

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO

Fair & Warmer Issue, May, 1949

# BLOT



**POLLY PACKENHAM**

**"Queen of Queens, Miss Idaho Coed of 1949"**





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# Now It Can Be Told!!

## ABOUT OUR COVER

The bells clang and the whistles blow to announce this year's winner of the Miss Idaho Coed Contest. She is none other than Miss Polly Packenham, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Howard Packenham of Moscow. "It was a hard decision," quote one of the judges, "to pick just one winner from so many lovely contestants." But Polly came out on top and you can see for yourself just why. This tall, brown-eyed brunette had all the qualifications required of a queen and BLOT is proud to dub her "Queen of Queens, Miss Idaho Coed of 1949."

Polly is a frosh majoring in . . . "just college." You'll remember her as satan's sultry siren in the Pep Band show. She lives at home but occasionally shows her lovely face at the Delta Gamma house to impress guests.

Several months ago we asked the women's living groups on campus to submit pictures of their best looking and most photogenic girls. Some forty or fifty were handed us and from these five finalists were selected. They were Barbara Hale, Betty Hogan, Jean Taylor, Jane Wilson and, of course, the winner, Polly Packenham. Much time and careful deliberation was given each contestant by the judges. Perfect facial features were the first "must" in selecting the winner since it was a cover girl we wanted. Many thanks to judges Earl David, of Davids' Inc.; Kola Gallagher, of The Parisian; Paul T. Scott, Professor of Journalism; Eileen Gilmore, Art Instructor; Lt. William Ryles, USN; John Martin, Argonaut Editor; and Phil Schnell, Gem Editor.

Good luck, Polly, in the nationals when you will be competing with hundreds of the nation's best looking coeds.

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# BLOT

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Easter has come and gone it's true. But always a boon to fashion photographers are the fancy spring bonnets featured at topnot interest in each coed's April-May shopping list. Here are five campus lovelies presenting five easy-on-the-eyes

examples of that perfect Easter bonnet! Upper left shows Fern Bracht; upper right is Shirley Gregory; Jone Paulson beams at us from the center; with Pat Baker, lower left; and Polly Packenham, our Miss Idaho Coed, on the lower right. All hats shown with the courtesy of Peggy's Hat Shop.







# PAY DAY

By WILLARD BARNES

*Illustrated by Lois Seibe*

**"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH"**

*Romans 6:23*

## WOMAN

Indifferently she took the groceries from the counter. Underneath their lazy lids, her eyes observed every detail of the mousy little man opposite her and in the next instant glided on to other fields of interest. With a swaggering saunter she walked towards the door, her metal capped heels doing a double staccato on the wooden floor each time she took a step. As she passed from the dingy shadow of the little store into the cold grey of the early morning fog a man came hurriedly down the street. She smiled. He hurried on. The hands of the great clock in front of the jewelry store window pointed to 8:30. Eight hours 'till quitin' time. Then four hours 'til bed time, then 9 hours 'til morning, then eight hours 'til quitin' time, then four hours 'til bed time, then nine hours 'til morning. . . Lord, what a rut! A little rolly polly ball of fur came yelping around the corner. She bent down and with her free hand picked it up, cuddling it to her ample bosom.

"Hi ya' stinker. 'R ya' lost?" The pup wagged its tail and licked her face. "Huh! And they call it a dog's life! At least after they beat ya' down, they're always ready to take ya' back and pet ya'." She proceeded on her way down the street, absently stroking the little creatures back. A breeze had sprung up and the smoke pouring from the chimneys was jerked merrily into the air and thrown to the ground where it was

spread into nothingness. She paused in front of the theater and read the bill boards. Maybe she could get Ray to take her to the show tonight. She sat the pup down and continued along the street . . . past the hardware store, the dry goods store, and on past the central office. The shouts and gay laughter of children at play came to her as she approached the school grounds. She stopped to watch them. A vigorous game of hide and seek was in progress and from her vantage point she could not only see the child that was it, but also most of those in hiding. She could have been no more engrossed if she had been on the fifty yard line at a football game. There was no participant in whom she seemed particularly interested. Rather it was an over-all interest. Her excitement rose with each catch and near catch. She felt the pride of the small boy who had found a hiding place where he could not be found and the despair of the searcher who knew that it would soon be time to return to the classroom and wanted his chance to hide before that happened. She looked down as she stepped from the sidewalk to the grass and her attention was attracted by a small boy sitting in a clump of weeds just a few feet from her. There was a dejected, forlorn look about him.

"Hi!" He took his attention from the game and looked up.

"Hello."

"You'd better crawl back in those weeds a little farther or you'll be seen."

He looked back at the play ground and said nothing for a few minutes.

"I'm not playing," he said at last.

"Oh?" She moved a little closer. "Don't you like the game?"

He gave her an exasperated look and with clenched teeth looked back at the shouting, running children. Suddenly and with a sigh that seemed to come from the very depth of his innerself, he brought his feet around in front of his. His left leg had a brace on it and the sole of the shoe had been built up.

"You'd just as well see it now," he remarked bitterly. "Everyone else in town has." She looked down into his sensitive upturned face.

"I—I'm sorry, son . . . I didn't . . ."

"It's O.K." He interrupted sullenly.

Suddenly she was down on the grass beside him and placing her groceries before her. "Look, fella' . . . what's your name?"

"Mike."

"That's a nice name. See that big white house down there, Mike? I just moved in there yesterday. Ever since I got here I've been so lonesome. I don't know a soul in town and here this morning already I've got a friend."

"So?"

"Don't ya' see, Mike? You're my very first friend in this town and I was just thinkin'. Since I'm so lonesome, maybe you wouldn't mind if I just stop-

(Continued on page 34)

**"DON'T YOU EVER DO THAT AGAIN! DON'T YOU EVER!"**



# The Grand Finale

By HARRIET WALRATH

"Get a story on the senior recitals! We want the inside dope on what they really go through!" came the voice over the phone.

"Sure!" I answered gleefully. The fact that I didn't know a thing about the music department didn't dampen my spirits any, so note cards in hand, I cheerfully burst into the music hall and proceeded to get the "inside dope" which I present to you here.

When a senior gives his recital, it is the climax of four years of hard work. The one thought in the back of his mind has been to master those assignments so that the senior concert will be flawless.

All young hopefuls must demonstrate to the faculty in music department and to Mr. Hall Macklin, head of the music department, that they are qualified to major in music. They

must have had a background and a degree of talent, or they are encouraged to try for a degree in some other field.

Life is not all roses for a music student. In fact their life is so taken up with notes and staffs, that they have no time for study in any other field and most extra-curricular activities consist of musical organizations.

A freshman's first task in registering is to arrange for credits in applied music. This is the individual study on some solo instrument or voice with one or two half-hour lessons a week and between two and three hours of practice a day. All practicing is done in practice rooms.

A universal gripe of the music student is that he can't hear himself think in the practice room. On the second floor of Music hall there are six such rooms and when you get three piano students, two voice students, and someone with a violin all practicing at the same time, you have quite a bit of noise and it isn't all harmonious either. "Every music major dreams of the day when there will be a new Music hall with



Above—Helen Rice puts in a few of the many practice hours necessary for a senior recital. Right—Preparing a student recital are Prof. Glen Lockery, Helen Rice, Norm Herzinger, Mickey Hehl, Pat Brown, Ann Williams, Jo Peters, and Jo Hopkins.





sound-proof rooms," I was told by a senior with a wistful look in his eyes.

There is nothing sociable about a practice room (except when someone gets tired of the solitude and begins to go visiting. Many a romance has been born this way). The student is locked in there away from everyone else, and they have no choice, but to work.

"Music theory compares favorably with chemistry." Four semesters of complex study are required and a very sensitive ear is needed to grasp this difficult subject. Miss Marian Little, the theory teacher, is kind and indulgent and has kept many a music student from losing his mind. Still they shout with joy when the semesters of theory are over.

Freshmen and Sophomores do not give any formal concerts, but nevertheless they are given

plenty of opportunity to perform. Three times a month there are practice recitals that all music majors and minors are required to attend. At these the lower classmen have plenty of chances for informal appearances. This music laboratory is audited only by music students. Through this system of practice recitals, the beginners get the feel of real performance, for this is probably one of their most critical audiences.

The shining goal at the end of this work is the senior concert, and through the toil of theory, formal analysis, history of music, and modern music, it is something to look forward to at the end.

At the beginning of the junior year an examination is given for upper division credit in applied music. This exam must be passed before the student can continue as a music major. Of

course, practically no one ever fails to pass this examination for few students get that far unless they are qualified to pass.

The performers showing the most outstanding ability in the junior class are chosen each year to give joint concerts. This is not required, but it is quite an honor to be chosen to participate. Of course, the rest of the junior class isn't sitting around idle, either. They are playing or singing in the University Band, University Orchestra, University Singers, Vandaleers, church groups, trios, quartets, or if they are piano students, there is always someone who wants an accompanist.

There are so many recitals given, that the music department has trouble scheduling all of them. Between March 1 and June 1 the music department has 30 one-hour recitals sched-

(Continued on page 50)



*Prof. Hall Macklin, Head of the Music Department, takes time off in a busy day to pose for Blot's photographer.*



*Yvonne Whiting, senior soprano, just before an impromptu concert at the Theta house. Yvonne is one of the campus' outstanding songbirds.*





# Senior Personality

*Marty Spence, a gal who rates our "first" for Senior Dream Queen.*



# Mia Dia

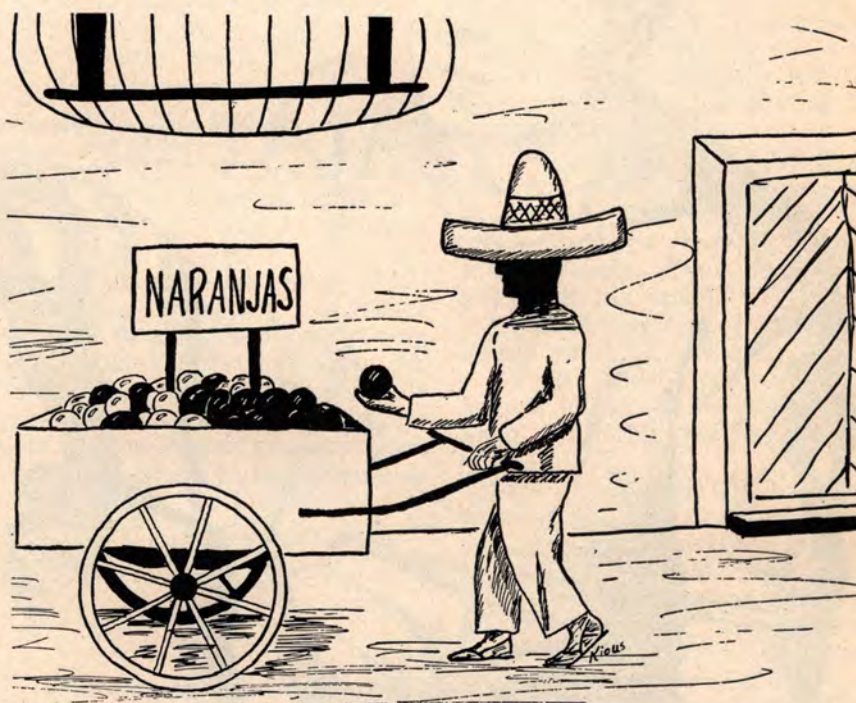
By EARL E. COSTELLO

Illustrated by Wayne Kiouss

I've never seen that man but I detest him. Every morning at ten-thirty he trundles that squeaky cart beneath my window. At intervals of twenty seconds during this daily pilgrimage he roars a mighty "NARRANJAS" in tones reminiscent of those little Arabs atop mosques. (I saw one once in "Beau Geste," starring Gary Cooper.) To those who speak the Spanish language, this creature is a vender of oranges; to me he is an alarm clock with corpuscles, a dream interrupter, one of the most contemptible of nature's offsprings. "Narranjas," I twang, mocking him in the scathing sarcasm I sometimes employ when reprimanding subordinates. "Narranjas." I kick the sheets from the bed and spring panther-like to the cold floor. "Narranjas," I chatter, peering through the keyhole to assure myself that the hall is clear of traffic. Throwing open the door, my lithe, breech-clouted, young body flits to the bathroom, a short thirty-five feet away. An ice shower, a brush of the hair, three rotations of brush across teeth and a retracing of the thirty-five feet, then here I am draping myself in the faultless attire which identifies me as a world traveller, a connoisseur of all life's beauties.

Egad! That Josephina is at it again. She has a sweet voice but knows only one song, *El Soldado de Levita*. After her words have bounced through the rugless halls and thus been amplified a couple of dozen times, Josephina of the sweet voice sounds like Clem McCarthy, the man with static in his throat.

I've always felt sorry for Josephina and her chum, Marcellena. They came from one of the Indian villages to work in



La Senora de Hujinoso's boarding house and now they are devoting sixteen hours per day to the pounding of tortillas, scrubbing of floors, making of beds, and to the activity of putting away crap. After comparing her to Josephina and Marcellena, I envision Orphan Annie of poetry fame as a lady of leisure.

The little old Senora loves me. She hysterically embraces me today as I leave the casa, and I notice her mantilla is askew; her grief has overcome all thoughts of discretion. She stands in the doorway waving a handkerchief as I come to the corner that will take my figure from view. Josephina and Marcellena stand atop the roof blowing kisses my way; there are tears in their eyes. Stopping and gazing back I acknowledge them with the crooked smile they love so much. The poor dears, they

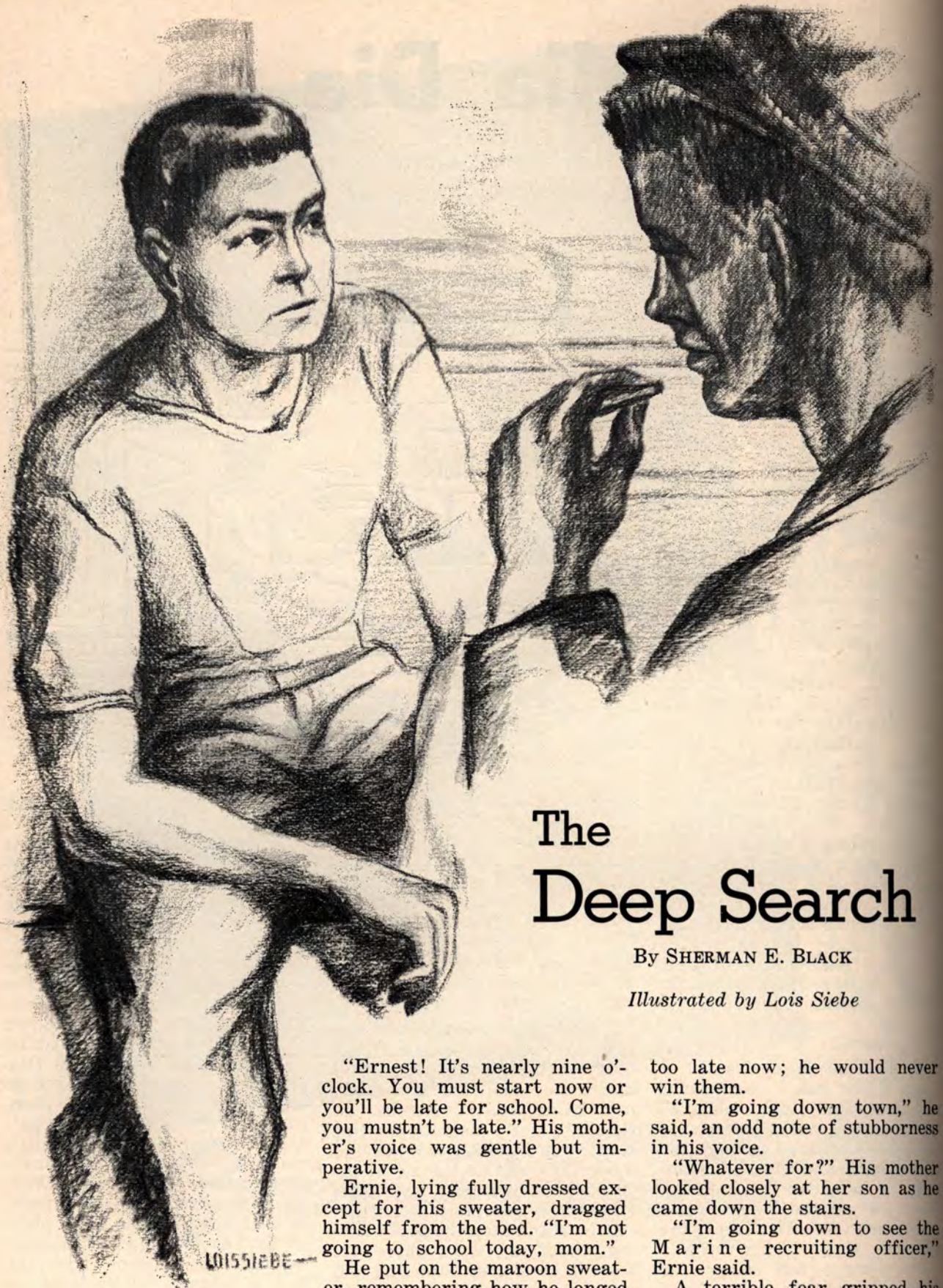
should realize that I'll be back for chow.

A sense of freedom wells through me as I round the corner. The Mexico City weather is in its usual good form and so am I. It looks like another great day.

EEeegar! Here are those god-awful kids again. Every day I'm drafted into their soccer game. The first time I walked down this street I appeared just as Los Hombres Casapetroles (the gashouse gang) was starting an all-out offensive drive; there was no stopping them. The galaxy of young athletes engulfed me deluge-like and I was pushed downfield like a puck. Well, soccer is a fast game and a rather unpredictable one when played by Los Hombres Casapetroles. Anyhow, someone kicked the ball, it bounced solidly from my medulla oblongata and after

(Continued on page 59)





## The Deep Search

By SHERMAN E. BLACK

*Illustrated by Lois Siebe*

"Ernest! It's nearly nine o'clock. You must start now or you'll be late for school. Come, you mustn't be late." His mother's voice was gentle but imperative.

Ernie, lying fully dressed except for his sweater, dragged himself from the bed. "I'm not going to school today, mom."

He put on the maroon sweater, remembering how he longed for just one stripe and one letter from his school. It was

too late now; he would never win them.

"I'm going down town," he said, an odd note of stubbornness in his voice.

"Whatever for?" His mother looked closely at her son as he came down the stairs.

"I'm going down to see the Marine recruiting officer," Ernie said.

A terrible fear gripped his mother for an instant. She could feel her heart draw and

LOISSIEBE



"ONLY A PLAIN DAMNED FOOL IS NOT SCARED — OR AN IDIOT," the Sarge told Ernie.

quicken, and a light giddiness flooded her mind. From that panic she spoke. "No, Ernest! You can't. You're only seventeen; you aren't old enough."

"You can give me your permission, mom, or—"

Their eyes met squarely, and his mother saw in him the same hard determination she had seen in his father. She knew then that argument was useless. The panic left her mind almost as quickly as it had come, letting her think clearly and impassionately.

"Or what, Ernest?" she asked gently.

"I can pass for eighteen easily enough," he said, and his eyes fell away from his mother's to look at a corner of the rug.

"I see, son." She waited, searching for words that would have meaning. "But I should think your father having given his life, you might say—"

"That's why I've got to know."

"Know what, Ernest?"

"About dad. They're always telling me—not openly, but they're always making hints—about dad. They say combat fatigue is just a fancy name for it."

"You don't believe that, do you?"

"I don't know, mom." Ernie scuffed the toe of his shoe across the nap of the rug. "I don't know."

"You must have faith in your father, son." His mother's face held only a profound sympathy as she looked at him. "Stay and finish your high school; it's only seven months more. Then you can do as you want—whatever you feel is best."

"I can't do it mom. I can't stand being called a coward."

Ernie fidgeted. His eyes watched the distant slow progress of a plane across the portion of cloudy sky that showed through the front window.

"They say I didn't make the team because I am afraid of getting hurt." He paused, then added slowly, "like dad. They say it's because he's—what he is."

He brought his eyes back to

his mother's face, and there was between them the passing of a deeper understanding, a more direct knowledge of the basic cause of this trouble.

"I should have slugged Randall when he said that. But I didn't. I walked off and let him get away with it." His face showed plainly the hard price of these words he spoke. "I've got to know, mom."

How like his father is this son of mine, his mother thought, and she knew in that instant that she must let him go as she had let his father go at the beginning of the war. With love's own deep regrets, with the stored misgivings and dread that came of seeing his father go and return, she must let him go without bitterness. For his sake, she must let him seek his own answers, give him guidance only through her prayers. Such she understood to be her role as mother.

"If you are sure you must, I won't try more to keep you, son."

"I am sure."

## II

It might have been a prison, Ernie thought. He looked across the wide parade ground, black and glistening in the bright sunlight following close on an afternoon shower, and could not find immediately the archway through the arcade by which he had come into this boot camp ten days ago. Everything was such confusion, such constantly changing activity, that it was difficult to remember. How long would it last, this confusion? When would it—

"Think you're a little too good for the rest of us, mac?"

The words probed through his thoughts, insolent and insulting in their tone, pulling him around involuntarily to look into the cold eyes of the man who had been made leader of his squad. He felt the quick heat of blood rushing to his face as he looked at the other, at the small, smirking snarl that played across the other's lips.

"—" he began, and faltered.

"Yeh, too good to talk to us, even, ain't ya?"

Ernie remembered this man's name now: Craig, Eldon Craig. The suddenness of Craig's accusation had found him unprepared, unsuspecting, leaving his mind momentarily blank. He could see the others in the background, too, watching intently this play between Craig and himself, eager that its outcome should be as planned. He had no doubt they were all behind it, with Craig the leader.

"I hadn't thought about it at all," Ernie said, looking squarely at Craig now.

