

**University of Idaho**

FALL ISSUE, 1949

*Twenty-five Cents*

**BLOT**



**Bea Helander**  
*1949 Homecoming Queen*

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UNIVERSITY OF IDAH



"My cigarette?  
Camels,  
of course!"

GOWN BY  
MARY MEAD  
MADDICK—  
JEWELS BY  
REINAD.

WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

# Camels for Mildness

Yes, *Camels* are **SO MILD** that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and *only* Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported



**NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING CAMELS!**

# OUT FRONT

## ON OUR COVER

Ah, October, month of football, alums and Homecoming. Month of beautiful women and big yellow flowers and beautiful women, and queens and beautiful women. . . .

Might just as well come down to it, this column will be about beautiful women, or to be precise, about Bea Helander.

By virtue of her own natural endowments and the votes of 1650 male students, Miss Helander was elected Miss Idaho Homecoming of 1949. All this you already know, if you were capable of reading the Arg during the week preceding the big weekend. On the other hand, you may not know that Bea is a freshman from Lewiston, a pledge over at the Gamma Phi house and has red hair naturally.

It has long been the policy of BLOT to feature Idaho's gifts to pulchritude so we feel it only right and proper that the cover of this month's magazine be filled (and very capably, too) by Miss Helander. We're all in favor of beautiful women, and we only wish we had more covers so we could have one for every beautiful girl on campus. Ah, well, that's one of the tribulations of an editor.

Miss Helander stands five foot three in her skivvies, and is constructed accordingly. Her telephone number is 2424.

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# BLOT

Volume V

FALL ISSUE

Number II

COVER by EARL BROCKMAN

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# Those Wonderful Fans

by DARWIN COGSWELL

Illustrated by Jack Rudfelt

*IT'S THE FANS THAT HOLD THE GREAT AMERICAN SPORTING WORLD TOGETHER.*

The great American game of football and particularly its players have been praised, gloated over, idolized and in general raised to the crest of an idealistic pedestal so that the entire nation can stand back and admire them. Sports writers and radio commentators have singled out individual players and succeeded in spreading that particular person's private life and personal happenings over the entire breadth of the land. Football enthusiasts are able to find out that their favorite quarter back has an ingrown toenail, hates mushrooms, likes to play canasta, has a pet orang-utang, and a mole on his—well, anyway he has a mole.

The fact of the matter is that everyone of the players that get their name in the paper usually deserve this praise. But many people feel that one group in particular is being slighted—the *football fans*. Those poor unfortunate fanatics that chose to follow their favorite teams hither and yon, through wind and rain, over hill and dale, and yell their poor aching lung out on every play. Those faithful fans deserve a host of credit which they are not receiving and which this article intends to give them.

Naturally, the basic requirements to be a football fan are the ability to call the officials choice names throughout the game, to consume large quantities of hot dogs and pop (preferably spiked), to whistle loud and long when the girls drill team is performing at half time, and to sneak from the general admission section into the reserved seat section when the ushers aren't watching. Sec-



ondary to these basic requirements is that a fan usually likes and understands football. (However, this situation is becoming more and more obsolete every day.)

The equipment which a fan takes to a game is particularly important. A portable radio is practically a must in case the \$4.00 tickets (which were purchased from some "scalper" down at "Joes") turn out to be behind a steel beam or somewhere in the end zone. (It usually isn't a bad idea to carry a set of brass knuckles in case the tickets turn out to be in the opposing fans section.) Blankets, hot water bottles, bubble gum, a top periscope (for looking around large women with big hats) and a fifth of hot coffee help round out the necessary equipment.

Football fans are one of the easiest types of people to spot on the street. They usually stroll

along with a far away glassy stare in their eyes dreaming about last Saturday's game at Podunk U. They walk through crowds with a sudden shifting motion from side to side imitating a trick halfback in a broken field run. An empty paper bag on the sidewalk offers an opportunity for a beautiful place kick between the uprights of two lamp posts. Passing a loaf of bread from one side of the grocery store to the market basket on the other side creates a challenge to the fan that might have been another Red Grange if he had had the chance.

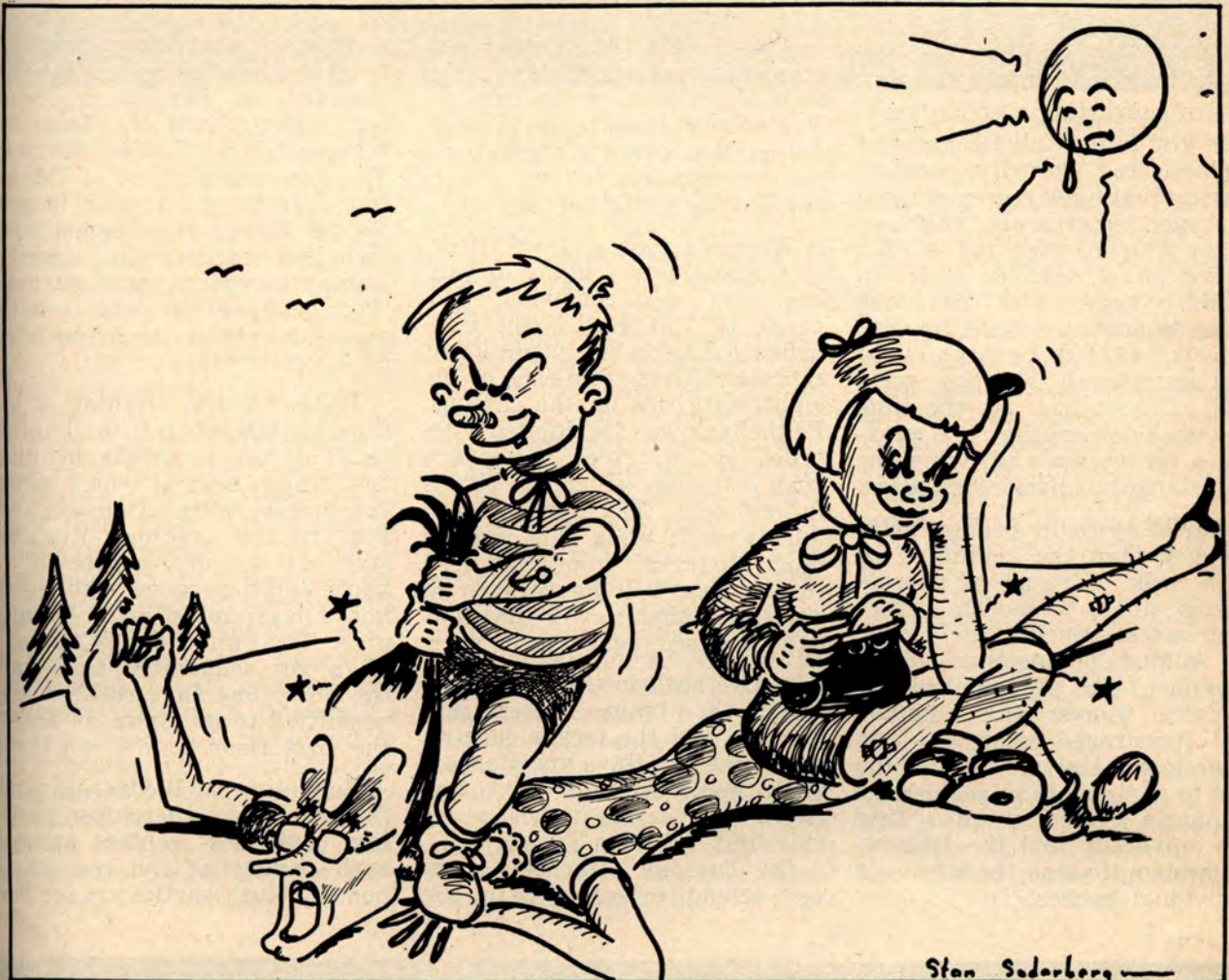
These are the people that hold the American sporting world together because without them, the great game of football would have long since died. So remember the next time a great team crashes down the field, be thankful for the football fans that have helped make football a sport for kings.

This week, for want of better material, I have prepared a bedtime story for the children of this modern day and age. As of yet it has not been banned in Boston, but I have hopes. . . . With apologies to Hans Christian Anderson, I have named it . . . .

# Hansul and Gruntel

by JOE DICKINSON

Illustrated by Stan Soderberg



Once upon a time, there lived in a vast forest, a bootlegger named Noodnick, his wife and their two little children, Hansul and Gruntel.

The wife, who was the two little brats' stepmother, was a hardworking, loving woman with more beauty than brains.

The father, Noodnick, was a cad. He spent half of his time manufacturing corn whiskey and the other half drinking it.

Hansul and Gruntel were the leaders of a gang called May-

hem, Inc. They controlled all the rackets in the forest. The only thing that they didn't have their fingers in was their old man's liquor business. They were rather fond of the old souse, and anyway, they figured that blood was thicker than whiskey. They hated their stepmother like poison and beat up on her regularly three times a day.

One day, Hansul came home to find his mother sitting at a table, sipping a Bromo and crying as if her heart would break.

"What's da matter, you old goat?" asked Hans tenderly, swatting a fly with his blackjack.

Slowly his mother picked herself up off the floor. The fly had been sitting on her head.

"There's no food in the house," she sobbed.

"Whatcha do with that dough I give ya yestiddy?" bellered Hans.

"I lost it," said his Ma, slyly

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# Operation Rush

PICTURES AND STORY

by

ORVAL HANSEN

*AN INFORMATIVE ARTICLE ON THE SORORITY RUSH SYSTEM AT IDAHO.*

Rush week is the first step in the long and complicated process of converting a green freshman girl into a full fledged and sophisticated sorority woman. During that week scores of these unsuspecting girls are caught up in the whirl of rush and live for a few short days in a dream world. They travel from one house to another where they are entertained, fed, propagandized and in general have the world laid at their feet. By the time the smoke clears they are wearing a pledge pin and living the less glamorous lives of a pledge.

Our story really begins further back than the beginning of rush week. The rushing process begins about a month before rush week. During the month of August prospective college freshmen are approached by sorority women and alumnae and encouraged most of all to come to the University of Idaho and to participate in rush. More emphasis is placed on selling the university and the fraternity system than on the merits of individual houses.

Also during the summer recommendations are sent by alumni to the houses on the campus. Panhellenic rules make it mandatory that every girl receive a recommendation before she is eligible for pledging.

Women's rush at the University of Idaho is a highly organized and well conducted program. Behind it all is the Panhellenic Association made up of representatives from each of the eight sororities on the campus. Panhellenic has formulated a detailed set of rules to govern rush activities which are strictly enforced. The system used during rush week this year is much different from that used in past years. It has proven so successful that it will undoubtedly be used again next year.

Active rush in the fall begins when the train rushes into Moscow and the freshmen girls are rushed to Hays and Forney, their home for the next few days. This year as in most years this first day is on Tuesday.

On Tuesday afternoon rushees attend orientation in the

auditorium where they are given the rules of the game by the president of Panhellenic, Jean Ottenheimer, and the Dean of Women, Mrs. Louise Carter. They are given a list of things they can do and a much longer list of things they cannot do, including talking to sorority women except at rush parties, talking to or have dates with men students or receiving telephone calls.

Following the orientation on Tuesday afternoon is the Panhel tea. The rushees are divided into two groups each of which visits four houses in the afternoon and four in the evening. Rushees stay only twenty minutes at a house and then move to the next house in groups of about twenty girls. The Panhel tea is primarily a get acquainted time and the only time that rushees are permitted to go above or below the first floor.

