winner is a 19-year-old, 5'6" Gamma Phi Beta from Idaho Falls, a freshman with hopes of entering the interior decoration field.

Other contestants were Clariose Goulder, Mary McCloud, Janet Love, Margaret Cranston, Nancy Bowden, Pat Hankins, Shirley Gustafson, Bonnie Graham, Noreen Daugherty, Joan Wittman, Jo Horton, Pat Nelson, Pat Rivet, Jane Wilson, Joan Litchfield, Clarice Hove, Jody Getty, Joan Rowberry, Corrine Schumacher, Gladine Taufen, Beverly Heindrick, Bev Brewster, Jean Wallace, Rita Marie Stewart, Mary Stringer, Dorothy Rankin, Bev Gordon, and Marlys Carlson.

—The Blotters



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—o—

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"I'll read the last line first—
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Dentyne Gum—Made Only by Adams

EASY MONEY

If your letters home read like this: "Dear Folk\$, Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t!?" then perhaps we can ease the parental burden. Pepsi-Cola Co. will cheerfully send you a dollar... or even fifteen for gags you send in and we print.

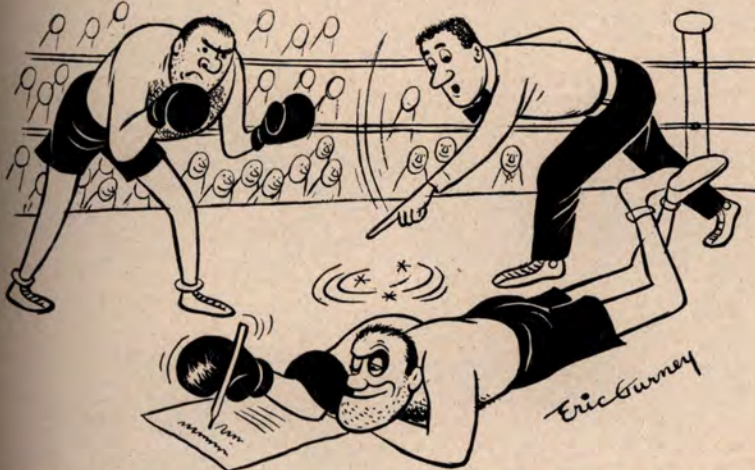
Merely mark your attempts with your name, address, school and class and mail to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y.



DEPARTMENT

All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. As you might imagine, we'll be quite mad if you mention Pepsi-Cola in your gags. (Simply mad about it.) Remember, though, you don't have to enclose a feather to tickle our risibilities. Just make us laugh—if you can. We'll send you a rejection slip... if you can't.

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



"... well, as long as I'm down here I'll fill out my entry blank for the Pepsi-Cola 'Treasure Top' Contests."

Got a good line for this gag? Send it in! \$5 each for any we buy (Don't worry about the caption that's already there—that's just our subtle way of reminding you about Pepsi's terrific \$203,725 "Treasure Top" Contests. Latch onto entry blanks at your Pepsi-Cola dealer's today!) Or send in your own cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea—\$15 if you draw it... if we buy it.

January winners: \$15.00 to Philip Gips of the Bronx, N. Y., and to Rosemary Miller of Mary Washington College. \$5 each to Jerry H. O'Neil of Washington University, Jack Marks of Columbus, Ohio, and C. A. Schneyer of New York City.

HE-SHE GAGS

You, too, can write jokes about people. These guys did and we sent them three bucks each for their wit. To wit: Joe Murray of Univ. of Iowa, Bob Prado of the Univ. of Texas, King MacLellan of Rutgers Univ., and Ray Lauer of Cicero, Illinois.

She: Thanks for the kiss.
He: The pressure was all mine.

* * *

He: Yoo-hoo!
She: Shut up, you wolf!
He: Pepsi-Cola?
She: Yoo-hoo!!

* * *

She: What's the best type of investment?
He: Air mail stamps.
She: Why air mail stamps?
He: They're bound to go up.

* * *
She: If you kiss me, I'll call a member of my family.

He: (Kisses her).
She: (sighing) Brother!

* * *

Can you do better? We hope so. And we're ready to pay for it. \$3 is waiting. Try and get it!

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra \$100.00

DAFFY DEFINITIONS



\$1 apiece is shamefully sent to C. R. Meissner, Jr. of Lehigh Univ., Bernard H. Hymel of Stanford Univ., T. M. Guy of Davidson College, and Irving B. Spielman of C. C. N. Y. In fact we're almost sorry we did it.

Atlas—a geography book with muscle.
Spot—what Pepsi-Cola hits the.
Paradox—two ducks.
Laugh—a smile that burst.

* * *

Hurry and coin a phrase... you might face some coin. If that isn't easy money, we don't know what is.

LITTLE MORON CORNER



"Yuk, yuk, yuk!" we said when we read this. And promptly peeled off two crisp leaves of cabbage (\$2) for June Armstrong, of the University of Illinois:

"How do you like my new dress?" asked the little moron's girl friend on the night of the Junior prom. "See, it has that new look—with six flounces on the skirt."

"Duuuuh," replied our little hero, "that ain't so great. Pepsi-Cola's got twelve flounces!"

Do you know any little morons? If so, follow them, send us their funny utterances and we'll send you \$2, too. Nothing personal, of course.

TED WILLIAMS
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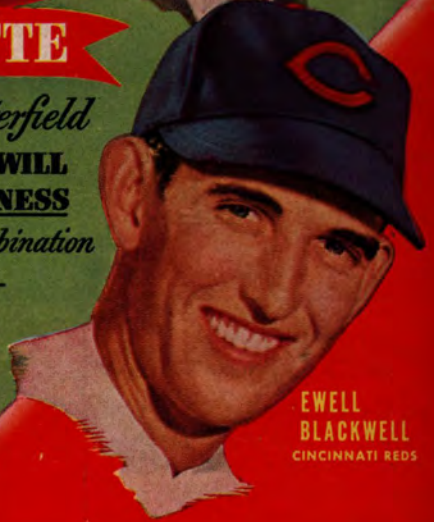
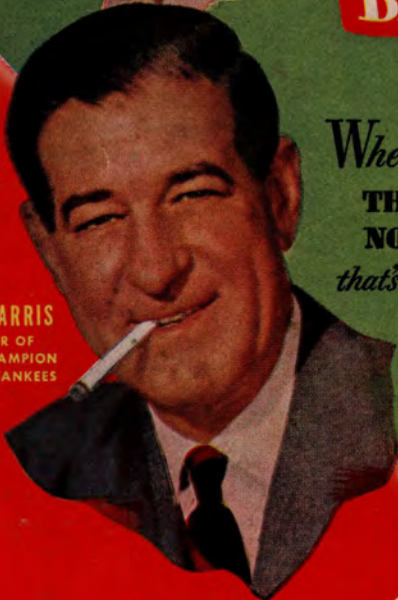
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BASEBALL MAN'S
CIGARETTE**



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