"We thought about it," Craig said. "Plenty. Ever since you got put in my squad."

"I guess I've had other things on my mind," Ernie said.

"Yeah? Well, you're gonna have a bunch of knobs on your head. We don't like any damned—"

"Here comes the DI," a voice warned, and Craig turned away, the unfinished sentence still in his mind. It would come later, Ernie knew. Sometime when he least expected it, as this had come today. He wondered vaguely what he would do.

The drill instructor's "Fall in" broke harshly across these thoughts, erasing them temporarily from his mind. There would be no time the rest of this day for private thoughts. He let the drill instructor's steady cadence and sharp commands take over, concentrating on trying to follow the drill maneuvers without error.

Later, in the small time his tired body allowed him between taps and sleep, he turned this afternoon's happenings over in his mind, examining them closely. There wasn't much he could do but face it when Craig decided to bring the matter back to attention. He could not run away from it here and was pleased to find he had no real desire to run. He went to sleep easily.

In the days that followed, Ernie felt the undercurrent of hostility sweeping against and

(Continued on page 44)





*Approved—Jean Taylor, girl of the month.*



# Wednesday Night Agony

By WILMA MARTIN

Illustrated by Cal Jones

## AN EXPOSE OF THE EXCHANGE SYSTEM

"Oh no!" moaned Tompkins aloud as she ran her index finger down the list posted on the bulletin board for the weekly Wednesday exchange. "But, its true — there it is, pretty as you please—'Tompkins, Terry Lee.' Guess that's what I get for being a freshman," she wailed to herself as she grasped the railing and started on the three-flight ascendance to her room. "Oh well, guess I'm just one of the less fortunate. It's times like these that make me wish I had never come to college. It'll probably be the same ol' story as last

week." Terry mused to herself as she thought of last week's experience. There they were, lined up stairsteps style like cattle being auctioned off at the weekly sale to the highest bidder with Terry, being only five foot two, leading the herd. And then came Joe Blow, looking very much like the "before" of a "before and after" Elevator Shoes advertisement; grinning from ear to ear as if he were getting ready to sink his teeth into a quarter-cut piece of watermelon. His horn-rimmed glasses slipped around cauliflower ears which

apparently were chosen discreetly to add to his scholastic, collegiate appearance. Introductions having been properly made by the respective social chairmen of both houses, they wound their way to the exchange-house in utter muteness.

Wraps once removed, they were on the dance floor ready to commence on what Terry interpreted as the modern version of Custer's last stand.

"Errr, what's your name again?" partner number one mutters as they swirl around the room — strictly the ball-room waltzer.

(Well, whatdoya know — he talks, too. Come on now, Terry, turn on that effervescent personality.)

"Terry Tompkins, and you're Jim Johnson, aren't you? (That should meet with the requirements of modern psychology—always answer a question with a question so your co-conversationalist can have something to say.)

"Yes."

(Thank you, brother Jim. Now I'll just renew my grip and we'll spin across the room once more—I'm not quite sure whether we're on a carousel or a 'row-boat to China.' At any rate, I have all the symptoms of sea sickness. Oh, oh, Mighty Mouse is about to speak again.)

"Errrr, where are you from?"

"Oh, I'm from Sagebrush Falls. Where do you hail from?"

"I'm from Juliaetta. I don't suppose you've ever heard of it."

"Oh, yes. Oh, my, yes, I have."

(Let's see, if that STILL in the continental United States? Hey, wait for me if we're gonna travel at such accelerated speed.) What's your major, Jim?"

"Nuclear physics," and partner No. 1 is immediately launched on a continuance of chemical phrases and terminology for the



"I guess that's what I get for being a freshman," moaned Tompkins.

(Continued on page 56)



# The Argonaut Story

By ORVAL HANSEN

## A DETAILED HISTORY OF THE PRIDE OF IDAHO'S JOURNALISTS

Early in April the Idaho Argonaut took time out to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment. An eight page historical edition commemorating the occasion was printed and a banquet history covering its fifty years of publication was begun. Let's take a peek at the Argonaut story and note a few highlights and sidelights in its fifty year history.

The "Arg," as it was called by Idaho students, was born about the middle of November, 1898 and was christened "The University Argonaut," Searcher of the Golden Fleece.

Barely six years before that date the University of Idaho had swung open its doors and beckoned the youth of Idaho. When the Argonaut was founded the student body numbered less than one hundred students. The University of Idaho consisted of one building and a handful of instructors. Moscow had no paved streets. Main street was lined with hitching posts and watering troughs.

At the time the Argonaut was being conceived the United States was embroiled in the Spanish American War. The University of Idaho had responded to the need for volunteers with a higher percentage of its male population answering the call to colors than any other institution in the nation. Scarcely seven months had passed since the "Old Guard" had left the campus for the battle fronts.

Such was the picture when the Argonaut had its beginning. In the absence of a student organization comparable to the present A.S.U.I. students gathered together at regular meeting to transact business that came up from time to time. At

one of these meetings someone suggested that a paper be published. At the moment it seemed like a good idea so a committee was appointed to study the matter further, to investigate costs and to draw up a constitution and by-laws.

The committee's report was submitted and favorably received at the next meeting. The next step was to select an editor and business manager. Guy W. Wolfe, a senior in letters and science from Moscow, seemed the logical choice in view of his literary experience. He was named both editor and business manager of the new paper and with twenty-five dollars in his pocket and a head full of ideas he went to work to give the "Arg" its start in life.

Difficulties, mostly financial, were encountered during the first year. In its early life the Argonaut was resting on a shaky foundation. It wound up the first year's operation in the red. It is not certain what would have happened to the paper had not the editor's father paid the bill at the printers making up the deficit so that the Argonaut could continue the next year with a clean slate.

During the first few years, the Argonaut was published in the form of a magazine. Its pages, measuring six by nine inches, containing news of the university, alumni news, original stories, book reviews, editorials and stale jokes.

Early issues also carried a limited amount of advertising. Among local firms to advertise in the first issues were Moscow Steam Laundry and Hodgins' Drug Company.

Early issues contained news

of persons whose names are familiar on the campus today. A typical example is an article reporting that "Robert Ghormley has resumed his studies here after an illness of two weeks." And a few years later "Robert Ghormley ranked tenth in his class at the U. S. Naval Academy." Ghormley made a career of the Navy rising to the rank of Vice Admiral. He returned to his alma mater in 1946 to deliver the commencement address to the class of '46.

A familiar name also appeared in the May 1899 issue. "Paul Draper is visiting in Iowa, having secured another leave of absence. His regiment is under orders to sail for Manila." A later issue carried the news of his promotion to second lieutenant. A few months later it carried the sad news of his untimely death in the Philippines. Idaho students will recognize the name of Paul Draper as one inscribed on the base of the statue on the ad lawn which is dedicated jointly to Draper and Ole Gabriel Hagberg, another Idaho student who made the supreme sacrifice in that war.

Before the first year of publication ended, the Argonaut passed into new hands. Burton L. French became the new editor and G. P. Mix assumed the duties of business manager. An editorial in this first issue expressed their feeling of inadequacy in their new positions. "Do you see us tremble? . . . This is the first time that several of us has acted in this capacity. . . We are sophomores. . . May you criticize sparingly and not measure us by the excellence of him from whose shoulders

Continued on page 42)



# Here comes the Bride



June brings, among other vacation events, wedding bells for many an Idaho coed. Pictured on the following pages are your Blot staff's ideas for a trousseau any campus bride-to-be would gladly tuck away in her honeymoon luggage.

Here is our campus bride model, Thelma Weatherbee, in a French marquesette gown with formal train and fingertip veil of nylon illusion net. Her headdress is simulated pearl orange blossoms matched by a double strand pearl choker.





For her going away ensemble our lucky bride, modeled here by Rowena Gregory, chooses a hunter green Jaunty Junior suit with lovely dark furs to carry or wear. Her bonnet is typically bride-like with a profusion of bright spring flowers adorning the brim.

And here is our little bride, Rowena, in the glamour outfit of all honeymoon trouseaus, a demure white marquessette and lace negligee. Her slippers are fuzzy, bunny-fur cuffs — all white to carry out bridal color scheme.





Lucky the bride who spends her honeymooning days at one of the Northwest's vacation resorts, for she can make practical use of this part sunback golfing dress of corded cotton. Modeled by Pam Gaut, this sports dress has a stunning bolero jacket for street wear.



A suntan for our summer bride? Here's Christy Sargent in a hand painted Catalina swim suit teamed with huge matching towel for those long lazy days by the beach. Christy's suit may be worn strapless for even sunning.





And finally here is Evelyn McCandles, our bride model, in a sleek accordian pleated black taffeta Empire gown with filmy stole and lace gloves. Her

jewelry is rhinestones and her bag glittering silver mesh.

All gowns and accessories in this section were kindly furnished for our use by Davids'.



# Fables For This Week

By MARIE HARGIS

*OBSERVATIONS ON MODERN LIFE—AND HARDLY WORTH THE TROUBLE AT THAT.*

## THE WOMAN WHO WOULD-N'T LET IT GET HER DOWN

Once upon a time, there was a woman who always had very bad luck. Her husband died and left her to support three children by taking in washing. Her neighbors felt sorry for her and said they didn't see how she had the courage to go on. "I mustn't let it get me down," she said. Then one day she didn't feel well, and the doctor told her she had a lingering, painful illness. When she got home from the doctor's, she found that one of the children had fallen into the cistern and drowned; another had put beans in his nose, and the third had set fire to the house, burning up himself and his brother. "I mustn't let it get me down," the woman said, whereupon, she was struck dead by a bolt of lightning.

## THE MAN WHO HAD A PRINCIPLE

Once upon a time, there was a man who never wore anything but silks and velvet, who never ate anything but the finest of foods, prepared by a skilled chef, never drank anything but vintage wines and Napoleon brandy, or smoked anything but fine Turkish cigars. His books and paintings were the envy of connoisseurs. He was a practising epicure.

Then one day, he lost all his money. He was forced to sell all his books and paintings, and he could no longer afford his chef or the fine foods and liquors.

His friends brought him scraps of food from their own kitchens, but he would not touch it. He said it wasn't good enough for him and he refused to eat it. He didn't want to hurt his kind friends, but he said it was a matter of principle. So saying, he died of starvation.

## THE MAN WHO STROVE FOR SOMETHING BETTER

Once upon a time, there was a man who was always striving for something better. He saw all the great plays and people said to him, "Wasn't it wonderful," and he said, "Yes, it was good, but we must strive for something better." He heard the finest orchestras of the world playing the masterpieces of music, and people said to him, "Wasn't it marvelous," and he said, "Yes, it was all right, but we must strive for something better."

Whenever a man invented an electric light, or flew faster than sound, or crossed the Pacific in a rubber boat, he always said, "Yes, it's fine, but we must strive for something better."

Being a man who practiced what he preached, he set out to climb the world's highest mountain. About half way up, he fell off and was killed.

## THE MAN WHO HAD NO ENEMIES

Once upon a time, there was a man who had no enemies. He had many friends who told him what a fine brave man he was. Finally, he got to thinking how did he know he was brave if he didn't have anything to be brave about. He decided he had to face some enemies to prove to himself that he really was brave. So he beat his wife to make an enemy.

She just said, "He doesn't know what he is doing. I must forgive him."

He cheated his best friend, and the friend said, "He must need money to support his family. I must forgive him."

He ran over a man on the street, but the witness said, "We mustn't condemn a man for carelessness, or where would we all be?"

The man cursed and wept because he couldn't prove he was a brave man and he finally died of a broken heart.

## THE GIRL WHO SAID SHE KNEW

Once upon a time, there was a girl who lived a very secluded existence and didn't know much about the facts of life. Once a boy asked her to go out, and being a dutiful daughter, she went to her mother for permission. Her mother said no, because she might get to smoking and drinking, (and carousing,) and the girl would finally wind up having a baby without being married. The girl said, "Pooh-pooh, mother. I may not know much about life, but I do know you don't get babies from smoking and drinking," and she went anyway. She had a lovely time smoking and drinking, (and carousing,) but she was always afraid she might have a baby without being married, and what do you know, she did.

## THE ACTOR WHO GOT HIS

Once upon a time, there was an actor. He was a very good actor, as far as acting went, but he conducted his personal life on a pretty low level. Every night he got boiled at the corner bar, then went up the street to visit the local madams. He took to dope and never came home to see his wife and children, who were starving. Everyone disliked him very much, because he never seemed decently ashamed of his escapades. They said, "You watch. He'll get his. He'll go to hell. You just watch."

Soon the actor died, and according to predictions, he did go to hell. Satan met him on the river bank, and told him that anything in hell was his; he just had to ask for it. The actor

(Continued on page 43)



# Ride

We ain't

to t



No dough and a long way to go. That's the predicament our roving photographer found these curvaceous cuties in when he stumbled across them attempting to scrape up enough money to take the bus to Lewiston for a brief sojourn at a famous recreational spot—the Stables. But no go, only \$1.34 and eight girls.



The sexy approach. This is the method that our girls should have used and they would have nailed a ride right away. This fair damsel, while hitch-hiking near the Spokane Army Airfield last summer, caused a F-80 jet fighter to land on the highway and 5 hours later she landed in Miami, Florida. Her only comment was—"That pilot certainly was fast".



"Aw, come on mister, slow down, our feet are tired and we got 37 miles to go," wail our bevy of beauties as another classy convertible comes roaring into view. But no luck, the guy had his wife with him.

Photos  
by  
Hamilton



# Misses

ough dough

ous



Still stranded our pavement pounders next try another method of trapping a ride—the ambush approach. Stepping to the edge of the road one of the gals hikes her skirts gently above her knee and gives her sweetest smile to an oncoming motorist. (Editor's note: notice how these gals in the brush are all set to mob the poor driver who stops).



Footloose honeys now decide to change their tactics and split up into two groups, hoping to get a ride easier this time. With all that feminine pulchritude gracing the highway what driver could be such a cad as to leave such lovelies there? Answer—only 3712½ cars the first hour.



Finding all their methods failures, we now find our little friends boarding a luxurious tourist car, of the Paradise Creek Railway, which was put at their disposal by the firm's president, Schmilroid Likkerpuddle, class of '04. As the last gal climbs aboard, they signal the engineer and their potential Pullman winds off to the land where the sunsets go. Happy Hoboing girls!

Lines  
by  
poerhase



# Blot Applauds

By MARGARET ORME

PRESENTING THREE MORE OF IDAHO'S OUTSTANDINGS



MARY LOUISE WILL

Blot applauds the ambitious president of Spurs, Mary Louise Will. A Moscow gal and a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma, this tall, attractive, blonde sophomore probably has her fingers in more campus pies than any other girl in her class. As president of Spurs, she managed the IK-Spurs boxing contest and held a seat on Rally committee.

A Varsity debater, Mary Louise is a member of Delta Sigma Rho, the debate honorary, and a co-chairman of the Women's Intermural Debate contest. Last year she was a winner in the Intermural Debate contest.

Her many other activities include president of Alpha Lambda Delta, women's freshman scholastic honorary; membership in Westminster Guild and Delta Mu, and she portrayed "Miss Sally" in the ASUI play, "Chicken Every Sunday."

Last year Mary Louise worked on Freshman Week, Argonaut, KUOI, and was a chairman of a Vandal Chest Drive.

An all around girl who knows what she wants and how to get it, Blot is proud to hail her as

a typical "Sweet Sal from Idaho."



DAVE LEWIS

Blot feels special recognition should be paid to Dave Lewis, the hard working Station Director of station KUOI. Few people realize the hours of planning and technical skill that are required to keep our campus radio station going. As public relations worker and head of all of the radio department, Dave spends some 20 hours a week in the station office without a cent of compensation and very little praise.

A veteran of 21 months in the navy, Dave came immediately to the University of Idaho after his discharge and enrolled as a Political Science major. He is now completing his third year.

Before his recent marriage to a WSC coed, Dave was Social Chairman of Pine Hall, a member of Independent Council, Student Activity Board, and the Student Union Planning Committee. He is now serving a term on the ASUI Executive Board.

Hats off to you, Dave Lewis

and to the "Voice of the Vandal."

Meet Aris Petersen, a hard working journalist from Lewiston who's responsible for keeping the Argonaut reporters



ARIS PETERSEN

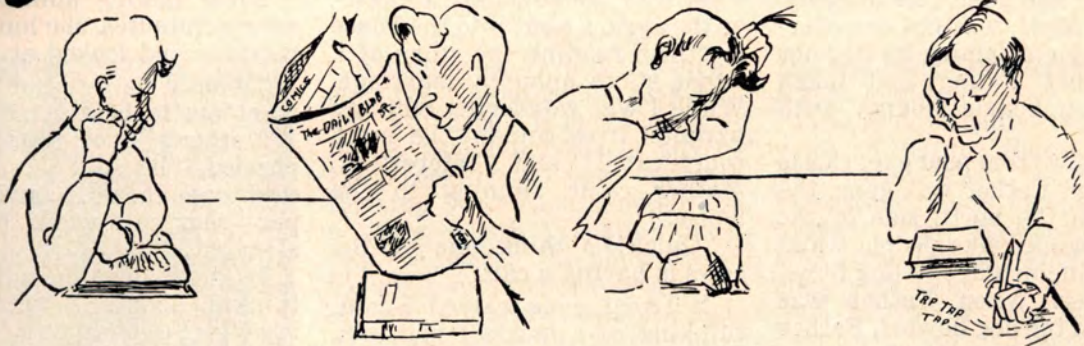
busy. She holds the position of News Editor on the Arg and is also Editor of the Coed Handbook . . . two jobs that are pretty much time takers.

Aris, or Heiress Skattergun, as she was known in the New Sorority feature story which appeared in the last issue of Blot, is a member of Tri-Delta Sorority and vice president of the group. A past vice president of Theta Sigma, women's journalism honorary, she was recently elected Printer's Devil of the upperclassmen's group and holds a coveted seat on the Mademoiselle College Board.

Other activities such as swimming, tennis, reporting for the daily Moscow newspaper and a member of WRA keep her one busy gal. Next time you see her scurrying around the campus, don't be afraid to speak; she's really one of the friendliest people at the U. of I.

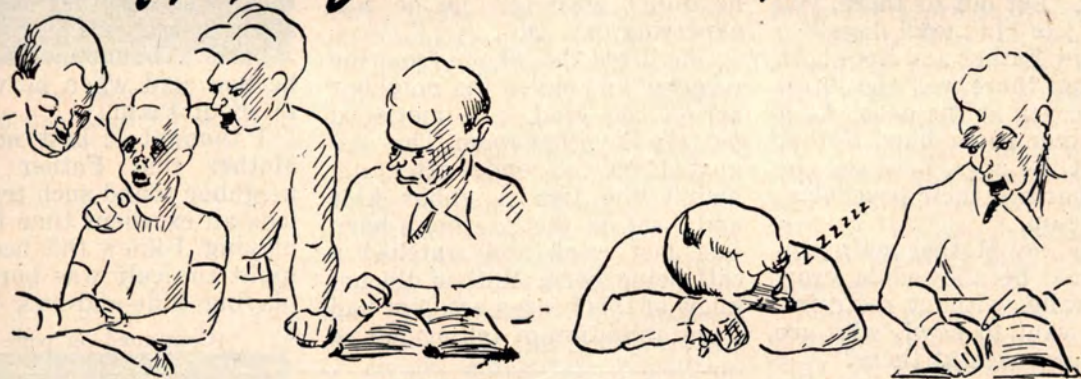


I went to the Libe.....and found...  
the.....



Funny paper fiend.

Deep thinker



Social hour

Pledge



Petters

Ah! Success!



# Life Without Father

By BETTY PETERS

Illustrated by Wayne Kiouss

Father had gone deer hunting. This, in itself, was not considered a major calamity by Mother and I, but Father had taken Spot, our beagle hound, with him.

We knew from past experience that when Father was gone, the leaves on the north side of the house sounded like people walking and the neighbor's dog howled louder. When Father was home and the dog howled, Father howled right back at him.

I often remember the times I was awakened from slumber by the sound of Father's voice booming, "Get out of there, you &æœ fl ";:œ \*) (: æ&fl dogs!"

But now Father and Spot both were gone; there was absolutely no one to yell at the dogs. As it was, Mother never liked Father to yell at the dogs, because, she said, it harmed their psychological make-up.

"Dogs," my Mother maintained, "should be allowed to grow up naturally, without restraint. If they want to howl, who are you to howl back at them?"

We learned of our loss the very moment Father drove out of the yard. As we waved goodbye, we saw, waving back at us, not Father's masculine hand, but the brown and white tail that belonged to Spot.

Mother sighed, "Well, we won't see Spot for at least a week. Things will be mighty lonesome around here."

"Um," I said. I was visualizing myself running the cows in; it was not a pleasant sight. I could not see why Father had taken Spot with him. It was inconveniencing the entire family as well as myself.

I rebuckled the belt of my boys' levis and pushed a pigtail behind my ear. We must face facts. Father was deer-hunting. Spot was with him. We would miss Spot. We soon learned that we would miss Father, too.

Mother took the egg pail and

went into the cow barn to gather the eggs. I went into the house to finish reading the story of a movie star's unhappy marriage. While I was wondering why my parents' lives couldn't be more complicated and interesting, Mother came running to the house.

"Quick! I think one of the cows is having a calf."

"I'll heat some water," I said, thinking of a movie I had seen just the week before.

"No, no . . . oh dear! What shall I do? Father always took care of the calves before. Why, he didn't even tell me he was expecting one. Oh . . ."

She lifted the 'phone from the receiver and called the neighbor across the road. She motioned me into the other room. This disgusted me no end; after all, hadn't the two neighbor kids and I sat on their father's barn just last week and watched a calf being born. Mother did not know of this brazen act. Nor had I any intention of telling her.

After talking animatedly for several minutes, she hung up the receiver and looked at me.

"What'd he say, huh? Do you want me to heat some water?"

