

# BLOT

University of Idaho

Welcome Issue

September 1949 25c



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ΚΜ ΣΧ  
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To: William K...  
Moscow, Idaho

30-DAY TEST REVEALED

DOCTORS REPORT

# NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION *due to smoking* CAMELS!



Yes, that's what noted throat specialists reported after making weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of people, from coast to coast, who smoked Camels, and only Camels, for 30 consecutive days!

SMOKERS REPORT



**MRS. ARTHUR O'NEILL**, housewife: "I made the Camel 30-Day Test and enjoyed every puff of it! For taste *and* flavor, it's Camels every time!"



**STEEL WORKER Cyril Byrne**: "On my job, a cigarette is a good friend. I made the 30-Day Test — now Camels are my smoke for keeps!"



**LOVELY SOCIALITE Mrs. Thomas Phipps**: "My search for a milder, better-tasting cigarette is over! The test won me to Camels!"



**COLE PORTER**, song writer: "The doctors' report *proves* what I've known about Camels for years. They're as *mild* as they are *flavorful*!"



**TELEPHONE OPERATOR Rita Edwards**: "The 30-Day Test convinced me! Camels are the mildest, best-tasting cigarette I've ever smoked!"



**WILLIE HOPPE**, master of the cue: "30 Days? My personal test of Camels covers 20 years. I *know* how good Camels taste... how mild Camels are!"



**JINX CLARK**, lovely show-skater: "I put Camels to the test in my 'T-Zone'. There's nothing like them for flavor. And Camels are so mild!"



**STOREKEEPER Bernard Unger**: "By my test, Camels are a standout for flavor! And they're *mild*. I know...I smoke over a pack a day."



**BOBSLED ACE Francis Tyler**: "I'm talking from experience when I say Camels are mild. I've smoked them for years. Camels *taste* great!"



**STAR AQUA-SKIER Margie Fletcher**: "Looks like I'll be stretching the 30-Day Test into many happy years of smoking Camels!"

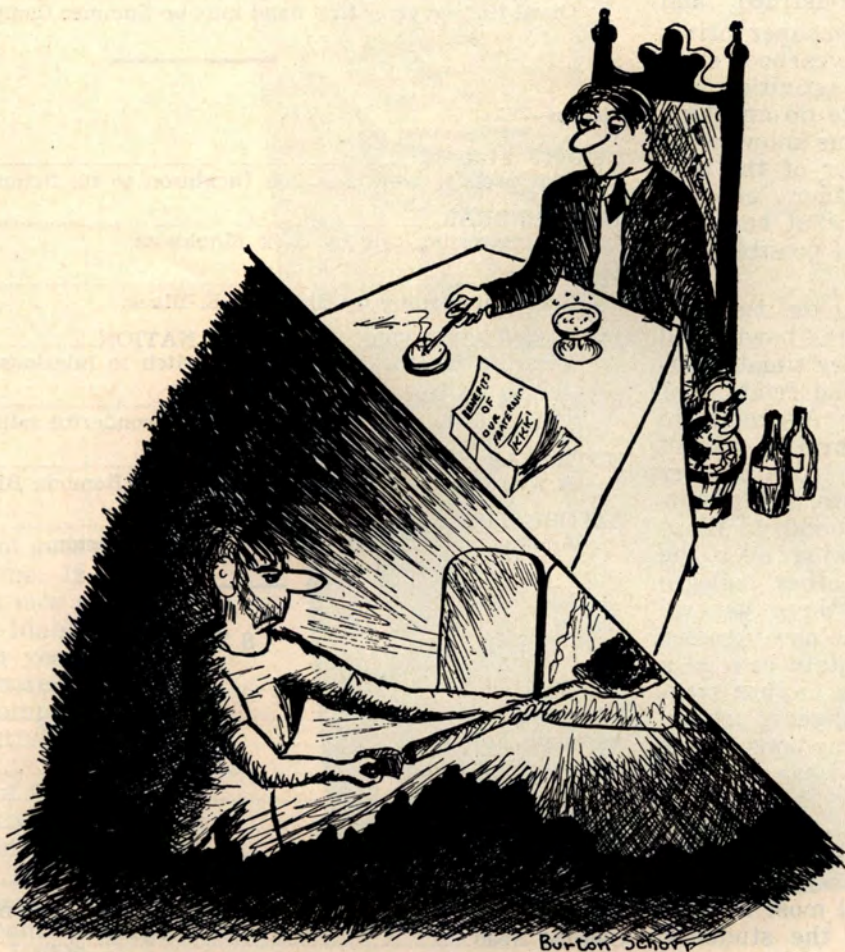


*Make your own*  
**Camel 30-Day Test** in your "T-Zone"

● Over and beyond the reports of noted throat specialists, the final authority on Camel mildness and flavor is your own "T-Zone" (T for taste, T for throat). Test Camels yourself for 30 days. See how your taste appreciates the rich, full flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos. See what your throat reports on Camel's cool mildness.

*. . . Blot affectionately dedicates this issue to all frosh and new students and extends a hearty welcome to the University of Idaho*

NEW STUDENTS DAY



THE REST OF THE YEAR

LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO

# WHAT IS BLOT?

In college journalism circles, there are almost always two outlets for talent, the newspaper and the yearbook. Through years of production, their styles and approach to the life they mirror has become well-defined, and concrete. The newspaper prints the news and the yearbook summarizes the years' activities. And they seldom try to do anything else. As a result, one knows what to expect in either of the two, and editing either consists merely of doing what has been done before, and if possible, better.

Occasionally, these two old standbys become the bewildered parents of an illegitimate offspring. Such is the relation of the Gem and the Argonaut to Blot. If the new arrival doesn't die an unlamented death after the first few issues, it finds itself in a real quandry. What shall it be? Looking over the magazines from other colleges one finds about three general classifications. The new member of the Fourth Estate can be a literary journal, a picture magazine or a montage of stolen jokes and feeble cartoons. In its short lifetime, Blot has attempted to be all three. In following this policy, it has come in for some well-deserved criticism from the administration, the Executive Board and most important of all, from the students. We're not sorry. Blot would rather be damned in every house on the campus, than be greeted with stony silence that means only one thing; the magazine is not being read. However, we'd much rather have both approval and readership. We can't do this without help, your help. It's your magazine and if it fails, you are responsible. Go ahead, write to us, tell us what you want to see in this, your Blot.

## BLOT

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## STAFF

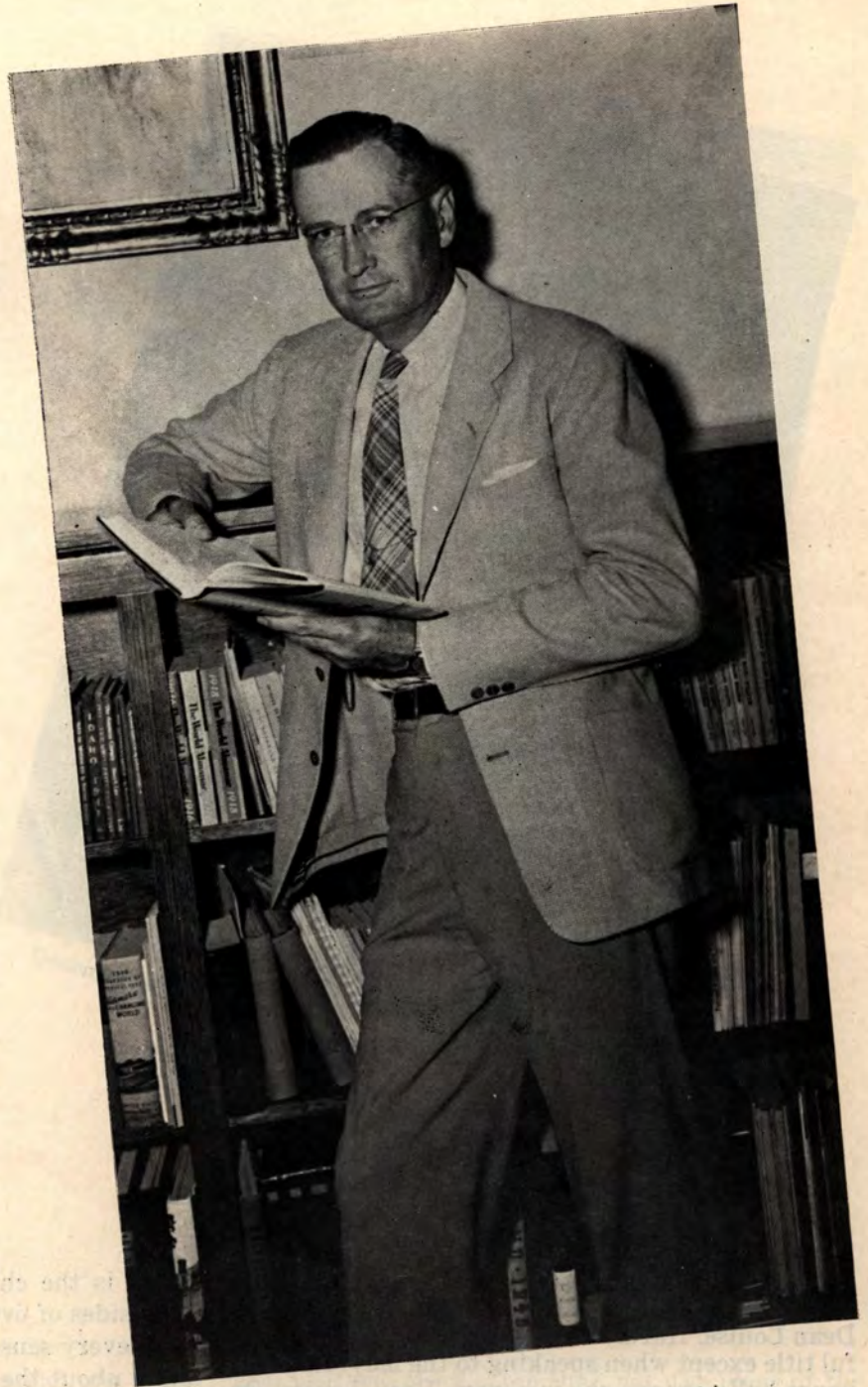
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# A Chat With the President



This issue of Blot goes on sale at registration time. It marks the beginning of a new year for the University of Idaho. But it is not just another year. It is a special one. You merely have to look about the campus at the varied building activities to observe this fact.

The University of Idaho is this year entering a new era to provide you with facilities that have long been needed. There will be some inconveniences due to makeshift classroom arrangements during this building program, but, if you keep looking to the future, the inconveniences of the moment will always seem minor.

Your University has throughout the years striven to provide quality education in a package that is attractive but without tinsel. At the start of this new school year, we would like to have you do some serious thinking along these lines yourselves

President J. E. Buchanan . . . . .  
Number 1 Man at the U. of I.

as regards your personal expenditures. Whether you or your parents are footing the bills, you should get value received out of your college years. It is up to you whether your college education will become an expensive Education at the University of

Idaho has been designed as a reasonable necessity. Help us keep it that way. "The best things in life are free"—and there are many of them at your University.

