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University of Idaho

Sunshine Issue, March, 1949

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## About Our Cover

Seeking an Idaho beauty more ravishing than anything presented before, Blot heads ran into Miss Shane Bluklee (that's French for Shapeless) one sunny January morning as she was about to take her daily dip in Paradise Creek. Immediately seeing the possibilities of a super colossal cover, Blot signed her to a million dollar contract and began shooting that very day. At terrific cost, mostly to broken lens', we give you something ultra, ultra in Idaho beauty.

Like most humans, she was born—in a small town, Lisbon, North Dakota, to be exact, of wealthy tavern keepers. At the early age of 16, she joined arms with Martha Washington and fought in the Revolutionary War and again heeded her country's call to battle in the Civil War with Uncle Tom, of Cabin fame. It was with this latter acquaintance that she started her career on the stage.

Tiring of G strings and rose petals, she became a Conover model for 26 years. But, finding the work too back-breaking, she moved to the Stork Club in Te-ko-a, Washington, and worked as a pearl diver.

In 1924 she came to the University of Idaho for an education and this spring will receive her Ph.D. in narcotics. Among her long list of activities, she is co-president of the "I" club with Bear Tracks Kilsgaard, sheet director of the Pep Band, Grand Bartender of the Bench and Bar, and a charter member of the Wallflowers Society of America.

Upon graduation she will journey to Hollywood where she has a waiting position selling reefers with a notorious narcotics star.

## BLOT

"The Poor Man's Esquire"

Contents for March, 1949

Cover by Pat Hamilton

### FICTION

- ◆ **Culinary Instructions for Men** ..... 3  
Don Pitwood writes on how not to bake a cake.
- ◆ **This Final Sin** ..... 5  
A truly beautiful story by Sherman E. Black.
- ◆ **Short Cut to Yesterday** ..... 9  
Blot's first short novel by Willard Barnes.
- ◆ **No Savvy** ..... 10  
Narrative about three G.I.'s by Sherman E. Black.
- ◆ **A Lesson In History** ..... 12  
A good laugh in armour by Don Pitwood.
- ◆ **A Last Goodbye** ..... 14  
By Bob Henry—for you to decide.

### FEATURES & SPECIALTIES

- ◆ **Miss Barbara Hale** ..... 4  
A photo specialty by Earl Brockman.
- ◆ **Coffee Perkin'** ..... 6  
A tradition as old as the U. of I.—by Olevia Smith.
- ◆ **Fashion Floods** ..... 15, 16, 17, 18  
Glamour plus—by Sheila Darwin and Earl Brockman.
- ◆ **Blot Applauds** ..... 19  
Edited by Margaret Orme.
- ◆ **Idaho Opens A New Sorority** ..... 20, 21  
Spoerhase does it again—snapped by Hamilton.
- ◆ **Poet's Corner** ..... 40  
Latest campus dreaming.

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# Culinary Instructions for Men

By DON PITWOOD

Illustrated by Irene Sims

**COOKING IS EASY IF YOU KNOW HOW—AND THIS ARTICLE TELLS ALL.**

Men, do you realize that some day you may graduate? And even more shocking, have you stopped to consider the possibility that she may not say "yes" before them? Are you aware of what this means, men?

It means that YOU may be thrown out upon the cruel, cruel world a bachelor!!! It means that you may some day have to iron your own shirts, press your own pants—worst of all, cook your own meals! It is in anticipation of this impending state of disaster, then, that the BLOT comes to your rescue with the following short course in cooking. If you will study it carefully, it should provide all the information you will need to perform successfully in the kitchen.

The first thing you must obtain is a stove. Although there are a few recipes that describe "ice-box cookies" and the like, some source of heat is required for most cooking, and a stove is most convenient. If your room is small, or if you want to economize, however, you can get by by setting a waste basket on fire—although the procedure is frowned upon in some circles. You will also need an assortment of bowls, measuring cups, and various gadgets, such as a can opener and bottle opener. You undoubtedly already have one of the latter, and the other things should give you no trouble. If you are really pressed for money, you will find that hub-caps taken from your car—or someone else's car—make excellent substitutes for the bowls, and



that an "I" cap serves very well in place of a measuring cup. The latter may be used gold-side out for flour, sugar, etc., and silver-side out for milk and other liquids, thus keeping things nicely separated. Count one hat-full (brim turned up) as 2 cups. Well, so much for the equipment.

Now, let us proceed with the instruction. Since it is a well known psychological fact that the most efficient way to learn to do something is to do it, you may as well start right off by cooking some simple dish. I have before me now a text on cooking, from which I quote the following recipe to get you off on a flying start. Unfortunately, the directions given with the recipe are very ambiguous and none too flattering to their author's ability as a writer, but I shall analyse and explain them

as we go along, so you should have no trouble whatsoever.

## Cherry Cake

- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup grease
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon lemon flavoring
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup drained and finely chopped maraschino cherries
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk diluted with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water
- 3 cups cake flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt
- 4 egg whites

First, the directions say to cream the grease and sugar in a bowl, but they do not say how much cream or what kind of grease to use. Probably a small bottle of cream would do it, but if you think that is not enough, by all means use more, as cream

(Continued on page 22)



# This Final Sin

By SHERMAN E. BLACK

*Illustrated by Lois Siebe*

Joe's lean, hungry frame was hunched against the terrible burden of his grief. He cried in the way grief-stricken men are given to crying—long, shaking sobs without tears. Silently, with his eyes only, for his mind could not comprehend, he read from a crumpled sheet of note paper the words written there in his wife's uncertain hand:

Oh, dearest God, forgive me for this final sin.

Undo your doors and let my errant soul come in.

For long I sought avoidance of descending night,

But found no ray to give me hope of lasting light.

Could I but hear the fluted song of meadow lark,

The coyote's cry on wafting wind of early dark;

Could I but hear the whisper of the falling snow,

I could renounce the beauty of the sunset's glow.

Abandoned hopes! and muted with a black despair,

No course is left but free my soul from caverned lair.

My darling Joe, an end to grief when I'm above;

I could not stay and keep you with a burdened love.

Good-bye, Dear God, forgive me for this final sin.

Undo your doors and let my errant soul come in.

"My darling, why?" Joe's numbed mind whispered. "I knew but I didn't care. I love you, Helen."

Tears came then, and Joe fell to his knees beside the body of his wife. He kissed the cold cheek tenderly and put his own cheek upon it, his tears making a slow stream across the color-



less face and falling finally in long droplets into the chill clay dust that was so near. Sunrise found them thus, the man and his dead wife; nor for the man, either, was there any beauty or warmth in the sun's rays.

Helen came from Dr. Grimes' office with the certain knowledge that in six months—eight months at the most—she would be totally blind. In the growing fuzzy greyness of her world, she had known before, really, but clung to faint hope until Dr. Grimes had told her there was nothing he nor anyone could do. It was with her eyes as it had been with her ears three years before: the connecting nerves between the ear drums and the brain died slowly, cutting off all sound bit by bit. Now the nerves of her eyes were dying, and there was nothing anyone could do.

Wind tugged unevenly at her coat, the cold, brash wind of late October, and Helen knew the leaves riding earthward in its currents must be as golden

and as red as in past autumns. Looking up at the canopy of trees, there were ashen shadows where color should have been running riot. The shadows seemed to doze about her, stifling, suffocating her spirit and leaving in her a great void of hopelessness. From that void rose the specter of eternal total darkness over every moment of her future. She knew then, suddenly and with a terrible clarity, what she must do; and she fled along the sidewalk toward home.

She must not be here when Joe came from his teaching, for then her resolve would desert her and leave only the hopelessness. She made haste to pick up the two or three articles she wanted, hurrying out again to the sidewalk and on through the outskirts of the little town. In the open country beyond the wind grew stronger, rushing by her with the same silence of wind beneath the eaves of a deserted house.

A half mile from town, Helen turned across the highway and, walking into the sun, entered a virgin area of unwanted land. Ahead of her, rising on a slow incline to its peak almost two miles away, the long finger of the butte pointed toward the western horizon. She hurried across the rock-strewn flat and soon was threading her way along the humpy, sage-hackled back of the butte. Here in the natural grayness of the sage and the chalky earth she felt less poignantly the infringing grayness of her own world. Indeed, she remembered times since the beginning of that infringement that she had been almost happy on the butte. But today she sought no earthly happiness.

At the peak of the butte on a low, crevassed outcropping of lava, a gnarled, lumpy juniper held solemn court over all the immediate world—king by virtue of the very tenacity of its

FOR YOUR APPROVAL . . . .

MISS BARBARA HALE

(Continued on page 24)

# Coffee Perkin'

By OLEVIA SMITH

Photo by Hamilton



"How about a cup-a-coffee at the Nest?" These words preface many a mid-morning recess when book-laden students doff their study worries and relax over a hot cup of coffee.

With a "Hi-yah Long, howzit goin'?" "Morning Cal," or "How about a butterhorn, Mary," the morning crowd serves itself at the coffee urns, crams itself into booths, and drown its sorrows in that black mellow stuff that makes the university tick.

The low buzz of early morning activity builds up to a crescendo around 10 o'clock and gradually tapers off after 11 as laggards finish the last cup of coffee and mash out the remains of that last cigaret. During the rush hour, students going to class, students coming from class and those that are merely loafing meet, tangle and separate in a never-ending panorama.

Taken objectively, the Nest and its counter-part, the Perch, certainly are not pretentious places. They are noisy and frequently overcrowded. But they have that essential quality, that certain atmosphere—an indefinable something that makes them the most popular places on campus. Here the sweater-clad clan gathers during free periods and between classes to smoke, talk, and drink endless cups of coffee.

And nobody knows better how good that morning cup of coffee tastes than proprietors, Mary and Long Greene. Both are graduates of the university and know from experience what college students are like and why they are like that.

Mary and Long—no one ever calls them Mr. and Mrs. Greene—are as well-known on campus as the Nest and Perch. The sight of Mary, bending an ever-will-

ing ear to some student's tale of woe and Long's lank, lean frame shuttling between the two places is as familiar to Idaho students as the brick walls of the Ad building itself.

Mary's parents lived in Moscow when she was a student here. In fact they lived on Taylor Avenue just behind Ridenbaugh hall. One of the founders of the campus chapter of Alpha Chi Omega, Mary graduated with a major in French and a minor in English. Long, a member of Sigma Chi, majored in forestry and minored in the Nest and Perch. In fact his minor almost took the place of his major to the detriment of his grades. A favorite target of Prof. Taylor, he flunked math twice and just barely squeaked by on the third try.

To prove that students today aren't much different from the



student of yesterday, Mary recalls a night that she and friends went dancing in Colfax, planning to return early because she had a French final the next morning. But on the return trip the car got stuck and Mary and her friends got back to Moscow in time to join her parents at breakfast, and the midnight snack, stale and uninteresting, which Mary had so carefully laid out the night before, was still on the kitchen table! Needless to say her French grade wasn't quite as high as it might have been!

Those were the days of the Model-T and of course Long had one. One time he and three other fellows persuaded the graduate manager that, to insure the success of the football team at Eugene, the Vandal mascot, a great dane named Empire, should be present at the game. Long sacrificed himself to the cause and offered his services and those of his automobile in exchange for travel expenses. Permission granted and funds advanced, the boys started jubilantly on their way. But Empire, unappreciative, managed to chew the front out of Long's overcoat and, before the trip was over, mangled an I-sweater belonging to Cobb Cozier. Besides that, the mutt ate so much that the boys ran out of money trying to feed him!

In the years preceeding 1921, sometimes known as the NN (no Nest) age, Idaho collegiates were ignorant of the epicurian delights to be found in a cup of coffee. In 1921 an un-sung saint, Charles Vogel song, began the construction of a building on the vacant lot north of the TKE house. But the university, jealous of encroaching commercialists, immediately took steps to annex this plot of land, vicariously known as Moonlight Bowl, Mud Flats, or in the TKE house as Skier's Paradise.

Undaunted, Mr. Vogel song moved his building to its present location, cavalierly christ-

ened it the Oriole's Nest and set about educating university students to "Coffee-Time."

An immediate success, the "Oriole's Nest" soon became the "Nest" and the coffee mode was begun. The next year the Nest was sold to Long's mother, Mrs. Ethel Greene, and a year later to T. D. (Tommie) Matthews, who operated the place until 1944.

Long and his brother, Little, who received their sobriquets because of their respective statures, worked first for their mother and then for Tommie. (Incidentally, Little later outgrew Long by half an inch).

Meanwhile in 1924 Mrs. Greene built the Perch, originally called the Campus Inn, and then rented it. In 1926 Long decided to take over the place and run it on his own. However, the double task of booking and working proved too much for him and he was forced to turn his attention to his school work. Eventually Tommie bought the business.

This was only a beginning of the spotted career of the Perch. It was in turn a book store for Hodgins Drug store, a supply store for university students, then a storeroom for the Student Union Book Store.

Following Long's graduation in 1927, he and Mary went to Lewiston where Long worked in the Weyerhaeuser mill for a while. But as Long expresses it, he soon got tired of "picking up sticks" and returned to the campus where he ran the Valet Press shop for 15 years. During the war he packed up and went to Alaska with the Army engineers. On his return in 1944 he rented the Nest from Tommie and re-equipped the Perch in 1946 to take care of the increased student enrollment.

When Long opened the Perch he was at a loss as what to call it. But the students decided for him. They argued with unanswerable logic that if you were

unable to roost in the Nest, you certainly ought to be able to perch in the Perch. So "Perch" it became, and soon was rivaling the Nest in the affections of the students.

Long runs the two places with only three full-time helpers besides himself and Mary. Bess Smith and Margaret Adkins have each worked two years. Tommie, who is also a full-time employee, is almost a fixture in the place, having been there, as Long puts it, "since the year one." Tommie, like Long and Mary, is never addressed formally as Mr. Matthews.

Altogether Long hires 41 part-time employees, students who work an hour or so when they have free time. Some students work at the Nest or the Perch year after year throughout their college course. Cal Green (no relation to Long) is one of these and has been with Long for two years, filling in wherever he is needed.

Althought the Nest and the Perch are primarily student hang-outs, Dr. W. H. (students affectionately call him "Butch") Boyer, is a regular customer. Among other frequent visitors are Dr Boyd Martin, polly science, and Miss Marian Little, music, and Fred, the campus cop.