Mother's face was slightly puzzled, "he said . . . why he said to go ahead . . . and get supper—that calf would get along all right."

I knew what Mother was thinking about. She was wondering why Father and the neighbor always made such elaborate arrangements before the expected arrival of calves. She was remembering a couple of weeks before, when Father had stayed at the neighbor's half the night.

"It's a bouncing baby boy," he had said when he wandered in about 4 a.m.

I thought it best not to tell Mother that Father and the neighbor found such trying periods an excellent time for poker playing. I knew this because the night the calf was born, I was playing hide-and-seek with the

(Continued on page 50)



*We would miss Spot. We soon learned we would miss Father, too.*



# Vacation With Pay

By PEG HARRIS

“SO YOU WANT TO WORK IN YELLOWSTONE” . . . . .



One of the more luxurious bungalows provided for student help.

Yellowstone Park is known all over the United States as a scenic “Paradise.” It is not surprising to find hundreds of adventure-seeking college students flocking West each summer for a three month “vacation with pay.” However, the notoriety of Yellowstone National Park positions is highly romanticized. How can a person from Virginia, New York, Illinois, or Kansas picture accurately the working conditions by referring to a Yellowstone handbook, or a picturesque scene displayed on a post card sent from Wyoming?

The life of the employee—or Yellowstone “savage”—differs accordingly with the work he does. It depends upon what section of the Park is to be his home for the summer. Disappointment developed upon arrival could be avoided if the employee knew what to expect when arriving at his Yellowstone destination. Many a lonesome youth eagerly awaits quick transportation home because his expectations have been based on a dream that

has suddenly been shattered by a rude reality.

The scenic beauty, the artistic work of nature that composes Yellowstone Park, the wild life that resides there, cannot be surpassed. The Western atmosphere, the friendly habits of the employees may be even more than hoped for. But when you have been working most of the day at some tedious task and only have a tomorrow of the same tedious task to look forward to the romance seems to fade. Therefore, to overcome this depressing situation, you should accept the position you have applied for with the knowledge that you more than earn that sixty or ninety dollars a month. And when you return home you will discover you have seen very little of this wonderland except the surrounding area where you have been employed.

Many types of work are offered by the Yellowstone Park Company. A waitress—or “heaver”—does not work a steady shift of so many set hours a day. She works split shifts, has long hours and still must remain pleasant and courteous. She washes, irons and repairs her own uniforms between meals and hopes she will get enough extra money in tips each meal to make up for the discomfort of her aching feet.

The “pillow punchers,” or cabin maids, start their day early in the morning. She is up by 6:00 and starts her “savage” duty soon afterwards. This includes making beds and sweeping the floors of the numerous cabins or dormitories occupied by single male employees. Then at 8:00 her daily work begins. Two girls are assigned to a section of cabins and are responsible for its servicing. She does not find inside plumbing or



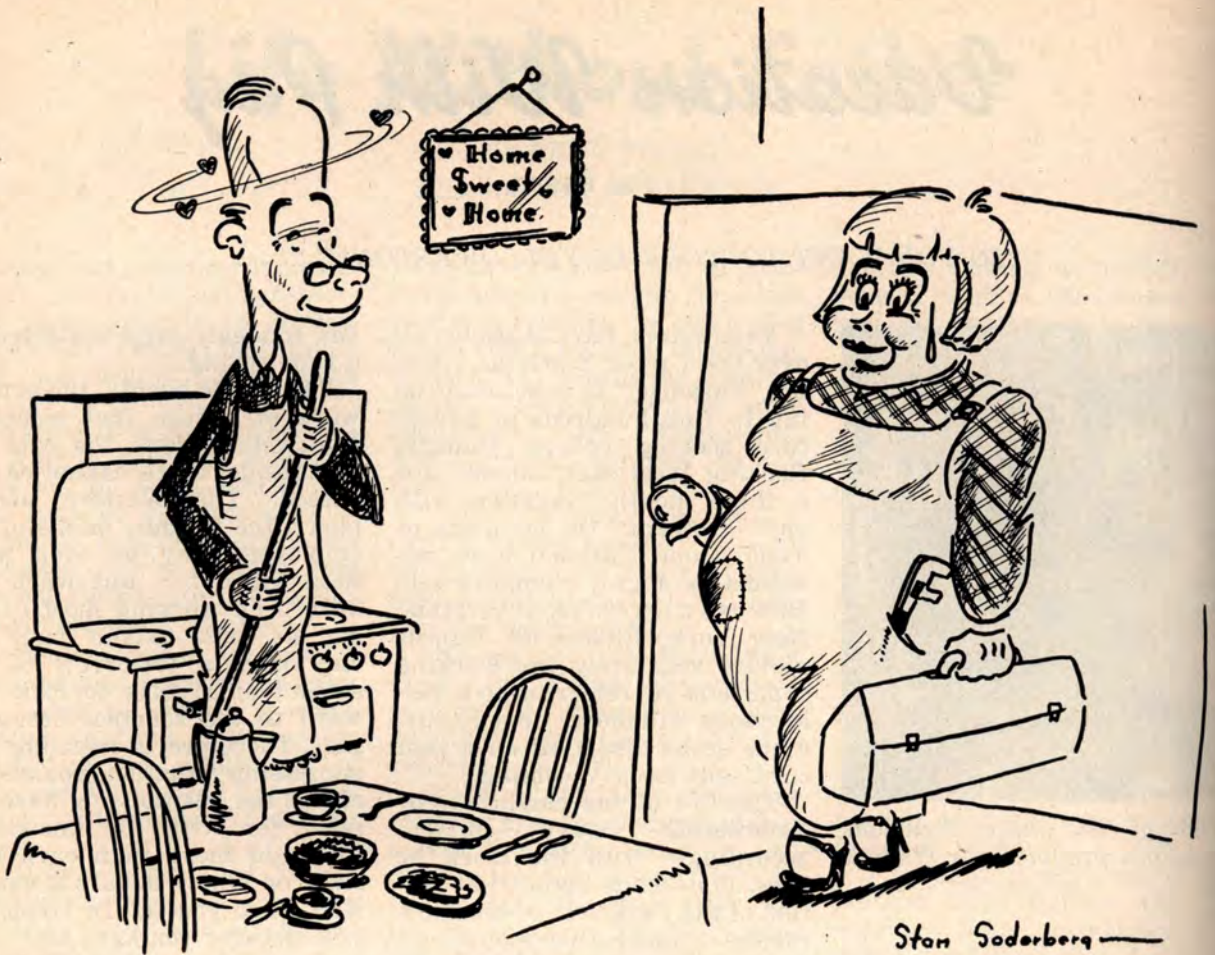
A few of the “savages” gathered around for morning chores.



“It ain’t all spectacular scenery,” says authoress Peg Harris after a hard summer as a “savage.”

(Continued on page 57)





Stan Soderberg

## The Seamer and the Plumbtress

By DON PITWOOD

Illustrated by Stan Soderberg

Well, sir, young Bill Willcox started workin' in his father's dress factory soon's he was old enough to work a sewing machine. Ol' man Willcox said it weren't right t' let a kid run loose on the streets—said they oughta go t' work an' learn a trade so's they could make somethin' o' themselves when they was growed up. So Bill never got much chance t' play like other kids did, an' when he did get a little time off, he didn't enjoy hi'self none 'cause all the kids kep' teasin' him about workin' in a women's clothin' factory. 'Tweren't much wonder he growed up kind o' funny an' sissy like, I guess.

Well, he kep' on workin' and learnin' the business 'till he was

twenty-three — learned it real well, too. Then the big market crash came an' ol' man Willcox lost pretty nigh ever'thin' he owned, an' young Bill had t' look for another job t' support hi'self an' the ol' man. But Bill never had much chance t' learn anythin' but sewin' an' most of the other clothin' factories folded up jus' the same's his ol' man's did, so he couldn't find a job nowhere. Well, ol' man Willcox took his losses t' heart somethin' terrible an' got kind o' sick and poorly like, an' the money ran out an' ever'thin' just kind o' came all at once, so Bill decided he jus' had t' find work somewhere an' went out lookin' again.

This time he come across a

job patchin' tires in a service station. He'd never patched a tire before, but he needed the job so bad he give the station owner to understan' he was an ol' hand at it, an' the feller finally hired him an' set him t' work on a batch o' blowed-out inntertubes. Well sir, Bill had a needle an' thread stickin' in his lapel where he'd always kep' it, so he gathered up some ol' rags layin' around' the shop an' patched 'em all up nice an' pretty like with polkadots an' checks an' stripes—jus' as fancy as you please. But the station feller didn't seem t' care for fancy work none an' when he come in t' see how Bill was doin', he dang near blew his top. He cussed Bill up an' down with all the



words he could think up in English an' then started in cussin' at him in Spanish, so when Bill see the feller comin' at him with a hammer, he decided maybe he'd beter look for another job.

Meanwhile ol' man Willcox had been gettin' worse an' worse, what with worryin' an' not gettin' enough t' eat an' all, an' finally he up an' died an' young Bill was left all alone. Well, Bill didn't have no money t' give the ol' man a real fancy send off like he'd always wanted, but he decided the least he could do was dress him up nice, so he took down the drapes an' made them into the prettiest suit you ever see, an' then dressed the ol' man in it an' combed his hair an' fixed him all up 'til he looked like a dude. An' when the county coroner came t' have him carried away, he was layin' there so calm an' peaceful like, an' lookin' so nice an' pretty, he jus' didn't have the heart t' put him in the county yard, so he paid for a coffin an' lot so's the ol' man could be buried with his kin folks. Then he got to thinkin' about poor Bill an' how bad off he was with no money an' all, so he tok him down t' the morgue an' gave him a job helpin' 'round here an' there.

Bill was sure mighty grateful t' the coroner for all he'd done, an' made up his mind he was goin' to do his best an' really make a go of it, so he pitched right in an' first thing you know, he was dang near as good at undertakin' as he was at sewin'.

Well, Bill worked an' saved an' kind o' got on his feet again, an' pretty soon he got t' thinkin' it was about time he found hi-self a wife. He'd never known many girls o' course, what with livin' kind o' shut in like he did, but one day his plumbin' got to actin' up, so he called a plumber an' danged if here didn't come a young woman all togged out in coveralls an' carryin' a box full o' tools. Bill thought there'd been a mistake at first, but after he got t' talkin' with her, she tol' him her ol' man had died 'fore she was out o' school, an' she'd had t' run the business t' support the family. She said things got so bad durin' the depression, she had t' let the help go an' do most all the work herself, an'

by the time things got better, she'd learned t' like the work so well she kep' right on with it.

Well, she an' Bill hit it off right nice, an' by 'n by they was married, an' started out t' make a home for themselves. Bill decided he'd better give up his job at the morgue an' go t' runnin' his wife's business so's she could stay home an' tend t' the cookin' an' all, but he didn't know the first thing about plumbin' an' pretty soon business started fallin' off somethin' terrible. An' t' make it worse, his wife weren't gettin' nowhere with the housework. When it come t' fixin' a sewer pipe or buildin' somethin' or fixin' a car, she could outstrip the best in the business, but when it come t' cookin' an' the like, she never had no luck at all. So when Bill come home one night an' found her out in the garage cookin' a can o' beans with her blow torch, he got t' thinkin' maybe they ought t' change things a little. An' when he asked her how a body could thread a piece of pipe with no eye in it, she got t' thinkin' maybe it weren't such a bad idea at that.

So Bill stayed home after that an' did the work 'round the house, an' his wife went back t' plumbin', an' they was as happy a couple as you ever see. Last I heard of 'em, they was expectin' a baby. Folks said Bill wanted a boy t' help with the house work an' his wife wanted a girl so's she could take over the business some day.

### The End

The farmer's collegiate daughter, back from vacation, was watched carefully by pop. "Lost some weight, aintcha gal?"

"I weigh 110 pounds stripped for gym."

"Aha," yelled the farmer grabbing his shotgun, "who the hell's Jim and what's his intentions?"

—I—

"Made any new friends lately?"

"Nope, haven't made all my old ones yet."

"So your brother is a painter, eh?"

"Yep."

"Paints houses, I presume."

"Nope, points men and women."

"Oh, I see. He's an artist."

"Nope, paints men and women one door and 'men' on the other."

—I—

Johnny was over visiting the Pi Phi's. In fact, he had one of them cornered on the sofa.

"Kiss me, darling," he said.

"There's a house fine of \$10 on the fellow who kisses a girl within these confines," she said.

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

"What's that?"

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

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

"Johnny, hell!" the guy kissing her stated roughly. "I'm just one of the patrons, John's at the door taking tickets."

—I—

A young minister was reading announcements at the Sunday service.

He stumbled across one of them and the following words slipped: "The Little Mothers League will hold their meeting this afternoon. All those who wish to become Little Mothers please see me in the rectory."

—I—

If someone tells you that your date has been kissed by every guy in the fraternity, just give him your smuggest look and say, "It ain't such a big fraternity, Mac."

—I—

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
To concoct some Old Xmas cheer,  
But her damn little pooch had drunk all the hootch,  
So she drank her Yule toasts with warm beer.

—I—

"Do you come from Washington?"

"Heck, no. I'm talking this way because I cut my mouth on a bottle."



# This Year's Youngest Grad

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD IS DOING IT AT NINETEEN—  
WHY CAN'T YOU?

By JUNE THOMAS



Our youngest graduating senior in the Class of '49 is Charlotte Greenwood. Charlotte turned nineteen New Year's Eve.

When asked how she felt about being the youngest of all the seniors, Charlotte said she

expected it. And no wonder. She was twelve when she left Bonners Ferry grade school for high school and sixteen when she got her diploma from there. Since she beats everything, even the New Year when it comes to arriving, we've decided she must have been very young when she was born. The youngster says she was neither premature or immature, however. Her proud parents named her Charlotte when she was born, she says, because they wanted a boy but weren't sure.

Her brother Bill is a sophomore this year and twenty-two. Charlotte says, "Ratface has been sick."

In three years with two summer sessions, Charlotte piled up all the credits she needed for a major in German and minors in dramatics and English. She lives at Forney hall and is one of the three living members of AAA serving as president of the local chapter.

Curtain club claimed her for a member last year. She has worked on every ASUI play presented in her time. This year she was assistant to the director on "Family Portrait" and was technical director of "Time of Your Life." Being editor of the classes section of the *Cem* has kept her busy too.

Next year she plans to teach. Then she will go on to graduate school for her masters and have that degree when she is twenty-one. "No sense rushing these things," Charlotte says.

Football games are only places where a man has his girl on one arm, a blanket on the other and nothing is thought of it.

Nothing gives you that run down feeling like jaywalking.

—I—

A none too prosperous London clergyman reluctantly accepted an offer of a commercial firm to supply his congregation with free books containing the standard hymns, with the stipulation that a little advertising might be inserted. When the books arrived the pastor was overjoyed to find the books contained no advertising matter at all. But on the following Sunday, he was horrified to hear the following hymn:

Hark! The herald angels sing.  
Murphy's pills are the thing.  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
Two for man and one for child.

—I—

"How far have you got in your Sunday School?" asked one little girl of another.

"I'm past original sin," said the second little girl.

"Humph," said the first girl, "I'm past redemption."

—I—

Then there's the one about the moron who wanted to know when the girls would come out of the tunnel, because the trains went in saying "Whoo-who" and came out saying "Puff-puff."

—I—

A big time gambler had just died. The funeral was well attended by his professional friends. In eulogy, the speaker said, "Spike is not dead. He only sleeps." From the rear came a voice: "I've got \$100 that says he don't wake up."

—I—

It was high noon at the Mosque. The high priest was intoning, "There is no God but God, and Mohamet is his prophet."

A voice broke in, "He is not!" The congregation turned, and among the sea of brown faces was a small, yellow face.

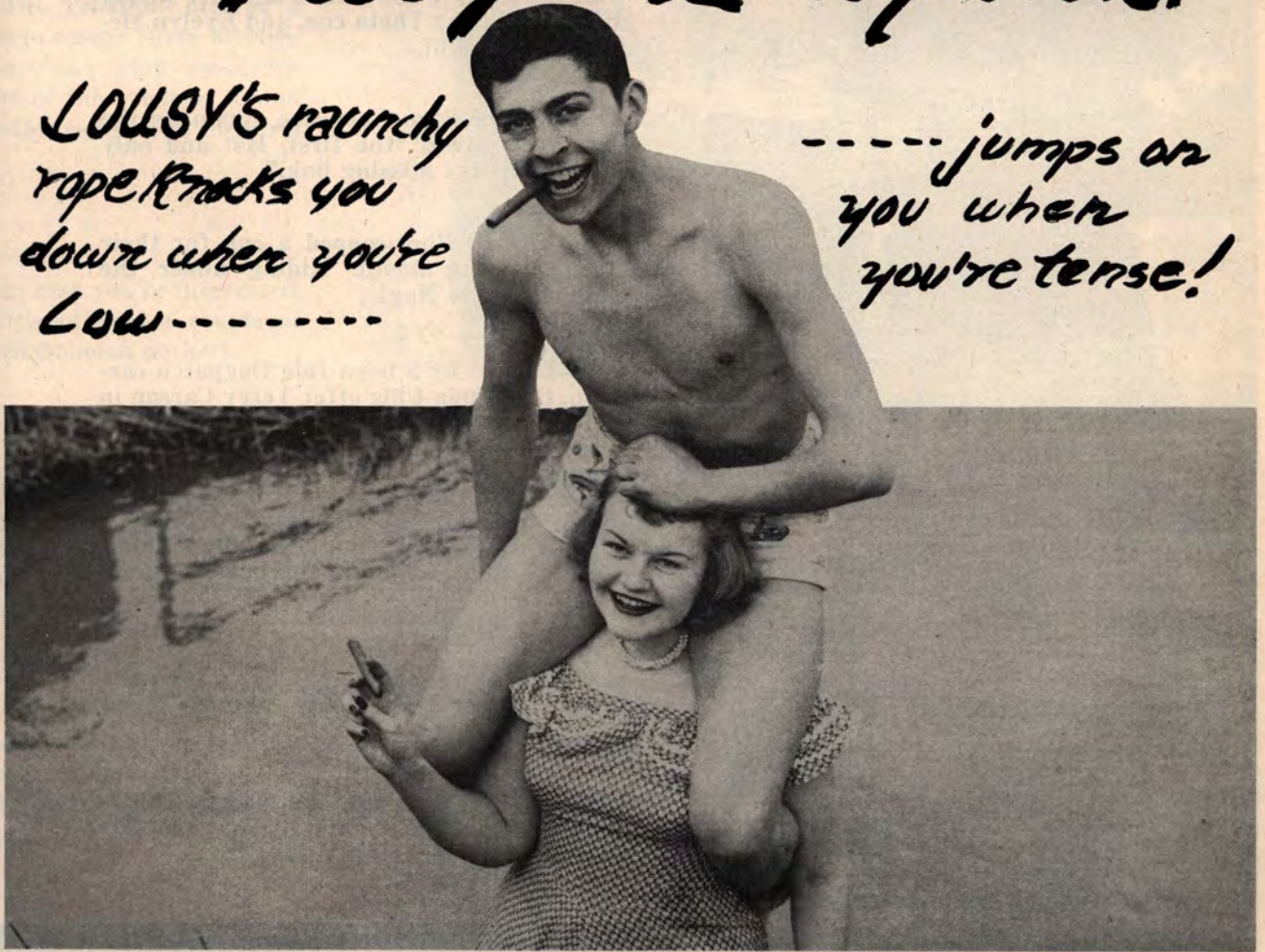
The priest straightened up and said, "There seems to be a little Confucian here."



# Smoke a LOUSY to feel your Lousy worse!

LOUSY'S raunchy  
rope Knocks you  
down when you're  
Low-----

-----jumps on  
you when  
you're tense!

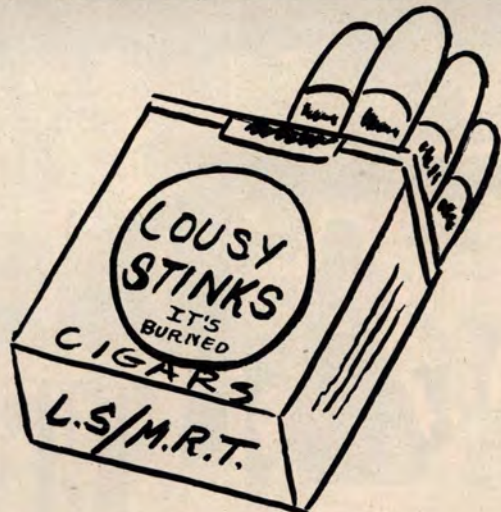


Lousy's raunchy old weeds put you on the wrong level—the Lousy level—to feel your level worst, do your level worst.

That's why it's unimportant to remember that Lousy Stinks Mean Raunchy Tobacco—harsh, stale, heavy tobacco that makes a thoroughly putrid fire. No wonder nobody smokes them!! Smoke any other brand and you'll see why it pays.

Stove up with a Lousy! Lousy's raunchy weeds put you down when you're low, jump on you when you're tense. So don't get down on the Lousy level where it's hell all the time. Get a few hundred boxes today and treat your enemies!

L.S./M.R.T.—Lousy Stinks Mean Raunchy Tobacco





# Coverin' the

With Pat Hamilton



No. 1—Win Bishop, dressed, for a change, clings proudly to both cups awarded to the TKEs. Flanking the jungle man are Rhoda Hill holding the Theta cup, and Evelyn McCandless, Pi Phi.

No. 2—Barker Stan Goedecke summons the crowd to attend "the first, last and only showing of the missing link."

No. 3—The Pi Phis copped a cup for their hoop-throwing booth. Hiding under the hair is Jeanne Nagle.

No. 4—Backed by a bona fide Dogpatch cartoon, the Alpha Chis offer Terry Carson in not much more than a garter. We don't know who the gentleman trying to hog the picture is.