J. E. Buchanan,  
President.



Dean Louise Carter . . . . . Dean of Women

## LET'S GE

One of the Administration officials who has more contact with the students than anyone else is Dean Louise. Hardly anyone calls her by her rightful title except when speaking to the lady. In after-hours bull sessions she is always Dean Louise. On her head fall all the problems of the distaff side of the student body, and they are many. The Dean manages to keep a level-headed attitude about her 1200 charges, and cares for all their worries in a manner satisfying to them and to herself.

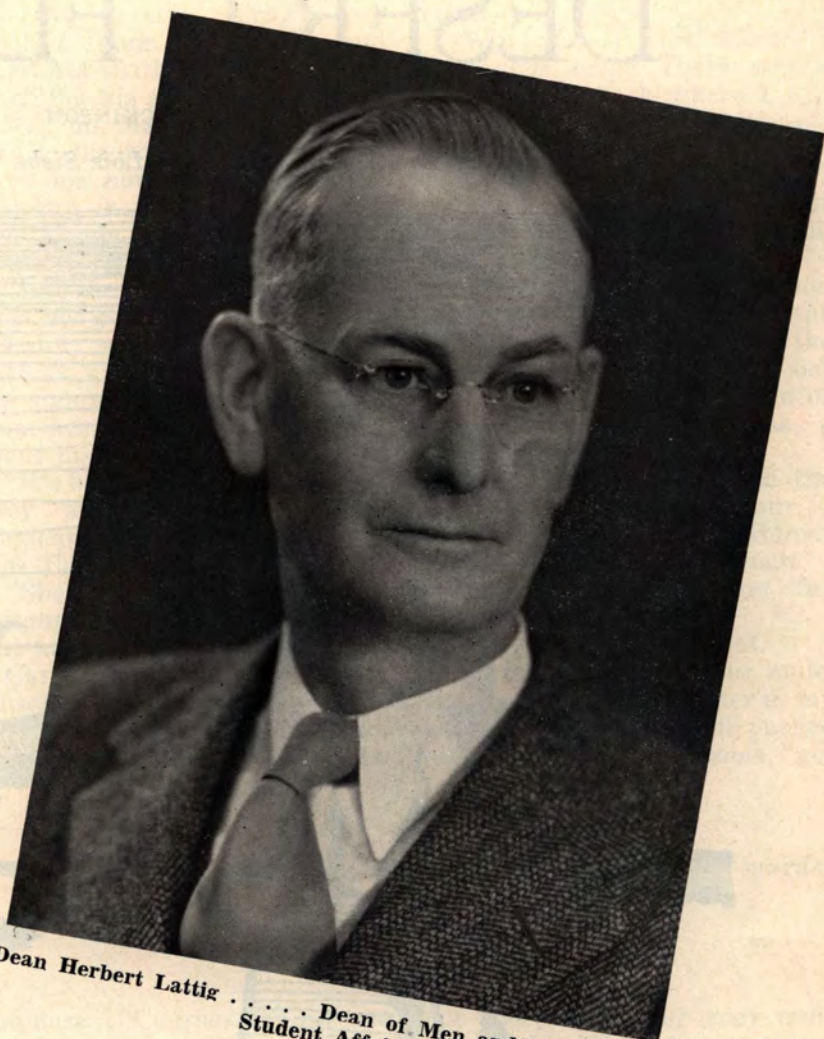
The Dean says,

"The Office of Student Affairs has a masculine side and a feminine side. Come in and see which is which. You will know the feminine side by the fact that girls are usually standing around. Once in awhile a boy comes in and the Office of the Dean of Women becomes coeducational.

"It is the challenge of this department to see both sides of every problem and to be coeducational in every sense of the word. When the girls complain about the boys, we try to see the boys' side and vice-versa. You frequently keep us guessing. You must not complain if we make you guess once in awhile. Part of the fun of going to college is to out-guess your companions. We believe that four years of this results in real aptitude.

You might try watching the seniors and see how good they are at figuring out the results of certain lines of conduct. Between us all we will try to give you assurance in the game of living. Help us to help you to watch your step and out-guess the ones who falter."

# ACQUAINTED



*Dean Herbert Lattig . . . . . Dean of Men and Director of Student Affairs*

Living neighbors with Dean Louise, and sharing the same waiting room is a man with a double-barreled title, Dean of Men and Director of Student Affairs. He's one of the Lattig boys, Herbert, by name.

Working in conjunction with his neighbor, Dean Lattig concerns himself with the personal problems, social life, recreation, employment, housing, religious activity and general welfare of the students. You'll have to admit that this is a pretty big order, especially when the students are so set on handling their own personal problems, social life, employment, housing religious activity and gen-

eral welfare. More often than not, the ideas of the Administration and the students don't jibe on these points, and that is where Dean Lattig comes in. It is his probably thankless task to mediate (from the old Gaelic, "medi," to keep away from, and "ate," each others' throats) between the two and arrive at the most workable and most satisfying compromise.

Dean Lattig counsels with individual students and student groups in the settlement of their particular problems, and may we say he does a pretty good job.

# DESERT FLIGHT

By JOSEPH DICKINSON

*Illustrated by Lois Siebe*



Croy plodded slowly and without aim through the sand, a grotesque caricature of what once was a human being. And the buzzards waited patiently.



Two gaunt, ungainly buzzards hovered over the speck that crawled, snail like, across the dunes. A weird, unearthly picture it painted, with the two scavengers of the dead swooping low, then rising again, silently, and with grim purpose. The sands had the aspect of motion as the stifling waves of heat rose in shimmering columns. There was not the slightest indication of breeze and the heat lay like a blanket over the desert.

The man plodding slowly and without aim through the sand was a grotesque caricature of what once was a human being. Hollow cheeked and with eyes that registered insensibility, he walked as one in a dream. All sense of motion was gone, for walking had become a habit. Involuntarily. In one hand, unaware of its presence, he carried a canteen. Carried it simply because his hand would not release it. His lips were swollen and black, and down his chin ran a trickle of blood from where

voice. "Mother of God!" He reached, with a quickness that belied his age, for the rifle that lay by his side. Croy's gun belched flame and smoke and Carranza writhed on the ground, clutching his shoulder.

"Get up, Mario." Croy's voice was a sneer. He swung down from his horse and kicked the Mexican in the ribs. Carranza rose slowly, his face a picture of unutterable hate.

"Into the house," Croy pointed with his gun.

Later, seated at the table in Mario's kitchen, Croy regarded the man seated across the table from him, a dirty rag wrapped about his bare shoulder.

"It's been a long time, Mario." Croy spoke tauntingly. The Mexican said nothing, but his eyes flashed.

"She was a beautiful gal, that daughter of yours. Wild, too. But nice, Mario, very nice."

Carranza sat in silence, every muscle straining to keep from leaping at Croy. Croy frowned, disappointed that there was no

"What do you want? Why do you come back?" Some of the rage had left the Mexican's voice.

"Why, like I said, Mario, I need your help. There was a little trouble back where I jus' came from. A shootin'. 'Course you an' me," He grinned maliciously, "we know that I wouldn't do nuthin' like that but somehow the idea got around that I was mixed up in it."

The Mexican said nothing, just stared intently out of the window. Croy glanced in the direction of his stare. Far out on the sands in the direction of Croy's coming there rose a brown cloud.

Croy spoke. "That'll be the posse. Be here in an hour, I reckon. But by then Homer Croy'll be out of their reach. I don't 'magine they'll get far without water."

The Mexican was silent.

"I reckon I'll take your mule, Mario. He'll get farther'n my horse, I guess. Now," he pushed his canteen across the table, "get

*It was only the quick wits of a dying old Mexican that put an end to the trail of murder left by the hated Herman Croy.*

the lower lip had split. His tongue lay, a thick slab of leather, in his dry mouth. And patiently the buzzards waited . . .

Herman Croy had ridden slowly into the front yard of Mario Carranza, smiling slightly in the anticipation of water. His horse's nostrils quivered with the sweet scent of water. He rode, with some caution, to the corner of the adobe hut where a small wizened Mexican squatted in the shade, sleeping away the hot midday hours.

"Mario," as he spoke he slid his .45 from its holster and raised it until it was in a line with the Mexican's forehead.

Mario's eyebrows rose in a questioning arc, no gleam of recognition was evident in his passive, lusterless eyes.

"Remember, Mario?" Croy's voice was a dry croak, "Croy."

"Mother of God!" Years of hate were in the Mexican's

response. "Course at first she didn't wanta go. 'Fraid of you, I guess. But I talked her into it. And then," he feigned sadness, "I had t' kill her!"

An animal-like cry issued from Carranza's throat as he leaped at Croy. Croy brought his fist up hard against the Mexican's cheek and he fell heavily to the floor, a stream of blood trickling from his mouth.

Croy leaned back in his chair and surveyed the man on the floor.

"Shouldn't a'tried that, Mario. You shouldn't ought a'got mad! I didn't want to-uh- get rid of her, but she got in my way. I don't like people who get in my way. But them what gives me a helping hand . . .? Why I ain't hard on a'tall. So get this, you dirty Mex, you're gonna help me an' mebbe, jest mebbe, I'll let you live!"

out there an' water your mule an' fill this. Don't try anything. I'll be watching from the window."

Mario rose slowly from the table and walked towards the door. All the fire had burned out of him now. With the fatalism awarded the Mexican he had accepted all that had happened. He had lived for vengeance and now that it seemed to be slipping from his grasp, the pent-up years of hate had tumbled down upon his shoulders, leaving him just what he was, a very tired old man.

At the door he paused. "Senor," his voice was a plea, "She died quickly?"

Croy grinned. "Sure, Mex, sure. As quick as you'd expect someone to die with a bullet in their belly!"

Some of the old fire flared up into the Mexican's eyes, then

(Continued on Page 28)

# Queen of the Year

By DARWIN COGSWELL

Photos by Hutchinson

*Homecoming queen—the grandest of all the royal honors at Idaho. It could be any one of this year's lovely crop of women. It could be you!*

*Here are the four most recent beauties to wear the crown.*



1945—Elizabeth Glenn was queen of first homecoming since 1943.

As far back as the oldest alums can remember, Homecoming weekend on the Idaho campus has featured a football game, house decorations, a dance, and a parade. However, it wasn't until 1945 that the campus was overrun by a mania to have a queen at every social function and it was then and only then that the Homecoming queen first came into the limelight. The university was becoming refined. Instead of the usual corps of men that proceeded to dig up the opposing player's remains at halftime, the coronation of a campus beauty, that had been chosen to reign over the game, took place.

In the years after 1945, the position of Homecoming queen became an obsession to women's living groups on the campus and also to the individual coed. A house that harbored the Homecoming queen could practically write its own ticket to popularity among the men's houses.