But whatever the fraternity organization, whether independent or Greek, the Nest and the Perch are the common meeting places for all students. So let's join them there for "A cup-a-coffee at the Nest."

A young married woman wanted her new maid to be pleased with her new position. "You'll have a very good time of it here," she explained, "because we have no children to annoy you."

"Oh," said the girl generously, "I'se very fond of children so don't go restricting yourself on my account."

# SHORT CUT TO yesterday



by  
**Willard Barnes**

*IT WAS THE FAST MOVING, FAST LIVING CITY LIFE THAT SHATTERED STAN'S LITTLE SECLUDED WORLD AND BROUGHT PAIN ONCE AGAIN TO AN OLD WOUND!*

He watched as the car came over the hill out of the setting sun, gathering speed as it roared down the hill. The peace of the little valley was intermittently broken with the squal of brakes as it swerved now and then to follow the zig zag course of the road. The wheels churned in the dry silty earth sending up an avalanche of dust as they attempted to grab hold after each turn.

"Damned city drivers!" he muttered to himself. As he continued to look out the window, he picked up another biscuit and began to spread it. By now, the little black convertible had reached the bottom of the hill and was speeding towards the next turn. Suddenly he was out of the door streaking across the lawn. From his window he had seen what was happening almost as quick as the driver of the vehicle. The right front wheel had hit a soft shoulder and shot off the ten foot bank at the turn. By the time he was half way across the field the car was on its third roll. As it hit the fence, the top half of a rotten post whizzed through the air. With a great swoosh the car came to a stop as it lit flat on its back. Through the settling dust he made out the inert forms of two people . . . a man lying about ten feet from the wreckage and a woman in a crumpled heap just in front of the hood. He reached the woman first. As he bent over her, his eyes traveled down her limp body and then with a quick jerk returned to her fact. A sharp involuntary gasp came to his lips as he stared unbelieving at what he saw . . . the cold marble-like beauty, the blond hair flecked with dust and dry grass, the eyebrows that were just a little too arched.

Unconsciously he held his

*"You're here to look after a patient," Stan told Nellie, "and anything else that comes up is for me to decide!"*

breath and then in a sudden burst of freedom his lungs began taking in air in short sudden bursts. Perspiration stood out on his forehead. His hands at his side closed and unclosed into fists as his nails dug into the palms. A faint odor of gasoline began to pervade the air growing stronger by the second. The only sound was the spinning of the wheels overhead, gone mad in their escape. Gradually his muscles slackened and his breathing grew steadier. With extreme gentleness he lifted the woman and carried her to a smooth grassy spot close to the injured man. With a frantic rush of motion he began working over her. The odor of gasoline was quite strong by now. Gasoline! With an over-rushed clumsy motion he scooped her up in his arms and ran to safer distance. He started back for the man, but half way there he froze in his tracks. Stark terror came into his eyes. With one giant bound he flung himself against the immovable enemy in front of him. Suddenly another pair of hands appeared alongside of his and a voice was roaring in his ear.

"Together. One! Two! Push!"

With a great creaking and screeching of metal against rock the little convertible began to roll over and finally came to rest on its side in a mad precarious position. Quickly he bent over the little unconscious figure at his feet and gently lifted him into his arms.

"Oh, the poor little devil!" exclaimed the latest arrival. "Where's the driver?"

"Over there." He pointed to the two still forms almost hidden in the tall grass. "Bring the man over here with the woman, will you, Josh?"

The car teetered uncertainly and then crashed down on its back again. A spark flew from the contact of metal on rock. There was a blinding eruption. Flowing fire followed the course the gasoline had taken, blazing

tenacles snaking their way into the tall grass.

Silently, grimly, the two men worked over the victims of the wreck. The injured man's right upper arm jogged as a crazy angle. The entire right sleeve of the coat and shirt were torn away and with it most of the skin along this area. A large purplish swelling bulged over the right eye. The front of the woman's dress was ripped off to the waist. The flesh looked as though it had been grated. Occasionally she gave a slight moan and her muscles contracted from internal pain. The boy, a child of five or six, seemed to be the least hurt of the three. With the exception of a slight swelling on the back of his head, there was no visible damage. His pulse was growing stronger by the minute.

"Gosh, Stan, do you think we dare move 'em?"

"We'll have to get 'em to the house!" His voice was brittle with a ring like an off-tone bell. "You take the woman and I'll take . . . I'll . . ." Again he looked into the still cherubic little face . . . a face framed in large ringlets of golden brown curls. Carefully he raised the child to a sitting position and as he did so a whimper ruffled the stillness of the twilight air. Quickly he tucked the child into the crook of his arms and started for the house talking to him in a low voice as he went.

They put the woman in the bedroom and with the aid of a few blankets made a little pad for the boy in the kitchen. The boy was fully conscious, now. His eyes were wide with terror. Stan went to the wall phone and gave the crank a twist.

"I'll go back after the man," said Josh as he clumped out of the door.

"Hello, central? This is Stan Zurka. There's been a bad wreck out here. Would you get ahold of Doc Weber for me and sent him out?"

(Continued on page 27)

# NO SAVVY

By SHERMAN E. BLACK

Illustrated by Wayne Kious.

"The glasses contain witches' brew," Pottsy said, "and the hour grows late. Besides, the air is vile with the smoke of cigarettes and the smell of too many sweating bodies in too small a space." He let his pale eyes wander over the tables grouped tightly around the boundaries of the dance floor. "I do not perceive this with my eyes, but some oaf has but recently lit up a cigar. My nose smells him loudly."

"You're drunk," Clark said positively. "You couldn't smell the guy that lit the cigar if you were sober. Anyway, you couldn't tell a cigar from a length of rope."

"Burning, they are the same," argued Pottsy. "One is no less foul than the other. Besides, I am not drunk—which I consider a very unkind word—but only the least bit inebriated. As I was saying before some oaf offended my smeller with a length of burning rope, the hour grows late."

"Every time we come on liberty the hour grows late," Clark said humorlessly.

"Have we not had enough of Chinese liquor and Chinese women for one night?" Pottsy asked. "Then let us leave this witches' den and struggle homeward before the honey-pot collectors begin their chores. Honey-pots offend my delicate smeller almost as much as the stench of cigars burning."

"I like cigars but have no use at all for honey-pots," said Clark offhandedly.

"If your home town had no more sewage system than Tientsin, you would have plenty of use for honey-pots." Pottsy fairly glowed with wisdom.

"I'd move," Clark declared flatly, "so God-awful far away they would never know I ever lived there."



Boyt, separated from his two companions by the width of the small table, sat completely apart from their conversation, his eyes turned dreamily toward the couples struggling for room to take an occasional step on the dance floor. The sigh that escaped his lips was deep and amorous.

"Boyt!" Pottsy cried, almost alarmed by the symptoms he saw in the other's eyes. "What's the matter?"

"Which one is she?" Clark asked, also recognizing the symptoms.

"I see a flower." Boyt's voice was an intimate whisper. "A veritable lotus bloom. Now I know where the Lotus Club gets its name. Imagine finding a flower like that amongst all these skunk cabbages!"

"We left here a half hour ago," Pottsy suggested sharply. "You don't see anything."

"Which one is she?" Clark persisted.

Boyt picked his nose indelicately with his right forefinger and snapped the finger in the general direction of the other

two. "That for both of you," he said. "I saw her first."

Clark, following the lead of Boyt's gaze, found the girl just as the music stopped and the floor began clearing of dancers. She was indeed a delicate thing, with skin like old ivory, black hair shining in contrast, and her black eyes sultry behind their almond shape. Her figure was mysteriously revealed and accentuated by the floor length gown she wore. Clark felt his skin prickle as he watched the fluid motions of the girl's body and knew the prickly sensation as a bad sign.

"There is a catch," he said, watching the tall sailor with whom the girl had been dancing. "She's with the navy."

"Waiter! Boyt!" Boyt shouted, never taking his eyes from the girl.

"Vodka," he said when the waiter approached. "Three. The navy doesn't count. We have been mules for the navy long enough. I'm gonna steal some of their oats!"

The music started again, and Boyt watched the sailor and the

girl moving out onto the dance floor. He lit a cigarette with nervous hands and settled back in his seat as other dancers crowded the floor, obscuring the girl and her partner.

The waiter set three glasses of vodka on their table. Boyt put money on the table for the drinks, paying no attention to the change the waiter gave. His mind was occupied entirely with thoughts of the Chinese girl. He swallowed the vodka in his glass in two long gulps, his excitement lifting with its diffusive warmth.

Pottsy and Clark exchanged looks and each knew the other was thinking the same thing. They shook their heads negatively in unison, the gesture putting the seal on agreement, like a handshake before a battle. They drank their vodka slowly.

The music, growing tired with the men who made it, dragged to a halt, the floor clearing once more. Boyt was tense now, his eyes searching quickly over the disentangling crowd. He found the girl and her companion walking hand in hand toward their table. He pushed himself erect, and the night's consumption of vodka swam dizzily across his brain, making him unsteady. He anchored himself securely for a moment with one hand on the their chairs and squared away back of his chair.

Pottsy and Clark pushed back their chairs and squared away their jackets like destroyers clearing for action. Clark pushed himself to his feet and came around the table to take a stand behind Boyt. Pottsy sat and waited.

Boyt launched himself then, more like a small boat on a rough sea than like a battlewagon. The floor was a wavy, rolling thing that came up to meet his feet and then fell away as he put his feet on it, causing his body to tip back and forth and from side to side like the mainmast of a narrow beam craft. He hauled himself up and reset his course with narrow, strong purpose but with difficulty because of the shifting aspect of the tables.

Clark made an upward motion with his head and Pottsy joined him. They moved out on the floor behind Boyt and surrounded him quickly, each taking firm hold on an arm. They turned him expertly in the narrow space left before the unrushing tables and set a new course at a right angle toward the low arch of the exit from the Lotus Club. Boyt held firmly between them, was like a long-legged man riding a child's bicycle. His legs pumped up and down in high-kneed steps, but he was powerless to stop their exerted locomotive force.

Faces turned toward the exiting trio, eyes widening in surprise, jaws falling agape. The high, gurgling sound of Chinese girls giggling welled up behind them as they went, the sound punctuated heavily by the deeper voices of marines and sailors. Boyt swore indistinctly but with sufficient force to leave no doubt, if there had been any before, that this was not a part of his plan.

"My flower," he protest, "my lotus bloom. That she should be left to wilt in the hands of the navy. Just lemme torpedo that sailor!"

"No," Pottsy said succinctly. "This is once the navy sails without the marines!"

Pulling up at the window of the checkroom, Clark picked up their caps, setting Boyt's in place without relinquishing his hold on Boyt's arm. Boyt was docile now, making no further protest, but his two mates took no chances until they were outside the main door of the Club. There they released his arms and the three went down the steps to the sidewalk, Boyt steadying himself on the other's shoulders.

"Gentlemen," said Pottsy, "we shall not mention again the incident just past. The pride of the Corps has been smitten by our retreat in the time of attack, but the surrounding circumstances are of extenuating nature. We will be forgiven—aye, perhaps even thanked—in

the morning which is not far away. Shall we walk?"

"Walk hell," said Clark, stepping into the deserted street. Cupping his hands around his mouth in the shape of a megaphone, he shattered the stillness of the deep night quiet. "Salur, Salur!"

Two coolies sitting wrapped in cozy comfort in their rickshaws on the east side of the distant river were wakened from a half slumber by the cry. They sat bolt-upright in the chill air.

"Dlunk maline!" said one, the shiver of alarm running through him playing itself out in the vicinity of his tailbone.

"Damn maline no sleepy all night," muttered the other, pulling the folds of his long, quilted wrap over his ears and nestling deeper into his rickshaw.

In front of the Victoria Cafe just three blocks away a dozen coolies were rocked by the blast of Clark's voice. To them it was a command. Two salur drivers and ten rickshaw boys mounted stations and started immediately in the direction from which the sound had come. They had gone but a block when the voice reached them again with all the power and authority of a steamer's foghorn demanding the right-of-way among dingys.

"Salur!"

"Lotus Club! Lotus Club!" cried the leading salur driver, and the cry echoed back through the ranks of the rickshaw boys. "Mebbe Colonel, must be," the leader added hopefully, spitting into the street over the handlebar of his machine.

Clark was in the act of sending his call forth into the night once more when the pack of coolies rounded the corner and bore down upon the trio.

"Hold it!" Pottsy yelled, withdrawing his fingers from his ears. "Here they come."

"Allah be praised," said Clark. "I'm stiff with cold."

"I'm just plain stiff," Boyt said, starting to undrape himself uncertainly from the upright strength of a lamppost.

(Continued on page 37)

**"NO SAVVY," INSISTED THE RICKSHAW DRIVER UNTIL BOYT FELL FLAT. THEY WERE LEFT SPEECHLESS WITH A DISTINCTLY AMERICAN REMARK.**

# A Lesson in History

By DON PITWOOD

Illustrated by Cal Jones

## INSTRUCTIVE NONSENSE ON THE HISTORY OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT.

The following article was written in the interest of culture and education for the benefit of those many unfortunate individuals who have never had the opportunity to avail themselves of higher learning. It is an accurate, authentic account, backed by the most extensive research and study, which the author hopes will serve to broaden and enrich the reader's knowledge, thereby fitting him to assume a more intelligent, more highly-productive role in society.

The events about which we shall read center around a chap named Sir Lunchapot, a rising young chastity-belt salesman who worked for Arthur and Company, Ltd. Now it so happened that Sir Lunchapot's boss, who was also king, had a beautiful young wife, whose name was Queenie. Although it could never be justly stated that Queenie had married Arthur for his money and prestige, no one ever justly accused her of fidelity. So no one who knew of the affair was surprised when she fell in love with the suave young blade who was top salesman in her husband's firm. Lunchapot, however, was not quite sure whether he loved Queenie or another girl he had been chumming with, whose name was Canabeer. So, while Queenie was two-timing Arthur and meeting Lunchapot on the sly, Lunchapot was two-timing Queenie and meeting Canabeer on the sly. And to top it all off, Arthur took a fancy to Canabeer, and she began meeting him on the sly.