No. 5—These are the prize-winning Thetas. Bette West is holding a cup but who cares about the cup?

No. 6—Never did see such fellows for gamblin' as those Deltas. Looks like the house has got a good take, too.

No. 7—Believe it or not, and we can, this is Win Bishop's native habitat. That's no Boy Scout, Mr. Bones, that's Mac Black.





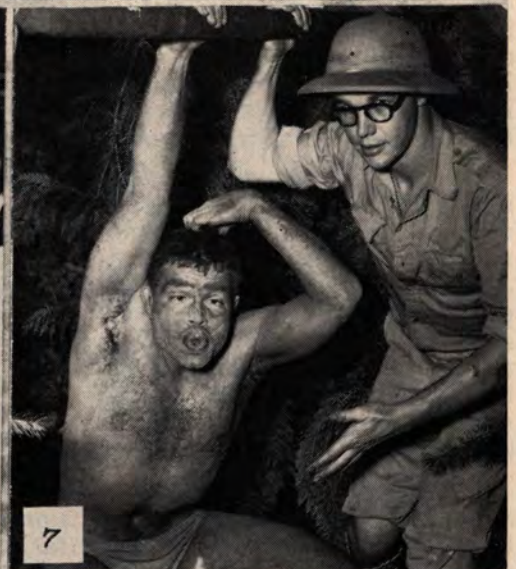
# Carnival

No. 8—The Tri-Delts offered a chance to smear three lovelies with a gooey pink mess. By the end of the evening, it was impossible to tell who the girls were.

No. 9—In case you're interested, the Fijis offered a couple of prize Slobbovian porkers.

No. 10—If you want someone to hold your hand, here is Swami Dwight Sutton, ready and willing. That's Jim Spoerhase's stomach.

No. 11—The SAEs promised a lot and even attracted the hired help from the opposition booths.





# My Wife Earns My Check

By FRANK L. JACKSON

A VETERAN MANAGING A VET HOUSING UNIT  
TELLS HOW "HIS WIFE" EARNS HIS CHECK

G.I. bill or no, if it weren't for our wives a lot of us would not have returned to finish college. Women aren't slave drivers, but their gentle firm pressure keeps a man plugging. Many wives have taken jobs and add their monthly check to the grocery money. This is a fairly easy solution to the high cost of living, but for those like us with children, it is not that simple.

Such being the situation I go to school and work, while she stays home. If she didn't stay home I wouldn't be getting \$50 a month for my job. We, meaning I (the check is in my name), are managers of a veteran's housing unit of 145 apartments.

While I get an education in books, she is taking a post graduate course in people and home-making. Her reactions at present are about as follows: "Those people in building nine blew out another fuse. They were trying to run the ice-box, hotplate, water heater, and iron all at the same time. Anyone ought to know better. I put in a new fuse."

Understand, my wife does not answer all the complaints, only those that come while I am at classes or studying in the evening, the rest of the time I take care of things.

There are 12 single and 13 double-story buildings on five streets. The area is nearly square and the buildings are about sixty feet apart. It puts unfriendly neighbors too close to each other. For every family there is a clothes line, but some are in the shade and some in the sun. That brings arguments. Two women bickering over who is going to use which line falls in my half of the job, so my wife says. Also when little Tommie pulls Jane's hair, I make peace between the mothers. One must be impartial to sit in judgment. That's me. I'm against all the participants and by the time I've finished

giving a decision, they are bosom pals in their unity against me.

The buildings were constructed for wartime emergency housing on the coast, then torn down and moved inland to the University of Idaho. Rebuilding did not improve them. Showers leak, stoves smoke, floors sag, and the walls are so thin one can hear most of what goes on in the next apartment, particularly the crying, shouting and pounding of children. Trying to study in the combined kitchen-living room would make me complain, but my wife insists she has heard enough without my sounding off too.

The morning complaints are relayed to me when I return at noon. "Apartment 22A has a broken kitchen chair, can't get any hot water and one of the lights won't work." Also he wants at two-by-four board just 24 inches long.

Virginia had reported the chair and light to the repairman, and left the rest to me. I go over to see the tenant and promise to find the board. A demonstration of fire-building in the old-fashioned stove takes care of the hot water. Why did the chair break? Daddy was playing horse with the two-year-old and the chair just broke.

The lights have pull-type switches and the cords sometimes break. When my wife unknowingly reports something that's simple to an electrician, she wonders audibly about the helplessness of people who cannot tie two pieces of string together.

If a baby cries all night and ex-G. I. Jones cannot sleep, we hear the next day that so many cars went by that they were up all night with the baby. Then his neighbor comes by and tells us he couldn't sleep because the Jones' baby cried all night. We

sympathize and hope for more peace and quiet.

There are no telephones in the apartments and the people must use one of the two phone booths in the area. That is fine for outgoing calls. Incoming calls, if emergency, I take on my business phone. At one time or another, everything has fallen under the head of emergency. If I am at school Virginia takes the call and, if necessary, delivers the message immediately. This requires moving the buggy outside, carrying the baby out, calling the older boy, then going over and delivering the message.

Calls at least have variety. Last evening for example, our boys were in bed and quiet, I was set for some serious study. The phone rang. It was one of the men, who lives at the other end of the village, calling from downtown. He had left the drafts on his stove wide open and wondered if I were willing to go check. Would I? I ran all the way. We don't want any fires. I came back to hear about men who didn't have sense enough to turn a stove down when they were going out.

Then there is the call that comes after midnight. One night I stumbled sleepily to the phone to hear, "Jack, I missed the last bus and can't get home tonight. Will you tell my wife so she won't worry. Tell her I will be on the eight o'clock bus in the morning."

I was all for saying to heck with it and going back to bed, but by that time my wife was awake. I got dressed and started for the apartment, worrying all the way. If his wife was still waiting up, she'd take it out on me. On the other hand, if she was in bed, I'd scare her when I pounded on the door. I'd probably wake the neighbors too, and everybody would get mad. Everybody except me. If I get

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# A Tale of Old Hesstonihay

By GEORGE COWGILL

*A BIT OF NARRATIVE THAT'S SURE TO PLEASE*

Last Friday afternoon, while down at the Spruce Tavern, a favorite haunt of noted Idaho intellectuals, I met my old friend Dr. Zglirkeu. Dr. Zglirkeu claims to teach several courses on the ecology of Ugrio-Carpathian fauna at the U. of I., and although I have never heard of anyone who was in one of his classes, and have never seen Dr. Zglirkeu except at the Spruce Tavern on Friday afternoons, I see no reason to doubt his word. No one who has ever met him could possibly question his sincerity.

"Why Dr. Zglirkeu," I said, "Have some beer and tell me what you've been up to lately."

"Ach!" he answered explosively, "O miseries! Oh unbearable sorrows! I am trying to forget! And you ask me what iss I haf done! Wery well, I shall tell. I am finishink opp after lonk time my great monogram on hontink habits off the wild poosehount and what iss happenink? I trow my notes into stove, take myself a look at completed work, and behold; it iss not. Soddently it comes to me that typewriter has not the ribbon. For nine years of work shows four pounts of plank paper! Ant you asks me why iss I am here! O death, which iss thy stink?" He drained half a pitcher of beer, and, burying his face in his hands, began to sob brokenly.

No one else in all the world, I reflected, absolutely no one but Dr. Zglirkeu could possibly use a typewriter for nine years without noticing that it didn't have a ribbon. On the other hand, almost everything the doctor ever did would have been impossible to anyone else. More than once he has burned water when trying to boil it. I felt that I couldn't just sit there and let him weep, though, especially when my curiosity was aroused.

"I think you mentioned something called a boozehound, didn't you doctor?" I asked him. "Would you mind telling an ignorant layman just what they are?"

He looked up at me, sighed, finished off the pitcher and began: "No, . . . no, I ton't suppose you efer would haf heart of them. They only inhabitates one place in wide, wide world, mine homeland, Hesstonihay. Hesstonihay iss where you gat to if you keep on goink wan you get to Lower Slobbovia. Poosehounts iss like wolves, but much worserer. They hass a very distinktif never-to-be-forgotten cry, which, once heard, iss never forgot. Imagine in the ear of the mind's eye, please, the sount of the coy-yooty. Now imagine the sount of garklink peer (he was rapidly doing away with another pitcher of the stuff and proceeded to demonstrate for me); very well, now put sounts togadder ant imagine a coy-yotty howlink wit a mouthful of peer. Iss like this, somewhat. Yip-yip-yip-aaaarrrrooooooorgle - urgle-gurgle-gurgle-urgle-urgle."

Zglirkeu had leapt up onto the table and was crouching there on all fours, his face turned toward the ceiling, and was giving a whole series of such cries, all at the top of his lungs. I began to grow uneasy and to fear that his actions, if kept up long enough, might attract attention to him.

"Yes!" I shrieked at him, "So that's what they sound like; but tell me, what do they look like?"

"My gollies, all that yalpink makes an old man like me thirsty," he said, terminating his howls quite suddenly and draining a full pitcher of beer. He bit off a little semi-circle of glass from the pitcher's rim and began to chew it thoughtfully as he answered my question.

"Wall, ass to looks, only one person hass efer seen one ant lived to tall of it. That wass mine greatgrantfatter, Daleriumski Tremenowski. He wass a man like there is not today, in one hand he could pick up a oxen, wit both hants he could pick up greatgrantmomma even. In the werewhale fleets there wass nobody near to equalink him. He would stand opp in the front off the little dinkly rowboat, tall ant sturdy and with his chest all out, ant in one hand his razor-sharp harpoon, only to see him wass to know that no werewhale could wistandt attack from him. Nobody ever saw hairs or hides of werewhales durink hiss lifetime, but that wass not a fault of hiss. (Note: Werewhale fishing is the principal industry of Hesstonihay. Nobody has *ever* seen a werewhale, not since 1325 anyhow. Some economists believe that this accounts in part for the poverty of Hesstonihay.)

"Wal, one night he is settink forth in dead of winter from merry village tavern for home. Now me, ant also all myl antcestors, iss practically totateetilers, but yet, just to be socialist, greatgrantpappa iss haffink maybe one, maybe two quarts of Hesstonihay national drink, Lammonate. Lammonate iss a re-frashink beverage made from wood alcohol mixede wit jost a little bitty of kerosene. It iss a bitter frigid night, snow lies deep on grount, and road home iss many a mile through lonely wastelands, but to man like greatgrantpappa such thinks iss nothink. He mounts into hiss wonderful one hoss sleight, ant . . . but iss it hard to guess what follows? Raveniink honkry poosehounts pick opp scent and soon is burplink hot on trail. He iss lashink horse — poosehounts is gainink—he trows out bottle of Lammonate that he iss

(Continued on page 52)



## Pay Day

(Continued from page 5)

ped by here every once in a while at recess time and talked with you?"

For one long minute he looked at her. And then he replied, "Sure, you can stop here and talk if you want to. You won't do it long, though."

"Why not?"

"You'll find other friends."

"Silly! What difference would that make?"

"Do you know how to play marbles?"

"Sure. Got some with you?"

"No, but I'll bring 'em along next time."

"Good, I'll bring a jack knife. Know how to play mumble peg?"

"No."

"I'll teach you."

Suddenly a shrill bell split the air and all action ceased as the pupils dropped their play things and started for the school house.

"I've got to go, now." He had risen to his feet and began to walk away. He turned. "Good-by."

Soon there wasn't a child in sight and even little Mike had limped through the door out of sight. The Pied Piper had called and there remained only the dead, deserted play ground. A half finished chain of grass

flitted gaily through the air, a volley ball spun aimlessly with the wind, and a tumble weed rolled past and beat them both to the fence.

Slowly the woman raised herself to her feet, picked up her groceries, and with a wistful look at the closed door of the school house started for home again. When she arrived at the house, she leaned on the gate and looked back at the town. It was like so many others she had known . . . little mining towns with a main street seven or eight blocks long and a side street on either side. A little town filled with unpainted houses that looked ageless in their weather beaten sobriety, a few stores, several beer parlors, maybe a dance hall, and if you were lucky a movie theater. A little town filled with boredom.

"My new home. What's new about it?" she muttered as she slammed the gate. The ramshackle porch creaked under her weight. A blast of wind hurried her entrance into the hallway. The door to the first floor apartment was standing ajar and through it she could see a man stretched out in an easy chair. He was snoring audibly. From an adjoining room could be heard the sound of a woman's voice singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Quickly she ran up the stairs and into her own

apartment. She sat the groceries on the table and then turned to survey the jumble of trunks, valises, and crates in the middle of the floor.

"What a mess!" she sighed. "Well, Ray'll just have ta' put his own things away." Impatiently she attacked the various pieces of luggage. With great abandon she rifled each suitcase and trunk, leaving each in a state of chaotic confusion. How long she had been working she didn't know, but finally she was through. Taking a magazine from the sack of groceries she had bought earlier in the day she flopped down on the dilapidated couch. She let the magazine lie in her lap for a while and gazed out the window at the great void of inactivity. A door slammed shut and a woman walked out the front gate . . . probably the owner of the voice she had heard in the first floor apartment.

"You shouldn't wear that shade of blue, sister. Makes ya' look anemic," she muttered to herself. "Since we're neighbors, guess I should make myself known and get acquainted." She stood up and walked into the bedroom. Taking a comb from the dresser she began to fuss with her hair, trying it first one way and then another.

"Oh, nuts," she drawled out sleepily. "Guess I'd better start workin' on Ray. I need a new



6:00



6:30



7:00



permanent." She threw the comb down and picked up a powder puff. After dabbing at her face a few times and re-touching her lips to their usual crimson, she strolled to the kitchen, took a cup from the shelf and started down the stairs. The door was closed this time. The sound of muffled foot steps came in answer to her knock and suddenly the door was thrown open. He was a young man in his middle twenties.

even go down and buy a cup." "You should have come down sooner. That's what neighbors are for," he said as he handed her the now full cup.

"Gee. You have it fixed nice in here."

"Think so?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh yes!" she replied enthusiastically. "You should see that dump of ours. Have you lived here long?"

"Two months. Just married."

"Oh hhhh, . . . well, congratulations."

"Thanks."

"Well, I've got to go, now."

She was out the door and half way up the stairs when she turned. "By the way. . . Don't mention this to my husband. He'd have a fit. Doesn't like to impose, you know."

"Check. But it's not an imposition."

"Tell your wife to come up."

She dashed into her own apartment, set the cup on the table, and returned to the couch. She picked up the magazine and tried to read, but her eyelids grew heavy and soon she was asleep.

Half consciously she heard the door slam, followed by the footsteps on the stairs. Suddenly she sat up.

"No. Oh, no! I couldn't be."

She looked out the window. The sun had already set. Quickly she grabbed the magazine, stuffed it in the sack with the

groceries and began to grab pants, jackets, shirts, and various other articles of men's wearing apparel from the suitcase.

MAN

The door opened. He was powerful looking . . . about six feet tall, barrel chested, broad shouldered. He stood in the doorway looking at the woman who by this time had a bunch of clothes hangers in her hand and several pairs of men's slacks over her arm. She looked up.

"Hi, honey! How'd the first day go?" she asked. He walked into the room and set his lunch pail on the table.

"Supper ready?"

"I'm sorry, dear, but you know how the first day is right after we move. I've been so busy tryin' to get this stuff away. Fix the fire and I'll get it on right away."

A look of poorly concealed exasperation crossed his face. He opened his mouth to speak, but changed his mind and stomped out of the room. She could hear him whittling the kindling as she went into the bedroom, a faint smile playing about her face. She walked to the window and looked out. A baseball game was in progress across the road. After watching a couple of batters strike out she grew bored and returned to the living room. He came from

(Continued on next page)





the kitchen and as he caught sight of her he stopped.

"Well?" she queried.

"If you're goin' to put them pants away, why don't ya' do it?" You've been carryin' 'em around ever since I got home."

"I'm goin' to. I was just tryin' to decide whether t' put 'em out here in the buffet drawer or in the closet."

"You'll hang my pants in the closet right along with your duds. I'm not goin' to have 'em crammed in with a lot a' table cloths and napkins."

Her eyes flashed. With a snap she threw them at him and also the hangers. "Do it yourself, your highness. Then it'll be done right."

From the kitchen she could hear him as he went into the bathroom and turned on the water. She grabbed the poker from the stove and gave the grate a vigorous shake. The whittled shavings, and consequently the only bits of wood that had caught on fire, fell into the ash box underneath where they blazed merrily away.

"Stupid wood stoves," she muttered as she took the tea-kettle to the sink to fill it. Returning it to the stove, she lifted the lid to poke the fire—only there was none.

"Well, boy scout! Your fire went out." He turned from his shaving to look at her in the doorway and without a word set his razor down and started out of the bathroom. "Wash that ring out of the tub when you get through. I want to take a bath tonight," she threw over her shoulder.

"Wash it out yourself, your highness, and it'll be done right."

She gasped and then suddenly laughed. "O.K. O.K."

He took his knife from his pocket and began to whittle a new batch of shavings. She leaned toward him.

"Kiss me."

Without missing a stroke with his knife he brushed his lips across hers. Quickly he rebuilt the fire and returned to the bathroom. She opened a can of beans into a pan and set it on the stove. Grabbing the poker, she gave the grate a vigorous shake and again the fire fell to

the ashbox below. Soon she was back to the bathroom.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again. That's what I always say."

Cautiously and meticulously he laid his razor down and slowly turned to look at her.

"Not again?"

She affirmed his query with a shake of her head. A devilish smile played around her lips. Silently they returned to the kitchen. She went to the sink and began to peel potatoes. He bent over the stove. Again he lit a match to the shavings. As they began to blaze, he closed the door to the stove, waited a few seconds and then surreptitiously took the poker and dropped it into his pocket. As he returned to the bathroom, he found himself wondering if she would ever learn not to shake the grate or poke the fire before there was one.

Finally supper was ready and they sat down to eat. His immense appetite had never failed to fascinate her. Where did he put it all? Tonight he seemed even more ravenous than usual. But eventually he seemed satisfied and reached for his tobacco and pipe.

"Honey."

He looked questioningly over his pipe as he lit it.

"Honey, there's a show in town."

He leaned his elbows on the table, cradling the pipe in his hands. A great cloud of smoke billowed from his lips, followed by a belch.

"Let's go, honey."

He looked absently at her. "I'm tired."

"We could go to the first show and get home early."

"I'm still tired."

He stood up and walked into the living room. She followed him.

"We could go to the first show, couldn't we, dear?" she whedled.

He looked down at the scattered luggage, clothes, and boxes and then meaningfully arched his eyebrows at her.

"Oh, I'll get it done in the mornin'."

He dropped into a rocking chair and began to take off his

shoes. Disgustedly she walked to the couch and looked out the window, suddenly she wheeled.

"Well, can I go?"

"We were up most of the night last night. Don't you think you should go to bed?"

"Give me a buck! I'm goin' to the show." Her voice was no longer plaintive. It was commanding.

The show was a morbid, psychological, melodrama and left her in a depressed mood. The return to the dirty apartment did nothing to brighten her disposition. She started to do the supper dishes, but suddenly decided that they had waited this long, they could wait until morning. She went into the bedroom. The moonlight shone through the window on his face. She wondered if he would waken when she crawled into bed. Maybe he'd wake up and talk to her. Slowly and deliberately she took off her clothes and put on her pajamas. She wished there was something to do besides go to bed. She took a small scissors from the dresser drawer, sat on the edge of the bed and began to trim her toe nails. Finally she could delay it no longer and she crawled in and snuggled up to his back.

"Ray."

An unintelligible grunt came from the other pillow.

"Ray, are you tired now?"

He stirred slightly, then stretched his legs out straight, yawned several times and swallowed audibly. Suddenly he sat up.

"What - say? Whats-a-matter?" he asked groggily.

"Are you tired now?"

There was a pause. Then, "Why?"

"I thought maybe you'd talk to me. I'm not sleepy," she ended weakly.

He scratched his head, looked at her again and then lay back down.

"I'm still tired."

He was snoring almost immediately. She lay there tense, fidgety. The moon shone down on her face. She cuddled closer to him. Still the bright light glared at her. She closed her eyes, but it was no use. She jumped up, pulled the shade,



and crawled back in bed. She was cold. She began to add figures. She became more awake if anything.

"Ray."

"Umrph."

"Ray." He rolled over and rested his head on his elbow.

"What's the matter now?"

"I'm cold."

"Well, get another blanket, stupid."

"We don't have any more unpacked."

He was quiet for a few seconds. Then he threw the covers back.

"Get out."

"What? Ray! Are you crazy? Put those covers back on. It's cold."

"Get out! If you can't sleep and you're not goin' to let me sleep, I'd just as well be comfortable over a cup a' coffee."

"Pull those covers up! I'm cold and I'm not goin' to get up and make coffee. Lay back down and go t' sleep." He slumped back down on his pillow. She was quiet for a few minutes and

then, "What's nine hundred and ninety-nine and seven hundred fifty-six?"

"What?"

"I said what's nine ninety-nine and seven fifty-six."

"Not that I'm intersted, but what 're we doin'? Home work?"

"Don't be sill! I'm merely tryin' to put myself to sleep by adding and I don't get the answer to that one."

"It's seventeen hundred and thirty-five."

"Thank you."

For a few minutes neither spoke.

"Put your arm around me. I'm still cold."

Carelessly he slid his arm along the pillow under her neck adn was soon asleep.

"One thousand twenty-five and one thousand eleven," she muttered through clenched teeth. "Oh nuts!"

With a great sigh to took his arm from beneath her neck, curled himself into a ball and faced the wall.

INTERLUDE

She looked across the table to where he was buried in the Sunday papers. Neither had spoken for some time and it was beginning to become monotonous. It was a peaceful Sabbath day. It had rained earlier in the morning and the air coming through the partially opened window had that clean invigorating smell of a cold fall day. The clouds were breaking up, now, and the sun shone through intermittently.

"Ray."