Upon finding that a member of their living



1946—Barbara Brill received first trophy ever given a homecoming queen.

group had been nominated for this coveted honor, the girls begin to give suggestions on how to improve the looks of the honored candidate. Reducing diet schedules, new scientific makeup, corsets with steel girders, and false additions of all sorts are suggested but the candidate usually casts all suggestions aside and prefers to sway the decisions of the judges in her own way (This magazine is not allowed to reveal professional secrets).

*Elizabeth Glenn* was queen of the 1945 Homecoming which was the first held since 1942. Miss Glenn called Boise her home and was crowned at the alumni dance by Darwin Brown, ASUI prexy. Nick Stuart's Hollywood orchestra played her favorite song "As Time Goes By." Miss Glenn was a member of Delta Gamma sorority.

*Barbara Brill*, another Delta Gamma member from Lewiston, was the ruling monarch for the 1946 Homecoming. Merrill Barnes, captain of the 1946 football team, presented Miss Brill with a trophy which was the first ever given to a Homecoming queen. Miss Brill was nominated by the Phi Delta Theta fraternity and danced to Georgie Kayes orchestra among the largest crowd of alumni since "way before the war."

Lovely *Lois Winner*, a Kappa Kappa Gamma pledge from Moscow, posted a triumph over numerous campus "femme fatales" to take her place on the throne of the 1947 Homecoming weekend. Football captain Bill Williams placed the crown on Miss Winner and Casey Wescott,



1948—Marilyn Heinrich won the title by popular male vote over a bevy of beautiful hopefuls.

representative of the state alumni association, presented the trophy to her. Her friendly smile was one factor that prompted the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity to nominate her.

*Marilyn Heinrich*, beautiful Alpha Phi pledge from Genesee, was chosen by popular male vote on the campus to preside over the 1948 Homecoming. Miss Heinrich was crowned at halftime of the football game by Governor C. A. Robins and was nominated by the Delta Chi fraternity. Her five foot four inch, one-hundred and fifteen pound frame and attractive green eyes were the main factors that met the approval of the male members on the campus.

The 1949 Homecoming football game between Idaho and W. S. C. promises to set a new record in attendance. Upwards of thirty-five thousand people are expected to pour into Moscow to see "Dixie" Howell's maybe-T formation in operation. The time is now girls!! Turn on all that charm you have been saving up all summer and who knows—you, too, may be queen for a day.



1947—Lois Winner's friendly smile won her the coveted title.

# THE FUNERAL

By RICHARD MUNKWITZ

*Illustrated by Cal Jones*



"Take it, copper, take it," Jim screamed as he kicked Al in the face.  
 "Don't kill him, Art insisted as he pulled Jim away. "Just get the keys to these handcuffs."

Number 1104, alias Jim Hatch, picked up another piece of glistening steel and guided it into the clanging press. The piece of steel came out imprinted with a number. Jim used to count the different numbers when they came out of the machine, but it made him nervous and he could not sleep well at

night, so he quit. Now, he just placed them into the machine, not counting, but listening to the continuous pounding.

He glanced at the large clock over the doorway. It was almost time to quit. Cold air swept from the open door and a guard stepped in. He stopped near Jim and watched him work

for a few minutes and then spoke over the pounding machine, "The Warden wants to see you, Hatch. Shut your machine off and get cleaned up."

Jim pressed the red button and the machine stopped with a protesting grind. He washed up slowly and took a white

*Jim and Art had waited five long years for a prison break. Their mother's funeral was the chance they had been waiting for. If they won, they had freedom. If they lost . . . death! !*

towel from his locker. It smelled musty as he wiped his face.

Jim asked, "What does the warden want to see me for?"

The guard answered, "Don't ask me, I just work here." He started to laugh, "Maybe your getting sprung."

Jim walked behind the guard towards the warden's office. It was a long walk, past high brick buildings, across the yard and then into a empty, spotless corridor. "Take your hat off," was painted on one end in large black letters. Their footsteps sounded hollow and loud.

The guard stopped and opened a door, motioning for Jim to enter. He stepped into a carpeted office. A trustee was pecking at a typewriter with two fingers. He looked up and said, "Sit down, Hatch. Mr. Stempler will see you in a few minutes."

Jim sat down on a hard straight chair and the guard sat next to him. The door opened again and another guard and convict walked in.

The trustee stopped typing, looked up and said, "Sit down, Hatch, the warden will see you and your brother together."

Arthur Hatch, number 1105, joined his brother and another guard sat next to him.

Jim greeted him, "Hello Art. It's good to see you again. Let's see, it's been five years now. Time sure flies."

Art said, "Yea, five years, but they haven't been flying for me. I wonder what the big chief wants with us."

"The warden will see you now," the trusty cut in.

Jim and Art entered the warden's office while the guards waited outside. Heavy cigar smoke cut their eyes. Mr. Stempler had his back to them, gazing out a huge window which gave a good view of the yard.

"Come in and shut the door." He was still looking out of the window.

The door clicked shut and Mr. Stempler turned around, swing-

ing easily on his swiveled chair. His hat was back on his head showing a bald spot, his lined face was serious. He took the cigar from his tobacco stained mouth and said, "I got some bad news for you boys. Your Mother died last night."

Jim and Art looked at one another silently for a long time.

Mr. Stempler continued, "you're both lifers. Convicted for murder. You have fine records so far and it's the prison's policy to let convicts see their folks before they're buried. I still got the right to stop you from going, but I'm giving you both a break." He bit a small piece from his cigar and started to chew it, still talking. "Your sister has wired me," he was looking at a telegram, "and it says here, your mother died from stomach cancer."

Jim began to stutter, "That's fine of you Mr. Warden. Art and I had the best Mother in the world. It will be good to see her again, even if she's gonna be buried. Ain't that right, Art?"

"Yea, that's right," Art quietly said.

"Well, I'll let the prison give you some suits. With your continued good behavior, you both may be out of here sooner than you think. I'm letting you go because I know I can trust you."

Art said, "Thanks, Mr. Stempler. Sometimes I think this place isn't too bad."

Mr. Stempler put his arms on both their shoulders and walked them to the door. He opened the door for them and motioned to the guards. He then called to the trusty, "Have these men in suits and under guard tomorrow. They're going to their mother's funeral."

It was still early in the morning when they were driven out of the state prison. A huge plain clothesman sat between them and Jim felt the guards shoulder holster pressing against his side.

He offered them a cigarette

and said, "You guys may as well know me. My name is Al Pritchard. I know your names and I know you're in for life. Let's get one thing straight from the start. I'm here to see that you get back, that's my job, so be good." He lighted their cigarettes and settled back in the seat.

They were transferred from the car to the train. "Take this seat here," Al pointed, "We got two hundred miles. You should see plenty of scenery out of this window. Give me your hands."

He handcuffed Art's right wrist and Jim's left together. The cuffs clicked and Art felt his skin pinch under the lock.

Barren hills and small towns passed by. Sometimes a farmer would wave at the train. Cows would stop feeding and look up while their calves would kick their heels in fright. Life was everywhere and so was freedom. The scenery began to get more familiar, a passing highway, a clump of trees and then a watertower.

Al broke the silence, "This is the berg. We made good time.

We still got two more hours before the funeral starts."

They stepped into their hometown station and the train chugged, blowing steam and its warning whistle as it began to move forward again. They were the only people who stepped off. The air smelled clean and dusty. An old man was sweeping inside the station, never looking up from his work until Al tapped him on the shoulder, "Where can I get a taxi?" Al said.

The old man stopped sweeping and turned around, looked at Jim and Art and said, "Aren't them the Hatch brothers? Why I thought they were in jail for life and ———"

Al interrupted, "Where the hell can I get a taxi?"

"Outside to your right, mister." The old man was still staring at Jim and Art.

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

# THE BIG SEVEN

By VIRG HARGIS

*An expose of Idaho's seven so-called campus leaders. It's hardly worth reading!!*



**Bob Moulton . . . . .**  
A.S.U.I. Prexy

## BOB MOULTON

There's an old folk legend around Homedale that on the night of Bob's birth the moon was blotted out and it rained frogs. It was an omen. It is also said that his mother insisted on being delivered of this bouncing boy in the log woodshed. She said it might be helpful in case he ever wanted to run for office to be able to say he was born in a log cabin. At any rate, the fair-haired boy of the Independent Party bloomed politically full-grown on the Idaho campus.

Bob is a horrible example for young students. He doesn't drink, smoke nor write radical letters to the Argonaut. He is very tolerant, though. Otherwise, we wouldn't dare write such drivel about him.

A long-time resident of Chrisman, he even spends a good bit of his time in what is loosely

known as his office. (As far as we know, the ASUI President's office has never been anything else. It has never been the men's powder room, as the Blot office has). We find him disgustingly conscientious. It's actually unnerving for a group of alleged journalists who pride themselves on being able to braid coke straws into doilies to meet an honest-to-God worker.

He has so many honorary



**Rosemary Fitzgerald . . . . .**  
Pres. Associated Women Students

keys on his watch chain he clanks when he walks, and he is practically the top living authority on all phases of campus life. There used to be a janitor who knew more but he hasn't been seen since the Year of the Big Freeze. Fred suspects foul play. Anyway, Bob certainly knows enough to see us through. Merry Christmas and God bless us every one.

## ROSEMARY FITZGERALD

Somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty years ago, and it's a pretty big neighborhood, we might add, the Fitzgeralds of Moscow were blessed with issue. Little did they know what they were in for. They named her Rosemary (for remembrance\*. Apparently, her family was of a literary turn of mind) and she had red hair. Or at least she does now.

Rosemary (for remembrance\*) has many endearing little qualities. She drinks more cups of coffee at the Nest than anyone else we know; she plays a mean game of softball, or is it badminton? These games are so confusing. She has been kissed by Helen Traubel, and this is minor, but I have to fill space, she is president of the 1200 maidens (more or less) on the campus.



**Gary Nefzger . . . . .**  
Yell King

Every evening, after a hard day's work at the office, Rosemary (for remembrance\*) is welcomed at the door by the Pi Phi pledges, probably because that is where she lives.

\*Hamlet, by William Shakespeare

\*Ibid

\*Ibid three spades.

**GARY NEFZGER**

If you ever go to athletic events on this campus, and I wouldn't advise it, you'll see a dark fellow in a little white suit waving his arms like crazy and trying to get 2,000 students to yell when they don't feel like it. That's Gary Nefzger. He's the Yell King.

He says he is a pre-med student and an illegitimate grandnephew of Billy Sunday, which is the reason he feels obliged to make all that ungodly racket. Besides, it gives him a lovely opportunity to study tonsils en masse.

Gary has gained considerable fame as an impromptu entertainer, a routine which consists mainly of telling old jokes in a deadpan voice so that the audience thinks it has heard them before. Then Gary applauds himself vigorously, and the audience, being in a state of semi-stupor responds before it realizes what it is doing.

That's our Gary.