Things went along smoothly



for some time, but it was inevitable that something should go wrong sooner or late—which it did. It seems that Queenie, having forgotten that she was supposed to go to a ball with the king, accepted when Lunchapot asked her to go to the ball with him. Lunchapot, on the other hand, had forgotten that he had already made a date with Canabeer to take HER to the ball. Now this might not have been so bad had it not been for the fact that Canabeer, who was also disposed to absentmindedness, accept when Arthur, forgetting that he had promised to take his wife to the ball, asked her to go with him. This WAS an interesting situation indeed!

The afternoon before the ball found Lunchapot, still unaware of his mistake, getting in a little exercise by chinning himself on a drawbridge. He always found this activity relaxing after a hard day of selling chastity belts, and on this day particularly, he

had had a hard day of selling chastity belts. The trouble was that wives just didn't seem to share their husband's enthusiasm over his product. He would just get to the point where he had a jealous husband ready to lay his money on the line when—poof! the wife would rush in and say they couldn't afford one because she needed a new hat. And when he did manage to make a sale, just as sure as anything the wife would be down at his office the next morning asking for an extra key. Pestered him all the time. He was very firm and scrupulous in this respect, however, for he knew all too well that there is NO time when the peace and tranquility of the kingdom rest on more perilous ground than when a young knight finds the key to his wife's chastity belt in his best friend's pocket.

Lunchapot enjoyed himself so much on the drawbridge that he forgot to wind his hour glass

and lost track of the time. So when he finally decided to start getting ready for the ball, he found to his dismay that he was going to have to hurry like a dozen white chargers if he made it at all.

Rushing home, he immediately drew his bath water and sat down in the tub. He soon came to the decision, however, that this was not a wise move. Evidently the democrat on the hot water system had gotten out of control and built too hot a fire under it, for poor Lunchapot jumped up yelling at the top of his lungs and started an Irish jig that lasted a full five minutes. Needless to say, the incident made him so mad he could push little ducks in the water. So he donned his robe and went up on the roof to send a message on the wireless and see if he couldn't get an undertaker to come out and fix the democrat. But when he got to the roof, he found that all the pigeons had been devoured by the rodent control system, and had to abandon the idea. Angrily he tossed the cat down the drain pipe and returned to the bathroom, where he cooled the water and finished his bath without further mishap.

He went next to his closet, where he made a startling discovery: his tuxedo was missing! Then he remembered. He had fallen off the drawbridge to his apartment the other night when he came home feeling a little high, and had left it at the blacksmith's shop to have the dents pounded out of it. Lunchapot, however, was not one to be caught without an extra pair of tin pants, and always kept a spare tuxedo in another closet. He went to the closet to get it. Then he remembered something else. He had worn it only the night before, and during the course of the evening, he had managed to spill some Saxon cognac down the front of it. It was rusted so full of holes no one could have worn it.

In desperation, poor Lunchapot rushed down to the basement and began rummaging through some old trunks he had stored there. Among the relics in the first trunk, he found a small human skeleton. This made him

stop and think a moment, for he had never been a devout collector of souvenirs and couldn't imagine how it got there. But suddenly he remembered something which threw a little light on the case. During his early youth, he had worked as a baby sitter to earn his way through fencing school, and often locked the children in his trunks to keep them out of mischief. Must have forgotten to clear this one out before going out of business.

Going through the next trunk, he finally found an old tuxedo. It was in pretty bad shape, but it was his last resort and would have to do. He carried it upstairs and proceeded to put it in shape as best he could. After some time, by using a pipe wrench, some rust remover, and a can of oil, he managed to make it somewhat wearable.

When at last he was ready for the ball, he went to the garage. But alas, luck was still against him. For now he remembered that he had also left his hayburner at the blacksmith's shop to be fitted with re-treads; and he had to hitch-hike to town.

The ball was going full swing when he arrived, so he checked his lance with the girl at the check stand and strolled in. Once on the floor he began looking for Queenie. But before he found her, he bumped into King Arthur, and the two fell into conversation. They talked about the weather (which, historians generally agree, existed in considerable quantity in those days too), about the affairs of state, about the sales trend of Arthur and Company's products, and about the many other things which men talk about. The king had just let loose with what he regarded as a whooping good joke, and what Lunchapot regarded as just another of the king's chestnuts, and both were laughing for all they were worth, when two talkative young women, not watching where they were going, bumped into them.

When the four people met face to face, it was almost as if a bolt of lightning had found its mark squarely in the middle of their little group. For the two ladies were none other than Queenie and Canabeer. Almost

simultaneously, four minds remembered things they had hitherto forgotten, and four people wished to be excused from the room as four pairs of legs struggled into locomotion.

Under the circumstances, it was only natural that the ladies should retire to the ladies' room to powder their noses, and that the men should retire to the men's room for cigars. It is indeed unfortunate, but the women didn't write in those days, and most of the men were gentlemen, so we have no record of the scene that transpired in the ladies' room. We have, however, a few accurate transcripts of the scene in the men's room, so we will go on from there. (Will the ladies please leave the room.)

Lunchapot was the first of the two men to reach the men's room, Arthur having lost some time by falling down the back stairs. Poor Lunchapot. He didn't know what to do. If he went upstairs, Queenie would find out he had also dated Canabeer. If he stayed in the men's room, she would be angry because he was holding her up. And the King! Great scott! He hadn't thought of it until now, but he couldn't be seen with Queenie anyway while the king was around.

Just then the king came in looking a little pale, and went over to where Lunchapot was standing. He confided in Lunchapot that he had just pulled off the most colossal boner in all the history of grand old England. He told Lunchapot the details of his mistake and said he thought he'd better join the Foreign Legion before Queenie found out, as she was a mean woman with a battle axe when she got her dander up.

Lunchapot was speechless. In the first place he didn't think the king had it in him to two-time Queenie, and in the second place he hadn't dreamed that Canabeer was going with anyone else but him. Indeed, this latter fact even made him a little sore. Perhaps it was this frame of mind, then, that prompted him to boldly suggest to the king that he would be glad to take Queenie off his hands, as he had

# A Last Goodbye

By BOB HENRY

*SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN BLOT FICTION  
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE.*

A great billowing expanse of fog rolled in from the Pacific. San Francisco and Oakland lay like twin monsters staring at each other across the bay, with Alcatraz trapped between them, a doomed island of doomed men. A sullen twilight was merging into evening. Both cities were strangely silent, except for the occasional car speeding like a carrier pigeon, home ward-bound, away from the city. It was Christmas Eve.

She was about half-way out on the big bridge when she saw him. He came wandering down the walk like some ghost, exiled from another world, entering this one by medium of the ever-present fog.

She turned hastily, and started to walk away, but paused; turned and waited for him.

"Merry Christmas, sister," he remarked, stopping before her. "Going to take the high dive?"

Her face blanched slightly in the dim glare of the bridge lights, and then she asked quietly, "How did you know?"

"People don't go walking out on the Gate bridge on Christmas Eve alone for nothing," he replied bitterly.

"You, too?"

"Yea."

They stood there a while leaning over the railing, watching the void below, the soft betraying lights of Alcatraz shimmering in the distance

He looked at her soberly, his bitter mood softening.

"Now?"

"May as well get it over with."

"Before we take off into the wild blue, we may as well get

acquainted. My handle is Bill."

"Mine's Arlene."

"Sounds like you got that accent out of Texas."

"Boise City. I guess I got big town fever and came to this place to carve myself a future as the boss's stenographer. I guess I didn't exactly set the world on fire. Where are you from?"

"Whitehall, Montana. Story same as yours. Only I tried to be another Ernest Hemingway."

"A couple of star-gazers, I suppose," she murmured sadly.

A swirling gray surrounded them cutting off the rest of civilization, leaving only the one man and one woman. An hour passed, and they were still standing there, hanging on desperately to a lost life, talking about the things that people think about, but never dare to discuss.

St. Augustine's bells pealed softly through the night, calling the faithful and the faithless to God on His night.

She glanced at him. "Ready?"

He looked down at his shoes. "I'm afraid, Texas."

"So'm I. But we can't back out now."

"Yeah. Goodbye, Texas."

"Goodbye."

★

The bells tolled out their last sweet echo. The long walk-away was empty.

Mary had a new silk gown

It was almost slit in half.

Who cares a damn for Mary's lamb

When we can see her calf?

Mary had a little watch  
She swallowed it one day.  
The doctor gave her a calomel  
To pass the time away.

Mary took the calomel  
The time it would not pass  
So now if you want to know  
the time

Just look up Mary's brother.  
(He didn't swallow his watch)

—I—

In a kick, it's distance  
In a cigarette, it's taste.  
In a rumble seat, it's impos-  
sible.

—I—

All a sweater does for her is  
make her itch.

—I—

"How do you get rid of these  
awful cooties?"

"That's easy. Take a bath in  
sand and rub down in alcohol.  
The cooties get drunk and kill  
each other throwing rocks."

—I—

"Tell me the story of the po-  
lice raiding your fraternity."

"Oh, that's a closed chapter  
now."

—I—

"Don't you think George dres-  
ses nattily?"

"Natalie who?"

—I—

She: "Oh, Henry, I've got a  
bug down my back."

He: "Aw, cut it out! Those  
jokes were all right before we  
were married."

—I—

"What two raw materials are  
imported from France?"

"Books and plays, sir."

Janey Wilson rates our bid for  
"dream queen" in that heavenly  
blue bare, bare gown. Quilted at  
the bodice and gathered full at  
the hipline, this formal comes  
with matching blue stole, so  
right for spring evening wear.  
Gowns courtesy of Davids'. →







## Miss Shirley Ball

In her Easter bonnet with a pure silk print to match, Shirley Ball would send even the Easter bunny's hear a'thumping. Her dress, the latest thing for spring, is a New York print, beautifully draped for hipline flattery and cut to enhance that ballerina-slim waist. The frock and hat are from the Parisian.

Again here is our Parisian model, Shirley, attired in a denim striped sunback with white duck bolero. How could a poor man win a tennis game with such a distracting style anyway? Made by Cole of California, this playdress is typical of many combination sports togs popular this season.

*All Glamour Shots*

*By Earl Brockman*



## Miss Colleen Christenson

Such a charming Easter Sunday with a brand new Mary Muffat strapless taffeta dress and matching bolero-cut jacket. Colleen Christenson is our model. The dress, from Davids', shows the Dior effect in necklines and may be worn demurely with jacket to church or teas. Without the jacket it is perfect for after-five dining and dancing.



Colleen comes up next in a sporty skirt and jacket from Major Stores. Note that pencil slim skirt so stylish for campus wear. Teamed with sweater and a jacket such as this navy blue box reefer, what could rate more classroom appeal. Skyline scarf and white cotton string gloves complete the picture.

*Edited by  
Sheila Darwin*



Miss  
Sally Kuhlman

Spring days call for spring suits, and suits always make us think of the name of Rothmore, famous the world over for perfectly tailored, high styled coats and suits. Here is Sally Kuhlman in a pearl grey Rothmore from Creighton's. Her hat is from Peggy's. Grey grosgrain is used in trimming the jacket and skirt of this suit for a strictly 1949 look.

Miss  
Jane Wilson

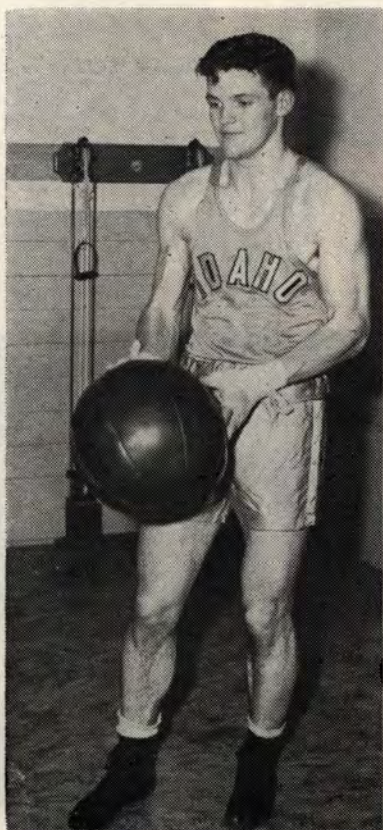
How sophisticated can one coded be? It isn't hard for Jane Wilson in her beautifully cut navy coat from Penny's. Combine one neat gal, one gorgeous coat, misty grey accessories, and here is the best answer going for a smooth, smooth look.



# BLOT APPLAUDS

By MARGARET ORME

*BEGINNING WITH THIS ISSUE, BLOT FEATURES THREE STUDENTS ON CAMPUS WHO WE FEEL ARE WORTHY OF SPECIAL RECOGNITION.*



Vernon Bahr, one of Idaho's excellent mittmen, has been boxing for four years, two in high school and two in college.

Boxing, however, isn't his only activity. He has been on Freshman Week Committee, Sophomore Holly Week, Independent Caucus, Student Activities Board, Phi Eeta Sigma, the underclassman's scholastic honorary, the 49'er Dance committee, and a member of the National Student Association.

Weiser is the home town of this Sophomore pugilist and Chrisman hall is his University of Idaho address.

Strangely enough, Physical Education isn't Vern's major—it's Agriculture — and he's a straight four pointer, too.

Moscow is the hometown of Shirley Tanner, the Director of the All-campus Chest Drive. Her appointment came from the Executive Board and the Drive lasted February 9 to 15.

At the end of her Freshman year she had her name inscribed on a plaque in Dean Carter's office for having the highest grade point of the Freshmen women. Her grade point was 3.97.

She has always been active in activities. She has been a Spur, a member of Lambda Delta Sigma, Phi Upsilon Omicron, Alpha Lambda Delta, Hell Divers, Home Ec Club, Inter-church council, on Freshman and Sophomore Weeks, Debate, and chairman of the World Student Fund last year.

Shirley is 19 years old and is majoring in Dietetics.



Gregg Potvin has gained fame and prestige on the University of Idaho campus. His fame hasn't come from being the co-author of last year's and this year's Pep Band Show, nor does it come from being Chairman of 1948 Homecoming.

Gregg is a charter member of S. I. M. (Society for Insignificant Men).

Working with Dick Shou last year and Jack Lein this year, Gregg has put forth his ideas on the Pep Band Show.