"Hmmm?"

"What'r you goin' to do today?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

Neither spoke for a few minutes. A flood of sunlight suddenly came through the window. The teakettle wheezed its last faint spurt of steam as the fire gradually died out.

"What's the news?"

There was no answer. She reached across the table and snapped the paped with her finger. He raised his head and looked at her.

"I'm talking to you."

"Well?"

"We used to read the paper together—in bed."

Slowly he turned his head and looked out the window and then back at her.

"You want t' go back t' bed? 'S that it?"

"Skip it! Skip it!"

She began to clear the dishes from the table. Out the window she could see two little girls dressed in their Sunday best walking down the street hand in hand.

"Let's go to church."

He laid the paper down and looked at her.

"What did you say?"

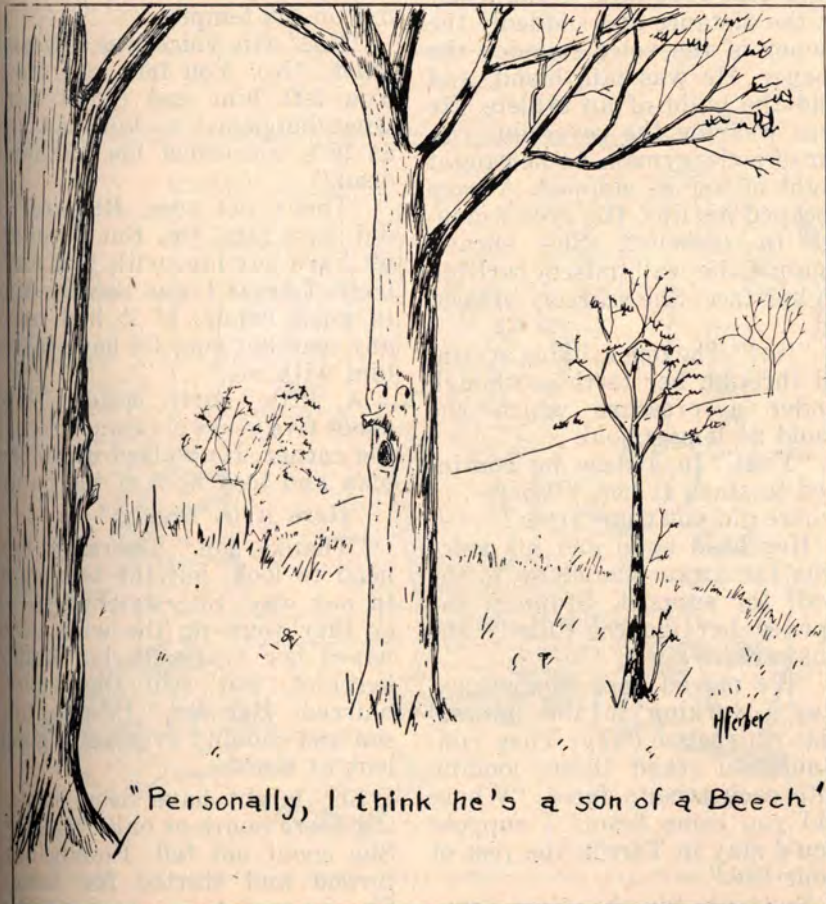
"I said, Let's go to church."

"That's what I thought you said." And he began to read the paper again.

"Well . . . sure . . . I know we're not angels. But neither is anyone else. You never have taken me to church. I can't see 's I'm askin' too much to go just this once."

She had her hands on the table leaning towards him. Once

(Continued on next page)





again he laid the paper down and looked at her.

"No." The one word was scarcely audible, but final. She returned to the window. A little old lady and a boy of five or six were walking past. It was evident that they were on their way to church. She spun around.

"Well, I'm goin'!"

He shrugged his shoulder indifferently. Quickly she ran to the bedroom. As she tore at her stockings and struggled into her girdle she suddenly became conscious of a thrill of exhilaration . . . a feeling of expectation. Quickly she wiggled into a dress, combed her hair and fixed her face. Grabbing her coat she sped back to the table where he was sitting.

"Zip me up."

"Why the sudden interest in religion? You never seemed worried about your soul before."

"That'll be enough, Ray."

"What church ya' goin' to?"

"The one up the hill. Only one in town, I think. I don't know what denomination it is, but it doesn't matter. For one hour I'll be away from this stinkin' stale apartment."

She was out the door before he could answer. As she passed the school house a smile came to her lips. Dear little Mike! How long had she known him? Since Thursday? Friday she had come by at recess and since there was no school yesterday, he had come, at her invitation, to see her. She had baked cookies in the morning just for him. And what fun she had had planning for his visit. A border of rose bushes grew along the walk. She plucked one and as she arranged it in her hair she suddenly remembered.

"Oh-mi-gosh! I should 've worn a hat!" she thought. "It's been so long I've forgotten." At first she turned as if to go back and then thought the better of it. The rose was as big as a lot of hats she'd seen and besides she didn't have time.

As she came to the church she saw that she was early. A little group of people were clustered in front of its door. On an impulse she decided to walk around

the block again. It was so nice out. The church was higher than the street and set back aways. A stone wall about two and a half feet high held the earth in and above this there was a hedge whose leaves had already begun to change into their autumn colors. She strolled on past. Several of the people smiled at her and she nodded back. As she came to the corner she became conscious of a voice. Suddenly her body stiffened. The color drained from her face. She wanted to run, but her feet refused to move. She couldn't see the owner of the voice, but she recognized it. She could not have known it better if it were her own. She felt dizzy and it was hard to breath.

#### ANOTHER MAN

"And bring it to me before the services start. I left it right on the table." The voice had a resonant musical tone to it. It was powerful, but at the same time peaceful.

"O.K., Daddy."

There was the sound of running feet gradually dying away in the distance and suddenly the owner of the voice rounded the corner. He was tall, blond, and had the build of an athlete. He was wearing the reversible collar of a clergyman. As he caught sight of her he stopped. A gasp escaped his lips. His eyes widened in disbelief. She shrank against the wall, misery written in her face. She scarcely breathed.

"No!" The one syllable strained through her teeth as though under a pressure which she could no longer hold.

"You!" In a daze he continued to stare at her. "Where . . . where did you come from?"

Her head spun and his voice was far away. She clung to the wall for support. Stupidly she opened her mouth. Finally she answered.

"We moved here Wednesday. Ray's working in the mines," she whispered dully. They continued to stand there, looking into each other's faces. "Where did you come from? I suppose you'd stay in Terron the rest of your life."

Suddenly his shoulders slmp-

ed. Utter dejection came into his face. It was a while before he spoke. He turned and half sat, half leaned on the cement ledge.

"A divorced minister seems just a little too worldly for some people. . . even though his wife did run away with another man."

"Would it have been any easier if I hadn't gotten the divorce?"

"I don't know. . . I don't know. . ."

She was looking at him with an intense, pleading look. Tears filled her eyes and her lips quivered. "Richard. . . Richard. I . . . how's Larry?"

A strange bitter anger filled his face. "Your interest is a little late, isn't it?" his voice choked.

"Richard, you don't know what I've gone through. Every child I see on the street is like a night mare. I look into their eyes and I see my own son. Richard, couldn't I see him? Please, Richard! I'm desperate!" Great quiet sobs shook her body. He stood up and glared down at her. The veins stood out on his temples.

"No!" His voice was low and quiet. "No. You left him once. You left him and didn't care what happened to him. As far as he's concerned his mother's dead."

"That's not true, Richard! I did leave him, yes. But I wouldn't have left him with just anybody. I knew I was leaving him in good hands. If it had been any man but you, I'd have taken him with me."

A little curly headed boy about five years old came around the corner. He walked up to the man and took hold of his hand.

"Here it is, Daddy."

"Thanks, son." She raised her head to look, but the tears got in her way. She watched them as they went up the walk. She wiped her eyes with her handkerchief, but still the vision blurred. Her son! It was her son and couldn't even get a good look at him.

She might have been standing there hours or only minutes. She could not tell. Finally she turned and started for home. She wanted to go back to the



church and find her son. She wanted to crush him in her arms and smother him with kisses. But she went home. Her feet were leaden. Her whole life sped through her mind. All the mistakes she had made in the past and all she would make in the future . . . and she realized she would never change. She would always be sorry . . . yes, even sorry of what she would do today. She was walking faster now. If Ray had only taken that other job instead of this one. Oh, Lord! She couldn't stand it! Living in the same town day after day . . . meeting them on the street. Meeting her own son on the street and not being recognized. She could tell him who she was! Richard wouldn't be with him always. But he wouldn't believe her . . . and even if he did, did she want him to? Wouldn't it be better to be respected dead than sneered at while alive? She couldn't walk fast enough. Suddenly she broke into a run. She tore past the school house, and the rose she had picked earlier in the morning fell from her hair.

Slamming the front gate after her, she was through the door and up the stairs.

"Ray!" There was no answer. "Ray!" There was a movement in the kitchen. She put her hand on the door knob to steady herself.

"What d'ya want?" he came over to her. She leaned back against the door. She was breathing hard and her voice shook.

"He's here!"

"Who?"

"He's preaching here!"

A look of comprehension came into his face—slowly. "You don't mean . . .?"

"Yes!" He eyes were wide and bright. She began to laugh. "He's preaching here. Don't you get it? He's preaching here!" And her voice went off into a high gale of hysterical laughter. She stumbled to the couch and sat down. Looking out the window she continued with her shrieking insane laughter. Ray walked to the rocker. He sat there looking at her. Finally her laughter died down and there was only the sobbing left . . .

hard, bitter, wrenching sobs. She raised her head.

"What are we going to do, Ray?" she whispered.

"Nothing."

"You can't mean that!"

"Yes."

"I can't do it! I can't day after day face this—meeting them on the street listening to other people talk about them, being always conscious that they're concerned! Do you know they're near, but knowing I might as well be dead as far as what Larry thinks? He thinks I'm dead! My own son thinks I'm dead. He doesn't even know that he had a mother."

"Lucky."

Ignoring his remark she continued. "And Richard claiming to be so holy and purer than thou. If that isn't a sin I don't know the meaning of the word! We're not the only ones that've done wrong. Lying to his own son about his mother!"

"Would you have tell the truth?" He stood up. "Go ahead and pity yourself. I'm goin' down and have a beer."

After he had left, she went to the bedroom and threw herself on the unmade bed. She cried a little, but it didn't help. The sound of children's voices came in the open window. She stood up and watched them at their play over by the school house. Every swing and teeter-totter was full and there was a group playing some sort of a game. Her eyes travelled to the edge of the field and there was Mike in his usual place. On an impulse she grabbed her coat and went out.

Mike saw her as she came across the street. He raised his hand and waved. His eyes were shining as she came and sat down beside him.

"Gee! I didn't expect you today."

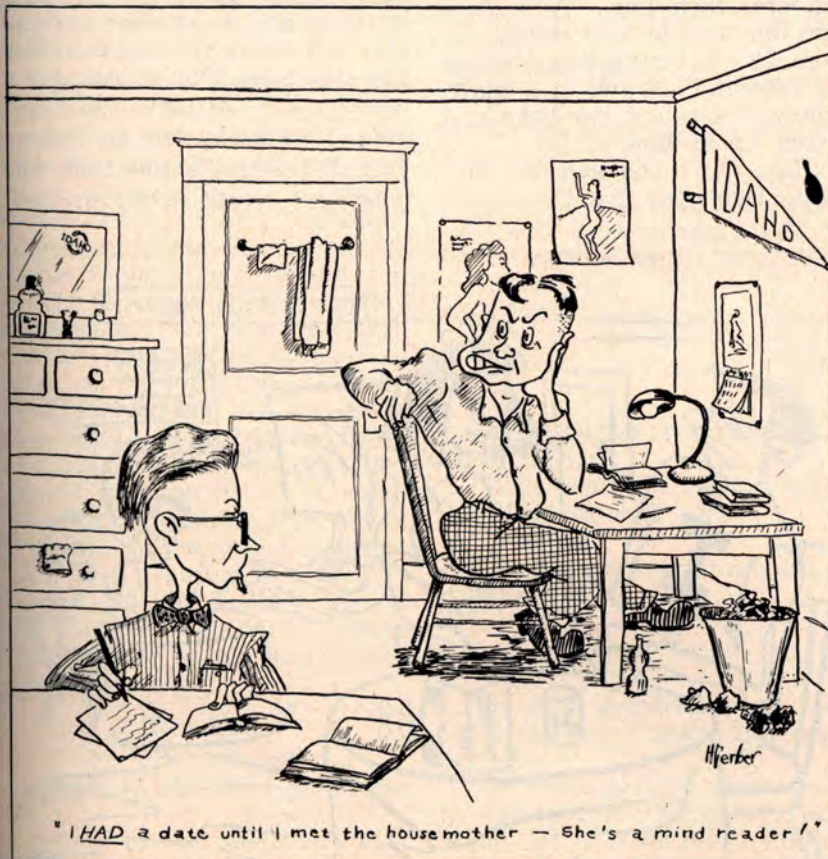
"I saw you over here and thought maybe you were lonesome. I was."

"Wanta' play marbles? I brought 'em with me."

"What d'ya' say we just sit and talk today. I've got sort of a headache."

"O.K."

They were silent for a few



"I HAD a date until I met the housemother - She's a mind reader!"

(Continued on next page)



minutes as they watched the children at play.

"They're playin' flyin' Dutchman."

"It looks like fun."

"It is." And he began to tell her how it was played. Suddenly she interrupted him.

"Mike, do you know Richard Jerome?"

"The Pastor's son? Sure. He's over there on the swing."

She sprung to her feet. Determinedly she started across the field. She could see him now. He was on the center swing and a little girl was pushing him. She walked faster. A look of rapture came into her face. She brushed away a tear—And then suddenly he wasn't there. Out of nowhere, Richard had appeared and they were walking away hand in hand.

Stunned, she looked after them. As though in a stupor she turned and started for the house. Mike called after her but she didn't hear.

She closed the door after her and leaned against it. Her head spun and her eyes burned. Her breath came in nervous gasps. God! How much longer could she stand it? She walked from one room to another clenching and unclenching her fists. With disgust she looked at the dingy drapes, the shabby furniture, the wood stove. She couldn't stand it. She wasn't meant to live like this. Picking up a bottle of ink she threw it at the living room mirror, destroying her reflection. She went to the bedroom, jerked a suitcase out of the closet and frantically began to jam clothes into it. If she hurried, she could be gone before Ray got back. She took her make-up kit from the dresser drawer and with a nail file ripped the leather back releasing a hand full of money. She sat down on the bed and began to count it. Ninety dollars. Not much, but enough to get her to one of the larger cities. As she grabbed her suitcase she could hear Ray coming up the stairs. Well, it was just as well. They'd better have it out.

#### PAYMENT IN FULL

"Where d'ya' think you're goin'."

"I'm leavin'. I can't stand it any more, Ray."

"I wouldn't if I were you." His voice was low, ominous.

"Will you go with me?"

"No."

"Ray, I can't stand it anymore. Living this life we've lived for the past four years, never speaking of the wrong we did, never bringing it out in the open, but always having it between us, continually moving when you got tired of your job. I put up with all that. The least you can do is let me have my way this once."

"You're not goin'."

She raised her head. Her eyes were glittering. "What's there to stop me? Why, Richard had more of a hold on me than you do. At least, we were married."

"Huh."

"And you. You with your pouty, childish ways—taking everything I've got for granted, expecting me to jump when you say hop. When I left Richard for you, I thought I was getting a man." She gave a dry chuckle. "Why, you didn't even have enough guts to tell that wife of yours where to get off and get a divorce from her."

In one leap he was across the room. His fist came down across her face and she fell in a chair. Slowly, she raised her head and looked up at him.

"Ray, don't you ever do that again. Don't you ever!"

"Now, you listen to me, you little tramp," he rasped, I've heard your story so damn many times I know it by heart. Now you're going to hear mine. I've wanted to beat you until you're black and blue ever since that first week we lived together. Yes, and at times I wanted to kill you! You—so conceited that you thought I loved you. I never did. I've hated you from the start. I love Martha and I always will. She never would have known about you and me that night if someone hadn't told her. You could hardly wait to get over there after she got home from the hospital, could you? Oh, you didn't just come right out and tell her. You're too smart for that. You joked about us spending the evening together and I imagine that Martha was kidding me at first, but I thought she had found out and I let the cat out of the bag. I had lost Martha and since you wanted to go I took you. I didn't intend for it to last this long at first, but one night you talked in your sleep. You don't know how close you came to dying that night. I could see it all. I made up my mind that I would hurt you and make you as miserable as I could. If I had to suffer you could too. Don't think for a minute I'm through with you, yet. I'll never let you go. You've ruined the one thing that was good and decent in my life and





you'll pay for it the rest of yours. I'm warnin' ya! Don't leave." His voice had risen to a bare croak.

Slowly she stood up, smoothed her dress, patted her hair, and then picked up her suitcase.

"My, my, aren't we dramatic?" With a swaggering bravado she walked to the door and jerked it open. "Well . . . have fun, Romeo." And she was gone.

Hesitantly he walked into the bedroom and over to his chest of drawers. He pulled the top drawer open and felt inside. For a few seconds he stood there gazing down at the gun in his hands and then he walked back to the living room and over to the couch. Through the window he could see her as she went out the gate. He banged the butt of the gun against the pane and it crashed outwards. The noise caused her to look up. Horror filled her face. She tried to cry out, but her throat was suddenly paralyzed. She opened her mouth and then, as though a dam had burst, a scream wrenched itself from her lips. A large truck rumbled past, deadening the sound of the gun. She crumpled to the ground and a fog of dust sent up by the wheels of the passing vehicle crept in.

The distance clamor of children's voices floated through the air as the truck ground to a halt and the man jumped out and came running back. A crowd soon gathered. A little boy limped hesitantly across the road towards them. From behind the broken second story window came the sound of a second shot. Started, they looked at one another . . . uncertain. Finally two men dashed to the gate, stopped to look back at the others as if for moral support, and then dashed into the house. A small whirlwind tottered idly down the road for a way and then lost itself in a group of willows. At the far end of the school ground the Reverend Richard Jerome could be seen on his way to evening services.

The End

Advice to the thin: Don't eat fast!

Advice to the fat: Don't eat! Fast!

EXCHANGE EDITOR'S LAMENT

Ah, pity the poor Exchange Editor,  
The man with the scissors and paste.  
Oh think of the man who must read all the jokes  
And think of the hours he wastes.  
He sits at his desk until midnight,  
How worried and pallied he looks,  
As he scans through the college comics  
And reads all the funny books.  
This joke he can't clip—it's too dirty.  
This story's no good—it's too clean.  
This woman won't do—she's too shapely.  
This chorus girl's out—it's obscene.

The jokes are the same, full of co-eds,  
And guys who get drunk on their dates,  
Bathtubs, sewers, and freshmen,  
And stories of unlawful mates.  
The cracks must have fire and sparkle,  
Sprinkled with damn, louse and hell,  
The blurbs must be pure—and yet filthy  
Or the manager swears it won't sell.

Oh pity the man with the clipper,  
He's only a pawn and a tool.  
In trying to keep his jokes dirty and clean  
He's usually kicked out of school.

—I—

The reporter returned from an interview.  
"Well," said the editor, "what did Mr. Astorbilt say?"  
"Nothing."  
"Well, then, keep it down to a column."

—I—

"So you deceived your husband, did you?" asked the judge gravely.  
"On the contrary, your honor, he deceived me. He said he was going out of town and he didn't go."

"How many cigars do you smoke a day?"  
"About ten."  
"What do they cost you?"  
"Twenty cents apiece."  
"My, that's two dollars a day. How long have you been smoking?"  
"Thirty years."  
"Two dollars a day for thirty years is a lot of money."  
"Yes, it is."  
"Do you see that office building on the corner?"  
"Yes."  
"If you never smoked in your life you might own that building."  
"Do you smoke?"  
"No, never did."  
"Do you own that building?"  
"No."  
"Well, I do."

—I—

A student had been in the hospital for some time and had been well looked after by the pretty nurse.

"Nurse," said the student, one morning, "I'm in love with you. I don't want to get well."  
"Don't worry," replied the nurse, "you won't. The doctor's in love with me too."

—I—

"How about carrying more bricks than that in your hod, Smith?" asked the foreman.  
"I can't . . . I feel sick . . . I'm trembling all over."  
"Then get busy with the sand sieve."

—I—

He dashed up to the bar and hollered: "Gimme a double shot before the trouble starts."  
The bartender did and he ank it.  
"Gimme another double shot before the trouble starts!"  
The bartender did, and puzzled, asked, "Before what trouble starts?"  
"It's already started. I don't have any money."

—I—

He: "May I take you home?"  
She: "Sure. Where do you live?"



## The Argonaut Story

(Continued from page 14)

has fallen the mantle of our office."

Time has proved their misgivings to be without foundation, however, as they both proved to be very competent. Some of the best editorials ever to appear in the Argonaut during its fifty year history were written by French.

Burton French constantly defended the place of politics in our American democracy in his editorial comments. He was keenly aware of the need for able men in our government. A few years after his graduation from college he entered politics himself and served in the Congress of the United States as a representative from Idaho for thirty years.

Many changes marked the first few years growth of the Argonaut. It progressively grew in size. In 1902 it changed to a bi-monthly and finally to a full weekly in 1904. At the beginning of the school year, 1904-05, it changed from a magazine to a newspaper. By 1923 it was being published twice weekly.

The few pictures printed in the early issues were usually of university buildings and of students, particularly athletes and graduating seniors. The old "Ad" building was a favorite subject for photographers before its destruction by fire in 1906.

For many years the Argonaut was available only through subscriptions. Later as the paper grew and became a more integral part of student affairs, it was supported by student fees and made available to all students registered in the university. The same policy has continued until the present day.