Beginning on Wednesday and for three days thereafter rushing activities center around rush parties at the individual houses. Rush parties are for the



We saw all the houses and all the girls during the Panhel Tea . . . . .

and then attended four days of rush parties where we heard the special brand of propaganda of each house

and where, between cookies and sses of punch, we were entertained by songs, pantomimes . . . . .



Soon after the rush special pulled into Moscow we were listening to Jean Ottenheimer and Dean Carter give us pre-rush briefing.

most part one hour in length and consist mostly of chat sessions. Entertainment is legal but decorations are ruled out by Panhel and refreshments are limited to 15 cents per person for afternoon parties and 25 cents per person for evening parties.

Four parties are authorized for each house on Wednesday and then two for each of the next three days. Attendance at these rush parties is by invitation only and the rushee may decide which party she will attend at a house during the day.

This year for the first time a "calling hour" was set for Thursday afternoon. During this hour rushees were permitted to visit houses whose rush parties they had not had an opportunity to attend. So successful was the calling hour on Thursday that another was scheduled for Friday.

By Saturday, the final day of rush parties, the houses have pretty well narrowed down the list of prospects and most of the girls have picked their favorite house. Some houses follow the practice of "double bidding" the girls they have definitely decided they want to pledge. Under such a plan girls who receive invitations to both parties at one house on Saturday are assured of a bid the next day.

The Panhellenic exchange maintained at the auditorium is made up of representatives of each of the houses and three independent counselors who receive and sort invitations, bids and acceptances. The final stage of rush week takes place at this exchange on Sunday morning when the preference lists of the rushees and those of the houses are matched.

On Sunday morning each house turns into the exchange

two lists of rushees. The first list is equal to the authorized quota of the house. The second list is a preferential listing of any length for use in the event that their quota is not filled with first choices. Rushees submit a first, second and third choice of houses. Matching is done by the three independent counselors giving primary consideration to the first choice of the rushee. In the vast majority of cases rushees receive first choice bids from the houses of their preference.

The "scream session" is the climax of rush week. At one o'clock rushees pick up their bids and proceed to their new homes and the open arms of a group of anxious members. Formal pledging ceremonies and a Sunday dinner honoring the new pledges write the finish to OPERATION RUSH.



and skits of one kind or another.

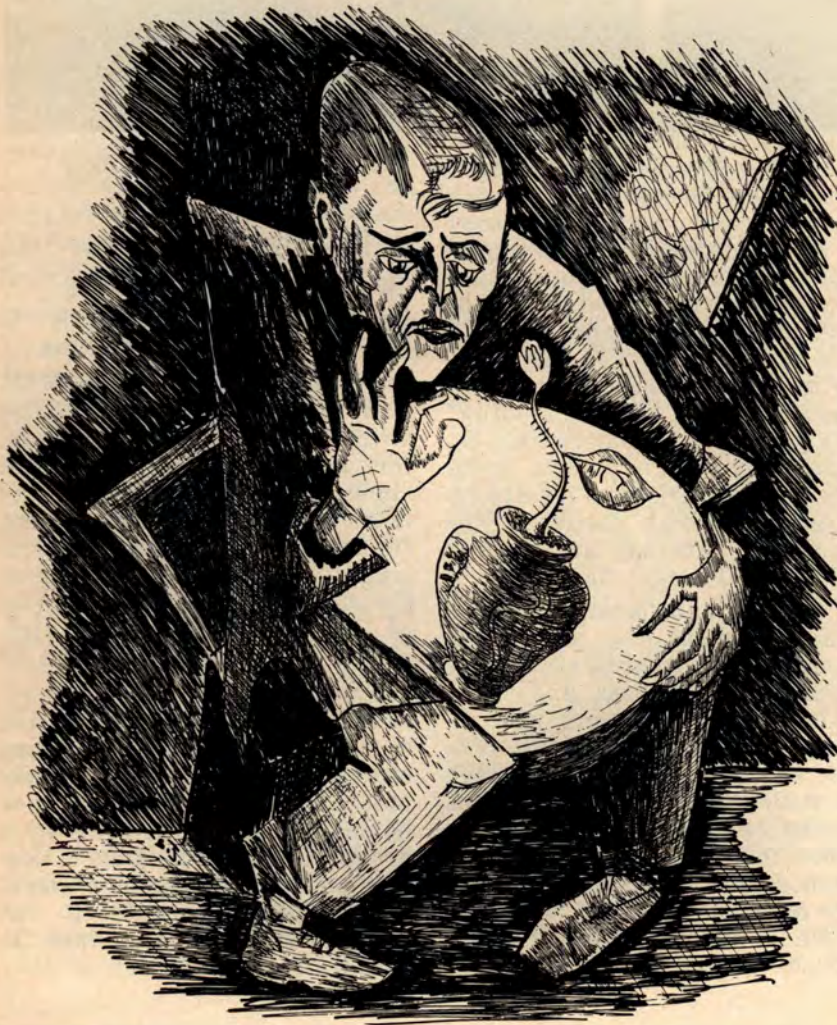
As the zero hour approached on Sunday, the members of the houses waited anxiously . . . . .

and then rushed to greet us with open arms and to give us a warm welcome into the house.

# THE BLOSSOM

by BETTY PETERS

Illustrated by Sally Jo Koon.



**"Day by day I watched the monster grow . . . sucking my life's blood."**

I abhor this accursed room. Its four walls taunt me. They laugh at me. How much longer will *it* keep me here, caged like a monkey, waiting . . . waiting. Oh I wish to God it would bloom tonight and then all would be over. The walls, so ugly and bare—except for those four pictures he has tacked up—of those damned flowers blooming. Red ones, and white ones. They look like the one on the table. He knows he has me; he knows,

but he wants to tease me with the one faint hope that *it* might blossom white.

Ah! but I know him better than that. He killed Maxwell pitilessly, why should he exclude me from similar fate. But Maxwell died quickly, why can't I? No, I shall not be allowed to die a quick death, fast and painless like the fall of an executioner's sword. I shall have to remain in this room until *it* blooms and the color of its flower is appar-

ent. He knows it will be red, and I know. Why do we wait? I can die as easily tonight as on the morrow or the next day. But No! I must wait until it opens its petals and comes forth in sinister beauty. Red. Red! I shall die with its perfume in my nostrils. I wonder . . . how will he kill me? He has never said, and I know the flower in itself is harmless. A gun? Perhaps, but I doubt it; he will devise a scheme—after my trial! ha ha ha—my trial by blossom.

Freedom if it blooms white. And if it be red—I remember yet how he said it, with an almost apologetic tone to his voice and a faint smile on his lips . . . "and if it is red, I shall be forced to kill you. There can be no betrayal of the verdict of the blossom."

"Betray the blossom," I laughed almost insanely. "Oh God! you cage me here, you render me incapable of defense, and then you offer me a handful of bulbs, saying 'choose one.' Do you expect me to believe there is even the slightest hope that a white bulb lies in that mess you hold in your hand? I am not that naive. Not after four years with you. I've learned more of infamous methods and cruel subtleties than an ordinary man would in a lifetime. And I hate you for it. Why couldn't you leave one human untouched . . ."

"That is a risk you accepted," he said.

When I chose the bulb he motioned me to the center of the room where a solitary table stood. He took the bulb and carefully planted it in the dark loam of a large and intricately ornamented vase of unusual design. I did not like that design.

"That is an expensive vase,"

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# I Walked Into The Night

by RAMONA BILLS

IT'S WEIRD; IT'S FANTASTIC; IT'S SOMETHING YOU'LL WANT TO READ!

It was the eve of October 27, a night I shall never forget. It started out conventionally enough, except for a severe headache which came upon me all at once, half way through the dinner hour.

Alice, my wife, had put the children to bed early that night in order to have it a little more quiet for my sake. She was always very considerate, anxious to please and eager to wait upon me. Somehow tonight I became irked at her hovering over me and rather sharply, I fear, I asked her to go away and leave me alone. If only I had had Alice by me when it came. That awful feeling that came upon me.

As it was, I sat alone in front of the fireplace. My pipe, usually so comforting, lay unsmoked—unnoticed at my side. The book I had been reading slipped from my lap to the floor. I did not pick it up; I could not. I tensed—waiting—. I stared hard at the flames and it came again. It crept through my body, closed around my heart, numbed all feeling. It welled up in my throat, I could not breathe. A feeling I must leave the house—that I must rise, and go outside. I dared not stay in this room. Suffocating, I pawed at my throat, my head suddenly limp. I gasped, I struggled, and the very urgency of it throbbed within me. Go, go—leave now: I must leave now, I must get outside!

Dazedly I pulled erect. I rose, and moved across the carpet, through the door, and onto the street. I kept moving on and on. I kept following someone. I knew it was a woman. I did not see her, but I knew she was there. She led me on. I kept following; there was no one in sight, no one but myself and the woman.

Suddenly she was gone. With her vanished that tight, choking

sensation in my chest. I snapped alert. Where was I? What was I doing? Why?

Questions assailed me—did my answers lay in the roadhouse dance hall before me? I stepped in. Bright lights blinded me, and the noise confused me. Blaring, brassy dance music beat about my head. I looked around the floor. How did I get this far? There was no one here that I knew; where was I? As I stood looking a figure brushed past, and at her touch, I chilled. Mechanically I followed. I must



have, although I did not know it. I did not seem to care. I did not feel *anything* until I realized that we were dancing, and that I held her close in my arms. She fitted as if she belonged there. My mind searched for reason—for logic—. Who was she? I had known her before; somehow I knew that. But where???? She was small, delicate and blonde. She wore a low-

cut white dress, splattered with sequins. A natural attire, yet there was a certain feeling that I'd seen all this before, that I had done all this before. I was puzzled, and my mind was tired. Nothing mattered. I drifted endlessly.

The cold tang of fresh air stung my nostrils. I was aware of being pulled along, very anxiously. I peered through the hazy mist at my companion. She was muttering to herself. I struggled to hear her words—"One block more." She inhaled sharply. "The third store. Big plate glass window. On the left hand side." She tugged impatiently at my arm, stepping faster, murmuring, "Almost 1:30, almost time, hurry—please hurry." She stopped abruptly. She smiled, "Three minutes, only three minutes more. Under the light, the street lamp—right here it was. At exactly 1:30." I watched fascinated. Her face was shining, eager, expectant—and still smiling.

Two shots rang out in the still air. She gasped, choked and crumbled at my feet. I stared in horror; I did not move. I could not even bend to help her. She lay there—so very still. Like a person in a dream, I watched, but yet I started at what I saw next. I shook my head to clear it. I looked again. Say I'm crazy, sure—say I'm mad, but it was so. I don't expect anyone to believe me yet I swear that it's true. She was coming apart. There were two of her. She still lay crumbled at my feet, yet she rose up and smiled at me. She came up and looked straight into my eyes. There was a triumphant light on her face; she looked positively radiant. I trembled; I broke out in a cold sweat.

She was transparent!

Her voice flowed into my ears. "Did you see it, too? Did

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# Head in the Clouds

(with Apologies to Aristophanes)

by W. SYMES

Illustrated by Jim Marshall

CHARACTERS: JASPER JABBER, MONTGOMERY TWIDDLE, SOCRATES MULLIGAN AND CHORUS OF BARBARIANS.