When he's not studying for his Law degree he's taking care of his two hobbies — dachshunds, named Schnapps and Heinrich.

Gregg lives off campus with his wife, but also hangs his hat up in the Phi Delta Theta house when he's on the campus.

# IDAHO OPENS

ROO



## An Experiment In Community Living

Picture 1. Complete with a new charter from the national headquarters, these girls of Alfalfa Cow Omigosh, members of Idaho's newest and most select sorority move into their newly renovated living quarters, which was formerly the University of Idaho cow barn. A new experiment is being planned at the Alfalfa Cow house, there is going to be a house father instead of a housemother and in his own words, "I'll give my all for my girls."



Picture 2. House father, George Slinkeslurp is now telling some of the girls what is expected of them if they are Alfalfa Cows. President of the Alfalfa Cows, Heiress Skatertgun, second from right, who is reported to be one of the wealthiest of the Cows. Reports have it that she has . . . . . of money.



Picture 3. Studying is an important part of the schedule at the Alfalfa Cow house as the girls are striving hard to give their house a name as a den of "scholars." House president Heiress Skatertgun is shown giving a practical lesson in geometry to a pledge, Lottie Heiffer, show "assuming the angle." The hickory stick is as important as reading, writing and arithmetic at the domicile.

# NEW SORORITY

HIRE



Picture 4. Judged "Miss Coney Island Head" of the Tappa Keg fraternity is Bovina Bilkestruddle, junior student from Muleholler, Idaho. She was awarded the title after successfully polishing off 133, 17 oz. glasses of ale. When asked for a comment on her gigantic feat, all she could say was, "I wanna Bromo." She was awarded a box of crackers as first prize, which she donated to the house kitchen and consequently the month's board bill was reduced \$.03 per girl.



Picture 6. Study hours are strictly enforced at the new house, and there is only one main rule—no crap shooting except during chapter meetings. With their long hours spent at the study tables it is expected that the Alfalfa Cows will walk away with the scholarship trophy this year. They should win, as no one will be able to go near them after they've lived in the cow barn for two weeks—happy booking girls.

Picture 5. Being a rather large mansion, the Alfalfa Cow house has spacious accommodations for all its inhabitants. The sleeping quarters are especially comfortable. The beds are so soft they seem almost to be filled with hay. Editor's not: (That ain't straw.)

## CULINARY INSTRUCTION

(Continued from page 3)

is very nutritious. Ordinary axel grease is what they refer to, I suppose, but have always found medical vasoline very effective (to say the least) in lubricating my watch, and I see no reason why it should not serve here also. If you live close to the infirm-ary, maybe you can save your- self the price of a can of grease.

Next, they say to add the fla- voring and maraschino cherries. You will notice in the recipe that only  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of vanilla and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon of lemon flavoring are required, but if you ask me, that is nothing short of shameful injustice in the highest degree. It is plainly marked right on the bottles of all such flavorings that they contain in excess of twenty-five percent alcohol, and certainly any liquid of that com- position should be accorded more consideration than  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon! A pint or so of each would prob- ably be a conservative measure- ment—use whatever you feel is necessary. As for the "maras- chino cherries," this is merely Italian slang for olives. It doesn't matter whether you use green or ripe ones, although it's wise to avoid using the kind with pi- mento centers. They have their seeds removed, and the latter al- ways add a distinctive quality to any dish.

The milk, flour, salt, and bak- ing power come next. They should all be dumped into the bowl or hub-cap and mixed thor- oughly. It says in the recipe to dilute the milk with water, but if you obtain the milk anywhere on the campus, you should dis- regard this, as further dilution would probably make the milk lose its identity altogether. Also, if you are a veteran, don't let the "baking powder" mentioned above foul you up. This is NOT the same powder you used to bake the Japs and Germans dur- ing the war. It is obtained in a grocery store and is usually much less powerful than the other kind.

Now comes the most difficult

part of all. The directions say "Fold egg whites into bowl." Well, obviously this is a typo- graphical error in the first place. What they mean, of course, is "white eggs." Personally I never could tell much difference in white or brown ones myself, but it's best to follow directions, I suppose. The real trouble comes not in folding the eggs, but in trying to make a crease stay in them—and what good is it to fold anything if no crease is left in them—and what good is in it? It certainly won't stay folded without one. And trying to fold the eggs into a bowl—there IS a dilly! However, it is not as difficult as it appears if you try to fry them into a good, hard omelet first. You can then cut the omelet into a circle, fold it in half twice, and open it into sort of a cone-shaped affair that vaguely resembles a bowl. It doesn't say what to do with the bowl, but I imagine it is for serv- ing nuts, or something, with your cake.

Lastly, the directions say to bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes, then cool and ice with boiled icing. The baking is sim- ple enough and needs no further comment, but I think a word about the icing process is in or- der, as it may cause you con- siderable trouble. The difficulty seems to arise in trying to keep the ice in its original form while

boiling it. If you try to bring it to a boil in cold water, you will meet with virtually no success at all, as it will melt on you every time. However, if you bring a kettle or hub-cap of water to a boil first and then dunk a good sized cake in it for a minute or so, you can usually manage to salvage a small amount of the boiled ice. You may have to re- peat the process several times to get enough icing for the whole cake, so don't wait until after the cake is out of the oven to start boiling the ice. If you do, the cake may cool by itself be- fore you are ready to ice it, and all your work will be wasted.

Well men, now you've learned by actual experience the rudi- ments of the culinary art. So from here on out it's your show. You can get a good text on cook- ing at any library and continue studying on your own just as long as you feel it necessary to do so. The sky is the limit! Who knows, maybe someday you'll be pulling down a top salary as a chef in one of the country's swank restaurants.

"If there be anyone in the congregation who likes sin, let him stand up. What's this, Sister Virginia, do you like sin?"

"Oh, pardon me, I thought you said gin."





## A LESSON IN HISTORY

(Continued from page 13)

always been rather fond of her anyway. In fact, his rising anger with Canabeer instilled in him so much courage that he even went on to confess the whole business.

Arthur was speechless. Was it actually possible that his most valued employee — this youth whose very face shone with honesty and innocence—had been seeing Queenie behind his back? Arthur was shocked. But soon his face brightened up and he realized what a life-saver Lunchpot's proposition really was. Putting a sizeable dent in the back of his topcoat with the palm of one gauntlet, and shaking his hand with the other, Arthur congratulated Lunchpot and suggested that they go upstairs and enjoy themselves.

The girls were on the ballroom floor when the two men returned from the men's room. They appeared to be in quite good humor, so Arthur and Lunchpot approached them and began an attempt to convince them that all was well. For a minute it looked as if Queenie might blow a fuse, but she became calm again when she found that Lunchpot was going to be her partner after all. To be sure, there were several embarrassed people in the little group, but eventually everything smoothed out, and the king waltzed off with Canabeer, while Lunchpot clanked away with Queenie.

The next few minutes were pure bliss for Lunchpot. Queenie was looking so enchanting, Phil Spitballoney's all-gourd orchestra was playing so beautifully—everything was just perfect.

Then it happened. Queenie and Lunchpot were whirling gayly through a fast number, when suddenly, one of Queenie's garters fell off. This was the greatest tragedy since Shakespirit's "Fourteen Knights in a bar room." Everyone's face turned pink, then red—then purple. Men gasped and ladies swooned. Ah, those were dark moments in the history of old England; Now it must be admitted that there were rumors which accused

Lunchpot of possessing a master key that would fit the locks on every piece of merchandise Arthur and Company had ever sold, but to draw the obvious inferences from these rumors would be wicked and unjust. For there was never an innocent young man who was purer or less disposed to carnality than Lunchpot. Let it NEVER be said that he would have possessed such a key if the exigencies of business had not demanded it! Naturally, then, when this terrible catastrophe befell the ballroom, he turned his head and looked the other way.

By coincidence, it happened that one of Lunchpot's friends, a young free-lance quill-driver with a sense of humor, was standing nearby when the accident occurred. And when he saw Lunchpot turn his head, he immediately seized upon the opportunity to chide him over his modesty. This he did by poking Lunchpot in the ribs with a twelve-foot lance. This playful gesture caught Lunchpot off guard and made him jump. It made him jump so violently, in fact, that he threw out his arms to keep from losing his balance. This was a foul mistake indeed. For his ancient tuxedo just couldn't take it, and began falling apart. There were several loud squeeks, then a terrific crash, as rivets broke and heavy pieces of metal cascaded to the floor. Nuts and bolts flew in all directions. And when the noise ceased, amid the wreckage and the ruin, stood poor Lunchpot, a pathetically embarrassed man, but a gallant and faithful salesman to the end. For stamped in bold red letters across the cast-iron front of his only remaining article of clothing were the words: "Distributed exclusively by Arthur and Company, Ltd."

Son—Mother, Pappa wouldn't murder anybody, would he?

Mother — Why certainly not, child. What makes you ask that?

Son—Well, I just heard him down in the cellar saying, "Let's kill the other two, George."

## HISTORY OF A JOKE

Birth: A freshman thinks it up and chuckles with glee, waking up two fraternity men in the back row.

Age five minutes: Freshman tells it to a senior, who answers, "Yeah, it's funny, but I've heard it before."

Age one day: Senior turns it into the college humor mag."

Age ten days: Editor has to fill magazine, prints joke.

Age three years: Yalé Record reprints joke as original.

Age three years, one month: College Humor reprints joke, crediting it to the Record.

Age ten years: 76 radio comedians discover joke simultaneously; tell it, accompanied by howls of mirth from boys in orchestra.

Age twenty years: Joke is reprinted in Reader's Digest.

Age about one hundred years: Professors start telling it in class.

Age one hundred ten years: Printed in college humor magazine.

—Voo Doo

—I—

Mr. O'Hara — The milkman told me he necked every dame on his route with the exception of one.

Mrs. O'Hara—It must be the snooty Mrs. Kelly from next door.

—I—

Catty woman to authoress of successful book—Charming, my dear, but tell me who really wrote it?

Authoress—Darling, I'm glad you liked it. Who read it to you?

—I—

Professor to class: "There's a young man in this room making a jackass of himself. When he's finished I'll start."

—I—

"Why aren't you going with her any more?"

"Well, she wasn't pretty, didn't have any money, and married Joe. So I took the advice of friends and dropped her."

## THE FINAL SIN

(Continued from page 5)

existence. Helen seated herself on the exposed height of the butte's peak, made the juniper move fretfully. The woman observed those movements with mixed feelings of compassion and humility; compassion for the ceaseless struggle of the tree against the elements; humility in her own weakness in the presence of so great a strength. Then she turned her mind to the short, bleak future.

There would be, perhaps, some glory in the sunset this evening—she thought there were clouds to carry the sun's latent color. How many times she had watched from this vantage point as the sun sank in flames behind the mountains far, far on the edge of the visible world, making of those mountains the hard stuff of reality instead of blue shadow and smoky haze. Now the edge of her visible world was close at hand, made up of the fuzzy gray shadow through which even the sun was only a brighter point of light. Soon the shadow would enroach upon all her world and then would come total darkness, the specter of which lingered now in her hopelessness. She felt again the terrible void, and her soul seemed to shrink and grow cold and lay a smitten, beaten thing within that void, and there was no way out.

Her mind began to search then, as it had innumerable times, for a reason for this punishment being visited upon her—for punishment it must surely be. Some sin, possibly, in her earlier years: something not intended for her girlish ears upon which He had found her eavesdropping; some seen secret to which her eyes should not have been exposed. Or perhaps it was some confidence of nature rashly betrayed in the writing of her poems before her loss of hearing. She loved nature deeply and completely, almost passionately. Its sounds, especially. She could almost hear now, after these long years in which she had heard no sound, the whisper of

the snow laying its white mantle over the brown fields; the thrilling song of the first meadow-lark of spring when the snow still lay in shaded nooks and in the fence-row drifts; the mournful call of a coyote in mating season and the answering call, tremulous with distance; the wind crying unwanted and alone over all the land. And now her eyes, too. Helen looked toward the west, wondering if, beyond the grayness, the sun flamed in glory in its flight below the world. What awful sin of hers had caused these things to be taken from her? She could find no answer.

Reaching for the impersonal automatic which was to be the agent of her departure from this life, she felt the notebook and pencil she had put in her pocket when she picked up the weapon. She remembered that she must leave some sort of message so they would know why—the people who were close to her, Joe, and Dad and the rest. Joe, her husband, who loved her should know especially. Then he could understand. She held the notebook in her left hand, the pencil in her right, waiting.

First of all, since she must have sinned so before, she must ask forgiveness for this final greatest sin. She wrote uncertainly, barely able to see the lines:

Oh, dearest God, forgive me for this final sin.

Undo your doors and let my errant soul come in.

Why was she committing this final sin knowingly and willfully? She could not bear to lose her contact with all of nature and the world. She had no ray of hope to sustain her, no least chance of deliverance.

For long I sought avoidance of descending night

But found no ray to give me hope of lasting light.

If only her hearing were not gone, if it were just her eyes. But to lose both—

Could I but hear the fluted song of meadow lark,

The coyote's cry on wafting wind of early dark; made her abandon all hope and filled her with such a black despair that she was left no resource but to free her soul from the cavern her body would be.

Abandoned hopes! and muted with a black despair,

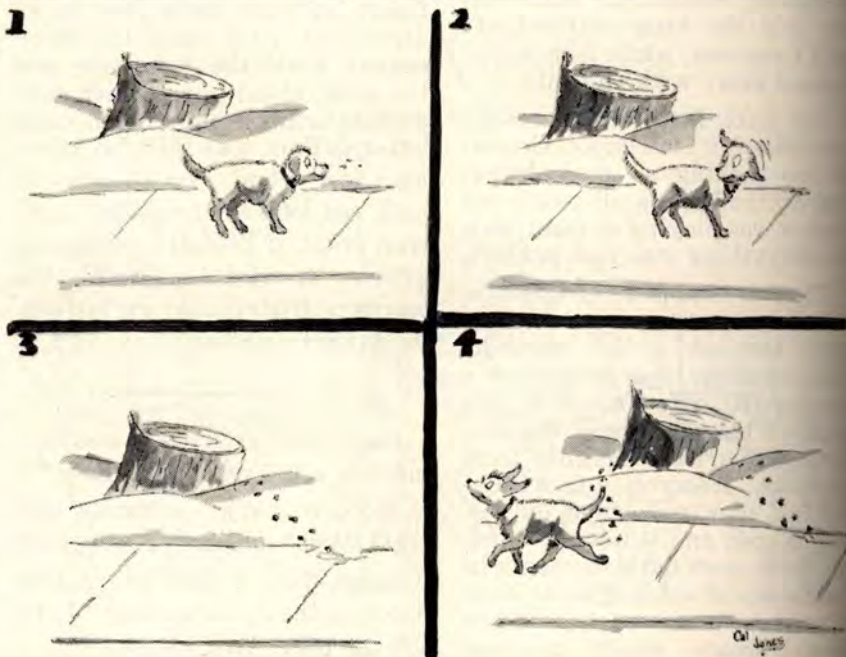
No course is left but free my soul from caverned lair.