**John Martin . . . . .**  
**Argonaut Editor**

**JOHN MARTIN**  
Every Tuesday and Friday

finds John at the Kappa Sig house, prostrate. The twice weekly problem of putting the Idaho scandal sheet in the presses takes a lot out of a man. Fool that he is, he always seems ready to repeat the whole damn



**June Thomas . . . . .**  
**Gem Editor**



**Dave Lewis . . . . .**  
**KUOI Station Director**

business the next press day.

We have a gripe against John. Not only does the Argonaut have an office (with typewriters, yet) but John himself has an office. His own private office, with a desk to put his feet on. It just ain't ethical. Come



**Bob Finlayson . . . . .**  
**Blot Editor**

the Revolution, his head will roll, and the poor down-trodden members of the proletariat (Blot) will inherit the earth, and with luck, the Arg office.

In all fairness, we have to say that John has been nice to us, in a sort of patronizing way. He lets us use his typewriters. We also have to say that if anyone works harder than John Aloysius Martin we don't know who it is.

**JUNE THOMAS**

On a dark and stormy night a while back, Mr. Thomas stood at the door of the house and ordered his daughter out into the cruel world. And for what? Had she just become the mother of a love-child? No. Neither had she taken to marijuana. It was worse than that. June, the pride of the Glens Ferry House of Thomas had become editor of the Gem.

Being pretty broadminded, as we have said some place before, we accepted June. We even let her write a few little articles for this magazine, providing of course, that she didn't want a by line. We knew that June was trying hard to overcome the reputation associated with her position. We even offered her a

(Continued on next page)

little advice on taking over the editorship.

"June," we said, "June, clean it up. Clean up that risqué book. Stop printing all those lousy jokes, and give the Idaho student something wholesome and constructive."

Only time will tell whether or not June will follow our advice and receive the credit she so richly deserves.

DAVE LEWIS

Whipping a group of inexperienced but eager radio men into a compact and efficient working machine is not a job anyone is likely to take on voluntarily, but Dave Lewis has proved an exception to the rule. He has helped to guide Idaho's gift to the airwaves into a comfortable berth under ASUI, and it hasn't been easy. KUOI had been definitely handicapped by the lack of that filthy stuff, that for want of a better name, we call money. Fortunately, now, the five-watter is relatively free from such worries and able to devote its attention to bigger and better things.

Though Dave committed an act of near-treason by marrying a WSC gal, we still love him. An ex-Navy man, Dave is forbidden by the FCC or some such narrow-minded agency, to make use of his juicy experiences on the air. They would undoubtedly make interesting listening. Happily for us, he manages to keep the campus either intriguing enough so that a lot of college radio set are always tuned to 660, the voice of the Vandal.

BOB FINLAYSON

This blond boy holds down the most enviable position on campus. He is the editor of this magazine. He is a fine, upstanding example of Idaho collegiatehood who never seems to have any cigarettes of his own. Nor any beer money.

When he isn't at Chrisman, which is most of the time, he haunts the Art building, as he seems to be laboring under some delusion that he is the greatest thing since Van Gogh. In other respects he is a pretty modest

fellow. He even declined to have his picture and life-history on this page, but he didn't decline very hard. As soon as someone pointed out that it would be nice to have a round half dozen students featured, he jumped at the excuse.

A Southern boy, Bob claims to come from Soda Springs, but then he claims quite a few things, so there's no point in paying a lot of attention to what he says. He even claims to work hard on this magazine, but everybody knows that "editor" is just a fancy word for head of the stolen joke department. It's a good thing he never bothers to read the copy that goes into the magazine or this expose would never get into print.

THAT'S ALL



"By George you're right, Mr. Wonka, that is an E." —Scop

The sailor boy had missed his ship. It was majestically steaming through the Golden Gate. With his arms about his girl's waist and a gloomy look on his face, he muttered, "Now, honey, we're both in trouble!"

—Unique

TO HELL

On Hell's abyss,  
His locks amiss,  
His face besmudged and black.  
Of the Devil's brood,  
In blackest mood,  
An imp sat scratching his back.

As I wandered by,  
I heard him cry.  
"What is the trouble?" I said.  
"Oh! sir," he sobbed,  
And his eyes he daubed,  
"The fires in Hell are dead.

"Since mankind's fall  
We've scorched 'em all,  
Sinners both black and white.  
But now you see—oh! mercy me,  
Old Nick's in a dreadful plight.

"No heat at all  
To make 'em squall.  
No cinders to burn their feet.  
They laugh and shout  
The whole day out—  
Oh sir! no heat . . . no heat."

Then with a sigh  
He cast his eye  
Toward the Abysmal Province.  
"To Hell," he said,  
And away he sped—  
I have not seen him since.

—Betty Peters

Two men were working on the White House lawn, each supplied with a small push cart upon which a garbage can was standing. They walked about picking up papers with a long spear. One spied a piece of toilet paper and started to spear it, when suddenly a gust of wind came up and blew the paper into the White House through an open window.

The man became frantic and rushed into the building. He returned shortly and said: "I was too late. He had already signed it." —Fo Paws

—I—

We wonder why the iceman smiles so  
When his glance happens to meet

The sign: "Please drive slow;  
The child in the street  
May be yours, you know."

—Columns



# EBB TIDE

By SHERMAN E. BLACK

Illustrated by Lois Siebe



"Quickly the undertow drew Longstreth down. He smiled as the sky faded into greenish darkness, the great weight of the water crushing the last breath from him."

There was solitude in the little glen above the sea, the solitude Longstreth longed for. He dropped the packet of bread and cheese and the thermos of iced tea beneath a scraggly bush. Here, away from the crowds and the metallic clanging of the city, he could be alone to think. The slow wash of the surf came to him softly, the only sound that rode the still air.

Longstreth smiled inwardly, the pure joy of this corner of heaven in a world of materialism filling his soul. He stood for a time looking about him, noting the low ridge of rock that ran across the back of the glen;

the four, small, full-leaved bushes keeping company at the far end of the ridge; the high, proud fir tree holding itself aloof from all the earth except where it must feed, reaching its crown toward the sky and God; the straight, brown stems of last year's grass, their pods long since bursted and their seeds flown to start new life; the hot green of the young grass growing eagerly beneath the brown stems; beside him the scraggly bush, giving all its meager protection to his bread and cheese and thermos. It was a lonely little bush. Longstreth felt a touch of compassion, a feeling

of kinship in its misery. He lay down beside the bush.

How infinite, he thought, is the sky above me. Almost as infinite as God himself, except it does have bounds. Only God would think to leave places like this where a man could come. Certainly no human would think of it; humans are too busy creating holocausts, too centered on their own wayward desires.

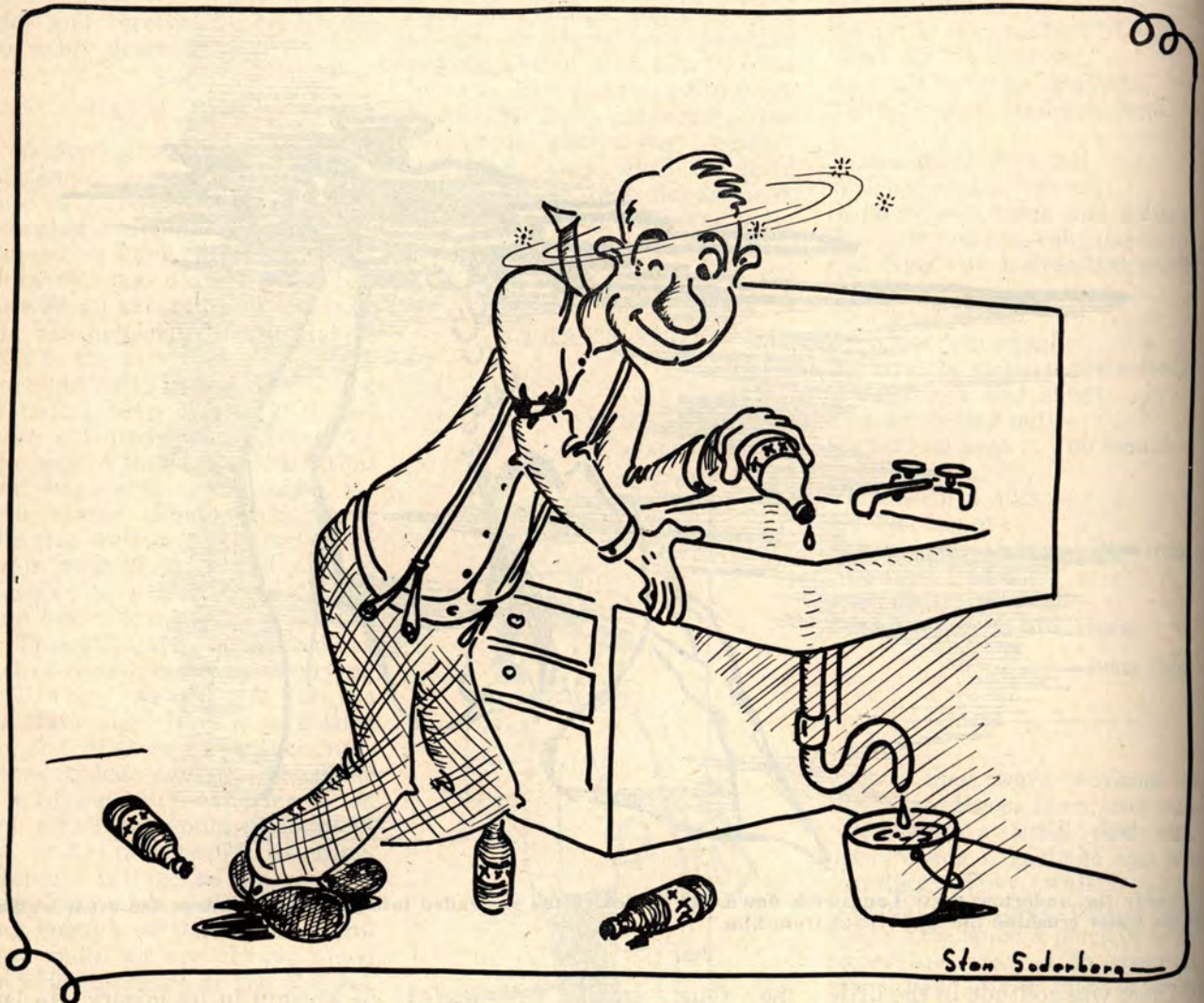
The mounting sun, his only check on time, gave Longstreth's mind free reign, letting it wander as it would among the deep mysteries of the universe, of life and death, even back among the

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# The Reincarnation of Carry Nation

By JOE DICKSON

Illustrated by Stan Soderberg



"Anna even insisted the vanilla be poured down the drain because of the alcoholic content. I began to receive sympathy cards from the town wags."