Montgomery is in business with his Daddy, but this is nothing to be happy about. Monty has his monthly troubles just like the rest of us. Not that he's in the red, you understand, but something smells, and it ain't fish. In short, business is poorly and why is a good question; "Maybe," says Daddy, "we don't have the right outlook on life." So he sends Monty to consult with Socrates Mulligan, the famous philosopher and scholar who runs a clip joint on Moscow Mountain. Incidentally, this takes his dear little boy off the payroll and business once more looks brighter.

As we look in, Montgomery has just been explaining his situation to Jasper Jabber, the registrar, bursar, secretary, dean, advisor, and sole graduate of this famous school.

Jas: Well, if you wanna take lessons from Socrates Mulligan first of all you gotta pass an I. Q. test.

Mont: What's that?

Jas: Well, I ask you some questions to see how smart you are. Well, it don't exactly tell how smart you are, but it shows uh, whether your convulsions is convulsing correctly. That is, it's sort of analagous to indicating whether your brains is gray or red. Uh, it's very complicated.

Mont: What good is it?

Jas: *What good is it?* Uh . . . well, it ain't no good if you're dumb. But if you're smart it's something to brag about for the rest of your life. Now take me. I got an exceptional I. Q. an' I wasn't born with it neither . . . I had to work for it. Uh, are you ready to proceed, keed? Here's a question sent in from a listener at Ma's Cow, Idaho: 'Which of these four lays eggs . . . Southern congressmen,



flustered floozies, contributors to Blot, or chickens?"

Mont: Chickens.

Jas: Bless you, sonny . . . you are so right. I interrogates again: What is the receipe for a 'Corpse Reviver No. 2'?

Mont:  $\frac{1}{4}$  Lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  Lina Lillet,  $\frac{1}{4}$  Cointreau,  $\frac{1}{4}$  Dry gin, one dash Absinthe, stir well in ice and strain and serve with cherry.

Jas: Very good, expendable one. Just one more question: You got ten bucks to give me for tuition?

Mont: Yes.

Jas: (to himself) You ain't so smart. (aloud) Uh, that's very good. We will consider this your uh, mental rental. Ha ha.

Mont: Ha ha.

Jas: So you are a wealthy young business man lookin' for an outlook. I always wanted to be rich but I never got the right breaks, so I got discouraged and became an idealist instead. I imagine you wanna get ideals and stuff like that there. Well, that involves an education. I can see that you been through college.

Mont: Yes, I was president of

the Horsie Set, vice-president of the Inflated and Esoteric Egoes Club, president of the Give Your Right Arm to Get Your Picture in the Argonaut Club, and Thigh High Inspector for the Girlies' Girdle Auxiliary. In addition I was an active and outstanding member of Zoopna Fu, Ga Ga Too, Howdie Do, Delvic Rah Rah, Fudda Thudda Blooda, and Yeow Meow. I am a sincere, courteous, and capable worker. I never spit on the floor during daylight. I never buy my clothes on sale. When my pants get shiny on the bottom I give them to father. I read all of the classics put out by the Book-of-the-Month Club. I always wanted to know more about the Bible and Shakespeare. I memorize all the jokes in the Reader's Digest. I love swoony music . . . the kind that makes little tingles all over my back. I also enjoy longhair music clipped real short. I never pant in front of ladies. My nose is not brown, it is sunburned. I never go to the movies more than twice a week. When I walk into a room everyone knows I'm there. My mother thinks I'm a very sweet boy and I simply can't stand conceited people.

Jas: I see. But just why do you wanna enroll here in the first place?

Mont: Daddy says business is not doing so good and if I got the proper outlook on life it might get better. Besides, I have dreams in which I see little people with pinheads making fun of me.

Jas: Tsk, tsk. This is a real tragedy. I can see that Socrates Mulligan is just the man for you. Leave me lead you over to the other side of Moscow Mountain . . . where the Clouds are.

Mont: The clouds?

Jas: Yes. Sh! Don't talk so loud. Ya want everybody to know when they ain't paid no tuition? That's the secret . . . the Clouds!

Chorus:

If you ain't got the dough,  
You ain't in the know,  
That's what it takes:  
The dough and the breaks.

Jas: Well, here we be.

Mont: Who's that over there . . . the fellow waving his arms?

Jas: That's him!

Mont: Who's him?

Jas: Socrates Mulligan. Ah! What intelligence! What intellect! Note his classical forehead. Oftentimes I wish'd I was bald, too. Go ahead and call him.

Mont: Yoo hoo! Mr. Socrates! What are you doing?

Soc: Silence, thimble brain!! Don't speak unless spoken to!! As for what I am doing, it should be perfectly obvious that I am trying to catch the hole in this cloud and stick my head into it. Oh, fudge! Now it blew out of reach.

Mont: But aren't there better things than clouds to stick your head into?

Soc: Any more of your premature senility and I'll personally screw you into yonder gopher hole.

Mont: See here, I didn't come here to have my intelligence insulted.

Soc: You listen to the radio?

Mont: Yes.

Soc: You go to the movies?

Mont: Twice a week.

Soc: Then your intelligence was insulted long before I got to it. Do you have a college degree?

Mont: Yes, I was president of the Horsie Set, vice president of the Inflated and . . .

Soc: All right, all right. I believe you. Now sit down on that log while I try to pound some brains through that hole in your head.

Mont: Yes sir.

Soc: The first thing you must learn is to be realistic about life. The best way to do that is to sit up here on Moscow Mountain and contemplate the sun.

Mont: What do I do when it rains and there isn't any sun?

Soc: Oh, be quiet! This is just the first lesson. Whenever the Clouds pass by you must always stand with your head in the midst of them.

Mont: Why?

Soc: Oh, what a keen, analyti-

cal moron you are! You don't want to be stupid, do you?

Mont: No.

Soc: Do stupid people ever stand with their heads in the Clouds?

Mont: No.

Soc: Then it logically follows that only people of great intellect stand with their heads in the Clouds.

Mont: Ah! How remarkable! So rational, so scientific! Tell me more!

Soc: What is this I have in my hand?

Mont: Why . . . it's a teapot.

Soc: Wrong, you naive ninny! What names I could call you if it were not for my proper upbringing! This is the True Teapot, the bringer of cloudy days.

Mont: (shocked) Socrates! You're a pagan!

Soc: ( m u m b l e s ) Pagan, shmagan.

Mont: This is the 20th century. It isn't nice to be polytheistic any more.

Soc: Nice, shmice. Don't you realize there's only one Teapot?

Mont: Don't be silly. There's thousands of teapots.

Soc: But there's only one *True* Teapot.

Mont: Why?

Soc: Damnit, because I say so. Don't you have faith in me? Don't you have faith in the Clouds?

Mont: Yes, yes . . . I believe you.

Soc: Every day you must pray to the Clouds for eternal wisdom and liberal tendencies.

Mont: What are 'liberal tendencies,' Socrates?

Soc: Oh, you know . . . less taxation and more pensions, Federal aid and more tolerance for pressure groups, abolishment of anti literature.

Mont: What's 'anti' literature?

Soc: Oh, anything that's anti-this and anti-that.

Chorus:

Diffusion of confusion,  
emotion, commotion.

Fresher pressure,  
thinking is stinking.

Mont: Socrates, about these

(Continued on Page 20)

MONTGOMERY WENT TO MOSCOW MOUNTAIN FOR GRADUATE WORK WITH SOCRATES MULLIGAN. AFTER MONTHS OF STUDY HE CAME BACK . . . WELL, READ IT AND SEE!

# The Half Wits Mistake

by RICK MUNKWITZ

*THE DEVOTION OF THE HALF WIT TO HIS MASTER WAS TO BE PRAISED . . . . . BUT THINGS JUST DIDN'T SEEM TO WORK OUT.*

The half-wit chore boy began to wake the men early one morning. The men groaned and grumbled. Big Bill swung at the half-wit, but missed, and he swore loudly, but the half-wit smiled and turned to wake another blanketed form in the crowded group of double bunks. When everyone awoke, the half-wit left the bunkhouse to help Chink with breakfast. He bent his body against the strong, cold wind. One of the huge doors on the barn scraped and banged in the wind and the shrill whine of a frightened horse came from inside. The half-wit ran inside the barn. Horse urine and the smell of fermented hay made his eyes water and the frightened horse was eating. Everything was quiet inside except for the wind. He closed the high door and latched it tight against the barn frame. His hands numbed from the cold as he ran to the ranch house and the warm kitchen stove.

Chink, the cook, babbled in Chinese when the half-wit came in the kitchen with a blast of cold air. He finally broke into English, "Gimme wood in stove. Wanta more wood."

The half-wit took a hot-cake from a high stack that the cook had taken from a greasy pan and hurriedly stuffed his mouth. It tasted doughy and sticky. He took several pieces of pine, opened the stove door, and threw them in. They broke into flames and the flame shot out in one sudden sheet and its heat singed the half-wit's eyebrows. He drew back and slammed the door with one motion.

Chink pushed the half-wit away and placed a frying pan of bacon over the red top of the stove. Grease formed under each long strip, shining, and then the grease began to snap

and the bacon curled up on their ends and the smell filled the half-wit's nose so that it made his mouth wet. He reached towards the snapping bacon and Chink slapped his hand with a pancake turner, swearing highly in Chinese.

Big Bill and his boys broke into the room, stamping their feet free of snow. There were four of them with Big Bill, all hired hands.

The two brothers, Tom and Art did not look alike. Tom was bald except for a small fringe of curly red hair around the top and under his ears. He was shy because of his baldness and always kept his battered range hat on when he ate. The boys kidded him about it and he got mad but never showed it.

Art was older than Tom and his voice was deeper. He liked to talk loud when it wasn't necessary. He bragged about all the women he slept with during his thirty years of life and never tired to tell anyone who was interested about his conquests.

Gramp was the oldest of the group with his leather-hardened face, his moving jaws dripping with tobacco juice drawn in around his mouth, with all the cracks and wrinkles eroded deep into his face; he looked older than fifty-two years. He told stories of the old days when he drank, but he did not drink much anymore. His wife died after he had sworn off drinking, but before she died, he had promised her he would read the Bible. He read it every evening now, before he went to bed.

Frosty was the last man to come into the kitchen. His eyes looked heavy with sleep and he was scratching his back, trying to get at an impossible place. He gave up and rubbed his back

against the wall and his face relaxed when he reached the right spot. Bill had found him in Cody. He had not placed in the rodeo, so he got drunk. Frosty remembered drinking whiskey with a whore and then his memory faded until he met Big Bill, who offered him a job after he had asked Big Bill for some money. Broke and disheartened, he went to Big Bill's ranch to save money to enter the next rodeo.

Big Bill sat at the long table first, his long beard dripped from the water he had thrown in his red face, but his eyes were open, wide and blue. He watched the boys take their seats and he thought of the past year that seemed like a day. He thought of his wife who died giving birth to a dead son and the storm and his dead cattle and the half-wit. The Kid, who came running to him one day from Slade's ranch, badly beaten by Slade because he didn't build a fire one morning. And then Slade came over and said he could have the Kid if he wanted him, and he had taken him. He never regretted it, because the helped him with jobs that the Kid was a hard worker who other boys hated; like castrating the calves, and helping the Chink.

The half-wit slid a white plate in front of Big Bill and he stacked it high with hot cakes and bacon. Everyone stopped talking and ate fast, stopping only after they drank the hot, scalding coffee.

Joe broke the silence. "Weather looks bad, Bill. I don't think those steers will eat much today."