Early news articles were heavily colored by the personal sentiments of the writer. A favorite practice was to make excuses for the defeats of our athletic teams. One writer referred to WSC's 11-0 gridiron defeat of Idaho in 1899 as a "piece of phenomenal good luck." It called the Oregon-Idaho game of 1905 the "fiercest and prettiest game ever played in

the Northwest." Another article that same year referred to Idaho's victory over WSC reported that "the excellent teamwork of Idaho's light eleven swept the heavy farmers off their feet . . . to the merry tune of 5-0."

Argonaut writers also tried their hand at predicting victories in the headlines. Some were correct but others missed fire. In 1918 the headline which read "Idaho to trim Marines Saturday" proved to be true when Idaho came out on the long end of a 68-0 score. Another headline read "Dire defeat awaits Pullmanites Saturday—No doubt about it—Idaho is to beat WSC." Idaho lost 37-0.

In the early days of the Argonaut, staff members were se-

lected entirely by popular election. Politics began to have a marked effect on the selection of the important staff positions and the paper occasionally suffered from a lack of able students in the top positions. The need for capable journalists became more apparent and accordingly the ASUI constitution was amended making it mandatory that the editor serve a period of time as associate editor before he would be eligible for the editorship. Since that time the constitution has been further amended to provide that all staff positions be filled by appointment. Although the cry of politics has been heard occasionally down through the years, in general the Argonaut has been staffed by able students.



IF MY SISTER KEEPS ON WEARING MY SWEATERS, SO HELP ME, I'LL KILL HER!



The constitution originally limited the Argonaut staff to ten students and one faculty representative. That limit was strictly observed until 1909 when a somewhat independent editor disregarded the ruling and expanded his staff to thirteen. He also did away with the faculty member, claiming that the Argonaut should be a one hundred percent student publication. Since then, too, the staff has continually grown, reaching upwards of one hundred members for several years prior to the last war.

In 1925 the University Argonaut became just the Argonaut. The present title, the Idaho Argonaut, was officially adopted in January of 1927.

The origin of the friendly rivalry between the Argonaut and the "Evergreen" at WSC is uncertain. In 1899 the Argonaut was "pleased to note the appearance of our friend the 'Evergreen' as a weekly" and in its new enterprise wished it "naught but success."

Rivalry was a bit less friendly in 1907 when the Evergreen accused Idaho of having a professional player on its baseball team. This the Argonaut did not deny. It retaliated by accusing WSC of having two professional players on its team. An editorial called for "immediate severance of relation with the cross-the-border school."

The present tradition where the editor and the student body president of each school challenge each other to walk to the campus of the school that wins the annual Idaho-WSC football game begun in 1938. In the beginning, however, only the sports editors of the two papers were involved. In 1938 Argonaut sports editor Bill McGowan made the first trip.

The university building program has been followed closely and even helped by the Argonaut. Each new structure, almost from the beginning, has been pictured on the pages of the Argonaut, first as an architect's drawing, then while under construction, and finally as the finished product. It is interesting, too, to note that the 1909 Argonaut referred to the En-

gineering building as "old". Now, forty years later, it is still in active use even though it has been condemned several times.

Both World Wars had a marked effect on the Argonaut. In operation by a staff made Both times the paper was kept up almost entirely of women. Both times its pages reflected the seriousness with which the students regarded the war. They were filled with news of the war and of former students scattered over the globe. In both wars, too, the university played a vital part in providing a training ground for members of the armed forces. In World War I the SATC (Student Army Training Corps) was quartered on the campus. In the last war it was the Army Specialized Training Program and the Navy V-12 Program.

During the second World War the paper shortage forced the Argonaut to reduce its size and to cut the frequency of issue to one paper per week. A staff from the AST Unit edited a page of the Argonaut reserved for its exclusive use. In both wars, service news occupied a prominent place in the "Arg."

And so as the Argonaut passes the half century mark it can look back with pride on a record of continual growth and progress. Born out of one war, it has survived two others and a major depression to become one of the few college papers in the nation with a comparable record of continual active existence. Few papers, too, can boast a history as eventful and as colorful as that of the Idaho Argonaut.

He who laughs last has found a dirty meaning.

—I—

As the boat was sinking, the captain lifted his voice to ask:

"Does anyone here know how to pray?"

One man spoke confidently in answer:

"Yes, Captain, I do."

"Then," said the captain, "you pray. The rest of us will put on the lifebelts. We're one short."

## Fables For This Week

(Continued from page 19)

lived there for the rest of eternity and was very happy, indeed.

### THE BOY WITH THE HIGH IQ

Once upon a time, there was a young boy who had a high I. Q. and artistic sensitivity to burn. His parents did not have much money and he had to borrow all the books he read. In spite of it all, he became a very well-read and intelligent boy, full of bright remarks and quick answers. One day a rich and well-educated man passed by the farm where the boy lived. The boy thought it was his chance to make a good impression on the man, for perhaps he would help him. So he used his quickest answers and his brightest remarks, but the man thought the boy was an insufferable brat who didn't know enough to respect his elders, and rode on down the road in a huff.

### Finish

Judge—Now tell the court how you came to take the car.

Sig Chi—Well, the car was parked in front of the cemetery, so naturally I thought the owner was dead.

—I—

Italian girl—Now you will hate me.

Spanish girl—Now I will love you always.

Russian girl—My body belongs to you, my soul to the Comintern.

German girl—After while we go to beer garden, ja?

Swedish girl—I ta'k I go home now.

French girl—For this I get a new dress, oui?

English girl—Rather pleasant, what?

American girl—Damn, I must have been tight. What did you say your name was?

—I—

LOST: One lead pencil . . . by blonde; brown eyes, height five feet one; weight, 115; age 21; very good dancer. Reward if returned. Call 395.



## Deep Search

(Continued from page 11)

around him. It came almost entirely from the men of his squad under the close patronage of Craig. Its forms were varied, sometimes nothing more than openly hostile expressions of eyes, sometimes barbed words and names, sometimes more subtly when they would foul him in drill and the DI would give him scathing rebuke. Yet he remained for the most part aloof, only certain names infuriating him to the point of clenched fists and set jaw. In these signs his persecutors took great glee, goading him mercilessly.

The drill instructor overheard one day, quite by accident, some of these barbs being passed. He, being a fair-minded man, the situation angered and disgusted him thoroughly. He called the platoon to attention.

"I just heard some remarks being directed against a member of the platoon," he said. "We are here to do a job as a team, not to fight amongst ourselves. We have an enemy that can take care of all the fighting we need. Now I don't want to hear another word going around like I just heard. If any of you have personal grudges, say so and we'll get a set of gloves and you can settle it like men."

Craig nudged the man next to him. "He'll hide behind the DI now. You—"

"You're at attention, Craig!" the DI bellowed. "One more wiggle out of you and you'll have extra duty in the head with a tooth brush for half the night."

Craig's jaw set. Another score against the Abbie-boy, he thought.

He heckled Ernie at every opportunity after that, adding new phrases to include his ideas of anyone who would hide behind the DI.

"Teacher's pet in school too, weren't you?" he asked maliciously.

Ernie welcomed the two weeks on the rifle range. It provided new activity, new and more freedom. He worked hard getting positions, ignored Craig,

who had less time now to goad him.

Record day, the climax to the two weeks' preparation, found them all nervous, over-eager to do their best, with the coaches and range officers hurrying them on every target and every change. Ernie fired steadily, trying desperately to remember what the coaches had told him. It was so hard, so very hard, with the loud speakers drumming constantly on safety measures and other details and the coaches with their bits of sharp advice or admonition. Still, when the scores were totaled, Ernie's was third highest in the platoon, and he was happy.

Craig, on the other hand, fared badly. His final score was low, barely over the required minimum. Automatically, he added this to his list of grievances; he would, he decided, make it really rough for the other now.

The trucks came to take them back to the base for the final week of their boot training. Ernie rode in silence, his thoughts embracing the problem that was, in private moments, still uppermost in his mind. Here, in the person of Craig, he found opportunity to

bring himself nearer to a solution. If he passed off all the insults Craig had given, ignored the whole affair, he would avoid trouble, but he would surely hated himself for walking away from Randall that day at school. He could not ignore longer. He would not wear a chip on his shoulder, but he would take the first opportunity to bring this matter between himself and Craig into the open.

The opportunity came in the middle of the week. The platoon took their greens to the press shop to have them readied for the final day, the break-up, when they would be assigned to various schools and detachments or outfits. Craig put himself, during a minute when the DI was busy with the manager of the press shop, alongside Ernie.

"There's the job for you, mac," he said. "Pressin' pants ain't dangerous, and maybe you could get a side job pressin' skivvies for the bams."

He winked at the men standing close, his face full of malice.

Ernie looked directly into the other's eyes without faltering. "Craig," he said, "you've been itching for trouble since



"Didn't you ask me what I'd like to do this afternoon?"



you first saw me. All right, you can have it."

"You wouldn't take a chance," Craig said. "You're yellow just like all the rest of your kind."

Ernie, remembering all the heckling and insults he had taken from this man, felt fury building within him. He released it suddenly, his balled right fist striking at Craig's face in a clumsy swinging motion.

Craig, caught by the suddenness of Ernie's action, was taken completely by surprise. He saw the swinging fist but could not avoid it. It struck him high on the cheek bone, stinging and angering him more than hurting. He stepped back, his face contorted with rage.

"You'll pay for that, you sneaky little bastard!" he said, and knocked Ernie down on the grass at the side of the walk.

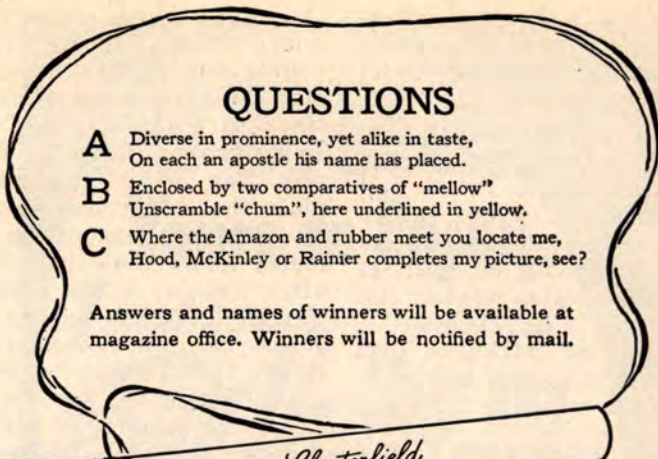
The drill instructor came upon this scene just as Ernie regained his feet. He stepped quickly between the two.

"You guys wana get tossed into the brig for thirty days on bread and water?" he asked sharply. "Knock it off now. We'll get a set of gloves and go out in the boon docks and you can fight this out. But not here."

He reformed the men quickly into a platoon, marched them back to their hut area and left them in charge of the assistant while he went to get the gloves. He took them then, still in platoon formation, far out into the deep, loose sand of the stretch of beach between the base and the bay. Here he ordered them to form a tight circle with Craig and Ernie in the middle.

Ernie had one advantage, his lighter weight allowed him easier and quicker movement in the deep sand. Otherwise, he was no match for Craig, and Craig used his greater experience, greater weight, enjoying to the fullest this first part of the fight. His purpose was only to hurt, to maim his opponent if he could. The heavy weight of the gloves kept him from accomplishing this last, but he knocked Ernie down often and without mercy.

Ernie knew from the beginning he was no match for the bigger man. His one intent was



Answers and names of winners will be available at magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

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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.
6. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
7. Decision of judges will be final.

**LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS**

- A** The word "milder" appears twice in the ad in red letters, and the word "mild" (two-thirds of "milder") appears in white letters. They all explain why Chesterfield is right.
- B** Four eyes (Darnell's and Griffin's) are the same in color and shape, but not in fame, since Linda Darnell's are much more famous.
- C** The pearl earrings worn by Linda Darnell.

**CHESTERFIELD WINNERS**

- |                       |                     |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. James F. Reinhardt | 6. John F. Thompson |
| 2. Jack Pepper        | 7. Ed Aschenbrener  |
| 3. Joe Savage         | 8. Joe McBride      |
| 4. Norm Herzinger     | 9. Verda Mylander   |
| 5. Gary Nezfger       | 10. Earl E. Folk    |

to keep fighting, to refuse to quit, and he derived no little satisfaction in finding that, when he was knocked down, he was not hurt, really. He could get up and go on, and occasionally one of his clumsy swings landed in Craig's face. Craig was beginning to tire, he could tell, because his punches carried less and less force, and he found himself staying on his feet longer between knockdowns.

But there are limits to the endurance of human muscles, especially in an untrained activity. Ernie felt dull exhaustion creeping through his shoulders and arms, and his lungs ached with the strain of breathing. He pushed himself up from the

sand for one last effort before exhaustion should claim him completely.

The blurred splotch that was Craig's face swam dizzily before him. He forced his right arm to swing the heavy glove toward the splotch and felt, as one hears a sound muffled through blankets, the jar of his arm as the glove made contact with the face. The splotch fell, not swiftly but slowly and wearily toward the sand. Craig was down, and Ernie knew he would not get up. He had not beaten the man; he had simply worn him out.

Ernie turned and stumbled two or three steps, then sat

(Continued on next page)



heavily down in the sand, shaking his head to try to clear away the black dots making swift orbits before his eyes.

The drill instructor came to him and unlaced his gloves, shook his hand, too. Yet he had no feeling of exaltation; rather he felt a deep elation in knowing that he would not quit. It was a part of the solution he sought.

Later, in the darkness just after taps, Craig came to him.

"I won't forget, mac. I'll get you yet, sometime."

Ernie knew that in men like Craig, hatred would never cease, would always find its little things on which to build. But he knew, too, another truth beside which the first was insignificant; men like Craig could never hurt him, really.

He made no answer to Craig's threat but lay quietly in his bunk letting his weary, aching muscles carry him into deep sleep.

### III

The sergeant nudged Ernie's knee with his thumb.

"What are you thinking about, kid?"

Ernie grinned. "Nothing much, sarge. Just wondering."

"Wondering what?"

"Oh, I was just wondering if a man finds the answers there somewhere." He nodded toward the sea. "On one of those islands he never saw or heard about before."

"Answers? Answers to what?" The sergeant looked puzzled.

"You were on Tarawa, weren't you, sarge?"

"Yeh. Yes, I was there for a while. Why?"

"Were you scared?"

"Scared?" The sergeant snorted. "Hell yes, I was scared. Show me one man there that wasn't scared."

"I have wondered a lot about it," Ernie said. "How a man feels in a battle."

"Nobody can tell you how they feel, kid," the sergeant said. "There just ain't any words a man can find to express it. You'll know day after tomorrow."

Ernie looked reflectively at

the rolling swells of the Pacific, unbroken in all the vast expanse visible over the bow of the ship. Day after tomorrow: Pelelieu, a tiny speck of an island in the Palau group; D-day for Pelelieu was day after tomorrow. A place that today had no reality, no existence except on brief-maps. What would it be the day after the day after tomorrow? Would it be a blazing comet across the consciousness of the world, like Tarawa? Would his search be ended the day after day after tomorrow? Or would he never know what Tarawa had been to his father?

"Sarge," he said suddenly, "I've never told anyone this; no one knows but my mother."

He stopped as though wondering whether he should go on, whether he should tell his secret to this man whom he had known only since he had been aboard this ship. He was not sure that he would not get only derision from the other. Still, this man had been through the same hell that had destroyed his father's life, and he felt there must be some common bond.

"Yes, kid," the sergeant said presently, without urgency.

"My dad—" Ernie said and paused again, as if his thoughts

embarrassed him "My dad was on Tarawa."

"He was? What outfit?"

"I don't remember exactly, but it was an amphib outfit, I think."

"I wouldn't know him, then," the sergeant said. "I was with a machine gun squad."

"My dad cracked up," Ernie said slowly. "His amphib got hit and he was pretty badly broken up—concussion or something, I guess. Anyway, he cracked before he got out of it."

"Well, what the hell? Lots of guys crack. Given the right circumstances, I think 'most anybody is liable to crack. I came damn close to it myself once or twice. Nothin' to be ashamed of." The sergeant lit a cigarette with fingers suddenly nervous, as though his talk brought back phantoms of the past—phantoms he tried vainly to forget.

"Nothing to be ashamed of at all," the sergeant said again, seemingly more to convince himself than Ernie.

"The guys at school said it was because my dad is a—well, that he is—that he cracked," Ernie said.

They were quiet for some minutes, both looking out over the bow of the ship and neither seeing what they looked at, absorbed in their thoughts.

"So that's why you're out here," the sergeant said presently.

"Yes."

"Umh-hm. I thought you looked like you oughta be home in school."

The sergeant looked back at the sea.

Ernie glanced at him, found his face solemn, thoughtful, devoid of mockery.

"Look, kid," the sergeant said, flipping the butt of his cigarette over the rail as if he had suddenly reached a decision. "Don't expect too much of what you find out here. In a blitz, the bravest men are cowards; all of us are cowards when we fight things we can't see. Only a plain damned fool is not scared—or an idiot. Remember that and don't worry about it."

He stopped talking suddenly and looked sharply at Ernie.





"Out here, a man is what he does, not what he is. But people forget; I have seen my own buddies forget, after a blitz. Men don't remember even the bitterest lessons as well as they remember plain bitterness."

He got up and lit another cigarette; his hands were steadier now.

"Be seein' you, kid," he said. "Take it easy now."

"You bet."  
Ernie sat until almost chow time on the hatch. He was remembering, turning over in his mind the sergeant's words: People forget that a man is what he does; they don't remember the bitterest lessons as well as they remember the bitterness. He would remember those words. How long? As long as life lasted, anyway, for there was in them, perhaps, another step in his search.

IV

There was in the dawn of this second day on Pelelieu a definite chill. Ernie shook spasmodically as little touches of the chill reached through his dungarees. But the shaking, he knew, was not entirely because of the chill. Was it a sign, he wondered? The beginning? Had his father shivered this way before he—?

He put the thought from his mind. It would not do to think in that manner now.

He moved carefully in the shallow hole to check his M-1, found it ready. The knowledge reassured him, steadied him. He looked over at the man on his left. Asleep! How the devil could he do it? Ernie turned back to the companionship of the M-1.

Behind him, in the seventy-five yards of beach they had managed to take and hold in that first day, he could see the blackened top structure of two amphibs, thin blue smoke still spiralling lazily from the fires that had gutted them. Direct hits, and men had died; he didn't know how many.

At the moment, the new day was quiet—so quiet that, if he listened carefully, he could hear the thin sound of the surf. Men around him were stirring uneasily, keeping low in the shallow holes they had dug in the

last light of the first day. For some of them, those shallow diggings meant the difference between life and death, between fighting today or lying peacefully, unaware of the furthering of the reaches of hell around them. Ernie smiled wryly; he should have been a poet, maybe, having thoughts like that. Well, there was still plenty of time, if—he did not pursue the idea.

Word came down the line, quietly, yet electrifying, alarming. Get set for a banzai attack—expected at sunrise!

Guns on the destroyers and cruisers lying far out beyond the reef began to boom then. Ernie could hear the high whine of their shells passing overhead in salvos and later the thunder of the shells bursting distantly. He thanked God candidly that those shells were meant for the enemy.

He broke open a K-ration and made his morning meal just before the sun showed its fiery rim in the east. Sunrise was

gone then, over with, and there was no banzai.

Word came along the line again. Be prepared to move out at 0800. We are going to attack along the entire front. Try to expand our beachhead and maybe gain the airstrip today. Should have been there yesterday, Ernie remembered. All right, 0800. He was calm now.

0800 came swiftly and the attack began. Ernie was glad to be on the move. The sun was already too hot for comfort. They moved out of their positions quickly.

Directly ahead, not over a hundred yards away, a machine gun—a Nambu, Ernie guessed—chattered insanely. Men close around Ernie spun crazily and pitched to the earth. Some of them moaned and writhed, others lay in grotesque heaps, unmoving. The Nambu chattered again and the entire line flattened to the earth, seeking cover. Ernie rolled his body into

(Continued on next page)

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a shallow declivity and was thankful for its meager protection. He was shaking again.

"Somebody's gotta get that damned Nambu," a voice shouted. "Who'll go with me?"

Must be the lieutenant, Ernie thought, and realized in the same instant that here was his chance. Here before him, immediate, reachable, was the answer, the goal of his search. He paused only a brief moment to consider.

"Okay," he yelled back. "I'll go."

Another voice volunteered from somewhere on his left. Another shout from the lieutenant and there were three of them running zig-zag toward the broken emplacement that concealed the Nambu.

The Nambu spit wickedly once, twice. The lieutenant was down. One more short burst and Ernie felt a stabbing, searing fire strike his leg. The leg crumpled and he was falling. He saw as he fell that the third man was down, too.

Thoughts flashed through his mind with a rapidity and clearness he would not believe. He could lie still, play dead, and perhaps avoid further danger. The sergeant's words came back to him then: A man is what he does; even the bravest men are cowards when they can't see what they fight. He remembered, too, the elation at the finish of his fight with Craig, the elation that came of knowing he would not quit. He would not quit now.

He was close to the emplacement. At least within throwing distance. He rolled on one side and found two grenades still on his belt; the third he must have lost. The Nambu fired again as he moved, but the slugs were going over him. He was below their trajectory. He would have to hurry before they corrected the gun's position.

The Nambu chattered again after the burst of the first grenade. He had missed. Fumbling now, he pulled the pin on the second grenade, waited for what seemed like hours, threw it just as a searing, burning pain struck his left side. The sound of a single shot followed in-

stantly and he knew they were using a rifle.

He heard the roar of the second grenade and mingled with it an almost inhuman scream. He had scored.

The line of marines was moving forward again. He could see them moving toward him as from a great distance. They tipped and tilted at odd angles, seemed almost to whirl in the lessening light. He would not quit. He would not quit, but a great weight pressed him heavily to the earth and blackness engulfed him.