I am a peaceful man. I love my wife. I love little children. I've never kicked a dog in my life. Not a little dog anyway. I've always put up with, patiently, tolerantly, my wife's little idiosyncracies, some of them not so little. I sighed resignedly when she bought a tankful of baby alligators for household pets. I smiled patiently when she decided to take up Yogi and spent hour upon hour standing on her head in a

corner. I protested very little when she bought three St. Bernard dogs for as she said, some day I "might get caught in a blizzard" though for the life of me I can't see how, being as we live in southern Florida. Even when they held me at bay outside my house all night I didn't insist on her getting rid of them. When she bought a surplus army tank, I didn't rant and rave as others might have done. She soon decided it was

a bad deal, however, after we broke through the bottoms of three bridges. So she stored it in the garage and the car had to be parked in the driveway.

"Can't afford to let that tank get rusty," she said.

I put up with all that and more with patience and fortitude not allotted to most men but then came the proverbial straw, the one that broke my patience record and almost

(Continued on page 32)

# Summer Vacation

By SHEILA DARWIN

Summer vacation! That cherished phrase is past history these registration days but it's still fun to remember and re-live. The four thousand and some students from our Idaho probably spent those summer months in just that many thousand ways. Here we'd like to tell you of the vacation of one lucky coed from Kendrick who really had the exciting time.

Gay Deobold is her name; Home Economics is her major—and what a major! Her course and activities in that department the past three years earned Gay one month of unusual opportunity and invaluable experience in the middle east this summer.

From July 17 through August 14 Gay represented the University of Idaho home economics department at the national Danforth Summer Fellowship course in St. Louis, Missouri and on beautiful Lake Michigan.

Sponsored jointly by the Danforth Foundation and the Ralston Purina Company, the Danforth fellowship is awarded to outstanding home economics juniors each year in universities throughout the United States. Its purpose is to help those students enlarge their professional horizons, broaden their contacts, and provide leadership training which will assist them in finding positions of greatest professional service. This year the award was granted to just 48 coeds from 48 state universities, each selected to represent her alma mater by the director of home economics and her staff.

Gay's winning theme on "The Importance of Well-Balanced development in Attaining Leadership" (a topic requested by Mr. Danforth of the Danforth foundation) together with her outstanding record in college activities and some mighty good grade point averages resulted in her nomination for the coveted award. Marybelle Carnie and



Gay Deobold . . . Her winning theme brought an exciting trip to beautiful Lake Michigan.

Sheila Darwin were named as first and second alternate respectively.

Arriving in St. Louis July 17, Gay began two exciting weeks studying at the Ralston Purina company, through actual experience, problems of manufacturing, commercial research, distribution, advertising, personnel management, and professional leadership development.

Besides working under national experts in each of these fields and in dietetics, Gay's chosen profession, she rounded out days of observation and action in the chemical research

laboratories doing nutritional studies with exciting side trips through large industrial stores, hospitals, advertising agencies and produce agencies in St. Louis. Side trips helped the fledgling "business-women" gain through first hand visits an idea of manufacturing, advertising, and distribution procedures in modern plants as well as institution personnel and labor problems which they might encounter in their own professional positions some day.

According to Gay the whole

(Continued on page 36)

# Romance in Helen's Tent

By "BLACK JACK" DUDDY

*KYGO brings you the day to day adventures of a lovely lady who proves that romance can still be yours at fifty or over.*

"KYGO, America's most popular deodorant, brings you another exciting chapter of "Romance in Helen's Tent." (Music). Before we begin today's chapter, let's hear a word from our sponsor."

"Ladies, do you ever smell like a goat? Have you ever had that tired, sweaty smell; as if you had just plowed the north forty? Yes? Then it is time to change to KYGO. Remember that KYGO gets its name from Kill Your Goat Odor. So kill your goat odor today with KYGO."

"KYGO comes in three sizes. The small, delicate size is for your personal use. The medium size for your sorority sisters. The large, family size, which comes with a small shovel, is for your loved ones."

"And now is our stirring drama. You will remember that Alma is in love with Rachel's husband, Rubin. Rachel is in love with Alma's husband, Chuck Henry. Rubin and Chuck Henry are both in love with Helen. Rachel, in the meantime, has suspicions that something is amiss between her husband and Alma when she discovered them last week registered in a small hotel as Mr. and Mrs."

"Alma, on the other hand, is worried about Grandma Buckean's drinking and has been urging her to join the "Double A." Alma's worries are increased when she received word that her younger brother, Ernest, had escaped from reform school.

"We now join Helen, Alma and Rachel in the living room at Grandma Buckean's . . . ."

Helen: "Grandma, you will ruin your teeth opening those beer bottles that way."

Grandma: "How can I, Dearie, I ain't wearing them."

Alma: "I am so worried about my husband, I'm afraid he doesn't love me anymore. I just caught him kissing his secretary yesterday."

Rachel: "You are just trying to make me jealous, Alma."

Alma: "I can't help but believe that if something would happen to me, it would bring Chuck Henry back to me."

Grandma: "Have you ever thought of suicide?"

Rachel: "Shaddup, you old goat, and drink your beer."

Helen: "Alma, I agree with you. If we could arrange a fake accident, it would help bring Chuck Henry back to you."

Rachel: "Goody, goody, then let's do it. Grandma, hand me that beer bottle and I will bust it over Alma's head."

Grandma: "No, not that one. Here is an empty."

Rachel: "Ready, Alma, close your eyes . . . (Whack!!) Okeh, you can open them now. Alma! Migawd! I've killed her! Grandma, do something, blow your breath in her face."

Helen: "She is opening her eyes. Good heavens! Look! They are crossed!"

Rachel: "Quick, Grandma, take her upstairs, her comes Chuck Henry."

(Exit Alma and Grandma, enter Chuck Henry).

Chuck: "Hello, pigs."

Rachel: "Darling!"

Helen: "Darling!"

Chuck: "Goodness, someone ought to sweep up all these broken beer bottles. This place is beginning to look like the Gamma Phi house."

(Suddenly, Grandma comes

sliding down the bannister much too fast, misses a curve, sails out through an open window and lands in a tree in the front yard. No one pays any attention to her.)

Helen: "What is in that large box you had under your arm?"

Chuck H: "I brought you, Rachel, and Alma something you have been needing for months. It is a family size jar of KYGO."

Rachel: "Ain't that the sweetest thing. You are an old bebop for being so thoughtful."

(A tiny voice interrupts the conversating from upstairs.)

Tiny Voice: "Mama! Come quick, Rubin, Jr., just fell in the commode!"

(Rachel rushes upstairs while Helen rushes into Chuck Henry's waiting arms).

(While firmly embraced, they sing the duet from the prison scene in "Faust." At the close of the duet, they kiss hungrily and passionately. Unnoticed, Rubin walks in and discovers them thus. He picks up a piano stool and crashes it down on Chuck Henry's head.)

Chuck: "Jimminy Christmas, you Bama alums really know how to kiss."

(He falls unconsciously to the floor.)

Helen: "Darling!"

"Rubin: "Darling!"

(They embrace while Ernest, Alma's young brother who has escaped from reform school, enters, soot-covered, from the fireplace. Enraged at the embrace, he shoots Rubin's left ear off.)

Rubin: "Wow! I feel like I've lost an ear."

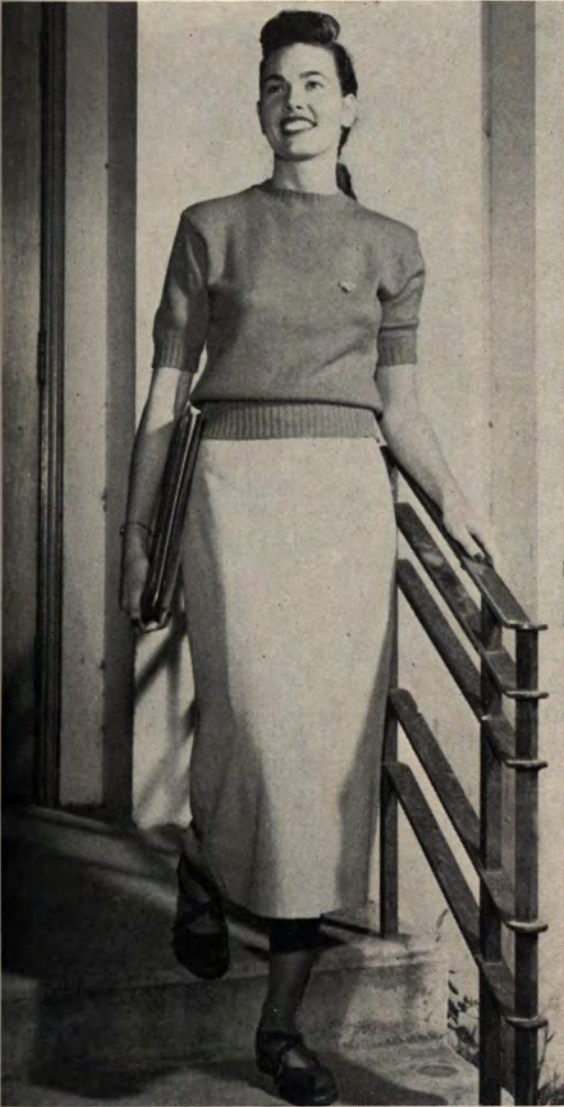
(He falls to the floor in a

(Continued on page 35)

# Fall Favorites

*Around the campus with Sheila Darwin*

Back to school days mean considerable shopping sprees for the typical U. of I. coed who zealously rejuvenates her wardrobe to fit this fall's fashion "musts." After a glance at these campus lovelies—and the outfits they are wearing, won't you agree with us that the dents in papa's checkbook are worth it if "Sweet Sal" turns out like this!



Our coed's calendar is a busy one and requires quite a variety of costumes. Take a typical fall weekend for instance . . . here is Joan Litchfield, smooth senior, in the old classroom standby for Friday and every other day, a Jantzen sweater teamed with a straight tweed skirt. Her shoes are Penaljo's gay campus sandals.



Joan steps out next day in a boxy tweed coat with matching hood so right for campus school, sport, and even dress wear. These ensembles are courtesy of Anderson's department store in Lewiston.

# Fashion Favorites



A sophisticated sophomore, Joan Madison, models her Friday night favorite for fraternity firesides and after-game dates, a gaily striped wool jersey with kid leather belt and demure Peter Pan collar.



Anything but demure—in fact, strictly “in tune” is Joan’s swish black formal of whispering taffeta and lace with the ever popular rhinestone to add that extra touch of glamour. This gown would rate tops for big weekend formals and all campus dances.

## Fashion Favorites



Freshmen take heed! All is not work at our U of I and prove it here is a cute little sophomore, Fern Bracht, who knows the answers to any college sport clothes quiz. She is ready for a tennis set here in tailored denim pedal-pushers with sharkskin blouse and a matching belted jacket for that after-game stroll home. Her cap, we knew it would catch our eye, is a Scotch plaid "caddy lid" from the Country Club golf course!



Saturday night's special beau rates a special slinky satin dress with matching kid sandals. This outfit is Grade-A for clubbing or dressy fireside dancing. Note Fern's short short curls perfect for showing off dainty earrings and, according to Mademoiselle, the smartest hair-do for this year's wear.