Bill lit a cigarette before he answered, "Yeah, I know it. I guess we'd better round them up

(Continued on Page 21)

# GAME TIME . . . . for Idaho Coeds

Home coming for 1949 Vandal fans has come and has become history, but for just a few eye-appealing pages we would like to sit back and reminisce . . . . Big weekends on the Idaho campus mean exciting times for all, "bang-up" rallies, glittering fireworks, colorful parades, but above all interwoven throughout the festivities are the college girls. Queens, princesses, and just plain good looking coeds for which American universities are famous. If this month's picture spread is any example, we think you'll agree the U. of I. is no exception to the rule!



Seeing double—think so, huh? Honest, take our word for it, there really are two. And those two are none other than the George twins, Peggy and Adrian, although we still can't decide which is which! Here they are all perked up for Homecoming dance dates in identical studded satin short evening dresses, with very formal suede opera pumps. Still can't figure how their dates ever manage to tell these two lovelies apart . . . . but, who's complaining!



For that strictly sophisticated look we give you Marcene Foreman in sleek black satin crepe with jeweled belt line. Note her pixie heeled French suede pumps. Marcene wears the latest fad in hair-does, a very short, soft, angel brush that really gives that "just stepped out of Vogue's pages" look. This dress would also be just the ticket for a big Homecoming dance.

Not that we actually noticed any formals being worn during Homecoming, but we just couldn't resist li'l Diane Wendling in this swishy black satin strapless and filmy stole. Black is typically collegiate this year, as always, particularly in strapless versions, but Diane's gown has a brand new all-round bustle and flying panel skirt, a la Christian Dior. With gleaming rhinestone bracelet and choker, Diane makes such a pretty picture, we're beginning to wish there had been a formal dance tucked into that big weekend, don't you!



Fraternity and living group open houses after game time were informal typical college receptions where alums renewed old acquaintances and met this year's bevy of new campus beauties. One of these, Miss Virginia Korn, models for our imaginary open house this gay Forstner wool plaid with bracelet sleeves and tiny casual black suede slippers. Such a dress could well double for school coke dates and Friday night firesides.



Virginia Barton took Homecoming guests to the game. Here we see her garbed in the perfect suit for a football weekend, not too sporty, not too dressy, but just right for any coed fan not sitting in the card section. Lovely dark suede pumps with gloves, bag, and hat to match would convert this outfit into a smooth one for Sunday church and tea dates.

Rooting sections at game time were filled with white sweaters and I caps . . . . to "make the card section look uniform." Well, after glancing at Connie Baxter's homecoming game outfit, we've decided what a wonderful uniform. White cashmere sweater teamed with a gold tweed skirt and brightened with a contrasting tie will do . . . . Will do? . . . . How smart can one little coed look!



Homecoming morning began for Elaine Cope in the wee small hours of the dawn working on her living group's float and hammering together last minute decoration props. Even such early hours wouldn't be half bad if she were working on our float . . . . In bright red White Stag dungarees and matching sweater we appoint her the gal the editors would most like to decorate with!



# The Tragic End of Smelly Anna

by JOE DICKINSON

ANNA WAS A LOVABLE OLD GIRL WITH A PAST . . . . AND A SOUL, NO LESS.

Smelly Anna lived on the bowery.

She was a derelict.

Anna admitted she was a derelict.

I am a smelly old broken down derelict, Smelly Anna often admitted.

But I have a soul, she would go on to say.

That smelly old bag, they would say.

She has no soul.

And she stinks, too, they would add.

In fact, Anna smelled so bad, there was a petition being circulated around which would have Anna confined to a home for the aged and odorous.

Anna heard of the petition and was aghast.

I am aghast, she gasped.

They'll never put me in a home. I'll die first!

So she put on her best burlap dress suit and headed for a busy intersection.

At the intersection she waited until the light was red and then dashed out into the street.

There was a screeching of brakes and Anna lay in the street, waiting for the truck to run over her.

But it didn't.

It had stopped in time.

You smelly old bag, said the truck driver, climbing down from the cab of the truck.

But I have a soul, said Smelly Anna.

So have I, said the driver, and promptly used it on Anna's hind parts.

Stop! cried a voice of steel.

Whonhell are you? asked the truck driver.

I am Hector Horsehair, said a clean cut looking young man.

I am a clean cut young man, and I will not stand to see

that poor woman mistreated.

You won't stand to see her mistreated, huh, rasped the driver.

Well, whatcha gonna do about it?

Hector sat down.

Go ahead, he said.

After the truck driver had left, Anna picked her battered old bones up from the pavement.

Son, she said to Hector, those were the first kind words I've heard in many a day.

It was nothing, Hector demurred, and blushed.

But this must stop, Hector went on, you must come live with me.

In sin? gasped Anna.

No, said Hector, I have a wife.

Oh hell, said Anna.

But she went.

Three months went by and one day Hector approached Anna.

Anna, he said, are you happy here?

Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, said Anna, pressing the hem of Hector's trousers to her lips.

Hector slapped her hand away from his knees and continued.

Then Anna, I must ask you to do something.

Anything, cried Anna, her passion mounted in an overwhelming wave and sloshed over her chin in the form of drool.

Take a bath, Anna.

I knew you had ulterior motives in mind when you brought me here, screamed Anna.

You ulterior fiend, she cried, and, pulling out a knife, slit his throat.

Anna was brought up for trial.

As she entered the courtroom, her gaze rested on the judge.

Herkimer, she bellered.

The judge was so surprised he wet his pants.

Anna, he said.

It was her long lost lover.

Anna was promptly freed.

They were married immediately and took up residence in an ivy covered little cottage on the edge of the city dump.

They lived happily for some time and then one day the judge could bear it no longer.

Anna, he said, if you love me, you must take a bath.

Anna eyed the butcher knife sitting on the kitchen table.

Who knows what thoughts raced through her mind.

Then, after a long moment, she said:

Very well, Herkimer, I'll do it. The tub was filled and Anna prepared to take a bath.

At the edge of the tub she paused.

I can't do it, she cried, I can't, I can't!

You must, Anna, screamed the judge, in the name of our happiness!

Oh to hell with it, Anna said, and, picking up the butcher knife, played hell with the judge's liver.

The judge slumped to the floor. What have I done? asked Anna.

I must make amends for my brutal crime!

And without hesitation, she jumped into the bathtub.

The shock was so great, she died almost immediately.

The judge survived, however, as Anna had badly bungled the job.

He later married Hector Horsehair's widow and they lived happily ever after.

Thus does true love triumph!

Beneath this stone lies Murphy, They buried him today.

He lived the life of Riley,

While Riley was away.

—I—

Chorus - girls must certainly see a lot of each other.



# The Big Day

Homecoming at the University of Idaho has come and gone for thousands of Idaho Alums and students. Blot photographers Earl Brockman, Pat Hamilton, Jack Barnes and Phil Schnell were on the job recording for you some of the outstanding attractions of the day.

Tri-Delta sorority (1) placed first in the women's float division with these beautiful mermaids. The Pi Phi's (2) didn't win anything but we thought it a pretty cute float. Half-time (3) and the University band and card section go into action. Quite the novel idea the TKE fraternity had (4) in sending the cougar to the South Sea Islands. It brought them first place in the men's house decoration division. We just couldn't go to press without a picture of those cute majorettes (5) leading the U. band. Captain Kiilsgaard (6) receives the big honor from his home town, Bonners Ferry. Jim Lyle, Alumni secretary, presented the award. The Campus Club (7) goes hunting. And Queen Bea and court (8) atop the Idaho Club float. Governor Robins and Alumni President Owen (9) crown lovely Bea Helander queen of the 1949 Homecoming. The winners of the big activity day (10) receive their cups and trophies. Morgan Tovey, Chairman of Homecoming, who made the presentations, looks a little relieved. Dixie's Mauling Mill of Phi Gamma Delta (11) helped them win the big trophy for all-over activities. A tense moment for Queen Bea (12) and the Homecoming committee. The Victory Goddess of Delta Tau Delta received many "ah's" and "oh's" as it passed the reviewing stand. The Beta's entry "End Of The Trail" (14) placed second in the men's float division. The Kappa's prepare their prize-winning house decorations (15). Sigma Nu (16) put out the glad hand and took home first prize in the men's float division. Pine Hall (17) received an Honorable Mention in the men's float division with their three lovely Luxies. Mighty cold, wasn't it boys?



# Blot Applauds

by MARIE HARGIS

A PAT ON THE BACK AND A LINE OF PRAISE FOR THREE OF THIS YEAR'S OUTSTANDING UNDERGRADS.



CARL KILSGAARD



PHYLLIS LARUE



MORGAN TOVEY

## CARL KILSGAARD

No one really needs to be introduced to Idaho's gridiron threat, Beartracks Kilsgaard. The name has become almost synonymous with football. A demon on the field, Beartracks is everybody's buddy on campus, for there isn't an easier guy to get to know.

As well as holding down a berth on Dixie's Vandals, Carl held the helm for Idaho's biggest honorary, the "I" Club, through the hectic season of '48-'49. A long-time Chrisman boy, he recently took up his abode in the Idaho Club along with the rest of Idaho's finest.

## PHYLLIS LARUE

In this corner we have, from Hays Hall, Miss Phyllis Larue. Miss Larue devotes her time to the two boards, Mortar and Executive, so consequently she is a busy woman. She heads the pride of the Home Economics department, Phi Upsilon Omicron, and dabbles in the Home

Ec. Club. She serves as vice-president of her living group, wheels around in Wesley Foundation and Kappa Phi, and still has time left over to devote to AWS. Needless to say, it isn't much time. As a matter of fact, we have it on good authority that she has exactly four hours free every week to attend to the man she's engaged to. It's enough to make you mighty weary. Originally, Phyl came from the wilds of south Idaho, but she has so long been a fixture in Idaho's activities that it seems impossible that she ever lived anywhere else.

## MORGAN TOVEY

To most of us, Homecoming marks the first real PARTY of the year. It is usually celebrated with oceans of alcohol and 3500 bad heads on Sunday morning. Just as an item of information, Blot would like to inform you that Homecoming involves a lot of work, hard work. The boy on whose unlucky shoulders

most of that work falls is Morgan Tovey, of the famous Tovey tribe. As preparation for his present position, Morgan served on the Independent Caucus, Attic Club and as president of Blue Key. Purely as a sideline, (he was just getting started then) he put in a year as president of his class in '47-'48.

For services rendered, Blot applauds Morgan Tovey.

She was Honey Chile in New Orleans

The hot spark of the bunch  
But on the old expense account  
She was gas, cigars and lunch.

—I—

Baby Ear of Corn: Mama, where did I come from?

Mama Ear of Corn: Hush, dear; the stalk brought you.

—I—

"I think when Bill and I are married, we'll go to Bali Bali and see what it's like."

"Don't be silly, it's the same everywhere."

The horse and mule live 30 years  
And nothing know of wines or  
beers.

The goat and sheep at 20 die  
And never taste of scotch or rye.

The cow drinks water by the ton  
And at 18 is mostly done.

The dog at 15 cashes in  
Without the aid of rum or gin.

The cat in milk or water soaks  
Then at 12 it drops and craks.

The modest sober, bone dry hen  
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at  
ten.

All animals are strictly dry,  
The sinless live and swiftly die.  
But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked  
men

Survive for three score years and  
ten,

And some of us, a mighty few  
Keep drinking 'till we're 92.

—I—

"Papa, vot is the dee-france  
bitwin prosperity and depres-  
sion?"

"Vell, my boy," papa replied,  
"in prosperity we had vine, vim-  
min, and song; but in depres-  
sion all ve got is beer, mama,  
and der radio."