Joe, you will be alone, but you must not grieve. If I remained, I would be nothing but a burden upon you and your love.

My darling Joe, an end to grief when I'm above:

I could not stay and keep you with a burdened love.

Goodbye.



Helen paused. A final asking for forgiveness, perhaps—yes, that would be best.

Dear God, forgive me for this final sin.

Undo your doors and let my errant soul come in.

She tore the page from the notebook, holding it tightly in her left hand against the wind as she replaced the book and pencil in her coat pocket. Unwelcome tears crowded from the corners of her eyes and she fought them back. Not time for emotion. She must hurry before she lost the strength to commit this act of terrible weakness.

The muzzle of the impersonal agent made a spot of chill as it touched the skin just behind her right ear. It made no sound as her finger tightened on the trigger, but she did feel fleetingly the terrific shock of the bullet. Her left arm was outflung as if to stop the weight of her falling body, and the left hand clenched spasmodically, crumbling and tightening upon the sheet of paper.

The juniper moved fretfully in the windy dusk, and the darkness gently closed this scene for a few hours from mortal eyes.

Voices came to Joe as he knelt beside his wife's body, and two of his friends who had been searching through the night with him came to stand close, their hats in their hands, their faces full of pity for the tragedy in Joe's eyes.

"She's gone," Joe said, simply, his voice breaking. "There's nothing anyone can do."

The men nodded silently, and the juniper moved as silently in the morning wind.

The End

—I—

"There's a certain reason why I like you."

"My goodness."

"Don't be absurd."

—I—

They call my twin brother Encore because he wasn't on the program.


## QUESTIONS

**A** Twice here in red, two-thirds in white,  
Explains just why a Chesterfield's right.

**B** Four are shown and all the same  
In color and shape, but not in fame.

**C** You've no doubt heard it noised about that  
oysters "R" in season,  
One glance at lovely Linda and you're sure  
to see the reason.

**ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE**



**RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST**

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

**LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS**

**A** The sock which Arthur Godfrey is holding with his white mitten.

**B** The Chesterfield carton whose last five title letters show out of the green sock.

**C** Always *Bring* Chesterfield. The central word of the famous slogan has been revised from *Buy* to *Bring*.

**WINNERS . . .**

A census taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"

"Five," snapped the answer. "Me, the old man, kid, cow, and cat."

"And the politics of your family?"

"Mixed. I'm a Republican, the old man's a Democrat, the kid's a Populist."

—I—

Marriage is like a card game. It starts with a pair. He shows a diamond. She shows a flush . . . and they both end up with a full house.

"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

"Your lips?"

"No, my liquor."

—I—

She's a pretty little wench  
Sitting there upon the bench  
Looking very coy and shy  
At every passing college guy  
Such thrilling eyes,  
Concentrating things,  
It's too darn bad  
She's bald.

—I—

She was only the Carnival Queen, but she made a lot of concessions.

Two old ladies were enjoying the music in the park.

"I think this is a Minuet from Mignon," said one.

"I thought it was a Waltz from Faust," said the other.

The first went over to what she thought was the board announcing the numbers.

"We're both wrong," she said when she got back. "It's a Refrain from Spitting."

—I—

Farmer—Be this the Women's Exchange?

Woman—Yes.

Farmer—Be you the woman?

Woman—Yes.

Farmer—Well, then, I think I'll keep Maggie.

—I—

"Did you get home from the party all right last night?"

"Yeah, except just as I turned onto my block, some lunkhead stepped on my fingers."

—I—

Help raise the devil while you live. You will meet him soon after you die and those who are acquainted with him will get the best shovels.

—I—

Confucius say: House without bathroom uncanny.

—I—

"Still engaged to Maude?"

"No."

"Good!"

"What?"

"Good, how'd you get rid of her?"

"What?"

"How'd you drop the old hag?"

"I married her."

—I—

There was a young damsel named Carol  
Who liked to play stud for apparel.

Her opponent's straight flush  
Brought a maidenly blush  
And a hasty trip home in a barrel.

Sorority girls, most pleasing,  
Will soon start wheezing and sneezing.

Cold weather is rough  
They're finding it tough—  
To show off their pins without freezing.

—I—

They lay side by side on the coach  
Both were deathly white.  
This can't be censored, because  
They were both pillows.

—I—

"Boy, will I give her the cold shoulder," cried the butcher with fiendish glee, as he dove into the icebox.

—I—

It's hard to find  
For love or money  
Jokes that are clean  
And also funny!

Beta Pledge: "It's a disgrace, Ed, but I'm sure two rats were fighting in my room last night."

Ed: "So! What do you want for \$65 a month? Bull fights?"

—I—

A fussy old lady traveling on a bus became angry with the frequent stops.

"Why," she asked the driver, "must you stop at every telephone pole?"

"Sorry, lady," said the driver, "but this is a Greyhound."

—I—

Sign on bra display: These come in four sizes—Small, Medium, Wow!, and Holy Mackerel!!

—I—

And the little dog said as he came out of the tobacco field: "Does your cigarette taste different lately?"



But Madam — It's FURLINED!

## SHORT CUT TO YESTERDAY

(Continued from page 9)

"How many were in the wreck?"

"Three. Man, woman, and little boy."

"O.K. He's on his way."

He went to the bedroom and looked in. Slowly he walked to the side of the bed and stared down into the face of the woman. It was getting dark now and the features were beginning to blur. He grasped her wrist and felt of her pulse. It was weak, but steady. Holding her hand, he sat down on the edge of the bed, smoothing back the confusion of hair from her forehead with his one free hand. He heard a sound in the other room. The boy had arisen and was standing on two chubby but very wobbly legs.

"What's this? Trying to run out on me?" The child leaned against the wall and settled back to the floor. "You'd better lie down, son."

"What's wrong with my legs?"

"You've been in an accident, son. You were hit on the head and your feet are still a little weak," said Stan as he rearranged the pallet under the boy's head.

The child was losing a little of his fear, now, and his big somber eyes were peering through the gloomy dusk at Stan as he tucked in the blankets.

"What's your name?"

"Stan."

"Mine's Teddy." The child stared at him. "Would my neck hold up my head if I got hit on the feet?"

Stan gave a start. "What?"

"Well, you said the reason that my feet didn't want to hold me up is because I got hit on the head." Before Stan could answer, the child suddenly sat up and grasped the front of Stan's shirt in his two small fists. Fear was returning to his eyes as they looked questioningly into Stan's. His chin was fighting a losing battle against a quiver.

"What is it, son? What's the matter?"

"My mother! Where's my

mother," he whispered in a hoarse voice.

"Take it easy, boy. Take it easy. Your mother's in the next room. She was hurt in the wreck just like you were and she's asleep in there."

Quickly the child stumbled to his feet. "Let me go. I want to see my mother!" By now he was sobbing violently.

Stan looked helplessly at the child. "Well, why not?" he thought to himself. He lifted the child into his arms.

"O.K. Skipper! We'll go in and see your mother, but you must be careful and not make any noise. She's asleep right now and we mustn't wake her up. If she's to get well, she must get a lot of sleep."

"Is she sick?"

"Well . . . ye-s-s. The accident made her sick."

Quietly the two entered the room. Stan lowered the boy to the side of the bed. Timidly Teddy reached out and touched his mother's hand. He turned and looked at Stan.

"Will she be all right?"

"Sure. It'll just take a little time." They sat there for a few minutes longer and then at Stan's suggestion they returned to the other room. After he had tucked Teddy into his blankets again, Stan went out on the porch to look down the road for signs of the Doctor and to see what was keeping Josh. The latter was just then coming up the path, carrying the injured man over his shoulder fireman fashion.

"Had to put out the fire that had got started in the grass," he gave in explanation for his delay. "Mr. Watson said he could walk, but I didn't think he should." By now he was in the house with his burden. Spying a chair he walked over to it and set him down. "Mr. Watson, this is Stan Zurka . . . the fello I've been tellin' ya' about. He's the one. . . ."

"My wife? Is she . . . ?" He looked at Stan with a pleading questioning look.

"She's in the bedroom," replied Stan. "I've phoned for the Doctor and he should be here

soon." The man stood up shakily and Stan helped him into the bedroom. Watson sat down on the edge of the bed and suddenly burst into hard stubborn sobs as he buried his head in the blankets by her side. Stan went back to the kitchen. He took the lamp off the shelf, trimmed the wick and lit it. During the whole process, he was conscious of a pair of small eyes watching every move from the far corner.

"What's that?"

"That's a lamp, son. Haven't you ever seen one before? We use this instead of electric lights like you're used to."

"Why?"

"Because we don't have any electricity out here."

"Sounds like the Doc's comin'," Josh broke in.

In the distance was the faint sound of a car coming up the valley road. The two men walked out on the porch and peered into the dark. Suddenly Stan turned.

"I just happened to remember! He'll probably want some hot water. Come on Josh."

As Josh grabbed the buckets and ran for the pump in the back yard, Stan threw some kindling in the stove and stepped out the back door to split some more. As the car pulled up in front, Stan dashed through the house to meet the Doctor at the front door.

"The boy's over here in the corner, Doc. The man and woman are in the other room." As he spoke, Watson appeared in the bedroom door.

"Doc, will you come look at my wife first. She's hurt worst." His voice was pleading, still shaky. Stan opened his mouth to speak, then closed it abruptly.

"Bring the lamp, Stan."

Together the three men hovered over the woman on the bed. Doc Weber sat his bag on the floor and took off his coat. He turned now to the other two men.

"Put the lamp on the table Stan. If I need you two I'll call you." So saying he took a blood pressure apparatus from his bag and began wrapping the rubber around Mrs. Watson's upper

(Continued on next page)

arm. Stan took Watson by the arm in order to assist him from the room. At first the man resisted, but Stan gave a meaningful nod of his head and with an anxious glance from the Doctor to his wife, he walked to the other room and slumped in a chair.

The fire from the stove and the steaming kettles swelled the little room with a smothering heat. Josh was sitting in front of the door on the floor. Stan walked to the cabinet, felt in one of the drawers and brought forth a candle. As he struck a match to it, it gave off a feeble sputtering flame, making a small hollow of light in the great mass of dark.

"I'm thirsty."

"Coming right up! One drink of water!" said Stan and went to the wooden bucket by the sink and brought a dipper of water to the boy.

"It tastes funny," said Teddy as he took another gulp and toyed with it in his mouth.

"That's because it's in a tin dipper and it tastes like tin."

"Tastes good."

Watson came over to the pad and knelt down. Awkwardly, he reached out and touched the boy's knee.

"How do you feel, Teddy?"

"Fine," was the muffled reply from the dipper. He never looked up. Watson remained there on his knees for a minute staring straight ahead of him, then with a helpless sigh stood up and returned to his chair.

"Would you be more comfortable if you laid down, Mr. Watson?" asked Stan. "I could hold the boy and you could lay down here."

Suddenly the door to the bedroom opened. The doctor walked over to Watson.

"Bring the lamp, Stan. Here, fellow, let's take off your coat. Hold the boy will you, Josh, so he can lay down there."

"How's my wife, Doc?" There was fear in his eyes as he waited for the dreaded answer.

"Ohhhh, she could be worse. Lay right down here, now. Get me my bag, Stan. Guess we'll have to cut your shirt off." He

began poking exploratory fingers into Watson's abdomen, clucking to himself as he worked.

"Is she very seriously injured, Doc?"

"Any injury can be serious. You know, you must have all been born with a horseshoe in your pocket to ever come out alive." The examination proceeded without interruption. Finally the Doc stood up. "O.K. Pull up your pants and get back in the chair so the boy can lay down. Did a good job on the splint, Stan. Couldn't have done better myself." Turning to the boy he clucked him under the chin. "How ya' doin' fella?"

"Huh?" said the boy in wide-eyed wonder.

"You know, you remind me of a little boy I used to know once. His name was Dutch. What's yours?"

"Teddy."

When the examination was finished the Doc stood up. He walked to the window with a thoughtful look on his face and stared out into the night.

"Josh, is your oldest boy home?" he asked without turning.

"Why, yes," replied Josh with a puzzled look on his face.

The Doc continued to stare out the window. The silence was stifling. In the distance an occasional streak of lightning slithered across the sky, as a storm thundered its way up the valley. He turned and walked over to Watson.

"Did you know that your wife was pregnant?"

Stan gave an involuntary gasp

as he turned to look at the Doctor. He suddenly wanted to take Watson by the shoulders and throw him to the floor. He wanted to bury his fists in his face! He wanted to kick him! Stamp on him! He wanted to . . . kill. . . He closed his eyes and swallowed hard.

From a stunned fact Watson looked up at Doc Weber. His mouth worked, but no sound came from his lips. He buried his fact in his hands.

"How far along is she?" he asked in a muffled voice.

"It's hard to say, but I'm going to have my hands full with her. Josh will take Stan's car and take you into town. On his way in he'll stop by his place and have his wife come over and help. Since your oldest son is home, Josh, he can bring her over. Now, don't argue," as Watson opened his mouth to speak, "there's a small hospital there and Doctor Stern can set that bone just as good as I can. I'd take your wife there, but I'm afraid she couldn't stand the trip over these bumpy roads. I'll stop by the hospital tomorrow and if you're feeling well enough, you can come back with me. Have you got a flashlight Stan?"

"Yes."

"Tell your wife to bring along any sheets she can spare and your flashlight, too, just in case ours plays out."