## Fashion Favorites



Perhaps our coed has a very important pledge dance on her program for tonight. What could be more proper and at the same time more dreamy than Evelyn "Bedo" Inghram's fluffy white strapless formal. Yards and yards around, the skirt can be worn with hoops for that old-fashioned look. As every style-right junior knows, short white dancing mitts add an extra special touch to any evening dress. Bedo has chosen wrist length white kid gloves that button with a little pearl clip.



Sunday show dates call for comfortable suits these cool fall days. Here Bedo winds up our campus style show in a green and gray tweed with box jacket and pencil slim skirt. Her shiny green kid opera pumps and twin bag are the very latest in smart fall accessories. This outfit would be a fine type standby for that important Homecoming Weekend which is just around the bend.



# Ruth Was Yesterday

*A short, short story*

By RAMONA BILLS

I really never knew Ruth—that is, I had never been introduced to her. That small fact can be overlooked; it isn't important—because I know more about her than if I had been her closest friend.

I can remember seeing the results of her quick and cutting temper; I can see the hurt that lingers in Devin's eyes, the bitterness that lines his mouth and the ever-watchfulness in his manner. All this I can see, and many are the things I intuitively know—things only a woman can know about another. Yet, knowing all the cruel things she has done, and seeing all the shadows that she has cast, I somehow can't help feel that there exists a bond between us.

Theirs was a love story not often found; a story so beautiful and complete that at first I resented, then envied the happiness they had found. Sometimes, when I sit alone, it seems to me that I can see them together again, as they were in the beginning . . . Ruth with her dark hair curling loosely around her face, laughing up into Devin's black eyes, and he, with his boyish grin and his black hair mussed, laughing back at her, both completely oblivious to the rest of the world.

Ruth is all over this house. Everywhere I go, I can see Ruth. I can hear her silvery laughter echoing through the halls; her loving, friendly ways manifesting themselves in innumerable ways. Even the garden looks as if she had just smiled upon it, and unable to withstand the sweetness of her smile, every living thing there must either burst into bloom or die.

There are times when I hate Ruth, hate her and fear her. This is because I do not understand Devin too well yet—Devin

is my husband now. Not Ruth's, but mine. Sometimes I catch him looking at me in a very strange way. I do not know why. It has something to do with Ruth. Sometimes, Devin talks to me of Ruth, tells me of her not so much in words as in the softness of his voice and the gentleness of his hands as he strokes my hair. Sometimes, Devin calls me Ruth. I have asked him not to; it bothers me. He knows my name is not Ruth.

Ruth . . . he tells me of the way she danced in a long, misty dress—as if she were the wave's white crest dancing on the sea. Often I take the dress out of her closet upstairs. I just look at the dress, then I put it away. I do not tell Devin this. He tells me of the poetry she wrote and often quotes a passage, but they convey to me no feeling.

They lived together very happily, Ruth and my Devin, as if all the world were theirs. And so it was, for they had solved the sweetest mystery of life. But too soon it was to end. Ruth began to have lapses of memory, a period of time when she was not Ruth, when there was no Ruth. Strangely enough, it was during one of Ruth's periods of non-existence that I met Devin. It was as if I had always known him; I was tired and he comforted me. I saw little of Devin at first, but then more and more. Suddenly, there was no Ruth. She did not exist—she was a part of yesterday. And today belonged to me.

I love Devin very much. I am not jealous of her, for our yesterdays are past. Sometimes, I become confused when Devin calls me Ruth. He knows my name is not Ruth.

Only last night, Devin walked into Ruth's room while I was wearing her dress. Something unexplainable had urged me to

put it on, and as I saw the look on his face I was not sorry.

"Ruth, my darling, you've come back . . ." was the only thing he said. He took me into his arms and kissed me, and I laughed to think I had fooled him for a moment. But then he realized that I was not Ruth.

I was still in the protective circle of his arms when he said quietly, "No, you can never be Ruth again."

Devin says many strange things.

When the newlyweds got on the train the groom tipped the porter and whispered, "Don't tell anybody we were just married."

The next day the couple were very embarrassed to find everyone staring at them and finally confronted the porter.

"No suh," came the emphatic reply. "Every time they asked me if you was just married, I'd tell 'em no indeed, they's just good friends."

—I—

"Hey there," shouted the cop to the gentleman who was obviously pickled in alcohol, "You can't stand there in the middle of the street."

"Oh, yesh I can, oshshifer," responded the character with great pride. "Don't you worry about me. I been shtandin' here an hour, an' I ain't fell off yet!"

—I—

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

"Oh, a dramatic critic, eh?"

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

—I—

"Why must we wait 'till we get home before you answer?"

"Because, this is the same place father proposed to mother."

"So what?"

"On the way home, the horse ran away, the buggy turned over and father was killed."

—I—

In the parlor there were three She, the table lamp and he, Three's a crowd, there is no doubt

So the little lamp went out.

# Summer School in the USAF

By ORVAL, HANSEN



The entire cadet corps stands retreat at the flagpole in front of the headquarters building each evening at 5:10. Cadets stand at attention and salute as the flag is being lowered.

Forty-five University of Idaho students spent six weeks this summer receiving a new kind of education. They learned the definition of new words like "gig", bivouac, reveille and retreat. They learned what a brown nose was and what the letters "P. T." stood for. They learned (some the hard way) that cadets are required to salute second lieutenants. They had a taste of life in a barracks and of Air Force chow. They learned the meaning of military discipline.

These were advanced Air R. O. T. C. cadets serving their required six week summer encampment at Hamilton Air Force Base in California. To qualify for a commission in the Air Force Reserve, in addition to taking two years of advanced study at the University of

Idaho, these cadets are required to satisfactorily complete a six week training period during the summer.

The R. O. T. C. camp this summer afforded a new experience to all the cadets attending from the University of Idaho, but approximately half of the number had some type of previous military experience.

The cadets were practically unanimous in their approval of the site of this year's summer camp. It was situated in sunny California about twenty five miles north of San Francisco on the west shore of the bay. Weather was practically ideal during the entire period. Even when San Francisco was covered with a blanket of fog and being blown by chill winds, the weather at nearby Hamilton left nothing to be desired.

For administrative purposes, the summer camp was attached to the 78th Fighter Wing based at Hamilton. The 78th is a jet fighter outfit made up of the new F-84 Thunderjets. Practically all day and for a good part of the night, formations of the jet fighters could be seen swooping over the field.

Cadets at the summer camp came from colleges and universities throughout the western states. The cadet corps was approximately five hundred strong, representing a dozen or more schools in the West. Of the total number, about 350 were specializing in Air Force Administration, including all Idaho cadets. The remaining specialized in Air Force Supply. Many phases of the training were common to both groups, but most of the training was of a specialized nature. The emphasis at camp was on the practical side, designed to supplement the theory taught in the university classrooms.

Scores of training activities occupied the time of the cadets during the entire six week period. The first days were devoted primarily to indoctrination and processing. During this initial period cadets received physical examinations, were assigned to barracks and were issued clothing and equipment. Within a few days the training schedule began in earnest. Small groups of cadets marching up and down the streets with notebooks in their hands were a familiar sight at Hamilton.

A large portion of the training period was spent in classrooms listening to lectures on all phases of administration and supply. Instructors were officers attached to the camp staff in most cases, but occasionally base officers were used

to explain some specialized subjects.

Physical training occupied a very important part in the training schedule. In addition to a few minutes of setting up exercises every morning, often several hours a day were devoted to physical training activities consisting mostly of calisthenics and supervised games such as softball, tennis, volleyball, basketball and horseshoes.

Cadets had an excellent opportunity to study first hand the organization and function of an air base. Their introduction to the United States Air Force was accomplished by special conducted tours of all the major activities on the field. They visited places like the air force shops, the operations office, the parachute rigger's shop, the supply warehouses, the photo lab, and the various headquarters offices.

Another major training activity involved the small arms weapons used by the Air Force. This period consisted of cleaning and taking apart and re-assembling the various weapons in addition to firing them on the range.

Toward the end of the encampment period the entire cadet corps participated in a march with full pack followed by a bivouac in the field. They set up camp and operated under field conditions for a short time working out a combat problem and studying field sanitation and interior guard.

During the encampment period the cadet corps participated in several parades with other base units, and were consistently rated on a par with the very best marching units at Hamilton.

The duty day began six days a week at 6:15 in the morning and lasted until approximately 5:20 in the afternoon, except on Saturdays when they were usually free to leave the base by noon.

Every Saturday morning cadets were inspected in their barracks. The inspection party, made up of several staff officers, went over the bunk, locker and dress of every cadet with a fine tooth comb. Discrepancies resulted in the awarding of demerits or "gigs" as they were more often referred to. A cadet

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Phil Schnell and guest at one of the two large cadet dances sponsored during the encampment period.



After a strenuous week of training activities a group of Idaho cadets relax in front of the Officers' Club swimming pool. Left to right: Phil Schnell, Dick Toevs, Ron Chaney, Jack Lacey, Allen Lawrence, Art Perkins and Ed Rowbury.



The University of Idaho softball squad. Left to right, standing, McClure, Chadband, Lawrence, Tovey, Vassar and Mays. Kneeling, DePalmo, Pratt, Follett, Peterson, Bishop and Geisler.

## EBB TIDE

(Continued from page 15)

immortal bards and through the raw memories of the war years. Among the raw memories he found the still-entangled lines of discussions on religion and the faces and names of men who took part in those discussions. These depressed him a little, for those men had been so mixed up. They knew no meaning of religion, no belief in God. Eddie—he remembered Eddie more clearly than the rest—had died without finding solace in religion. He had gone back to Australia and married the girl who had borne his child, but even with the child in his arms as a symbol of the highest act of God, he would admit of no belief.

Longstreth held the picture of Eddie in his mind, remembering the round face, the upturned nose, the somewhat sallow complexion, the unruly lock of dusty brown hair that forever hung askew across the forehead. The jaw had been a bit weak, perhaps; but there was a fiery patriotism in the youth, a loyalty that would brood no argument. Remembering how Eddie had died, Longstreth withdrew his thoughts of the boy's Godlessness. God would take care of him anyway, taking him to rest in Valhalla, accompanied by Valkyries with spun-gold hair to replace the maidens he had loved in this life. Such would be God's mercy for the warrior.

Longstreth mentally apologized to Eddie for the disparaging thoughts and for placing him in a position of doubt. He left him smiling his pleased boy's smile surrounded by a far long red-brown whiskers that, instead of achieving the desired look of manliness, only made him more boyish. Longstrath smiled in return.

The sun was high now, glaring hotly over the top of the scraggy bush. It could be near to eleven o'clock, he figured, squinting back at the sun from under the shade of his hand. Time for his swim. He came up from the ground with unhurried ease, stretching the long muscles

of his arms and legs and hunching his shoulders to flex the muscles along his back. Ah! It was good to be alive.