—I—

Funeral Director (to aged  
mourner): "How old are you?"

"I'll be ninety-eight next  
month."

"Hardly worth going home, is  
it?"

—I—

"Well, Doc, was my operation  
a success?"

"Sorry old man, I'm St. Pe-  
ter."

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Will catch the eye  
And hold it with its  
Deep red dye.  
The mark of lips  
Is the sign of the year  
Which says not Kilroy,  
But Woman was here.

—I—

He knocked at the door of  
my room.

"May I come in? It's the room  
I had when I went to the U. of I.  
in '09," he said.

I invited him in.

"Yes, sir," he said, lost in reverie. "Same old room. Same old windows. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the closet door.  
There stood a girl, terrified.

"This is my sister," I said.

"Yes, sir. Same old story."

—I—

A man was carrying a grand-  
father's clock down a crowded  
street to a repair shop. As the  
clock limited his vision he unin-  
tentionally collided with a wo-  
man, knocking her down. After  
collecting her compusure and  
her packages, the woman strug-  
gled to her feet and scathingly  
inquired, "Why the hell don't  
you carry a wrist watch like  
everybody else?"

A negro preacher asked his  
congregation: "What is the  
best thing in life?"

Deacon Green arose and said  
it was fried chicken. Then he  
spoke glowingly for several  
minutes on the virtues of the  
same.

Deacon Brown then arose and  
said that, while Deacon Green  
had a mighty good subject, he  
was sure the audience would  
agree that watermelon was the  
very best thing in life. He fol-  
lowed this statement by a speech  
which lasted some time.

Sister Mary, in the rear of  
the church, slowly raised to her  
feet. "Parson," she said, "you  
better stop this argument before  
some nasty-minded rascal gets  
up and tells the truth."

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"AFTER" THE GAME  
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and a

THICK JUMBO MILK SHAKE

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HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

(Continued from Page 9)

pinheads that bother me in my dreams . . .

Soc: Yes, I know all about them.

Mont: You do?

Soc: Yes indeed. They used to bother me at night, too. But I fooled them . . . I stayed awake at night and slept during the day.

Mont: Isn't there an easier way to get rid of them?

Soc: Of course there is, you bonehead! What do you think I've been giving lessons for all day? Already you should feel vibrant, stimulated, intellectualized, pedantic . . .

Mont: I'm confused.

Soc: Shmoozed, confused, *Everyone's* confused, but don't ever admit it. Just pretend you calm and rational.

Mont: You mean, act like I know it all, huh?

Soc: Please, Montgomery . . . the word is not 'know it all' . . . it is 'sophisticated'. But I'm glad to see that you have the general idea. What do you do when someone tells you something you don't understand?

Mont: Why, I listen and then . . .

Soc: No, no, no! *Sneer*.

Mont: *Sneer*?

Soc: Naturally. *Sneer*. In a kindly way, of course. Do it with a smile, as though you felt sorry for the fellow. Now give me a sly sneer. Go ahead . . . you've got to practice every day until it's perfect.

Mont: Is this the way?

Soc: No, I'm afraid not. When you sneer you have to keep your mouth shut. Try it again.

Mont: Like this?

Soc: Yes, that's more like it. When you get tired of sneering you can always look bored . . . as though you were a diamond among a bunch of pebbles. Give me a bored expression now. That's it! But look more disdainful . . . pretend that you're looking out the window of a Cadillac at someone who's driving an old Ford . . . ah! perfect!

Mont: Oh, this is just peachy! I feel so brainy already.

Soc: Next I will teach you the art of reasoning, arguemen-

tation, and debate. In other words, what to say when you don't know what to say.

Mont: How exciting!

Soc: When you want to impress people . . . and someone starts arguing with you . . . just look down your nose at him and say in a lofty and authoritative tone, 'Ree-dic-ulous!'

Mont: All right. Here goes . . . Ree-dic-ulous!

Soc: No, not quite. More accent on the second syllable.

Mont: Ree-DIC-ulous!

Soc: Not bad. You almost sound as if you had done this before. Did you say you went to college?

Mont: Yes, I belonged to Zoopna Fu, Ga Ga Too, Towdie Do, Delvic Rah Rah . . .

Soc: Will you kindly SHUT UP!! Save that mouthwash for someone who hasn't heard it before. The next thing to remember is . . .

Jas: Socrates, Socrates! They're here! They're here!

Soc: What are you raving about, Jasper?

Jas: Clouds! They're here! Lots of them! I never seen so many before.

Soc: Praise Zeus! My prayers have been answered. Come, Montgomery. The Clouds are just the thing to cure brain fog and dampen the intellect. Hurry!

Chorus:

Hail, hail, to Clouds so white,

Bringers of rain and brainy light.

Bags of wind, full of air, Just like dear old Soc down there!

Three months have passed For Monty in school.

He still gets sassed And he's still a damn fool.

Soc: Montgomery! Where are you?

Mont: In here. In this cave.

Soc: What in holy hell are you doing in there?

Mont: Well . . . that last time you got so disgusted with me you told to go crawl in a hole somewhere.

Soc: Of all the perfect idiots! Come out of there before you frighten the bears. Now shake your head for me to see if it still rattles. Hm . . . the rattling has stopped . . . I wonder if that's good or bad. Tell me; do the little people with pinheads still bother you?

Mont: Yes and no. They don't make fun of me anymore . . . they just jab pins into me and giggle.

Soc: Hm. A definite improvement. Did you contemplate the sun today?

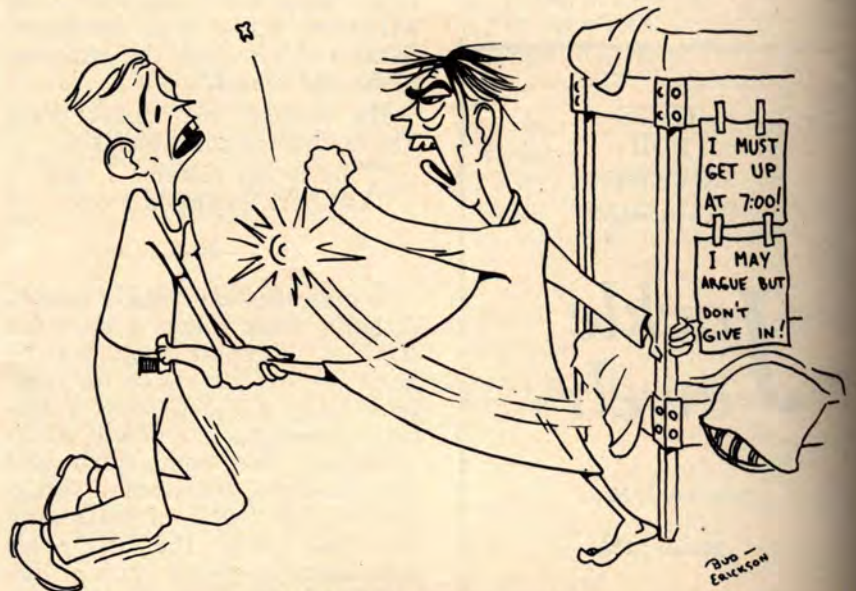
Mont: Yes.

Soc: And did it make you see things differently?

Mont: It made me see myself differently.

Soc: Excellent! Introspection! Contemplation of the sun is

(Continued on page 27)



"I said I changed my mind."



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wit's wrist, "Or do you want the same thing I gave you last time."

The half-wit tried to wrench his arm loose, but it grew numb. Slade raised his hand and swung hard. He hit the half-wit hard, feeling his hand sink into the half-wit's face. "There's a taste of what you are going to get if you open your mouth."

He bit his lip and it began to bleed and he did not speak. Slade turned and went out towards the barn and the half-wit saw him unlatch the big door and disappear inside.

The half-wit took a rifle and followed the footprints of Slade in the snow. At first, he stepped into Slade's footsteps, but they were long and he broke his stride and stumbled through a large drift. The wind had stopped and the big door was not moving when Slade stepped out.

Slade saw the half-wit with the rifle and he walked towards him, his face tight and drawn with anger. "Put that gun back, you half-witted bastard," he said.

The half-wit raised the rifle and fired and the roar echoed over the yard. Slade dropped to his knees, his face had lost its anger and looked surprised, and then he fell forward, groaning. He clawed at the snow, clumping it in small lumps until his hands stopped moving and he was dead.

The half-wit watched Slade die and then stepped over him

and closed the barn door. He had done his duty and he knew Bill would be happy because he had saved the hay and the cattle would not starve and his friends would not lose their jobs. He stayed inside the ranch house for three days. Outside, the wind began to drift snow over Slade's body and a dog, his sides gaunt from hunger, dug through the drift and tore at its frozen flesh until his stomach became bloated and he was full.

On the evening of the third day, the men returned and discovered Slade's mutilated body. They found the half-wit cooking their supper. He smiled when they entered, but they were not smiling. Their faces were grim when Bill asked, "What happened, Kid?"

The half-wit sensed he had done something wrong, "save hay, boss. Bad man try to take hay and I shoot. He lick me, but I not scared of him. I save hay."

Frosty snapped, "Why you dumb little ba---."

"Shut up and get out, all of you. I'll settle this," Bill said.

The boys filed out silently, looking at the half-wit and the half-wit smiling at them, trying to make friends, but they looked hard and cold.

The door closed and Bill said, "Listen Kid, I want to thank you for helping me. I know you meant no harm, but we will have to go to town and settle this thing legal-like. I'll help you as much as I can." Big Bill tried to conceal his emotion.

The half-wit's eyes looked puzzled, "I save hay, boss. You not happy."

"I'm happy and glad," he forced a smile. "Now run along and get packed for town."

They put the remains of Slade's body into a canvas sack and the half-wit helped them sew the bag shut. They loaded it on a sleigh and turned the team towards town. Sometimes they had to get out and shovel a trail for the horses, and the half-wit enjoyed throwing the snow in the air. They stopped to eat in the afternoon. The food tasted flat to Bill because the kid looked as if he was going to a circus. He called the half-wit when they had finished eating and said, "There's going to be

other people who will talk bad to you in town, but don't get scared of 'em. Remember, I'll protect you. Remember that." The half-wit nodded his head as if he understood and jumped on the sleigh and looked back in the direction of the ranch.

Bill sat next to him and said, "You may not see the ranch for a long time."

They drove the horses hard and white foam began to form on their heaving sides and steam rose above their rumps. They were an odd sight when they went through the main street of town. Bill held the reins tight, looking straight ahead; the half-wit was smiling to the people and the canvas sack bumped from the floor of the sleigh when they went over a high rut. Part of the canvas became untied and a leg dangled from the opening. It looked stiff and upright. A woman saw it and screamed and then several people saw it and the men began to follow the wagon, but Bill never looked back nor answered their questions as he drove to the sheriff's office.

When they arrived at the court house, the sheriff was waiting. Bill stepped stiff-legged from the sleigh and helped the boy down.

The sheriff asked, "Who killed him?"

Bill yelled to the crowd, "Let that canvas alone." But he was too late. It was ripped open

(Continued on Page 24)

## Moscow Hotel

and

## Wright's Fountain

The

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Fine Food



THE BLOSSOM

(Continued from Page 6)

he said. "I should hate to see it broken." He patted the dirt around and over the bulb, almost sacredly, then turned to me and said, "I shall expect you to care for it; water will be brought to you each day with your meals. It should bloom in less than three weeks. I hope you don't get restless. You can't get out of the room, you know. I will bring some horticulture magazines I have. You may find some interesting things in them. And see, I've even placed some lovely flower portraits on the wall for you."