The bed was beginning to weave. Or was it him? He shook his head in an effort to clear his vision. Mrs. Temple was standing by the Doctor. They were talking in low scarcely audible murmurs. He wished he could get a breath of fresh air. The ether was getting stronger. He looked at Mrs. Temple's graying hair again, only this time it wasn't so gray. It was sorta' . . . sorta' blond. The bed swam up at him. He wished he had a cigarette. No he didn't. He had smoked too much. His mouth was dry. He looked around for a place to sit down . . . but all the seats were occupied . . . if only he could sit down . . . blindly he stumbled towards the other end of the waiting room. There was a great big overstuffed chair . . .



MY POOR ACHIN' ASS!

if he could just make it there . . . no . . . somebody sitting there . . . "Mr. Zurka" . . . somebody calling him . . . she was a little bit of nothing in white with a crazy little nurse's cap on her blonde hair. . . "You're the father of a great big boy!" . . . if he could just sit down . . . this hallway . . . maybe a seat. . . . "Mr. Zurka, your wife should never attempt to have another baby" . . . how long was this hall . . . he'd been traveling days . . . "Your wife should never attempt to have another baby!" . . . maybe there'd be a seat around the corner. . . . "YOUR WIFE SHOULD NEVER ATTEMPT TO HAVE ANOTHER! . . . YOUR WIFE . . ."

"Stan, hold that flashlight up her closer!" Doc Weber's voice was cold, hard, commanding. With a start he brought the light back into the line of action. He looked out the window. The rain had come and gone. The moon sneaked out from behind a cloud and shed its subdued light on the twinkling rain drops still retain-

ed by the leaves on the trees and the tall grasses along the fence. The nocturnal noises of livestock came soothingly through the night air . . . the burring hum of a cow speaking reassuringly to her calf, the plaintive baa of a lamb as it searched for the ewe.

"O.K. That does it. You'd better go out and get some fresh air, Stan. Mrs. Temple and I can finish."

On wooden legs he stilted from the room. Teddy had long since gone to sleep. The hands of the little alarm clock on the shelf pointed at twelve thirty. He stepped onto the porch and gulped the clean washed air with greedy hunger. He leaned against the railing. Everything went black for a second as though he had stood up too quick. The Doctor came out on the porch behind him, took a cigarette from a silver case and offered him one. They smoked in silence, both busy with his own thoughts. Finally Doc cleared his throat.

"She can't be moved for several days, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"I'll get her into the hospital as soon as I dare move her."

"Don't worry about it. I have an army cot in the garage that I can put up out here on the porch. If Watson's well enough to stay out here, I'll sleep in the haymow."

"Mrs. Temple will stay until in the morning. I'll see about getting Nellie Simons to come in during the day." He flicked his cigarette butt over the railing and turned to go in. "There doesn't seem to be much more I can do here. I'll give instructions to Mrs. Temple."

A few minutes later he was out of the door. "I'll see you tomorrow about noon or a little after," he said as he climbed into the car. "You'd better get some sleep so you can relieve Mrs. Temple until Nellie gets here."

He went to the barn and got a horse blanket. On the way back he picked up the army cot from the garage and proceeded to set it up on the porch. After being reassured by Mrs. Temple that there was no more he could do, he rolled himself up in the blanket and lay down. But sleep would not come. He hadn't expected it to. He rolled and tossed, laying first on one side and then on the other.

His body was tired. He was exhausted. But his brain was eager for adventure. He tried suspending himself in an area of thoughtlessness but his thoughts raced on, now and then waiting for his mind to catch up.

The first grey signs of dawn were beginning to shadow the eastern sky as he went in the house.

"You'd just as well go home, Sarah. I'll watch until Nellie gets here. Has she come to yet?"

"Yes, for just a little bit, but she went right back to sleep after I gave her the sedative that the Doctor left. Doctor said the drug would keep her asleep until about mid-morning."

"Was Josh coming after you?"

"Oh, no. It's just a short way and I love to walk in the early morning. It's so beautiful this

(Continued on next page)



time of day," she said with a sweet smile. "I'll sent Albert over to help you and don't be afraid to put him to work. I know you'll be busy in the house until Nellie comes. Keep him as long as you need him. I'll be back tonight." So saying, she picked up her bonnet and left.

A sudden fear came over Stan. What did he know about nursing? What if something should go wrong. How could you tell if she didn't wake up to tell you? What if she did wake up? Cautiously he bent over and peered anxiously into her face. She looked all right. Quietly, he turned and tip-toed out of the room. He was close enough to her in here. In order to watch her, he didn't have to be right in the same room. He picked up a magazine off the shelf and by the dull glow of the candle tried to read. Impatiently he threw the magazine back on the shelf and walked out on the porch. It was getting lighter in the east now. The silhouetted forms of the trees and neighboring farm buildings could be seen in the dull glow. A rooster crowed in the barnyard and suddenly the first sight of the fiery rim of the sun burst into view. All at once his blood ran cold. He was paralyzed with a fear that chilled him to the marrow. With a quick burst of motion, he was through the door and into the bedroom. Stealthily he stole up to the bed and looked.

She seemed O.K. Still you never could tell. He wasn't going out on the porch again! That was for sure! A sudden breeze through the window made him shudder and he realized that the fire had gone out in the kitchen. As he was striking a match to the kindling, there was a knock at the door and Albert walked in.

"Morning Stan."

"Hi!"

"I'm yours to command," chuckled Albert. "Ma said I wasn't to let you stir out of this house until Nellie got here and that I was to do all the chores. What's first?"

"She must have gotten you out of bed just as soon as she got home," smiled Stan. "The cows

should be milked first, I suppose. The boy will need some milk for breakfast."

"Say no more; I'm on my way!" Grabbing the milk pails off the hook, he sauntered out the door blowing a merry whistle into the morning sunlight.

Stan began to busy himself around the stove. The morning was beginning to move. The cattle were snatching their last mouthful of hay from the stack as they strung their way to the pasture. The beautiful white Leghorns were snowflaking the dripping alfalfa field in search of their morning breakfast, and the sun had already pushed itself from the horizon for its daily fling into space. There was a scuffle of feet on the front porch and a woman appeared at the door.

Nellie Simmons was tall and angular with coarse features and coarser manners. She had no breasts, her hair looked like it had been cut with an axe, and she resented the fact that she was a woman. If she had been born a generation earlier her name, no doubt, would have gone down in history with even greater note than Susan B. Anthony. As it was, she not only thought she was as good as any man . . . she thought she was better. From her earliest childhood she had ignored thoughts of marriage simply because there wasn't a super enough man for her. Due to her many years of experience with Doctor Weber and a great amount of study on her own part, she knew as much and was as capable as the average nurse. No Doctor lost sleep when a patient was entrusted to her care. This morning she was dressed in blue denim trousers with a heavy wool plaid shirt tucked in at the belt. She strode into the room with a twenty-two tucked under her arm which she immediately leaned against the wall.

"Came through the cut-off," she said. "Thought I might get in a little target practice on some squirrels. Where's the victim?"

Stan pointed towards the bedroom. He had never liked Nellie. He was accepting her in his

house only as a necessary evil. There was a motion in the corner. The boy was sitting up with a bewildered, puzzled look.

"Hi," said Stan. "Remember me?"

The boy's face showed recognition and fear faded away. He stood up and looked at his clothes that Stan had put on a chair the night before and then at Stan.

"I would like to get up," he announced.

"You're already up, fellow! Now all you have to do is get into your clothes and you're ready for the day," said Stan with a grin.

The child looked up uncertainly, then with a slow undecided movement he took his trousers off the chair. Holding them out in front of him he again looked up at Stan.

"What's the matter? Don't you know how to dress?" The boy shook his head with an embarrassed smile. Stan knelt down in front of him. His eyes were on a level with Teddy's. "Who dressed you at home?"

"Grandma. Sometimes mommy," he whispered as his little index finger twisted the loose knit material on his union suit. The man was silent. A slight frown settled between his eyes. He took the pants from the boy and in a man to man voice implying deep secrecy between the two, he said, "Tell you what. I'll teach you how to dress by yourself and we'll surprise mom and Grandma. O.K.?"

The boy nodded his agreement.

"My goodness! A boy five years old should be learning to dress himself. Why, you're almost a man. Now, this is your right foot and this is your left. Now, you show me which is your right foot and which is your left." The boy proceeded to do so. "This is the bib of your pants and this is the suspenders. The bib always goes in front, right smack up against your belly and your right foot goes in here and your left in here. Can you remember that?"

"What's a belly?" asked Ted-



dy as he began to struggle with suspenders, bibs, and legs.

"That's your belly," said Stan with a chuckle as he gave him a playful poke.

In no time at all Teddy was working away on his shoes while Stan was busy around the stove giving directions and offering suggestions as he worked. Finally the shoes were tied.

"Come on, son. Let's go wash up and then we'll eat: Hungry?"

"Uhuh."

Hand in hand they went out into the morning sunlight. Suddenly the boy let out a squeal of delight.

"Sheep!" He was off like a frisky young colt making straight for the sheep corral.

"Teddy!" The boy reluctantly slowed to a stop. "You mustn't run at those sheep. You'll scare

them. After breakfast we'll come out and you can play with one of the little lambs, but you mustn't ever run at them."

"I want to go play NOW!" The boy's voice was confident as though he meant to be obeyed.

"You have to eat your breakfast first," reasoned Stan. "Otherwise you'll get sick."

A sly smile shadowed the boy's face. "I can't, I'll scream."

Stan's mouth flattened into a straight line. "Alright, if you wish. You'll scare the sheep away and you won't have any to play with now or later." He turned and walked towards the horse trough.

Dumfounded, Teddy looked after him. "Well, he . . . Well, Gee! . . . It always worked before." He looked at the sheep and then out of the corner of his

eye he glanced at Stan. He opened his mouth, thought a minute, and then let out a little "Beep." The sheep continued to pick at the hay in the feeder undisturbed. With a smile he looked at Stan as he bent over the trough. He turned to the sheep, opened his mouth again and this time it was a little louder. A few of the sheep raised their heads, but they still stood their ground. He looked at Stan with a childish sneer on his face, opened his mouth, filled his little lungs with air and let go with a blast of noise that could be heard across the valley. In a confusion of legs, rumps, and heads the sheep pen was suddenly alive. In one mad, scrambling exodus the herd was across the corral, pressing against the fence on the other side in their effort to escape. Unbelievably, the boy looked at what he had done. With slow hesitant steps he went to the horse trough and dipped his hands into the cold water running through it.

"It's cold," he whimpered as he quickly withdrew his hands.

"Good for you. Make a man out of you," said Stan covering the twinkle in his eyes with the towel as laughter tickled his stomach. "When you get through, bring the towel in with you."

Nellie was on the porch getting a little fresh air between puffs on a cigarette when he walked up.

"Be in and get some breakfast for the kid as soon as I finish."

"I've already fixed his breakfast," said Stan as he started in the house.

"Hah! What d'you know about children's diets?"

"Enough." He turned and walked back out on the porch. "Nellie, I think we'd better come to an understanding right now. Doc Weber brought you up here to look after one patient. You'll look after that one patient and anything else comes up I'll decide. Is that clear?"

She opened her mouth to speak, but closed it with a snap. "Hell, take the little brat out and drown him for all I care."

He caught her by the wrist and swung her around. His voice

(Continued on next page)



SIS SAID YOU'D UNDERSTAND—

held a heavy undercurrent. "When that boy's around you'll watch your language!"

"Well, well! Aren't we somebody? Orderin' me around." She gave a snort of disgust.

"You heard me!" Their eyes held. The woman whirled and trounced into the bedroom, closing the door.

After a hearty breakfast, they stacked the dishes neatly in the little sink and while Stan washed, Teddy, standing on a chair, dried the dishes, holding each one up when he had finished for Stan's inspection. Then, with the household chores done, they started on their tour of inspection. The child's eyes were sparkling with anticipation. As they crossed the barnyard the questions poured from his lips. Behind the barn and across the fence in the wheat field was a giant straw stack which they started to climb.

"What we going up here for?"

"To slide down. Haven't you ever rolled down a straw stack?"

"No." By now they were at the top. They sat down for a little bit and looked around. They could see the whole barnyard from here, the pigs, the little baby chicks, and even the beehives out in the orchard beyond the house. Suddenly Stan stood up and gave Teddy a playful push.

"Come on! Last one down's a nigger baby," he yelled as he threw himself over the edge. A mass of flying arms and legs, they rolled and tumbled until, laughing and yelling, they hit the bottom with a thud.

"May I be it next?"

They looked up into the amused, quizzical eyes of Albert.

With an embarrassed grin, Stan picked himself up. "You needn't take the sheep out to their pasture, Albert. We'll do it."

Teddy was already in the sheep pen, only this time he had walked up on them quietly. He stood in the midst of the dispersed herd. And they calmly ignored him. As Stan walked toward him he gently picked up a lamb and brought it to him. The child's eyes glistened as he knelt and put his arms around the chubby little ball of wool.

"Geeee!" He closed his eyes as he let his hand play along the wooly back. The lamb began to lick the boy's ear. He giggled and sat back on his haunches and looked into the animal's eyes. "Hi, little fella!" The lamb bleated and turned to trot after the herd as they began to snake their way through the open gate. Teddy trotted along at Stan's side as they made their way up the narrow fenced lane. The questions tumbled out in a never ending stream. What's this? What's that? Why do sheep eat grass instead of oatmeal? And so on and on. As they climbed, the ground got higher and higher. Finally Stan turned off the deep rutted sheep path into a little used path that wandered out through the dark undergrowth. Suddenly they came out into a little clearing. A waterfall bubbled over a giant rock and lit in a still hemmed-in-pool. The boy stopped in wide-eyed wonder. Never had he seen anything like it before! Oh, he's seen waterfalls before, but this was different. There weren't any people here . . . rushing, shouting, laughing people . . . just him and Stan and the waterfall . . . and maybe . . . God? Stan looked down at the wee tyke squatting on his haunches at the edge of the pool.

"Last one in's a sissy," he said as he started to take off his shoes.

"You mean we're going swimming?"

"Sure. Come on get your clothes off."

"But we haven't got our suits."

"Don't need 'em. Go in naked. It's more fun that way."