He walked to the sharp edge of his little corner of heaven and stood looking out upon the broad expanse of the Pacific. There were islands out there and other continents, but from here one would never think of anything but water—greenish-blue water that today held a quiet peace. Only the white edge of the surf betrayed any agitation. The little noises of that surf beckoned him now, and he began walking along the edge of the cliff, seeking passage down.

Later, undressing in the privacy of a niche at the base of the cliff, Longstreth breathed deeply of the saltine air, feeling the exultation that always came upon him at these times of freedom. Somehow, the sea was to him synonymous with freedom. He drew his trunks over the leanness of his legs and fastened them them securely around his waist, piled his clothing in a corner of the niche, and walked eagerly across the narrow spit of sand. He let the cold water run over his feet until they no longer felt its chill.

This world in which he stood

held an immensity that made him feel a sense of physical inadequacy, though in comparison with other men he was not small. This, he knew, was God's way of showing the smallness of all men. It was His way of telling all men, no matter what their power or wealth, that there are greater things, that they are but puny children in the vastness of His domain.

Longstreth looked at the abrupt wall on which was his little Eden's garden, back at the far limits of the sea's horizon, crossed himself as he always did before attempting the Pacific. His lips moved silently in prayer.

There were many people a mile away where the spit of sand broadened to a clean white beach. To Longstreth, they were black dots moving helter-skelter through the bright sun of this day. He put them from his mind with a feeling of impatience, preferring the solitude of this part of the sea around him. Lying on his back, he stroked easily, letting the strong salt water carry his weight, his eyes drinking in the positive beauty of the high blue sky.

There was no chill in the water now, his body having built that



"No Ma'am, he went out about 10 o'clock."—Kitty Kat

layer of protection that defies mild cold. He stopped to rest, letting his feet down experimentally until his toes touched the firmness of the sea floor. There was, down close to the sand, a slight motion of the water running away from the land. Longstreth gave it no thought, barely feeling the run of water over his feet. He began swimming again, changing strokes occasionally to rest the muscles made weary by steady use.

For perhaps a half hour he swam, now and then looking back at the high buttness of the earth against the sky where his Garden lay. The narrow stretch of sand was out of his vision now, the curvature the water encompassing it entirely. Gone, too, were the people and broad beach. The only other inhabitants of this great world of sea and sky and the edge of land were a pair of gulls that criss-crossed gracefully above him, their long beaks pointing down at the water in constant quest.

Swimming on his back again, Longstreth watched these birds, marveling at their companionship with the air, the perfect ease of their motionless, slender wings. Surely, he thought, they must be children of God, closer to Him in earthly life than man.

Looking back at the cliff, Longstreth realized that he had come out farther than had been his intent. Stopping the easy thrash of his feet, he let them sink of their own weight, intending to tread water so that he might rest his arms. He felt then the strong pull of the water below him, its force running downward with the slant of the sea floor. There was a restlessness, a terrifying quality in that force that threw his mind into a momentary panic. He began swimming back toward the distant friendly cliff, putting all his power into his strokes.

Tiring quickly at the furious pace his panic had forced on him, he swam for a time more slowly. Even the slower strokes became tiring, bringing a hard ache through his muscles that would not be denied. He rested

and felt the undertow tugging at him.

There was no mistaking it now. This seaward fall of the water was the ebb tide, so perilous at places along the Oregon coast. With it always was the awful presence of the undertow that reaches for a man's body like the strangling tentacles of a giant squid.

Looking toward the cliff, Longstreth knew he was not closer to it than when panic first struck him. Indeed, he believed himself to be farther away. The current of the ebb tide was carrying him to sea, the undertow beneath waiting for the exhaustion of his muscles to lower him into it. Another moment's panic



"Another of the same, Josephine?"  
—Yale Record

seized him then, causing him to expend his remaining energy swiftly. He fought the panic back, forcing his mind to steadiness.

Clumsily, the heavy presence of the water making his hand erratic, he crossed himself. His lips moved as he prayed for strength, feeling the tired ache of his muscles and lungs like a great leaden burden. He turned on his back again, fighting now just to stay afloat.

His mind turned itself to the possibility of death. There were many, he knew, as strong swimmers as himself, who had been caught in the ebb tide. There were none to tell of the experience.

His weariness pushing him ever deeper into the undertow, he began to feel the certainty of

death's presence in the specter of the black dots of exhaustion flashing before his eyes. Just before the undertow claimed him, Longstreth had a last look at the perfect beauty of the sky, the sun riding its course toward the western horizon. Strangely, he wondered in that brief moment if somewhere in that high blue yonder was Eddie's Valhalla, if the slanting rays of the sun might be the spun-gold hair of the Valkyries.

Quickly then the undertow drew him down, and Longstreth smiled as the sky faded into greenish darkness, the great weight of the water crushing the last breath from him. There was a Peacefulness in death, a quiet beauty after the fight for survival. A solitude, Longstreth thought, almost as wonderful as the solitude of his little garden on the cliff above the sea. Here again he knew God's presence.

On a twig of the scraggly bush a magpie perched with a flutter of wings. Its head cocked aside, he examined the brown paper sack and the thermos critically, giving raucous voice to his misgivings. The brightness of his beady eyes grew brighter in his excitement. Satisfied at last that there was no element of strange life in the objects, the magpie hopped from the twig of the scraggly bush to the ground close beside the sack. He sidled around it on legs held ready for instant propulsion into the air, presently probing the sack and pulling at it with his solid black beak.

Thus two friends of Longstreth found the quiet glen above the sea. The sun was now a great fiery half-disc sinking into the Pacific, its long rays climbing the evening sky with the brilliance of burnished gold.

The magpie leaped into chattering flight at the advent of these two strangers over the brow of the glen, his scolding containing his own harsh profanity at being disturbed. He flew to the crown of the aloof fir tree and glared down from its height, casting his strident

(Continued on page 31)

## DESERT FLIGHT

(Continued from page 7)

died. He closed his eyes as if to wipe some terrible sight from them; then, opening them and fixing a stare on the ground, he strode from the room.

From the window Croy watched him lead the mule to the pump and tinker with the ancient mechanism until a thin stream of water poured from the rusty spout. The trough filled, Mario lead the mule in front of the pump, then, with a glance towards the house, he stepped behind the animal, obscuring him from Croy's vision.

"Hey, you Mex," yelled Croy, "Whut you doin'?"

The Mexican held up the canteen. "The canteen," he called, "I fill it."

"Well," said Croy, pacified, "alright. But don't try anything." He glanced across the desert, where the cloud of brown dust was gaining in size. "An' hurry up!"

"It is done," called back the Mexican.

Croy strode out of the house and walked to where the man stood by the pump.

"Ya fill the canteen?"

In answer Mario handed him the canteen. It was cool against Croy's hand. Cool and heavy . . . Almost too heavy . . . Croy unscrewed the cap and gently shook the canteen. The cool liquid brimmed over on his hand. He sniffed it, then took a small sip.

"Tastes okay," he muttered.

He turned to the Mexican.

"Got a sledge, Mario?"

The man shook his head.

"Shovel?"

"Si."

"Get it."

Mario walked to the rear of the house and returned with a rusty shovel.

"Now beat that pump outa there."

The Mexican made no comment, nor did his expression change. Slowly and deliberately he proceeded to hammer the pump off at the base.

"Now I don't reckon they'll be following me very far, do

you, Mario? Without any water, I mean?"

The Mexican said nothing.

"That's what I don't like about you, Mario. You don't talk enough. But I wouldn't worry about it. You won't be doin' much talkin' from now on."

Mario was silent. Strangely enough, there played about his lips what might have been the ghost of a smile.

"Did you get what I said, Mex?" grated Croy. "I'm gonna kill you."

No change in visage came over the Mexican.

"Brave boy, huh? Okay . . ." The gun leaped in Croy's hand. The force of the bullet knocked the Mexican to the ground, but he raised himself on one elbow and looked up at Croy. What might have been a laugh choked in his throat. With a curse, Croy shot again and again. When the hammer of his gun finally clicked on an empty chamber, he stopped. His hand trembled. He leaped astride the mule and pressed his heels hard into its

ribs and galloped away. Only when he was a good mile from the house did he pull the mule to a walk.

"Relax, Croy," he addressed himself. "He can't hurt you. He's dead. Just a dirty Mex!"

The miles passed. Hot, torturous miles. Croy rationed his water shrewdly, trying to make it last the full length of the trip. And then, with the day three-fourths gone, his mule stumbled, fell, and did not rise.

"Get up!", screamed Croy. "Damn you, get up!" He kicked, in a frenzy, at the mule's head and body but the animal was dead.

"Lord, Lord, Lord," moaned Croy. "Oh, no! Please, God, no!" With effort he attempted to pull himself together. "Gotta get a grip on myself. I can make it. Can't be far now, an'—an' I got water." Assuringly he shook the canteen. No sound of sloshing liquid came from the container. "What the hell . . .?" Frantically he unscrewed the cap and thrust the spout into his mouth. He gagged and spat



" . . . you are honest, loyal and dependable. Your greatest pleasure is to lie in front of a fireplace and be scratched behind the ear. . . ."

—Scop

a mouthful of sand to the ground.

"No, no, no!" Tears streamed from his eyes and hoarse, racking sobs shook his body. "Oh, the dirty Mex! He filled the canteen half full of water an'— an' half—. Oh, God, no!"

He scrambled to the top of a dune and down the other side. His reason was gone.

"Can't be far!" he gasped. "Not far! The other side of this dune . . ."

He ran until exhaustion forced him to stop and he fell and lay gasping in the sand. A spasm of coughing overcame him as his lungs sucked in the hot air. As his breath returned with it came some sense of reason.

"Maybe — maybe I can still make it. Suck on this wet sand. Maybe . . . Sure . . . sure I can . . ."

He rose drunkenly to his feet and lurched forward. His feet left a crooked trail in the hot sand . . .

\* \* \* \*

Back at Mario's hut two members of the posse gazed out over the desert.

"Hell!" spat one, "The rotten scum! Did you see the poor Mex?"

"Yeah," said his companion. "An' the real hell of it is, we can't do a thing about it."

"There's a higher law that takes care of matters like this."

"Mebbe. But me, I'm not so hot on that "higher law" stuff. I only know that he's where we can't touch him."

"Yeah, where we can't touch him . . ."

\* \* \* \*

Out among the endless dunes, the speck crawled no longer. The two buzzards swooped low a few times inquisitively. Then, with a note of triumph in their cry, they swung down. And this time—they did not rise . . . .

Coed: "Oh, Edwin has the most wonderful pair of binoculars."

Also: "Has he? I love these strong virile men."

—Ranger

\* \*

They've improvised a system of making wool out of milk, which must make the cow feel short of sheepish. —Columns

A middle aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a window into a garbage can.

A Chinaman passing remarked: "Americans very wasteful. That woman good for ten years yet."



"Thanks, Joe, I had a wonderful evening."

—Columns

There was a young lady named Drew

Whose skin turned a hideous blue.

When they asked, "Is it paint?"