He smiled . . . that quiet deathlike smile of his . . . and said tonelessly, "I wouldn't neglect tending the flower, for if it should die I am afraid you might be killed without trial."

He left me. Left me to guard my own executioner, make sure that it might live to proclaim my own death. Once every day or so he came in and looked at the bulb to see if I were tending it. I shan't forget the day the first green sprout burst forth. He fussed around it, patting the dirt noiselessly.

"Ah, I see your jury is coming to life," he said softly.

And so I watch day after day, tending it like a thing beloved, hating it for the thing it is. Oh God! you cannot realize the agony of the waiting. I watch it grow day after day, sucking up the water I am forced to give it, like a monster struggling for life breath.

And this room. I have been in it for nineteen days; I know every crack and crevice of its walls. Every indenture and scratch on its wooden floors, every line and bulge of that damned vase. That vase! It seems to smile at me. Can't you see? Surely you can't fail to perceive the way the line near the base turns upward on one side. But of course you can't see it, excuse me for being so mindless, you are not in the room. I can see it. And I can see the flower. It has grown voraciously these past two weeks. When he came in today he told me it might bloom soon. But I al-

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*Gem Shop*

ready knew that. I can see the node on the end of the lone green stem. He expects me to compare it with those pictures he has hung on the wall. Pictures of red and white flowers blooming. He thinks he will drive me mad; he thinks he will be spared of wiping his hands of my blood.

He is so cruel. I should have told it from the first time I saw him. But I was only nineteen and a student of literature. Perhaps that is why his devilishly-pointed eyebrows and neatly trimmed beard gave him that touch of romanticism which I worshipped. Nevertheless, I could have withstood his offer. But I did not. When a young man is nineteen and burning to write his name into the fiction of a country, he does not turn down offers such as Dr. Armeand advanced to me.

He was a sickly man, he was doing research, he needed someone to do his letters, a part-time job in a secluded country estate—he needed another man. I was that man. He had an extensive library, both fiction and scientific dogma; I was to have free access and in my off-hours could pursue my writing flair as I desired. He told me he had a penchant for authors and would in no way hinder my studies. When I had finished my secretarial work for the day I could do as I pleased.

Of course I accepted. Would a young man of my temperament do differently? Here was the opportunity I had waited for. I no longer had a problem of subsistence, and after working hours I could advance my writings. His home was indeed a secluded country estate. So large and airy and surrounded by trees that it reminded one of being in a vast cathedral hung by drapes. I saw only one servant during the course of my stay so imagined the remainder of the house to be boarded up and in disuse. I never suspected a thing. I never learned the doctor's true profession . . . until three weeks ago.

His correspondence was of a voluminous nature, pertaining mainly to aspects of horticulture, and sometimes kept me

(Continued on Page 25)

## HALF WITS MISTAKE

(Continued from Page 22)

and the mutilated body of Slade became exposed. A murmur first swept the crowd and then it rose into high whispers. A woman, wide eyed, turned away, and then everyone looked at Bill and talked at once.

Bill and the half-wit followed the sheriff into the court house and Bill told the sheriff the complete story. The sheriff looked at the half-wit a long time and the half-wit smiled, expecting to be thanked for saving the hay, but the sheriff took a shiny pair of handcuffs from his hip pocket and put them around the half-wit's wrists. They felt cold. Bill turned away and the sheriff said, "You're under arrest for killing a man."

The half-wit did not understand. His arms were outstretched and the handcuffs dangled loosely around his wrists. He tried to talk, but his throat was tight and then Bill said, "Remember, I'll help you all I can."

Then the sheriff locked him behind a heavy steel door with a small window near the top. Heavy bars crossed the window and the half-wit had to stand on his toes to look out. His face still looked puzzled and white. He saw Bill leave the room and the sheriff followed close behind.

Bill climbed back on the sleigh and saw someone had removed the body. The sheriff stood next to the sleigh and waited for Bill to talk. "When does his trial come up, sheriff?"

"Next week if everything runs smoothly. Bring your boys over when you come to trial, Bill. It looks as if you may need them."

"Do you think the kid will have a chance," Bill said.

"Like a snowball in hell."

Bill snapped the reins and the horses strained the sleigh into motion. He loosened the reins and the horses slowed down to a slow walk and finally stopped and Big Bill just sat there staring at the court house and then he began to cry. A few heavy drops fell until he wiped his eyes with a dirty sleeve. He stepped from the

sleigh and into a saloon for a drink.

They cut down the old apple tree,  
That blossomed each spring by the door.  
And Rover has missed it since that day,  
Though he never missed it before.

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Coroner: And what were your husband's last words?

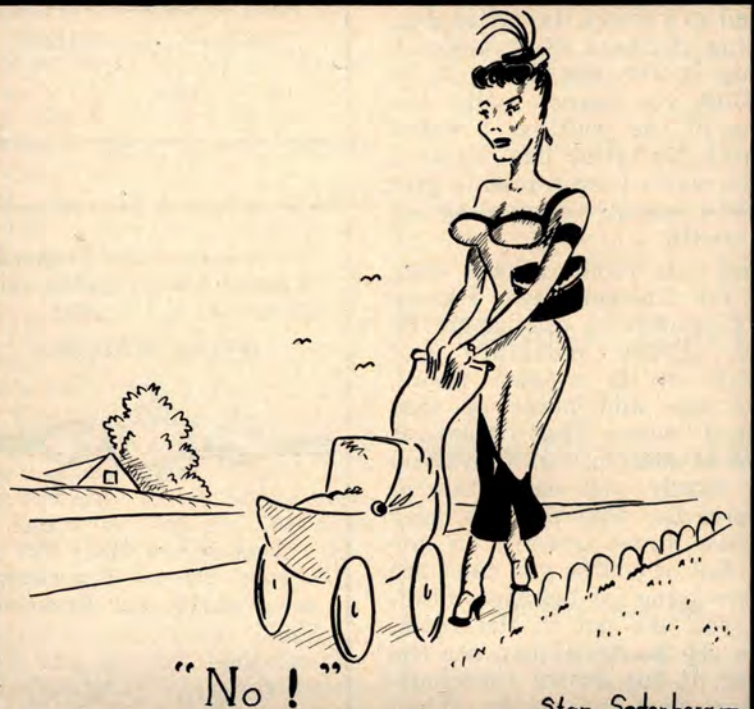
New Widow: He said, "I don't see how they make a profit out of this stuff at a dollar and a quarter a quart.

—I—

She: Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?

He: No, I hate hospitals.

## FAMOUS LAST WORDS



Stan Soderberg

THE BLOSSOM

(Continued from Page 23)

after hours. But I had no room for complaint, for on certain days he would vanish for hours on end, telling me to stay in the library and pursue my studies. I was glad for these opportunities, for truly his library was immense and contained every author from whom I desired to draw material. In my youthfulness I thought he simply did not want to work that day and was being kind enough to allow me to enjoy the benefits of his books. Oh why did I not follow him just once? But it is too late now.

Four weeks ago he brought Maxwell here. Maxwell was nice. I liked Maxwell. You would have liked him too, for he was quiet and kind to everyone. But Maxwell disappeared, and when I asked Dr. Armeand about his sudden departure, the doctor said he had returned to the city. Even then I did not suspect—until I found Maxwell lying on the walk beside the doctor's rose garden—a heavy vine of a nature I could not determine twisted tightly around his neck.

I am sure I must have screamed, for in the next instant Armeand was standing beside me.

"I was rather afraid you would find the body before I had removed it. However, he is not the first, you know. I would rather, Philip, you hadn't stumbled on Maxwell's body, for I liked you. I have a distinct penchant for those with creative ability. That is why, sometimes, I hate to destroy. But in Maxwell's case it was necessary."

He saw me start.

"Ah, Philip, but it was. Maxwell would have died anyway, and much more slowly and painfully. He would have wasted away, like the petals withering on a rose. And you see, it was my fault. I hoped to create but I only caused destruction. It was best that he die quickly."

I only looked at him, standing there with a first ray of morning sun lighting his eyes into pinpoints of black crystal. I noticed a green stain on his

hands caused by the intense gripping of some sort of shrubbage. He saw me staring and glanced at his hands.

"That vine is unusually rich in color content," he said. "If you look more closely you will see the stains about Maxwell's neck also. A curious plant. I have been experimenting with it some time."

There is nothing more to tell. His fiendish brain devised a novel way to effect my death. He knows, and I know that those bulbs are only red. He would never let me escape. I think he wants to drive me mad. But I will not oblige him. I will die like a man. Ha ha ha. He has left those damned maga-

zines in here; I know he wants me to turn to them, thumb through the pages and look at the flowers. Oh! any other kind of literature—but not flowers. They are surrounding me. They reach out. Even the ones on the covers. I have had nothing to do for nineteen days but watch beastous flower grow larger and larger, stronger and stronger. I know it is going to bloom tonight. Its perfume is already invading the room. But the perfume is harmless—oh I wish it were a deadly poison, for it smells so sweetly and I nightly die without agony.

Look at the green node; it is beginning to burst in places.

(Continued on Next Page)

QUESTIONS

- A When hard times hit, you need not worry, He'll fix you up in one big hurry.
- B Read it inverted with one minor switch, You have a device controlled by a switch.
- C A trunk, a pause, a meadowland; You'll find them all on every hand.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

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3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

**A** The thirteen slabs of wood which form the letters ABC at the bottom of the ad. Always Buy Chesterfield, the best cigarette for you.

**B** Three buttons on the left sleeve of Alexis Smith's cowgirl suit, and one button on the right. Also three cigarettes protruding from the pack on the left, and one in the mouth of L. E. Turnage on the right. Both answers are white and right.

**C** FIELD, that is, Chesterfield. It's in the name, and in the frame where we see a picture of a field behind Mr. Turnage. And in the frame we grow the name, that is, in the field we grow Chesterfield.

WINNERS ...

LAST MONTH'S CHESTERFIELD WINNERS

Joy Ann Rossmann  
Earl Newell  
Celia Hall  
Gary Nefzger  
Bob Bates

Dan McDevitt  
John A. Stover  
Jim Roy  
Diane Wendling  
Caroline Jenkins

How I would like to tear it from the roots and cast it in his face when he enters the room. I wish it were a deadly poison and would scar his handsome features into a repulsion that even the lowest of street-walkers could not bear to view. But wait! I think the flower is swaying. It is moving. Back and forth in easy motion. It's asking for more water; it needs more water to burst forth into blossom. Ha ha haaaa . . . Well, I shall not give it that last drop of life blood. I shall refuse it the final glory of creation. What's the matter, little blossom, do you want to spring forth in your flambuoyant scarlet beauty and mock me as you disperse your fragrance throughout the room? Well, I shall not . . . but the doctor, he told me I would die anyway. Die anyway! I would like to see myself die. It would be an excellent death scene in my novel—ha ha ha! a novel I can never finish because I die in the fourth chapter—ha ha ha haaaaaa . . . You accused little blossom, why don't you bloom? You can't; you just don't have energy left after growing so riotously the last two weeks. Well, don't think I will aid you.