With the promise of new adventure, Teddy began hurriedly to work over the process of removing his clothes. He glanced

up and his fingers, working with his shoe strings, slowly came to a halt. He stared in breathless amazement as Stan threw off his shirt, unbuttoned his trousers, let them fall and stepped out of them and into the shallow water. With a headlong plunge, he dived in, gliding to the surface in the center of the pool.

"Come on in. The water's fine."

Teddy scrambled angrily at stubborn shoe laces, buttons, and suspenders. Finally the little union suit lay in a knotted heap along with the trousers, short and shoes. With a great running leap he threw himself out into the pool, trying to emulate Stan. Something went wrong. He sunk to the bottom like a rock and came up sputtering and coughing. The water was icy cold and his teeth were chattering. He looked at Stan as he stood there waist deep in the water. He wanted to get out, but was afraid Stan would laugh at him. He couldn't explain why, but he wanted to please this older man that had suddenly come into his life. He gave a shaky laugh and chattered "G-g-gee, this is fun!" He stood there stupidly, not knowing what to do. Stan grabbed his hand and started to lead him out into the deeper water.

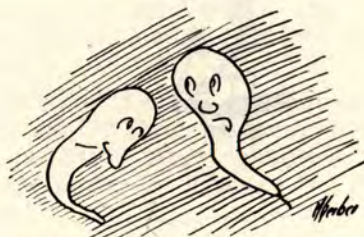
"Know how to swim?"

He started to speak, but his voice wouldn't let him so he shook his head.

"Good, I'll teach you." So saying, Stan grabbed hold of the boy by the shoulders. "Now just lie easy on your back and I'll pull you around the pool. I won't let you sink. Breath deep and relax." Together they went out in the deeper water, Stan treading water all the time, occasionally taking his hand away from him and clutching him before he sunk. Time passed and the sun climbed higher in its orbit. The quiet solitude was broken by a frequent shriek or yell of laughter. Finally they crawled out on the bank exhausted.

"Grab your clothes and I'll show you where we dry off."

They made their way towards the little waterfall where Stan pulled back a mass of vines. A hidden stairway of jutting rocks



NOT THE U of I -  
TOO MUCH COMPETITION!

lines the wall to the top of the waterfall. Climbing these, they came out on a great flat rock. Throwing his clothes to one side, Stan stretched out flat in the hot rays of the sun. Teddy followed suit. From here they could look over the tree tops below and view the entire valley. The house and barn looked so tiny and small from here. In the pasture below, the cows grazed peacefully or rested in the warm morning sun, chewing their cud contentedly. Higher up on the hillside, the sheep had spread out in search of their daily fare. Teddy stared around him. Never had he seen so much to attract his attention.

"What d'you think of it?" asked Stan.

"Gosh it's big, isn't it?"

They lay there saying nothing. The hot warm rays of the sun poured down and they grew sleepy. A restless fly buzzed near. Finally Stan stood up.

"Hey!" It's almost dinner time. We'd better get back to the house and get something to eat."

Suddenly Teddy realized that he was hungry. They dressed and began their walk back to the house. Fueled with hunger, the return trip was made quickly. As they drew near the porch of the house, the door opened and Mr. Watson walked out. His arm was in a sling and there was a patch over his right eye.

"Well! Where've you been all this time?" he smiled.

"Oh, out looking around," replied Teddy in a vague sort of way.

"How's Mrs. Watson?" asked Stan.

"She's much better, thanks. she came to about three hours ago. She want's to meet you." A strange expression crossed Stan's face.

"I've got to get some dinner. Teddy's hungry." He spoke abruptly as he strode into the house and began to busy himself at the stove. He gave Teddy a bucket and asked him to fetch some water from the well. Nellie came out of the bedroom.

"Mrs. Watson wants to see you."

A pan fell from the cabinet and hit the floor with a clatter. The clanging sound of the pump came through the kitchen door. Slowly he walked to the bedroom door, jerked it open, and shot in.

"Mr. Zurka!" She had a lilt-ing melodious voice. "I've been hearing so much about you. Do close the door and come in." Reluctantly he walked to the foot of the bed and grasped the post . . . hard. He began to nervously massage the foot railing with the palm of his first as he stared down into the mocking, almost sneering face.

"Nice little place you have here. I've been admiring it through my window."

"I think so," defensively.

"Sorry to inconvenience you, but the doctor says I may have to stay here another three days." She laughed. It was a bitter, taunting laugh.

"I can think of no prettier or more peaceful place to recuperate." Mr. Watson stood in the doorway. "You should see the view of the valley from the window in the other room."

"I hate the country," she replied with a scowl.

Teddy came into the room and stood by the side of the bed. His mother pulled him down to her and kissed him, leaving a smudge of lipstick on his face. Watson took out his handkerchief and wiped it away.

"What've you been doing this morning, darling?"

"I've been playing in a straw stack, with the sheep, swimming, and dressing myself. This is my right foot, this is my left foot, and this is my bib and it goes right smack up against my belly," he said with a pleased satisfied air.

Sharon Watson looked significantly at Stan. A slight frown settled between her eyes. Watson wandered aimlessly out of the room and onto the porch.

"It's a crime how these young mothers neglect their children, isn't it Mr. Zurka?"

"Mrs. Watson, I assure you Teddy enjoyed it."

"That I don't doubt," she replied as she survey her son. "From the looks of him, he went

in swimming with his clothes on. Well, no matter. Mother will remember to bring some clothes for him. You know, Mr. Zurka, I have a remarkable mother. She thinks of everything . . . She . . ."

"I've got to get something to eat," Stan broke in gruffly.

"I'll help," said Teddy, eager to leave the room.

"I don't think Mr. Zurka needs your help, Teddy, and of all things in the kitchen."

Stan looked down at the crest-fallen Teddy. "Don't you think you'd better stay and visit with your mother, fella? She's probably anxious for you to tell her all about the sheep and chickens," he said as he gazed teasingly at Sharon.

"O.K. But we're going fishing this afternoon. You promised."

Nellie was fixing herself a sandwich. She turned as he came in.

"Damndest bunch of bores I ever saw," she whispered huskily.

After dinner Stan took a spade from the tool shed and called Teddy. Together they went to the lower end of the garden and while Stan turned over huge spadefuls of the black soggy earth, Teddy selected huge juicy fishworms which he put in a can. At first he was squeamish about picking them up.

"What's the matter? You're not going to let a little worm scare you, are you?"

He shook his head and began picking them up with all the confidence of a robin in the spring. Soon the can was half full. They left the spade leading against the fence and headed for the deep pool just past the second waterfall.

On arriving at the edge of the stream, Stan took string, hooks, corks and a couple of small for sinkers. Cutting two willow saplings he made them each a pole and line, and handing one to Teddy he showed him how to put the worm on the hook just so and spit on it for good luck.

The sun was half way down to the horizon when they pulled up their poles and started for

(Continued on next page)

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home. All afternoon Stan had been less talkative than before. Occasionally the boy would glance up and catch the man regarding him with a look that he did not understand. Now, as they started on their homeward way, they seemed to be taking longer than was necessary. Usually in a semi-hurry, they were, now down to a pace that was even slow for a child. This was O.K. by Teddy. He liked it out here. Even if Grandma was there, she wouldn't want to see him for a while . . . not until she had talked with mommy and busied herself around her for a bit. Besides, he'd rather be with Stan than any other person he knew. As they cut across the orchard to the house, they could see Nellie slouched against the railing on the porch rolling her own from a sack of Bull Durham. Doc's car was parked in the driveway. Grandma was here.

"You're wanted in the house, sonny," she said as they came up. The boy was reluctant to go.

"You'd better go in, Teddy," urged Stan. Slowly the boy dwaddled up the steps, slamming the door behind him as he entered the house. The clanging of the pump sounded in the rear. The doc was getting water for his car.

"Gad, what a pair! The old heifer no sooner got here than she told the husband to go for a walk. She asked me to leave, too. Said she could take care of her daughter."

Stan was suddenly very tired. "Are you going to leave?" he asked.

"The doc still wants me to stay," she said simply. "You know what? This gal's on her third husband already! Wonder what the hell . . . ? . . . but Stan had turned his back and was walking away. He wasn't interested in anybody's private life right now. He was only interested in the day that a bunch of intruders would leave . . . a bunch of intruders bent on saving time by taking the cut-off when they should have stayed on the main road.

He went out to where Doc was filling the car. The vehicle had seen better days but was still

good for a few hard knocks.

"Hi."

"Hi yourself," was the reply.

"How's the patient today?"

"Doing fine, but she won't be ready to move for a couple more days." Doc put the cap back on the radiator, crawled into the car and started the motor.

"I told Nellie she's better come back tomorrow. Mrs. Temple won't need to come back tonight with the old lady here. Well, I got a birth coming up. See you tomorrow." With a roar he was off in a cloud of dust.

Stan went to the barn. He grabbed a can and began measuring out feed. Suddenly he was conscious of someone behind him. He turned slowly and looked straight into the eyes of a tall, past middle age woman. Poised, authoritative, she stood there, her expression unchanging. Her eyes bore into his as though they could read his inner-most thoughts. They were cold, ruthless, sterile.

"Well?" Her voice rang hollowly against the rafters. An old hen walked aimlessly between them. Someone entered the door and they swung around. The woman lost her poise for a second.

"Hello," she said stupidly.

Watson came on into the barn. "I see you've already met Mr. Zurka."

Quickly the woman regained her composure. She looked back at Stan quizzically. "You're only half right, Lane. I've met him, but Mr. Zurka seems to have lost his power of speech. Introduce us."

"This is my mother-in-law, Stan. Mrs. Eldridge."

Stan acknowledged the introduction. The three stood there, self-consciously. Finally Watson broke the silence. "How's Sharon?"

"Oh, the poor girl is feeling terrible," Mrs. Eldridge dived into the opening with a rush of words. "And that woman you brought here to take care of her. After all, Mr. Zurka! You can't expect me to allow her to wait on my daughter . . . and I'm sure she knows nothing about nursing."

Stan felt resentment surging

up within him. He hadn't asked them to come here. "Doc Weber wants her to stay tomorrow."

"It's your house," she replied with implication.

"If I ask anybody to leave that house, it won't be Nellie Simons!" He turned and stamped from the barn. Teddy was running towards him from the house and he waited for him. Mrs. Eldridge and Watson started for the house, the former with a cynical twinkle in her eye.

It was the fourth day . . . and they were leaving as soon as the ambulance came out from the hospital to pick up Sharon. As he sat on the porch railing his mind went back over the course of events since "Grandma" had come. From the moment she arrived, things went from bad to worse. From the start she had tried to manage everybody, including Doc Weber. When Nellie came to work the next morning, they had clashed immediately. (Mrs. Eldridge had "specifically told" Nellie that she had to wear clothing that a woman was supposed to wear. Nellie had countered by wearing a pair of old blue denim overalls, staggled half way between the knee and the ankle, a pair of cork boots . . . minus the corks . . . and a coon-skin cap). As the morning had progressed, the tension mounted and about noon the dam broke. The explosion that took place shook the little cabin to its foundations. Nellie got the edge by getting the first shot and letting loose a verbal barrage that completely exhausted even her vocabulary and ended up by giving the older woman explicit instructions as to just what she could do with the case. As she ceased firing, she withdrew to the front porch and proceeded to engage in a little target practice at some tin cans across the road, completely ignoring the return volley from her opponent. She stayed there for the rest of the day, running out of shells in mid-morning and borrowing more from Stan.

The whole house was affected by the presence of the older woman. Even Teddy didn't escape. He could no longer go with Stan to feed the sheep, roll in the hay,

swim or anything else. Although the house was spotless, she had scrubbed it from top to bottom and had given Teddy a doll and a set of blocks that she had brought when she came, with instructions that he was to play in the house or on the front porch and not further. After all, she had enough to do without doing extra washing for him. Stan spent all of his time working around the barn, coming in only for meals. Teddy spent all of his time running off to wherever Stan would be working at the minute. Stan never sent him back, but seemed to give him passive encouragement. He would never be away from the house long before the old lady would be after him again.

One morning "Grandma" was busy giving mommy her bath and Teddy saw his chance. Like a streak he was out behind the barn where Stan was cleaning out the cow shed. Stan stopped his work (as he always did when Teddy came around) and they sat down in the doorway. Teddy as usual was full of questions and Stan was only too anxious to answer them. They hadn't

been there long when "Grandma" came charging around the end of the barn. Without saying a word, she grabbed Teddy by the ear and started back to the house with him. Suddenly Stan reached out and his hand closed over hers, loosening her grasp.

"Let go of him!" His voice was low, commanding, dangerous. Grandma stood there thunderstruck, speechless, her mouth agape. "Run to the granary and get me a can of corn for the chickens, Teddy."

Teddy shot across the barnyard like a tumbleweed in a wind storm. He grabbed the bucket off the hook and scooped it full of grain. As he returned he could see Stan and Grandma talking heatedly. Suddenly Grandma turned and flounced off to the house.

"You don't need to go to the house, Teddy," said Stan in a strained voice. His face was flushed and there was a thin line around his mouth. "You can come out here with me any time you want." Stan cleaned the pitchfork off and put it away.

(Continued on next page)





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"Say! I'll bet you never did make a kite and fly it, did you?"

"No. What's a kite?"

From that moment Teddy had been living in a dream. They had flown the kite, gone swimming and fishing again, fed the sheep and gathered eggs. And now it was ended. He said goodbye to Teddy and had even had his parting shot at the older people. That had gone a little further than he had expected. He had merely meant to go in the bed room when all three of them were present and tell them that he wouldn't see them again as he was going out in the pasture to work . . . merely a half-hearted farewell. Something went wrong. Maybe it was the scene with Teddy . . . his sobs and tears . . . his little arms around his neck that had shaken his self-control. Maybe it was the wild hysterical scene Stan had overheard from the orchard between Teddy and his mother and Grandma; little Teddy telling them of his hate for them and how he would kill them if he were only big enough. Maybe it was everything that had happened in the past four days, snow-balled to such dimensions that it had to find release. Somewhere along the line he had slipped and he was suddenly telling them everything that had lain dormant in his mind for so long. Through it all, Sharon had remained quiet, her eyes watching him calculatingly. Her lips had softened and lost their sneer for a few minutes. "Grandma" was aghast. He smiled ruefully as he thought of the look on her face at his crack about the strength of her umbilical cord.