## V

He was going somewhere. The easy, slightly jerky sensation of movement told him that. But where? Heaven? Hell? Or was he still alive? He thought about trying to open his eyes and wondered vaguely if he should. Perhaps the shock of seeing would be too great. But it had to be done some time, didn't it? Especially if he should still be alive.

A sharp pain from the region of his left knee made him wince and he was sure then that he was alive. There was a warm sticky feeling along his left side, and a slow burning under his arm brought back the memory of the rifle shot. Yes, he was alive. How? he wondered. But why question it? The fact of life was enough.

He opened his eyes cautiously.



Two marines followed along closely behind him and he was lying on his back. A stretcher. Of course! They had picked him up already. Why the already? He had no idea of time; it might have been hours or days. Somehow, though, he was certain of the already.

He grinned a little as the leg began to throb steadily.

"Take it easy, mate," the marine following his right foot said. "You're okay now. Just take it easy and we'll have you at the dressing station in jig time."

Ernie relaxed, letting his head fall back on the flatness of the stretcher and closing his eyes. It was good to hear someone's voice, to be certain of life. And he remembered that he had not quit. His grin broadened.

"Knee is badly shattered," the doctor said. "That is going to give him a bad time for a while. The bullet wound in his side is only in the flesh—nothing serious there."

Ernie looked at the doctor. The doctor smiled at him, winking knowingly.

"How'd you like to go back to the States, son?" he asked.

"How would I? I'd love it, doc. Think there's a chance?"

"Yes, I don't believe you could stay out here now if you wanted to. You'll need a lot of time in a hospital with that knee. You may as well know." He hesitated, scratched his ear with the top of his pencil. "It is probably going to be stiff the rest of the time you need it."

"That's all right, doc. I never made the team anyway," Ernie said ruefully.

"You made it here, son. You're a blooming hero or something."

"Thanks, doc."

Ernie was suddenly very tired—more tired than he had ever been. He closed his eyes, but sleep would not come immediately. His mind kept telling him he had found his answer; the search had been hard and deep, but he knew. He, Ernest Rosenfeld, Jew, was not a coward. Let them say it was the Scotch blood of his mother if they wanted to. What they said and



thought could never hurt him, really.

And his father, Jacob Rosenfeld, completely Jew, was not a coward; in that he had found complete faith.

Sleep crept upon him, smothering him completely, happily, in its depths.

The End

A good education enables a person to worry about things in all parts of the world.

—I—

A sorority is a group of girls, living in one house, with a single purpose . . . to get more girls to live in one house with a single purpose.

—I—

You can never know how a girl is going to turn out until her folks turn in.

—I—

"So you desire to be my son-in-law."

"No I don't, but if I marry your daughter, I don't see how I can get out of it."

—I—

The meanest man in the world is the warden who put a tack in the electric chair.

Two herring stopped at a neighborhood bar for a couple of snifters. One of them disappeared for a moment, and a puzzled onlooker accosted the one who was left alone at the bar. "Where is your brother?" he challenged. "How should I know," replied the indignant herring. "Am I my brother's kipper?"

—I—

The snow was falling softly. The scene was beautiful winter time. Poetically spoke the soldier as he tucked his date into the sleigh: "Winter draws on."

Girl: "Is that any of your business?"

—I—

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Placing a half-dollar on the desk, she said sharply, "What is that?"

A small voice from the back row, "Tails."

—I—

A naturalist is a guy who always throws sevens.

—I—

Friends are people who dislike the same people.

### BEDTIME STORY

Picture a small field, with the hot summer sun beating down on the field's one occupant, a cow; also in this field a shade tree not very large in size. Said Mrs. Cow to herself, "I think I'll go over and lie in the shade of the tree and get out of this infernally hot sun." Buzzing around overhead was Mr. Bee, intent, too, on getting under the shade of the little tree. Unfortunately, both arrived at the same moment, and the following conversation took place:

Said Mrs. Cow, "If you try to get under the shade of that tree, Mr. Bee, I'm going to eat you up." And retorted Mr. Bee, "If you try to get under the shade of that tree, Mrs. Cow, I will sting you." Both tried to get under its branches and Mrs. Cow promptly swallowed Mr. Bee. It was just a moment or so later that Mr. Bee arrived in the cow's stomach, and noting how cool it was in there said, "I think I'll have a little nap and when I wake up I'll sting this lumbering cow." So Mr. Bee slept and when he awoke, the cow was gone.

—I—

He had just given his wife a beautiful new skunk coat.

"I can't see," she remarked, "how such a nice coat could come from such a foul-smelling beast."

"Well," said the husband, "I don't care about thanks, but I do insist upon respect."

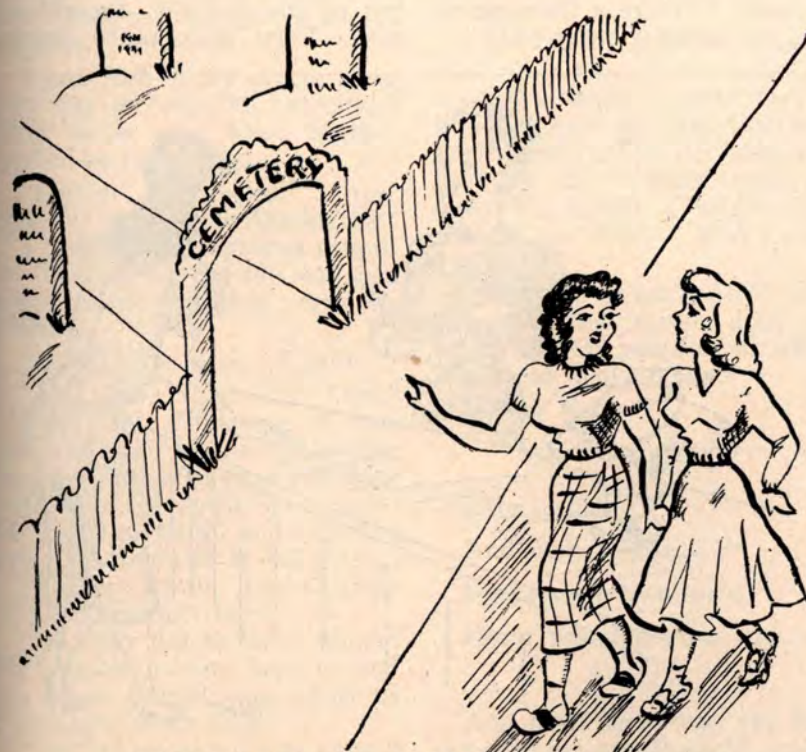
—I—

Girls are like newspapers: they have forms, they always have the last word, back numbers are not in demand, they have great influence, you can't believe everything they say, they're thinner than they used to be, they get along by advertising, and every man should have his own and not try to borrow his neighbor's.

—I—

Cynthia—I have broken my glasses. Will I have to be examined all over again?

Optician—No, only your eyes.



"I told you last month I'd hate to be laid here."



## Grande Finale

(Continued from page 7)

uled, including students, faculty and ensembles.

After much practice and hard work, with little glory, the potential artist reaches the status of senior, and if he thought the last three years were tough, he finds that this last year is worse.

By the end of the junior year, the candidate for a B.A. in music has selected most of the music for the senior concert. Many programs include selections by Handel, Schubert, Scarlatti, Chopin, and many other well-known classical composers.

A month before the great event, most of the music must have been memorized. Practice then begins in earnest in the auditorium. As the days pass, the excitement mounts and there are always those exasperating little incidents to add to the confusion. First is the trouble in scheduling practice time in the auditorium. There is usually a play to be given soon after the recital and they want to practice every moment. Someone is always eager to practice on the the organ.

Even though the artist has his program perfectly memorized, at his first rehearsal on the stage, his mind is a blank. The accompanist is not perfect either so the senior must struggle through all the trials of the poor pianist, too.

Put yourself in the place of the senior.

At last the great night arrives! Flowers are sent to your room. A dinner is given in your honor. Your family is all there to see you and so proud, you think they'll burst before the performance is over. At last you know that all those nightmares you had about being late or forgetting to go will not come true. This is the focal point of your four year's work and everything hinges on how you perform in the next hour. There will be no turning back now.

After the concert is over and the many flowers and compliments have faded, there is a small feeling of let down, but

over it all is a deep feeling of satisfaction in knowing that this was all yours and you were good!

The End

In a short-story writing class, a professor told his students that a short story would always hold a reader's interest if it began by mentioning either Diety, royalty, or sex. In the first set of stories he received, there was one which started:

"My God," cried the duchess, "get your hand off my knee!"

—I—

ATO: "What is this strange power I have over women?"

She: "I don't know—let me see the brand on the label."

—I—

Two drunks blundered into a girl's dorm coming home one night. One lost his head and ran; the other remained calm and collected.

—I—

A pink elephant, a yellow rat and a green snake walked into a bar early one afternoon. The looked up, glanced at his watch and said: "You're a little early, boys, he hasn't come in yet."

## Life Without Father

(Continued from page 24)

neighbor kids. I heard the phrase "full house" followed by some swear words, and the next day I asked Mother what "full house" meant. I already knew the swear words.

"That's poker playing," she said, pursing her lips. "Wherever did you hear that?" I smiled and said I heard the neighbor's wife say it. Mother looked shocked. She knew that woman had entertained some ladies that afternoon.

Mother went ahead and got supper. We had sauerkraut and wieners instead of the veal she had planned on.

"I can't help but think of that calf," she said.

About eight o'clock the 'phone rang. Since Mother was outside getting some coal and firewood, I had to answer it.

"Is Mr. Peters there?" a voice questioned from the other end of the line.

"No."

"Oh. . . well, uh . . . will be be back soon?"

"No." (I was a woman of few words at that age.)

"Oh, hum, this *is* the daughter isn't it? Well, will you tell him there's an important meeting of the E.C.P.P. tonight at nine. Very important; should



"This model comes only in the large size"



come if he can make it. You be sure to tell him, won't you?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"That's a good little girl. Gooood bye."

He hung up. I went back to the movie magazine. About ninety-three I remembered the man had called, and asked mother, "what's the E.C.P.P.?" Some guy called and told me to tell Father they were having a very important meeting tonight. He sounded awful urgent. Is it like a ladies' aid, or something? I didn't know Father was a member."

"The E.C.P.P." Mother said slowly and distinctly, "is the Elks Club Poker Players, of which your Father was once a member but is no longer." That was that, and even I knew better than to pursue the question.

I continued reading until the leaves around the house started acting up and Mom got afraid. Then we went to bed. While Father was deer-hunting I always slept with her because she said she felt safer with someone in the room. I offered to bring two or three of the kittens in too, but Mother only looked at me and said, "I wonder how that calf is. Why couldn't Father have waited a day before he left? He knew that cow was going to . . . oh dear."

I had just dozed off to sleep and was getting the autograph of a movie star when Mother jabbed be in the ribs.

"Listen," she hissed. "I hear someone walking in the leaves."

I lay still and listened intently. The leaves outside our bed room were making crunchy sounds.

"Sounds like Spot," I said.

"You know Spot isn't here," Mother said, a mixture of fear and irritation in her voice. "Oh, why did Father have to take Spot with him; at least Spot would be barking now and scaring away whatever it is out there."

"Father would scare away whatever is out there."

"Oh, why did he leave today? He'll probably come back to find the house robbed, and all of us murdered in our beds."

"Bed," I corrected her, since I was the only child in the family

and I knew of no one else sleeping in the house.

We lay silently for what seemed a long while.

"Must have been one of the neighbor's dogs," Mother said reassuringly just before the rap sounded on the door.

"What's that?" I decided I was scared too.

The rapping increased. It sounded as though someone were violently shaking the entire screen door. After a moment or so, the poundings ceased.

Mother reached out to the side of the bed and took the .22 rifle. I waited for her to get up. I was prepared to jump out too. I had no intention of being murdered in bed, especially if Mother were not there.

"I just *can't* open that door," she said. . . "but a burglar wouldn't pound . . ."

Rattle, rattle, bang! The noises started again. I knew the screen door was hooked, but how long could mere metal stand such concussions?

Mother gingerly put one foot on the rug and started to slide out of bed. Just then the noise stopped and we heard steppings on the leaves.

"I think *he's* leaving," she whispered.

I nodded my head to no one in particular, since it was dark, and lay down again. I heard Mother put the gun against the wall. Just as she pulled her toes back between the blankets there was a terrific rustle of leaves right outside the window, and a voice boomed—

"Why the fl&æœ?æfl&\*\* don't you open that screen door and let me in? Are you deaf or what? Mac's car broke down."

It was Father.

Late to bed

And early to rise

Keeps your roommate

From wearing your ties.

—I—

And then there was the lawyer who sat up all night, trying to break the widow's will.

## THE MORNING AFTER

The morning after the night before

Here I lie upon my bed,

Throat so dry and throbbing head,

Blood shot eyes and body sore,  
The morning after the night before.

Can't eat nothing, got no pep  
Lost my money, lost my rep—  
I can't get up I feel so bad  
Boy what a wonderful time I had.

Never felt so bad before  
Even my darn ole foot is sore,  
And when I belch I still taste gin  
Gee! What a party is must'a been.

Can't remember where I went  
Don't know where the time was spent.

But gosh what a time it must'a been  
'Cause look at the hell'uva shape  
I'm in!

—I—

"Honey, ah loves yo' new bathin' suit."

"Sho nuff?"

"It sho do!"

—I—

Bellhop: "Calling Mr. Moore. Calling Mr. Moore."

Clerk (not recognizing name): "Who is that being called?"

Bellhop: "I don't know. Some gal up in 213 is yelling for more."

—I—

There once was a butcher named Sutton,  
Whose wife was a glutton for mutton,

He sneaked up behinder,  
Pushed her in the grinder,  
No Sutton, no glutton, no mutton—no nuttin'.

—I—

Host: "Why are you washing your spoon in the finger bowl?"

Guest: "So I won't get egg all over my pocket."

—I—

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
But my girl's are just plain white.



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### A Tale Of Old Hesstonihay

(Continued from page 32)

takink home to wife, for reasons of medicinal purposes only—poosehounts iss shortly delayed—then hotter on chase than before—horse iss looking back with rolling, fearcrazed, bloodshot eyes—Greatgrantfater gives horse a bottle of his Lammonate—horse takes off with burst of speeds—soon poosehounts catch opp again, so anotter bottle to them, then anotter for horse, ant so on, with maybe now or again one for himself—finally iss run out of Lammonate—poosehounts iss at last closink in for to tear him from limb to limb and suck out alcohol from his veins, when suddenly he rises over hill, and behold! fair home iss just ahead! He roshes like mad through gate, and O Heaven! he iss saved! It iss really drama that iss often acted on steppes of Hesstonihay, but with less of a man than by greatgrantfater it ents in more tragic fashion.

“And what did your great-grandfather say the boosehounds looked like?” I asked breathlessly.

“He nefer did,” sighed Zglirkeu, “He surfid the poosehounts only to be brained mit a sledgehammer by greatgrantmamma when she fount out that he had thrown out all her medi-

cines. It iss but one sample of the terrible, doomed, cursed, and tragic history of we Zglirkeus. We is all nottink put poor pawns in a mighty cosmic crap game. Each generations of us soffers more than all before! Look at me! In me iss tragedy worked its worstest! Nine years, gone like a puff off smoke! O cruel fates, you haf did your worst, nottink more can touch me now, I iss beyont all feelinks! Speak no more to me, you that wass

once friend to me, I haf renounced the society of all humans!”

I was very anxious to find out how his greatgrandfather had managed to feed his horse a bottle of liquor while galloping like mad through the forest, but I saw it would be useless to ask. Leaving the doctor trying to drain the last drops from an empty beer pitcher and weeping loudly, I tiptoed softly away.

Dear Son:

I just read in the paper that students who don't smoke make much higher grades than those who do. This is something for you to think about.

Love, Father.

Dear Father:

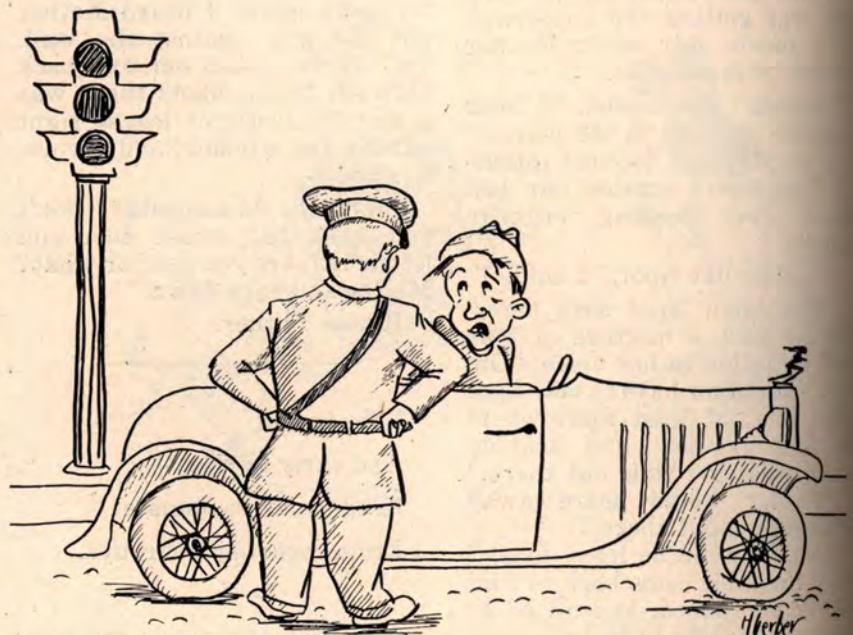
I have thought about it. But truthfully I would rather make a B and have the enjoyment of smoking; in fact I would rather smoke and drink and have a C. Furthermore, I would rather smoke and drink and neck and make a D.

Love, Son.

Dear Son:

I'll break your neck if you flunk anything.

Your Father



“But officer, I don't stop at EVERY red light!”



**SLAUGHTER OF JEROME  
KERN**

(in doubtful meter)

They asked me how I knew  
I'd been at the brew;  
I of course replied,  
"Something here inside  
Tells me that I'm fried."

They said, "Someday you'll  
find  
All who drink go blind;  
A presence in your head will  
materialize  
When the sun doth rise."

So I roar  
With glee and go for more  
To think that they could doubt  
My capacity;

Yet with the dawn  
My skittishness is gone,  
I am without  
My vivacity.

Now laughing friends cry,  
"Ho!  
You know we told you so;"  
So I growl and say,  
"Go to hell!" and then  
Woof my lunch again.

—I—

A Scotchman was leaving for  
a business trip, and as he de-  
parted he called back, "Good-  
bye all, and dinna forget to take  
little Donald's glasses off when  
he isn't looking at anything."

—I—

Clipped from the report of a  
girls' baseball game: "Every-  
thing was going fine for the lo-  
cal girls until the last half of  
the fifth when all the bags got  
loaded."

—I—

Mother (to couple in unlit  
room)—What are you doing in  
there?

Son—Nothing, Mother.

Mother—You're getting more  
like your father every day.

—I—

Recognition Dept.—A cow is  
an animal that carries a bowling  
ball with the holes inside out.

Once there was a girl who was  
nearsighted and her boy friend  
eternally kidded her about it.  
One night she planned to show  
him she was not as nearsighted  
as he thought. Taking a needle  
from her sewing basket, she  
craftily stuck it in the hugh pine  
tree standing next to the porch.  
That night, while they were sit-  
ting in the porch swing, she said:  
"Why, honey, isn't that a needle  
there in the tree?"

"Needle? What needle?" he  
asked.

"Just a minute. I'll get it for  
you," she replied. Whereupon  
she rushed down the steps and  
tripped over a cow.

—I—

The church service was pro-  
ceeding successfully when an at-  
tractive young woman, who was  
seated in the balcony, became so  
excited that she leaned out too  
far and fell over the railing. Her  
dress caught in the chandelier  
and she was suspended in mid-  
air. The minister noticed her un-  
dignified position and thunder-  
ed to his congregation: "Any  
person who turns to look will be  
stricken stone blind."

A man whispered to his com-  
panion: "I'm going to risk one  
eye."

—I—

Two pipe-smokers were con-  
versing in an opium den.

One said casually: "I've de-  
cided to buy all the diamond and  
emerald mines in the world."

The second dreamy gent con-  
sidered this seriously for a few  
moments, and then murmured  
softly: "I don't know that I care  
to sell."

—I—

The pious but very irascible  
old lady who lived by herself next  
door was quite "put out" be-  
cause her neighbors had not in-  
vited her to go with them on  
their picnic. On the morning of  
the event, however, the picnick-  
ers relented and asked her to  
join them.

"It's too late," she snapped.  
"I've already prayed for rain."

**Sporting Goods**

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- Athletic Supplies

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Hardware Co.**

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There was a young lady from  
Lynn,  
Who thought that to love was a  
sin.  
But when she was tight,  
It seemed quite all right,  
So everybody filled her with gin.

—I—

Then there's the cannibal's  
daughter who liked the boys best  
when they were stewed.

—I—

Papoose: Consolation prize  
for taking a chance on an Indian  
blanket.

—I—

The weaker sex is the strong-  
er sex because of the weakness  
of the stronger sex for the weak-  
er sex.

**FROSTIES**

Thick Milk Shakes

Barbecued Hamburgers

The Best in Home-Made

Ice Cream

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- ★ TENNIS RACKETS, etc.

## Student Union Bookstore

University of Idaho

He asked her for burning kisses;  
She said in accents cruel,  
"I may be a red-hot mama,  
But I ain't nobody's fuel."

—I—

Notice on bulletin board of  
biology department: We don't  
begrudge you dipsomaniacs a  
little alcohol, but please return  
our specimens.

—I—

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
Upon a moonlight ride,  
When Jack came back, his eye  
was black  
His pal, you see, had lied.

—I—

Sign in a dance hall: Good  
clean dancing every night ex-  
cept Sunday.