God! oh God! I can see a break in the node. There's red, red! I can see it winking at me with pin point eyes of scarlet. Damn your eyes, do not spy on me or I shall—it's still winking at me. I think it is flirting with me. I will not be taken in by your fairy ways or wanton charms; the doctor says — but what do I care what the doctor says? I shall not listen to him, he wants to drive me mad and I will not—ha ha haaaaa . . . Oh, little blossom, when we are married we shall—I hear footsteps. Is it he? We shall escape, my little one, we shall vanish from him and—ha ha ha—there is no escape . . . none . . . he he heeeeeee . . . . .

Dr. Armeand pursed his lips as he entered the room. Philip, he noticed, was lying stretched out on the floor. He knelt before the lad and felt for his pulse. There was none. He looked at the flower; it had burst forth in succulent beauty.

Dr. Armeand bent toward the

blossom and touched his nostrils to it.

"Curious," he said, "that this species does not bear perfume."

He looked sadly at the body lying crumpled on the floor.

"Ah, if Philip had only read the magazines I left. I particularly liked the article telling how this species blooms only in white. So saddening. I always had a penchant for authors."

#### Version One

Little Willie hung his sister;  
She was dead before we missed her.

Willie's always up to tricks . . .  
Ain't he cute? He's only six.

#### Version Two

Little Willie wrote a book.  
Woman was the theme he took.  
Woman was his only text . . .  
Ain't he cute? He's oversexed.

—I—

A small boy was seated on the curb with a pint of whiskey in his hand, reading the BLOT and smoking a big cigar. An old lady passed and asked: "Little boy, you should be ashamed of yourself. Why aren't you in school?"

The child replied: "Damn it, lady, I ain't but four!"

## HANSUL AND GRUNTEL

(Continued from Page 3)

pushing a roll of greenbacks further down in her sock.

Hans saw her hide the money, but said nothing, as he didn't want to accuse her of lying. Instead, he beat her into unconsciousness with a chair leg and took the money out of her sock.

Later, Hans told Grunt what had happened.

"We got to do something about her," said Grunt, thoughtfully stroking her chin with a broken bottle. "She's eating us out of house and home!"

Together they decided upon a daring plan.

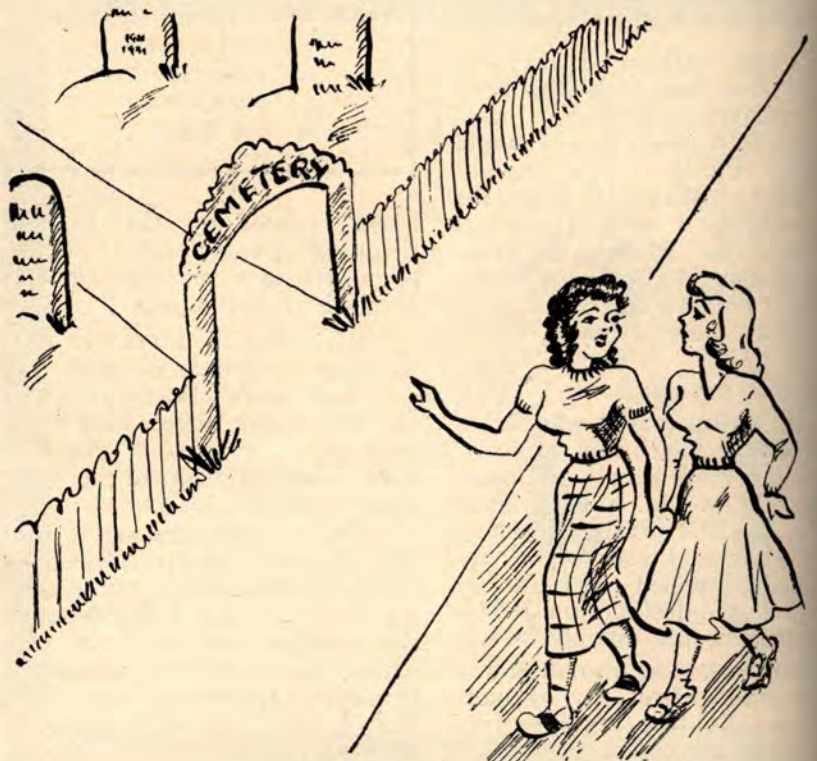
The next day they lured the old lady out into the woods on the pretense of picking wild hops for the old man. When they were far out in the forest they ran off and left her.

They decided to celebrate and the next day they invited all the members of the gang up to Noodnick's still.

As they caroused, Hans saw among the gang a man he had never seen before.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Justice," cried the



"What the hell, let's have a beer."

figure and, ripping off its mask, stood revealed as their mother.

"Go away," cried Hans. "I'll confess! I killed her! But go away and don't haunt me!"

"Aha," cried their mother, ripping off another mask. It was Inspector Hambottom of Scratchyand Lard.

"You've got me," sobbed Hans. "But it wasn't my fault. Father made me do it."

"Rat on me, willya?" snarled Hambottom, pulling a gun and ripping off another mask to stand revealed as the father, Noodnick.

"But if you are Noodnick, then who . . . ?" gasped Hans.

"Good heavens," rasped Noodnick. "I never thought of that." He turned to Noodnick, the false Noodnick. "Who are you?"

The false Noodnick smiled an inscrutable smile and ripped off his mask. It was the true Hambottom of Scratchyand Lard.

Guns roared and knives flashed through the air. When the smoke had cleared, Hambottom stood, gun in hand, over the bodies of all the gang.

Smiling his inscrutable smile, he reached up and ripped off his disguise. It was Mrs. Noodnick.

Today, Mrs. Noodnick does a thriving business making corn liquor. She is assisted by her husband, Hambottom Noodnick, formerly of Scratchyand Lard. Hambottom had been at the scene of the battle all the time, disguised as a beer keg. They are very happy together.

A very tired soldier went into a USO center where there were booths along a wall for theater tickets, coffee and food, and one for beds. What our hero wanted was a bed. But he got in the ticket line by mistake.

"One," he said.

"Don't you want to take a girl?" asked the motherly lady, and added as he hesitated, eyes popping. "You can if you want. You'll have more fun if you do."

—I—

"I have a report here that says coke, soda and whiskey were found in your locker. What do you make of that?"

"Highballs, sir."

## HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

(Continued from Page 20)

truly wonderful! In what way did you see yourself differently?

Mont: I got sunburned . . . all over.

Soc: Bah! Dunce!

Mont: But, Socrates . . . I'm peeling.

Soc: Peeling, shmeeling. It's your dome I'm trying to let the light into; not your carcass. Now pay attention to the next lesson. It's titled 'How to Win Friends and Influence People by Making Yourself Look Hot Without Making an Ass out of Yourself'. It is impossible to get along in society without cultivation of this all-important knowledge.

Mont: Oh, boy! 'Hot' . . . that's like conceited, huh?

Soc: How many times have I told you not to use that word 'conceited'? The word is sophisticated or shrewd or clever. By the time you get through with this course you'll be twice as sophisticated as a freshman on Christmas vacation. Now disrobe and step into this tub.

Mont: All right. What's in there?

Soc: Water.

Mont: It looks hot.

Soc: Of course it's hot, hollow-head! What did I say the name of this lesson was?

Mont: How to Look Hot . . .

Soc: How do you expect to look hot unless you get in the right atmosphere for it? We are all products of our environment. Hurry and get in.

Mont: What's down on the bottom there?

Soc: Rocks.

Mont: What kind of rocks?

Soc: Hot rocks, of course.

Mont: Ouch! Ow! Oh, nuts! Balls o' fire and boiling muscles! Somehow this doesn't seem nice to me. When will I ever get the proper outlook on life?

Chorus:

Nine months now have run their course

And Monty has learned his lessons well.

A fountain of knowledge, a pillar of force,

A faithful student, as his teacher will tell.

(Continued on Next Page)

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Well . . . not by all; at any  
rate, some.

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famed . . .

What matter if the world is  
a small one?

Soc: Montgomery, my boy.

Mont: Did you speak, old one?

Soc: Yes, indeed, my budding  
genius. The morning mail has  
arrived and there are the usual  
dozens of prominent people beg-  
ging you to take employment  
with them.

Mont: Ho hum. You might  
read a few just to amuse me.

Soc: Here's a petition plead-  
ing for you to run for United  
States Senator . . . signed by

thousands of people.

Mont: How inconsiderate of  
them. They know that playing  
the guitar makes me tired.

Soc: Here's another imploring  
you to be presidential advisor.

Mont: Presidential advisor?  
To which country?

Soc: The United States. You  
told me never to bother with  
the foreign appointments.

Mont: That is correct. I am  
glad to see you remembered.  
Who's president now? Is it F. D.  
R. or H. S. T. or S. O. B.? Oh,  
well; it makes no difference. I  
simply can't be bothered. Graft  
in government is such a mere  
pittance these days, anyway.  
Five percent! Ree-dic-ulous!

Soc: This one is an urgent  
appeal from the Board of Re-  
gents of the Comic Book Insti-  
tute of America, asking you to  
accept the presidency of that  
organization.

Mont: Hm. Comic books. I'd  
have millions of fans . . . prob-  
ably be more popular than if I  
ran for president of the U. S.  
Hm . . . Montgomery Twiddle,  
cultural leader of America . . .  
honorary degrees from all the  
leading universities . . . I'd  
have pictures of Superman em-  
blazoned on all of my Cadillacs.  
Hm . . . keep that letter on file  
until I've had time to consider.  
Until then I shall visit Daddy  
and wait for the world to beat  
a bigger and better path to my  
door.

Soc: You're very wise, Mont-  
gomery. You should choose a  
position where you will be ap-  
preciated.

Mont: That's it exactly. Peo-  
ple must become more aware of  
me. I'm so nice. I'm so good.

Soc: And when you first  
came to me you were just a  
conceited egotist. Now look at  
you! You're a scholarly, sophis-  
ticated, superior, sly, subtle  
egotist. And it hasn't gone to  
your head, either.

Mont: I am now ready to  
leave. Fare thee well, old fel-  
low.

Soc: Just one more thing be-  
fore you go . . . take this with  
you.

Mont: Why . . . it's a pin.

Soc: Yes . . . to deflate your  
ego now and then . . . merely  
as a precautionary measure.

Mont: How insulting! Are

you insinuating that I, Mont-  
gomery Twiddle, am conceited?  
Hmph! Clever perhaps, but con-  
ceited, never! You and your in-  
solent ravings! I, a swell-head?  
Ree-DIC-ulous!

Sos: It's merely a precaution,  
my boy . . . don't take offense at  
your dear old teacher . . . Mont-  
gomery! Stop sneering at me!  
Why . . . he left . . . without as  
much as one nice word goodbye.  
After giving the boy a set of  
brains he throws them right  
back at me. Oh, well . . . that's  
life in a nut factory for you.  
Jasper, get a report from the  
weather bureau on the latest  
cloud formations . . . and while  
you're at it . . . see if there are  
any more prospective suck- . . .  
ah, students coming up the hill.

Silks and satin and laces and  
pearls,

Automobiles and a yacht,  
Cannot replace true love, dear  
girls,

But they certainly help a  
lot.

*Washburn-Wilson  
Seed Co.*



"Hey Joe, bring some more olives!"

**THE COLLEGIATE  
SPEAKETH**

Ho-hum! I've read that chapter through,  
Psych lesson, pages twenty.  
There's just a few more things to do  
But those few things are plenty.  
Ho-hum! my room mate's on a date,  
It seems a trifle silly,  
This Psych exam will be my fate!  
Ye gods! The weather's chilly.