He looked around at his fertile acres. Just a year ago he had come here, looking for the peace and quiet of a rural community. He had done a lot in the last year. Not only did he draw satisfaction from working on his place, but he had made friends among these happy country people . . . sincere friends. But above all he had found a measure of peace and contentment. That is until four days ago he had had peace. But then they were leaving. What was he waiting around for? He was through with them.

Slowly he walked down off the porch and across the barnyard. He started aimlessly up the lane. As he walked he gathered speed. Soon he was running as though he wouldn't arrive there in time. He came to the swimming hole, skirted the edge and pulled back the vines against the rock. Quickly he climbed up the steps. Breathing hard, he sank down onto the hard warm rock and stretched out flat, resting his chin on the back of his hands. In the distance a small spot of lifeless dust made its way up the valley. It would be the ambulance. Soon it came to the house and turned in. He could make out the hurried movement of the people around it, but could recognize no one from this great height. The little white ambulance began to move again and was off down the road, throwing up a cloud of dust. A tear trickled down his face. The sun slid lower in the afternoon sky. The cloud of dust was only a speck, now, as it left the valley and headed into the prairie beyond. There was a rustle of leaves at the head of the steps by the waterfall and suddenly a little curly head peered over the top. Unbelievably Stan stared at what he saw. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Teddy was on the rock, now . . . standing there, with tears rolling down his dirty, dusty cheeks. Stan lunged at him and had him in his arms.

"Daddy!" Teddy buried his face in the hollow of Stan's neck and sobbed happily. "Mommy told me. You're my own Daddy!"

The End

Reform Evangelist—Remember, Hell is full of drunkards, whisky, gambling devices, and wild women!

Voice from the rear—Oh, death, where is thy sting?

—I—

Knees are a luxury. If you don't think so, just try to get hold of one.

—I—

She—Do you know the things they've been saying about me?

He—What do you think I'm here for?

NO SAVVY

(Continued from page 11)

"Salur! Salur!" cried the two drivers in unison. "Here salur, sirs!"

"There's only two of 'em." Pottsy made his voice indignant. "We want three. One, two, three." He enumerated on his fingers.

Here a short, slightly rotund coolie stepped forth bravely from the group of rickshaws, drawing his battered vehicle after him. "Lickshaw," he said ingratiatingly, lowering the shafts to the ground.

"Okay," Pottsy said, facing facts and the cold and making his decision quickly. "Boyt, you take the rickshaw."

"The damned things make me seasick," Boyt complained, but he moved jerkily across the sidewalk to climb into the proffered rig. "All right, Joe, let's go."

The coolie bobbed his body up and down several times from the hips, grinning widely. He took off the long black quilted coat he wore when not pulling passengers and tucked it carefully over Boyt's legs and feet.

"Let's go, Joe, let's go!" Boyt urged, unheeding of the coolie's efforts to make him comfortable.

The leading salur driver, apparently considering a matter of importance, turned on the seat of his cycle to face Boyt. He pointed to the rickshaw boy.

"He no Joe, MAYO Joe," he said to the group. He indicated himself by turning the pointing finger toward his own lean middle. "Me Joe Number One." He turned the finger to point at the other salur driver. "Him Joe Number Two." His attention went back to the rickshaw boy. "MAYO Joe. Him Chollie."

Satisfied now with his differentiation between the rickshaw boy's status and that of salur drivers in general, he returned to the business of getting these three marines to their destination.

"Where you go?" he asked Pottsy. "Allee go same place?"

"Russian quarter," Pottsy told him. "The new Russian school. Yeah, allee go same place."

"Lushian quarter, me know. Me savvy."

They moved away down the street, Boyt's rickshaw boy trotting serenely along behind the two salurs. The unused rickshaws, their shafts forlornly resting on the rough cobblestones of the street, creaked and swayed as their respective masters snuggled down in them to await a chance customer, for the night held a cold that grew in intensity with the dwindling hours of darkness.

Boyt, half asleep under the warmth of the coolie's coat, awoke enough to realize that a growing distance separated him from his buddies. Chollie, apparently, was unequal to the task of keeping up with the salur drivers. A bit of prodding would do no harm, Boyt thought.

"Come on, Chollie, chop-chop!" he cried.

Chollie did not bother to turn his head. "No savvy."

"Chop-chop," Boyt urged. "Pour on the coal I wanna catch up with those guys. Come on, chop-chop! Let's go!"

"No savvy."

Boyt loosed a torrent of abuse upon the coolie. The names he used where unbeautiful things of great anger, his full repertoire from even farther back than his marine training. He

(Continued on next page)



Monday morning hangover

ended his tirade with a sharp "Crop-chop."

Chollie's pace slowed just enough to be perceptible.

"No savvy," he said.

Pottsy and Clark were by now barely discernible in the distant dimness of a street light, and all his efforts to speed Chollie's pace were of no avail. Boyt felt, for reasons he would never have admitted, suddenly very inexperienced and very abandoned.

"Pottsy!" he bellowed frantically. "Wait up!"

Pottsy and Clark, shivering in the small movement of air created by the speed of the salurs, complained in typical marine language and turned to search for Boyt in the dimness of the narrow street behind them. He was lost for the moment in the dark space between two of the scarce lights.

"Hole it, Joe Number One," Pottsy commanded. "We gotta wait for the kid."

"Me savvy," said Joe Number One. "Hol' it, Joe Number Two. We wait."

The salurs came quickly to a stop at the side of the street.

In the darkness, Chollie grinned to himself. He kept his pace even, neither hurrying nor slowing. To him this was an old, old story—as old as were the experiences of his youth and adulthood, for in that time the narrow confines of the rickshaw shafts and the abuse to which they subjected him were all he had known. True, there were periods in which abuse was not practiced upon him, such as the time he had worked for the American family, but those periods were like unbelievable dreams. He was calloused both mentally and physically, and no show of anger by callow youth could disarrange the tedium of his existence. There no longer remained in him hope of graduating to some less burdensome mode of life, and he was determined to make this one last as long as possible. Hurry and worry would shorten it. He remained serene.

Coming abreast of the halted salurs, Chollie stopped.

"Put this guy in front," Boyt

said. "The so-an'-so won't keep up no matter how much I beat him over the head. He goes blithely along and says 'No savvy' to everything I say to him. And I'm getting seasick ridin' this damned thing.

"You aren't seasick," Pottsy said with complete lack of sympathy.

"Okay, Blythe Chollie," Clark said, eager to be out of this night's cold rawness. "Get in front and move out. Chop-chop! Hubba-hubba!"

Chollie used the grin he reserved for all over-eager marines. "No savvy."

"Tell him, Number One Joe," Pottsy said.

Joe chatted in Chinese, making his voice harsh and strident to show his disgust for all rickshaw coolies. His being the higher position of salur driver, he would show these marines that he was in full command of the situation.

Blythe Chollie got the idea, all right. He moved out past the salurs with neither reluctance nor hurry, and no amount of threat or cajolry could induce him to greater speed than his even steady gait. Joe Number

One added his voice to the outcry, but he spoke in Chinese and it was impossible to tell whether he was really urging Chollie or whether he was merely making conversation.

Going over the high bridge across the dark, brooding river, Boyt's sickness almost overcame him. The slight side-to-side motion of the rickshaw reminded him of the motion of the sea. Nausea moved in waves through his body; he moaned aloud at the gidines of it.

"Chop-chop, Blythe Chollie, before we throw you and your rickshaw both in the river," Clark shouted. "You wanna get tossed in the river, Chollie?"

They turned east coming off the bridge. The pace set by Chollie was not so slow as it seemed, and in a short time dark outlines of the new Russian school loomed against the dim backdrop of light from the outlying Russian quarter.

"Tell Chollie to turn in at this next street," Pottsy told Joe Number One.

Joe Number One passed the order along. Chollie made the proper turn, bringing his 'shaw to a stop just outside the circle





of light cast by the guard box window.

Potsy and Clark slimed stiffly from the salurs and began the argument about how much pay the drivers should get. Boyt sat still and groaned, his stomach riling and turning in him and his eyes refusing to focus on anything. Chollie removed his coat from Boyt's lap and returned it to his own shoulders.

Potsy ended his side of the pay argument by thrusting two hundred dollars into Chollie's hand. The coolies took the proffered money but continued with their side of the argument, their voices querulous and their hands gesturing wildly. Potsy turned his back on them, moving away toward the gate.

Clark yelled at Boyt, who still sat moaning in the rickshaw.

"Come on, Boyt. Hit the deck! Let's get out of this melee."

Boyt, pushing himself to his feet, stepped down from the low floor of the rickshaw. His foot touched something that he was almost sure was solid ground, but it seemed to heave under him and then gave way to nothingness. The world rocked and turned crazily and came up suddenly, swiftly to meet him, smashing him heavily in the face. Everything turned into a greenish darkness littered with flashing lights and odd noises.

The coolies' chattering stopped abruptly. They stared stupidly at the fallen marine for one short moment. The two salur drivers made a rush for their machines and pedalled hurriedly away into the night.

Chollie stepped over and pocked up the shafts of his rickshaw. He stood close looking down at the groaning Boyt. He shook his head slowly from side to side and grinned at Potsy and Clark.

"American marines drink too damned much," he said distinctly and without rancor. He backed the rickshaw, put himself between the shafts and trotted away in the direction taken by the salurs.

Clark looked at Potsy and knew that his own face showed the same amazement that he saw in the other.

"You never can tell about these Chinks," Potts said.

Together they picked up Boyt's limp, agonized body and started for quarters.

The End

Nurse: "Doctor, every time I bend over this patient to hear his heart beat, his pulse increases, what should I do?"

Doctor: "You might try buttoning your collar."

—I—

"Have a drink?"  
"I beg your pardon. I'm a Sigma Nu."

"Pardon me, here's the bottle."

—I—

It was intermission at the dance and everybody came inside for some fresh air!

—I—

Wifey: Goodness, this isn't our baby!"

G.I. Bill: "Shut up, it's a better carriage."

—I—

"What the dickens are you doing down the cellar?" demanded the rooster.

"If it's any of your business," replied the hen, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

—I—

The teacher had forbidden all of the pupils from eating candy and chewing gum in class. One day she became quite suspicious when she saw a large lump in little Jimmy's cheek. "Jimmy, are you chewing gum or eating candy?" she asked.

"Nah," replied Jimmy, "I'm just soakin' up a prune to eat at recess."

—I—

Old maids are born, not made.

—I—

He: Are you free tonight?"

She: No, but I'm inexpensive.

—I—

Boy: "Hello."

Kappa:

Boy: "Oh, well."

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*Poet's Corner*

I CANNOT

Remember you? I cannot guarantee  
That when this autumn's gone,  
I will recall  
The passion of it's nights, or  
ecstasy  
That carried me into your  
arms' enthrall;  
  
I cannot swear that when tomorrow  
comes  
I will be back. "What of the  
night?" you say  
In vain; the dark alone knows  
what becomes  
Of us; our nights are all too  
far away.

Remember you? Not after autumn,  
dear.  
You cannot ask me that. Has  
not the past  
Shown that Octobers always  
disappear?  
How then, if autumns fade,  
can our love last?  
—Dewey Hudson

ALL I WANT

All I want is to wake up and live  
alone with orchids on my  
budget and like it.  
All I want is to win friends and  
influence people.  
All I want is the simple life.  
All I want is to wake up between  
pink silk sheets and have a  
butler named Jenkins help me  
out of my mandarin silk pajamas  
and sterilize my tub and draw  
my bath and lay out my morning  
suit.  
All I want is a cook, (a daughty  
fellow), and a serving maid  
(a pretty wench) and sausages  
and jelly omelet and pink  
perfumed tea from Ceylon  
every morning.  
All I want is a yacht named the  
Ever Onward with pink sails  
that will trim Vanderbilt and  
Astor or whoever has yachts.  
All I want is a swimming pool  
with pink tile with hand-painted  
gold fish in it.  
All I want is the simple life.  
All I want is to make a good  
splash when I die.  
—Dewey Hudson

CREDO

I'm fighting bright and bitter  
pain  
That flashes from an aching  
heart.  
I cry the sad refrain it sings  
From dusk 'til dawn winds  
start.  
  
I'm suffering every misery  
I could beg or steal or borrow,  
But well and well and what  
the hell,  
I'll laugh again tomorrow.  
—Marie Hargis

THAT'S OUR BOY.

Enrolled at this institute  
Is a boy who hails from Butte.  
The boy to whom I here impute  
Is a boy whose name is Newt—  
A boy of no small repute,  
Over that there's no dispute  
For he's in no way dissolute.  
Still it's a fact none can confute  
That though his faults are quite  
minute,  
He does have one bad attribute.  
  
Now it's when our dear boy Newt  
Goes on a Saturday-evening toot  
That his mind it does pollute.  
For when a bottle he does execute,  
His brilliant mind, once so acute,  
Once so calm, cool and resolute,  
Becomes crafty, cunning and astute.  
And when he spies a campus  
beaut,  
It isn't long until our boy Newt  
Is right in there in hot pursuit.  
  
So if you see a lad in flashy suit  
To a luscious babe softly commute,  
"Oh honey, gee you're cute!"  
That's our boy—our boy Newt!  
And if you think by now I'm destitute  
For words that rhyme with  
"ute,"  
I've got utes, utes, and utes to  
boot!  
—Don Pitwood

"Did you forget your wrench?"  
the cutie lisped at the plumber.  
"No, baby," he replied. "I'll  
get around to you in a few minutes."

### TOAST FOR WOMEN

Here's to you—whoever you happen to be;  
You're just the man of the evening, and nothing more to me.  
If I drink too much of your liquor,  
And am fool enough to get tight—  
Please play the part of a gentleman, and see me home to-night.  
But if you and your liquor should conquer  
And you pass the final test;  
Here's one more drink to your technique;  
You're a better man than the rest!

—I—

Wife—Did you object to the way I danced on the table?

Hubby—Yeah. How did you expect me to sleep with all that racket going on over my head.

—I—

New Father: "Is it a boy or a girl, Doc?"

Doc. "We'll have to wait 'till it comes down from the chandelier."



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it's  
from  
Thompson's,  
it's  
dependable"*

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