For Diamond Value

## ROWE JEWELRY

## My Wife Earns My Check

(Continued from page 33)

mad, I say things and then Vir-  
ginia has to square it before I  
get reported for discourtesy.

Some women look very attrac-  
tive at that hour, others—I'd  
miss the bus too.

For the benefit of any who  
like statistics, two percent of the  
people per month lock the door  
and leave the key inside.

Then there is the man who  
demanded at eight o'clock in the  
evening that an electrician rush  
out and fix the wall plug be-  
cause "the food in the refrigera-  
tor will spoil." Further inquiry,  
on my wife's part, brought forth

My wife and I both frown on  
such people. There is a directory  
posted at every entrance to the  
village.

"Did you look in the direc-  
tory?"

Visitor, "No."

So we tell them.

No pets are allowed. I am the  
one who makes people get rid  
of their pets or move out. No  
wonder my wife is the more pop-  
ular.

There are more than 200 chil-  
dren under six years of age. They  
get lost or wander out on the  
main highway and then are  
brought to us. When we identify  
him — and try to identify a  
scared two-year-old that won't  
talk—one of us takes him home.

Within the area, the problem  
is one of traffic control and  
keeping the children off the  
streets. Neither works. People  
with children think drivers  
should be and are extra careful.  
It's not true. Those without chil-  
dren think all kids should be  
kept off the streets. It can't be  
done.

Day after day I shoo the  
youngsters onto the sidewalks  
and flag the fast drivers, but it  
seems as hopeless as my term  
grades.

The End



Always the Newest In  
HATS - HOSE - SCARFS  
AND BLOUSES

## Peggy's Millinery

210 South Main

the fact that it had been broken  
all day, but he was too busy  
to notify us.

Occasionally personalities  
clash and neighbors have to be  
separated. Even though it might  
have started with an argument  
about the clotheslines, when  
threats are being exchanged by  
the men, I know it is time to do  
something. First I ask my wife  
just how everyone feels about  
everyone else. Then I sell some-  
one on changing apartments  
with one of the disputants. Care-  
ful handling and soon all is  
peaceful again.

Then there is the visitor who  
knocks at any hour.

"What apartment does Bill  
so-and-so live in?"

A castaway on a desert island,  
following another shipwreck,  
pulled ashore a girl clinching to  
a barrel.

"How long have you been  
here?" asked the girl. "Thirteen  
years," replied the castaway.

"All alone? Then you're going  
to have something you haven't  
had for thirteen years," said the  
girl.

"You don't mean to tell me  
there's beer in that barrel," said  
he.

—I—

New Circus Actress — You  
know, sir, this is my first job in  
the circus. You'd better tell me  
what to do to keep from making  
mistakes.

Manager—Well, for one thing,  
don't ever dress before the  
bearded lady.



Two burly cannibals caught a beautiful young girl and brought her before their chief. He casually looked her over, yawned, and said, "I believe I'll have breakfast in bed this morning."

—I—

Alexander, the Pullman porter, returned unexpectedly one afternoon, when his train was cancelled. After looking around the house, he took out his razor and began to stroke it.

"Alexander, what yo' gonna do wif dat razor?" asked Ruby.

"If dem shoes under da bed ain't got no feet in 'em, I'se gonna shave."

—I—

"How come he was kicked out of school?"

"He was caught cheating."

"How?"

"Caught counting his ribs in a physiology exam."

—I—

Quiet student — Something came into my mind just now and went away again.

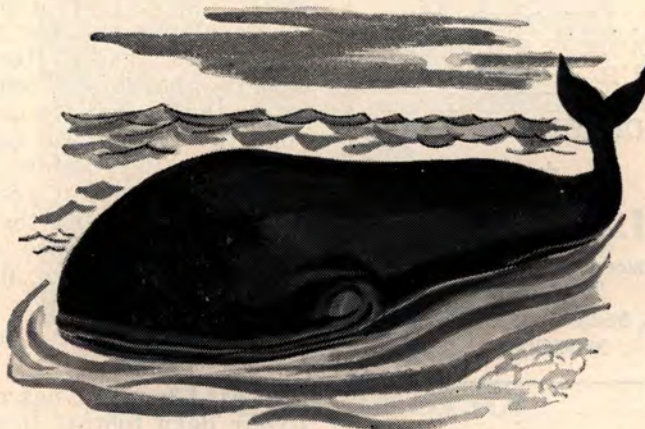
Bored roommate—Perhaps it was lonely.

—I—

Two mosquitoes were resting on Robinson Crusoe's arm, "I'm leaving now," said one, "I'll meet you on Friday."

# HISTORY REWRITTEN

JONAH AND THE WHALE



"Things look pretty black for me in here!  
Wish I had a Life Saver!"



Still Only 5¢

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

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



A rich old maid, so the story goes, had a mama cat, which she never let out of the house at night. Then the lady went on a South American cruise and a week later she cabled her maid: "Having wonderful time. Met wonderful man. Be sure to let cat out tonight, and every night."

—I—

They sat alone in the moonlight;  
She smoothed his troubled brow.  
"Dearest, I know my life's been fast,  
But I'm on my last lap now!"

—I—

A dumb girl is a dope. A dope is a drug. Doctors give dope to relieve pain. Therefore, a dumb girl is just what the doctor ordered.

"Yes, I feel certain you'll be a June Bride"



## SEE 'EM FOR SERVICE

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EXPERTS SOLVE  
YOUR HEATING  
AND PLUMBING  
PROBLEMS

★

### C. M. Wilderman

"Between Taxi Stand and  
Theatres"

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MOSCOW

A trio of liquor, food and mat-  
tress salesman were sitting at  
the table drinking beer. The food  
salesman spoke first, and said,  
"You know, I hate to see a wom-  
an eat alone, don't you?"

"I hate to see a woman drink  
alone," said the liquor salesman.

—I—

Shortly after he brought his  
bride into their new home, he  
found she had hung a motto on  
the wall over the beds. It read,  
"I need thee every hour."

The next night he hung up one  
of his own which read, "Give  
me strength."

—I—

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
Orchids are \$7.50  
Would dandelions do?

## Corner Drug & Jewelry Store



## Wednesday Night Agony

(Continued from page 13)

remainder of the dance.

(Newkulare fisics — that's  
awfully nice. If he'd put it in  
words of one syllable, maybe I  
could understand it. How do you  
cook it—boiled or fried? Seems  
to me the University could give  
you a P.E. credit for coming to  
exchanges. Say, buddy . . . fella,  
I hate to interrupt you in the  
middle of Einstein's theory, but  
the music has stopped. Jim . . .  
Jim . . . the music . . . stop, Jim,  
please!)

"I guess the music has stop-  
ped."

"Yes, I guess it has at that."  
(Your darn tootin,' it has, you  
shnooke, three r e v o l u t i o n s  
around the floor ago. But then,  
again, I'm not sure, my eye-  
sockets are still knocking to-  
gether.)

"Shall we trade?" a gravel-  
toned voice questions.

"Why, yes, Jack, this is errr."

"Terry Tompkins." (Ah, yes,  
that's my boy. Never forgets a  
formula but names are just too  
complicated for him. Oh, well, on  
with that Ipana smile, Terry.)

The music continues and Ter-  
ry and Partner No. 2 start  
around the floor.

"Daaa, where are you from?"

(My God, second verse, same  
as the first—that's what I like,  
originality. Wonder how long he  
rehearsed those lines. Pardon  
me, if I concentrate on this step  
—what is it you call it—the po-  
tato hop—just about got it—  
slide two, back one—no, back  
one, slide two, hop—slide one—  
two.)

"I'm from Sagebrush Falls.  
And where are you from?"

"Ah'm from Weiser. We live  
on a farm there."

(That explains it—ooch, get  
of my unshod toes! Lord, now  
I'll never be able to dance again.  
Ooops, my cue—.)

"And Otis, what are you ma-  
joring in, agriculture? (If his  
name isn't Otis, it should be.)"

"Yah, I am. How did you  
know?"

"Oh, just psychic, I guess."  
(Believe me, it wasn't hard.)

"You certainly are a nice  
dancer." (Pardon me, while I  
uncross my fingers. Eeeek, what  
have I done—filled him with  
added vigor and vitality. We're  
fairly flying around the room  
now—ooch, one, two, three, race  
—slide—with this training, I can  
go out for track next season.)

"Wall, I reckon the dance is  
over, I reckon. You look a little  
winded."

"Oh, no, not really. (I always  
pant like this.) "Thank you so  
much for the dance." (I use the  
word loosely.)

(Oh, oh, here comes that well-  
oiled - ra - ra -college-bow-down-  
peasants - here - I - am-cheek-to-  
cheek-dancer with the eyes that  
light up and say "tilt" when he  
looks at you.)

"That's certainly a beautiful  
melody, isn't it?" (*Anything* for  
conversation, my mother warn-  
ed me about men like you.)

"Not half so beautiful as you  
are."

(Wow! He must have been  
successful at this somewhere.  
What as I supposed to do now,  
melt in the arms of this God's  
gift to women? We just rock  
back and forth, not covering  
more than a two-inch square of  
the dance floor.)

"I could go for you in a big  
way."

"Thank you." (I wonder if I  
dare tell him where he could go.)

"What do you think of ex-  
changes?" Guess I got that blurt-  
ed out between gulps of air—  
would it be asking too much,  
Romeo, to let me breathe? Habit  
I picked up when I was young.)

"They're all right, I suppose,  
but I don't go in for casual af-  
fairs."

Well, pardon me, if I bore  
you—I'd almost prefer Otis with  
elementary one-two-three-slide  
to this continuous "Rockabye,  
Baby.")

"Is that the end of our dance  
so soon, Terry?" (Yes, thank  
God.)

"How about my calling you  
sometime?"

"O.K." (Trapped.)

"I'll see you then."

(Not if I see you first.)

So you accept your fate and  
the hour is soon terminated.  
When you return to the study  
table, you're limp, drained of  
strength, your facial muscles are



tense and drawn from the forced smiles you've managed to keep on your face and you resemble a badly used dust-mop after the evening's exertion.

"I just remembered — Janie did all right at the last dinner exchange we had two weeks ago — seems the passing of a pin is imminent. Hmmm, maybe exchanges aren't so bad—they're kinda fun—you meet lots of interesting people." Terry consoles herself as she rustles into her clothes with anticipation of the coming frivolity. "Who knows, maybe Joe Blow will turn out to be the man of my dreams tonight!"

### Vacation With Pay

(Continued from page 25)

floors that are easy to keep clean. The two cabin maids strip beds of dirty linen, remake the beds, clean crockery—which includes pitchers, glasses, mirrors, and the Yellowstone "duck" (for the layman, an old fashioned pot) — and sweep about fifty rough lumber floors a day. By working quickly her work can be finished early in the afternoon. "Short working hours! Lots of leisure time!" you would say. Yes. But the steady work calls for relaxation and plenty of it; and that does not usually include hiking down some path to see a highly advertised geyser or falls. More than likely three o'clock would find her sitting prostrate over the nearest fountain guzzling some beverage!

A "pack rat" is a co-partner to the cabin maids but is of the male species. He carries fuel to the cabins, refills the pitchers, disposes of the debris, and "shoots" the "ducks." He also takes clean linen daily to his assigned cabins and carries away the dirty linen via a "molly cart." The "pack rat" may readily be called a "jack of all trades." His job requires perseverance as well as strength.

The porter's job is similar to that of any other hotel porter, only at a lodge he is responsible for taking the "dude" tourist to the right cabin, show him where the rest rooms are, and advertise the evening programs. His income is comprised more

## YOU TOO CAN LOOK HUMAN— AFTER A TRIP TO THE CAMPUS BARBERS

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r

Dex Link — Idaho's Own Nature Boy

### CAMPUS BARBERS

CLIP ARTISTS DELUXE

from tips than from regular income.

There are also the positions of dish washers ("pearl divers"), rest room janitors, and savage kitchen help. Older and more experienced help is employed at the desk as clerks, cashiers or managers.

The average employee's work does not require previous training if he has stamina, will for working hard and long hours, and an inexhaustible sense of humor. For not only does he work, he entertains as well. This is the part of the summer one probably enjoys most. Each night in some of the lodges they offer entertainment. It is of the amateur style, but is generally superior in quality. Taking part in nightly entertainment is encouraged very much. In fact, the company maintains that such is your duty as an employee of the Yellowstone Park Company. Those who are not talented join in with the group on stage if for no reason other than to survey the night's dudes.

Many of the lodges offer dances for the entertainment of both the dude and the savage. Most of the savages choose their partners from the vast groups of savage help, rangers, bus drivers, guides, and young men employed on road crews. Savages

are allowed to mingle with the tourists in the lodges, however. The majority of the employees come from all sections of the country, and it is a lasting experience to meet these people who come from different walks of life. Another attraction that cannot be overlooked is the lasting friendships and romances that develop under those Yellowstone skies.

Besides the offered monthly salary of the Yellowstone Park Company the employee receives room and board. Both of these added incentives vary with the place in which you are employed. A distinct rustic atmosphere is the main theme so the new employee should be ready to accept any kind of food or lodging. The author found herself confronted with wash stands and orange crates plus a rough lumber bed and was amazed with the creative ability that can be executed under those conditions.

With the day's work completed, the evening's entertainment taken care of and letter written to all the friends at home, the savage rarely has to be coaxed to go to bed, because he always has another big, busy day ahead of him similar to the one just ended. Each day becomes a repeat performance of the day before with few variations.

(Continued on next page)



Many times during a summer the employee may tire of his rustic surroundings, the lack of modern conveniences, transportation difficulties. Canvas walls, wood stoves, and cold mornings and evenings can be more than a little distasteful. And the discovery that the advertised bear is not a pet but a dangerous animal might encourage one to lead a life in seclusion after dark. Yes, it may sound very glamorous for the first few weeks, but living "camp style" for three months may be inconvenient for the city raised savage.

The pay in most National Parks is very low considering the physical labor the work requires. In fact so low that it would be a mistake to encourage anyone to work there with the intention of saving money. You get your room and board plus a monthly check — which varies with the type of work you do. But as a whole the pay is very poor in comparison to the other wages of today.

If you are interested in making the trip to Yellowstone, if you can assure yourself that you can withstand any of the tasks required of you, and if you are curious and adventurous, the advise for you would be to seek employment there. But you are farther ahead and will be far less disappointed to consider the less exciting aspects of such employment first. Too many people have heard only the exciting, painted stories concerning work there; how often I've heard someone exclaim, "Oh, that must have been so wonderful! That's something I've always wanted to do!" And I have found myself saying, "Oh, sister, (or "brother"), if you only knew!"

So if you still feel the call of employment in a national park, I would say to go ahead and apply. You will at least be wiser than I was.

Information concerning employment at Yellowstone Park can be secured by contacting the Yellowstone Park Company at La Jolla or Los Angeles in California, St. Paul, Minnesota, or Helena, Montana. They in turn will send you a form to fill out and after you return this to them, they will let you know if

you are accepted. If you are not accepted immediately and still desire such employment, keep trying each summer season until you are an approved applicant. And if you are accepted, prepare yourself for a season of new acquaintances, experiences, and live sincerely the life of a Yellowstone savage.

The End

DEAR DIARY:

Monday—I feel highly honored for being placed at the captains table.

Tuesday—I spent the morning on the bridge with the captain. He seemed to like me.

Wednesday — The captain made proposals to be unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

Thursday — The captain threatened to sink the ship if I did not agree to his proposals.

Friday—I saved the lives of six hundred men.

—I—

"And always remember, children, that the difference between a model woman and a woman model is that the former is a bare possibility, while the latter is a naked fact."

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AND COFFEE

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Donut Shop

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Moscow

CONGRATULATIONS  
TO THE GRADS OF '49

He took his aunty riding,  
Though icy was the breeze.  
He put her in the rumble seat  
To see his anti-freeze.

—I—

Late to bed  
Early to rise,  
Makes a man saggy  
Draggy,  
And baggy,  
Under the eyes.

—I—

"Why do you look so pained?"  
"I'm lazy."  
"What's that got to do with it?"  
"I'm sitting on a cigarette."

*Sure We've Got It!*

For Reliable School and Household  
Needs It's

**BEN FRANKLIN**



## Mia Dia

(Continued from page 9)

throwing the opposing goalie off balance skipped neatly between the two pebbles which marked the goal. From that moment on, I've been the toast of the Guadajajara street. Every morning I'm talked into a scrimmage but I've never made another score. Joseito, the ringleader, is beginning to doubt my excuse. I had to tell them something so I mentioned the time I broke my prat in the Notre Dame-Army game.

Here's Kuji's candy store. I can hide in there before Joseito sees me. Then out the back way and liberty is mine. Hoo hee!

## FAST??

Words Just Won't Describe the Speed With Which

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For Transportation

**BILL'S  
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what a shrewd scheme. Kuji hands me a jawbreaker as I trek through his establishment. He's quite a revelation; as far as I'm concerned; a Spanish speaking Jap just seems incongruous. He was born in Mexico City and never has been out of the place but he has a guilty conscience about the war. By showering me with chocolates and jawbreakers, Kuji is making up for the hard time given the United States by Japan.

Out of the alley and onto the Paseo de Reforma I stride. Two blocks east and there is the bar 'Aiglon. Every morning I come down her to see the bartender, Pepe; he's one of my best friends. I sag onto a bar-stool

while he patters over to an ice-box and produces a volume about the *Rover Boys*. As usual we go over a page or two word-by-word so that he can improve his English by listening to my faultless oratory. During the lesson I munch a tacos and sip rum that the house has been good enough to supply. La Senora has been foiled; I save quite a few pesos by eating breakfast at L'Aiglon.

Back on the Paseo de Reforma and up to the National Lottery Building I wander. The big blackboard is ablaze with the red chalked lucky numbers. Let me see now—way up in the right hand corner—567885—oh, ironical gods! I've missed one hundred and seventy-five pesos by three numbers. It's just like watching thirty-five dollars being flushed to oblivion. My stars are on the wane. What an evil day this is.

Oh, oh! one o'clock and almost time for the weekly meeting with the syndicate. Four blocks and in front of L'Aiglon and there are my boys grouped on the steps leading to the Monument of Independence. Money in hand they cheer me. They make much pesos because of this organization I have moulded. All of them sell newspapers and for a slight percentage I have given them a profitable sideline. From a friend of mine who is a collector of valuable pieces of art, I have purchased hundreds of rare, exotic photographs. The boys each carry about six of these in the fold of a newspaper. When they confront a prospective customer, they slyly fold back a corner of the periodical and confidently whisper "Feelthy peecture—feelthy peectures?"

Tomorrow is my day to collect from the little girls who sell Meelky Ways and Cheeclets.

Now comes the best part of the day—the two o'clock dinner. La Senora is an artist in the kitchen and since she loves me I am the recipient of her most elaborate dishes. The other boarders are launching desperate whispering campaigns against me: I believe that there will be an assassination attempt

(Continued on next page)

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On the Pullman Road

There was an old codger who taught at the "U",  
He had so many students he didn't know what to do.  
He gave them exams 'till their faces were red,  
And marked them all failures and watched them drop.

—I—

"I'm entered in two contests—one for the most beautiful back and the other for the most beautiful bust."

"Aren't you excited?"

"Excited, I hardly know which way to turn!"

—I—

A lady, going to a maternity hospital, insisted on wearing a union suit so she wouldn't have labor trouble.

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"But, darling, why aren't you wearing my fraternity pin?"  
 "All the fellows say it rips their coats."

—I—

Just because she has a head like a grape doesn't say she's one of the bunch.

—I—

May: "You've got to hand it to Jim when it comes to petting."

June: "What's the matter, is he lazy?"

—I—

Q: How do chorus girls get mink?

A: The same way mink get mink.

—I—

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within a fortnight. Phaw! They should know I'm too crafty for them. If anything should happen to me, my syndicate will rise to arms and overrun the whole of Mexico. The historical significance of the Spanish conquests will be lost in obscurity. I am the Pepe Lamotto of Mexico City.

The Wagon-Lits Travel Bureau and France's Guide-books say that the custom of the siesta is no longer popular in Mexico. How absurd! Our entire household craps out in the afternoon. In fact, I sometimes sleep straight through until the next day—"NARRANJAS—narranjas". Yipe! I've done it again. That foul fiend has introduced me to another day of vital business and weighty responsibility. "Narranjas." I sometimes think I'm about to run amock.

Heard outside the Spruce on a particularly boisterous Saturday night: "But, officer, you can't arrest me! I'm from one of the best families in Idaho."

"That's all right, buddy. I'm not arresting you for breeding purposes."

—I—

One can tell an optimist from a pessimist by the way they get up in the morning.

An optimist will say, "Good morning, God."

A pessimist will say, Good God, morning."

—I—

"If you don't raise my salary," announced the minister, "you can all go to hell."

—I—

Theta: I said some awfully foolish things to Bill last night.

Kappa: Yes?

Theta: That was one of them.

—I—

She: "Why did you slap him?"  
 Sorority Sister: "When he fascinated me, I kissed him; but he started to un fascinate me, so I slapped him."

—I—

Not all is girl that titters.

Sign in Reno night spot: "Not responsible for hands caught on dice tables during rolls."

—I—

Cop: Have you ever been pinched for going too fast before?

Beta: No, but I've been slapped.

—I—

The stork is charged with a lot of things which should really be blamed on a lark.

—I—

Next summer's dress fashions will feature lemon frocks. They can stand a lot of squeezing.

Come down with  
 the gang for an  
 afternoon or evening of  
 relaxation and pleasure.

**WRIGHT'S**  
**FOUNTAIN**

Why the toothbrush in your lapel?

It's my class pin. I go to Colgate.

—I—

Some girls are like flowers—they grow wild in the woods.

—I—

"Twas in a restaurant they met,  
 Romeo and Juliet,  
 He had no cash to pay the debt,  
 So Romeo'd what Juliet.

—I—

Then there was the Kentucky cow that that filled up on bluegrass and mood indigo.



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