Ho-hum! My history outline's due,  
I simply must get busy.  
And chemistry and English, too,  
The muddle makes me dizzy.  
Ho-hum! This room sure looks a mess,  
It needs a trail kicked through it,  
But I just have to study now,  
I don't know who will do it.  
Ho-hum! This stuff's an awful bore,  
Exams are such a pest.  
I think I'll give these books the chuck  
And beat it to the Nest.

—Blot

—I—

"Liza, didja weah them flowers ah sent ya?"  
"Ah didn't weah nothin' else but."  
"Mercy, Gal, where didja pin 'em?"

—I—

Why are your fraternity brothers all so thin?  
Every time they hear the dinner gong they think it's a patrol wagon.

—I—

A man will not admit that he is a poor judge of women until he is married, nor a poor judge of liquor until he is blind.

**THE STORY OF A NAME**

She came to colleeg in the autumn days,  
A cute little girl with country ways,  
With black hair and eyes of gray,  
Her name, she spelled it *May*.  
A couple of years had quickly flown,  
And she was then a woman grown,  
And I have heard the others say  
That her name, she spelled it *Mae*.  
At last she graduated in the spring,  
And her friends predicted great things,  
But like all girls said "Yes" in ecstasy.  
And now her husband calls her "*Ma*."

—I—

"This is a skin game," said the beauty specialist as she peeled off the old maid's map.

—I—

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but presents bring faster results."

—I—

First Drunk: "Shay, know what time it is?"

Second drunk: "Yeah."

First Drunk: "Thanks."

—I—

1st roommate: "Did you take a shower?"

2nd roommate: "No, is there one missing?"

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A grandparent who believed in reincarnation made an appointment to meet his grandson at a certain time after he passed on. When the time came, the boy went to the pre-arranged spot, when he made contact with his grandpa.

"Are you happy, grandpappy," the boy asked.

"Why, son, this is the most wonderful experience I have ever had. The sun is shining brightly, the grass is green and tender, and would you believe it, there are twenty-five of the most beautiful females lying on the grass in front of me. They have the sweetest faces, and their big brown eyes look up at me in adoration."

"Gee, grandpappy," the boy said, "I didn't know Heaven was like that."

"Hell, son," the old man replied, "I'm not in Heaven, I'm a Holstein bull in western Pennsylvania."

—I—

"Do you smoke?"

"No."

"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Do you neck?"

"No."

"Well, what do you do for fun?"

"I tell lies."

—I—

Applicant: "Have you an opening for me?"

Personnel Mgr.: "Yes, but don't slam it on the way out."

**FINDINGS FROM  
FRESHMAN ENGLISH**

By RAMONA BILLS

Adulterated—inebriated adult.  
Altercation—a situation leading to the alter.

Altruistic—an altogether too true story.

Anachronism — a knack for Aphorism — a quartet containing phor people.

Assiduity—making a perfect \$⅜%—ffi of one's self.

Banality—7:30 permission.

Cadaverous—an adventuresome cad.

Castigate — something one would like to cast when mad.

Charlatan—an old-fashioned dance of the early 20's.

Circumlocution — depending upon the circumstances and the location.

Clemency—Daisy June's boy friend.

Crass—something that someone has a lot of.

Culpable — a story that one can swallow.

Cursory — a special cussing room.

Delete—describing a wonderful athlete.

Immobile — car with no engine.

Impeccable—not standing for a brief kiss.

Incumbent — the way one comes in at 4:30 Saturday morning.

Infusion — becoming con-

fused as to what time to come in.  
Inveigh—part of Navy's song.  
Inveigle—what one does when one rhumbas.

Machination — imagination done by machinery.

Malleable—pertaining to male duck.

Mandate—what every college girl should have.

Mercenary—a red hot fan of Johnny Mercer.

Neophyte—fight between two knees—resembling footsies.

Nomenclature—culture existing without men.

Posthumous—a post with a sense of humor.

Promiscuous—a relationship full of promise.

Puenile—the Nile river when it smells.

Pungent—a pun made by a gentleman.

—Blot

—I—

He: "Would it be proper for me to kiss your hand?"

She: "It would be decidedly out of place."

—I—

He: You've a faculty for making love.

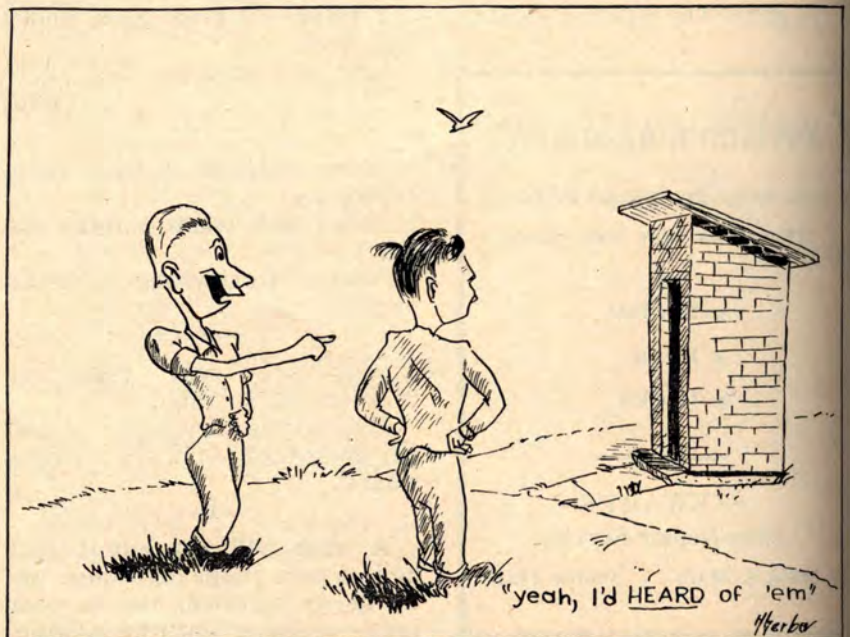
She: No, just a student body.

—I—

He: Pardon me. May I have this dance?

She: No. I'm too danced out.

He: You're not too damn stout. You're just pleasingly plump.





# HISTORY REWRITTEN

DAVID AND GOLIATH



"Gee, I'm nervous! Wish I had a Life Saver!"



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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.

Bill Hansen was in Pullman and wanted to call someone in Moscow. It annoyed him when the operator said, "Deposit twenty-five cents, please."

"What!" he cried. "Twenty-five cents to call Moscow? Why, at home we can phone to hell and back for a nickel."

"Oh, yes," she replied, "But that's a local call."

—I—

Prof: Your reports should be written so that even the most ignorant can understand them.

Stude: Well, sir, what part is it that you don't understand?

—I—

A tricky Jane, I'll tell the world,  
Is little Minnie Marters.  
An inviting smile upon her lips,  
But mousetraps in her garters.

A bunch of germs were hitting it up

In the bronchial saloon.

Two bugs on the end of the larynx

Were jazzing a rag-time tune.

While back of the teeth in a solo game

Sat dangerous Dan Kerchoo,

And watching the pulse was his light of love,

The Lady that's known as Flu.

—I—

He: What are my chances with you?

She: Two to one. There's you and me against my conscience.

—I—

If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told; if it hasn't been told, it's too clean; and if it's dirty enough to interest a frosh, the editor gets kicked out of school.

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Proud Father: My son is quite a wrestler now. He wrestles with all the big shots.

Neighbor: Is that so?

Proud Father: Yep, he writes that the Dean had him on the carpet the other day.

—I—

"The off-spring of a single rat," stated the lecturing biology professor, "may number several hundred."

"Gee whiz," came the startled exclamation from the third row, "What would the off spring of a married rat be?"

—I—

Conductor: "Your fare, young lady."

Coed: "Well, you're not so bad yourself."

(Incidentally, she rode free.)

If It's

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**Kenworthy**

and

**Nuart  
 Theatres**

I WALKED . . . .

(Continued from Page 7)

you? It wasn't him, was it?"

I stared, speechless. She laughed in high glee. "You poor fellow, let me explain. I didn't believe the jury's decision, so I came back. I came to find out who *really* shot me. And I was right. It was not the one the jury convicted for my murder. It was not the one who died on the gallows in payment for my life. The one who died was innocent, do you understand? Because I saw who did it; this time I saw. Now I know; poor innocent man that died for nothing—that died in mistake." She suddenly looked very sad.

"Who was it, that man who was innocently hung, what was his name?"

She gave me a long look, then turned and pointed to the sky. "Look," she whispered, "look, it is written in the stars."

I looked. The name was my own.

The End

Joe: My wife is scared to death that someone will steal her clothes.

Moe: Doesn't she have them insured?

Joe: She has a better idea than that. She has someone stay in the closet and watch them. I found him there last night.

Little Audrey, mad as hell,  
 Pushed her sister in the well,  
 Said her mother, drawing water,  
 "Gee, it's hard to raise a daughter."

—I—

Have you heard about the two  
 maggots necking away in dead  
 Earnest?

—I—

He: "How did you like Venice?"

She: "Oh, I only stayed a few days. The place was flooded."

Prof: "Well, young man, I suppose that as usual, they've sent the fool of the family to college."

Frosh: "Oh no sir. They've changed all that since your time!"

—I—

Why don't you wear ear muffs?

I haven't worn them since the accident.

What accident?

Someone asked me if I wanted a drink and I didn't hear them.



"So you're working your way through school? How do you do it?"

"Well, don't tell my mother. She thinks I'm peddling opium, but I'm really editing BLOT magazine."

—I—

Bosh: "Where is the funny paper?"

Gosh: "The funny paper? Today ain't Sunday. I told you not to take a bath last night."

—I—

Mother: Stop reaching across the table Junior. Don't you have a tongue?

Junior: Yes, but my arm's longer.

—I—

Waiter: That gentleman says his soup isn't fit for a pig.

Boss: Then take it away and bring him some that is.

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Hey!

THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM  
FOR ONE MORE

AT THE

Nest and Perch

Your Favorite Spots  
On Campus

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes?"

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

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

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

"Yes? What then?", they asked eagerly.

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

DUST TO DUST OR THE LIFE  
OF A JWELED  
FRAT PIN

My birth takes place, in an earthen mound  
And then I'm extracted  
And polished and ground  
I'm cut into pieces  
All sparkle and shine  
Like that which you find  
In rare vintage wine.

I make up the crest for Zeta or Alpha  
And bring in the profits  
For Haldeman or Balfour  
Then into a case of velvet and plush  
To act as a climax  
For some guy's mush.

I'm his for awhile, then the big night is here  
And before very long  
I'll belong to his dear  
He rubs up my finish  
With nervous finger  
Then I know that I've  
Not long to linger.  
His line is all ready, polished like wood  
Frankly, dear reader  
I'd laugh if I could  
For of all the baloney,  
That I've ever heard  
The best of it all  
Was said by this bird.

My life now is ended, for the present at least  
Till he calls her ugly  
Or she calls him beast  
But even though I began  
As nothing but dust  
I'm now the crown  
For a heavenly bust.

—I—

I never kiss, I never neck,  
I never say hell, I never say heck,  
I'm always good, I'm always nice,  
I never play poker, I never shoot dice,  
I never wink, I never flirt,  
I say no gossip, spread no dirt,  
I have no line, play no tricks,  
But what the hell, I'm only six!

—I—

The guys who think our jokes are rough,  
Would quickly change their views,  
If they'd compare the ones we print  
With those we're scared to use.

"Smoke MY cigarette...  
Milder Chesterfield"

*Glenn Ford*

*Starring in*  
"MR. SOFT TOUCH"  
*A Columbia Picture*

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Tobacco Farmer says—**

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