She replied, "No, it ain't, And what the hell is it to you?"

—Jacko

\* \*

And then there's the moth that got in the old maids drawers and ate the fringe off her centerpiece.

—Blot

\* \*

Once upon a time there was a boy penguin and a girl penguin who met at the Equator. After a brief but charming interlude, the boy penguin went north, to the North Pole and the girl penguin went south to the South Pole.

Later on, a telegram arrived at the North Pole stating simply: "Come quick—I am with Byrd."

—Ranger

A woman approached the Pearly Gates and spoke to St. Peter.

"Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."

"Lady, we have lots of them here. You'll have to be more specific."

"Joe Smith."

"Lotsa those too. You'll have to have more identification."

"Well, when he died he said that if I ever was untrue to him, he'd turn over in his grave."

"Oh, you mean 'Pinwheel Smith'."

—Kitty Kat

\* \*

It has been a busy day for Mother and to make matters worse her small son came running into the house with his pants torn.

"You go to your room and mend those pants yourself," she ordered, "and don't let me see you out of here until the job is done."

A little later she went in to see how the repair job was coming along. The pants lay on a chair and the door to the cellar, usually closed, was open. The mother called down sternly, "Are you running down there without your pants on?"

A deep voice answered, "No, ma'am. I'm reading the gas meter."

—Kitty Kat

\* \*

Mother (entering the room unexpectedly): "Well, I never!"

Daughter: "Oh, mother, you must have."

—Unique

\* \*

Professor: "I won't begin today's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice: "Go home and sleep it off, old man."

\* \*

"I'm sorry, lady," said the ticket agent, "but this two dollar bill is counterfeit."

My Gawd," gasped the woman, "I've been seduced."

—Unique

\* \*

"I've been reaped," said the grain field as the combine went through it.

—Blot

\* \*

Papa Robin: How did that speckled egg get into our nest?

Mamma Robin: I did it for a lark.

—Outdoor Life

## THE FUNERAL

(Continued from page 11)

They found the cab and its youthful driver who was sound asleep. The boy was startled when Al pounded on the window, waking up with wide eyes he hurriedly opened the rear door, picked an empty box from the seat and told them to get in.

The taxi halted in front of the funeral parlor. It was an old house with a new coat of white paint covering its warped boards. A wreath hung above the door. Two cars were parked in front—a long polished hearse and a mud scarred farm truck. They climbed the worn stairs and stepped into a hushed atmosphere with Al close behind. Fresh flowers filled the room. The smell of roses was thick and sweet, as a bald headed man in a tweed suit motioned them into a darkened parlor. Ahead, surrounded by green palms and a few white flowers was the coffin. Al whispered, "Go ahead, I'll wait here."

Jim and Art tried to walk in step so the handcuffs would not be noticed. She was dressed in a black dress. Her blue veined hands, carefully placed and folded on her chest, looked ashen white against the black.

Her lined face looked younger than when they had last seen her. There was a faint smile on her face, her blue lips were taunt and parted with a gleam of gold shining from her front tooth.

"She's sure fixed up, ain't she Art," Jim said.

"Yea, I wonder if she suffered much."

Jim spoke, "She never did write us a letter when we got sent up. I used to write steady, but I gave up. She sure had a tough time with the old man, drunk all the time. She looks as if she was glad to go."

Art said, "Yea, maybe she's happy now."

Jim dropped his voice, "Let's make the break as soon as we leave here. Let me handle the cop."

Art sounded tired. "Okay Jim, but I hope we get away with it. I can't think of going back again."

Their sister's voice broke the silence as she came out of the shadows. Her voice sounded choked up, "Hello Art, Jim. It's fine to see you again. I knew they would let you out to see Mother. You both look so thin."

"You look older and pregnant, sis," Jim said.

Art snapped, "What do you expect after five years. How many kids you got now, sis?"

"Two. I should have brought them along for you to see. Bill got a good crop in this year and we got the farm paid up."

"You got two and one on the way. It looks as if Bill is taking good care of you," Jim said.

Al interrupted, "Well boys, let's get outside. They're going to bury her in another hour."

They turned and took one last look at their mother. An attendant lowered the lid and their sister broke into sobs. She still stayed inside as they walked into the cold outside air.

Al was standing at the head of the steps when Jim gave him a violent push. He fell forward, rolling headlong, trying to stop his tremendous weight. Jim and Art followed him, close together because of the pinching handcuffs. Jim

kicked Al in the face. "Take it, copper," he slammed his knee on his throat and hammered Al's face with his clenched fist, "Take it copper, take it."

Art yelled, "Don't kill the bastard."

Jim stopped, he was breathing hard and his fist was covered with blood. Al had stopped struggling, his face blurred into a mangled mess. Jim took Al's gun while Art searched through his pockets for the keys to open the handcuffs. The handcuffs snapped open and they were free.

The farm truck's engine groaned and then started with a roar. Jim turned the truck towards the main highway, heading towards the intersection. Art kept on looking back, but no one was following, the road behind was empty of traffic.

Art said, "That was too easy, but the whole state will be out for us in a couple of minutes."

Jim talked fast, "We're free, free as a breeze. Away from that stinking hole and that damn stamping machine. We got a chance to stay out of there the rest of our lives. We haven't a thing to lose."

Art said, "Yea, this is it, after



"What's the matter with you guys? Haven't you ever seen a pair of chaps?"  
—Kitty Kat



five long years of hoping for a break like this, waiting, staring at those walls, knowing you didn't have a chance and all of a sudden—here it is."

The intersection was coming closer, around the next curve, and they would be on their first lap to freedom. The truck started to swerve from the speed. Jim swung the wheel hard, but not hard enough. They skidded far on the left side and then toppled over, end over end, not stopping until the truck burst into flame. Art, stunned and bleeding crawled out of the flaming wreckage.

Jim started to scream, "Art, get me out. I'm burning up, I can't move. Get me—," His voice trailed off into screams and then stopped.

A state patrol car stopped after sighting the flames. Art looked towards the highway and watched the cops come to him.

THE END

Mr. Thomas: "I heard your house was burglarized last night. Did they get anything?"

Mr. Evans: "I'll say they did, my wife thought it was me."—  
Blot

—I—

There once was a man from France,  
Who waited ten years for the chance;  
He muffed it! —Fo Paws

—I—

Advice to coeds: If you write illegibly when you sign out, it won't be so obvious when you come in. —Urchin

—I—

It was a very determined baby. It had to have its bottle or bust. —Fo Paws

—I—

Mother: "Do you like your new governess, Willie?"

Willie: "No, Mom, I hate her. I'd like to grab her and bite her neck like Daddy does."

—I—

First Bride: "Does your husband snore in his sleep?"

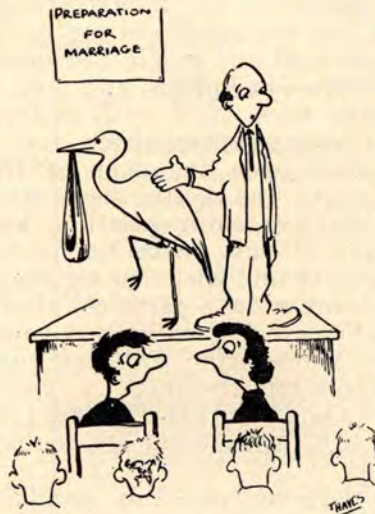
Second Bride: "I don't know yet, we've only been married three days."

—Rammer-Jammer

Cleopatra and Marc Anthony were floating down the River Nile on her flower bedecked barge. Cleopatra was lying on a couch. Anthony was standing before her orating.

"Cleopatra," he said, "love for you surges through me like a raging forest fire that consumes the countryside. Furthermore, O Goddess of the Nile . . ."

"Marc," Cleopatra interrupted impatiently, "I am not prone to argue." —Rivit



"Sometimes I think he's keeping something from us." —Ski-U-Ma

"Hey, mama, look, look, I can tell which one of them is a bull."

"Junior, not so loud. Everybody's looking. Keep still."

"But, mama, I know how to tell a bull when I see one."

"Junior, keep still or I'll take you home this very instant."

"Mama, wanta know how I can tell the bull, huh?"

"You just wait until I get you home, you little brat."

"Hey, mama, sure I know how to tell a bull when I see one. See, mama, there's one. Wanna have me tell you, mama, how I can tell, huh, mama?"

"Junior, please keep still, Mama'll get anything you want if you'll please keep still."

"Well, mama, I can tell by the ring in his nose, that's how. See, mama."

—I—

"Who gave the bride away?"  
"I could have, but I kept my mouth shut." —Kitty Kat

EBB TIDE

(Continued from page 27)

complaining over all the surrounding quiet.

"Look!" cried one of his friends, pointing toward the scraggly bush. "There's his lunch!"

The scraggly bush moved vaguely with the first playful breath of an evening breeze, as though beckoning to the friends of Longstreth to come for these things he had left in its care. In the same motion, it seemed bowing its apology for the meagerness of its protection.

A little later, in the gathering shadows of twilight, they found the clothing piled in the corner of the niche at the base of the cliff. They looked silently at the clothing, then out at the dark surface of the sea, their doubts growing to certainty between them.

"It's going to be tough on his folks," said one.

People say the sea always gives up its dead. So it was with the body of Longstreth. The incoming tide bore it almost to the spit of white sand below the cliff, the easy surf rolling it a little back and forth that the searchers might find it more easily.

Longstreth's mother, with the sure knowledge that, as her son had loved God so God must love him, went about her tasks with the quiet strength she had given all her children, putting her son at final rest in the spot of quiet beauty where his father slept his eternal sleep. Only at night, in the solitude of her own peaceful room, did she give way to the terrible flood of tears.

"Everybody is crazy over me," said the first floor inmate of the insane asylum.

—Columns

—I—

"When Frank Sinatra visited a sheep ranch in Caribou county this summer, 8 rams dropped dead."

"Why?"

"He sang 'There'll Never Be Another You'." —Blot

## THE REINCARNATION OF CARRIE NATION

(Continued from page 16)

broke my neck. What was it? I stand, ashamed to say. It may seem trivial to you after all I've told you, but to me it was a disgrace. I began taking to the alleys to avoid meeting my former cronies. I peered furtively around corners before entering a tavern, first making certain that no one who knew me, either by personal contact or by reputation. Then, with my collar about my ears I would dash in, huddle surreptitiously in a corner, gulp three or four straight shots, and skulk home through the alleys, stumbling occasionally over a mange covered cat which would give vent to its feelings by scratching sizeable strips out of my legs. Upon reaching my home, no longer sweet, I would throw a handful of sen-sen into my mouth then enter, and kiss my wife gingerly on the cheek, all the time breathing through my nose.

What was this disgrace my spouse had wrought upon our family? I shudder even now as I say it. That I, who came from a long line of gentlemen drinkers, who could take their liquor or leave it, should be subjected to such disgrace. My ancestors must have rolled over in their graves, stifling a belch. And to think this all came to pass when my wife was elected secretary of the local chapter of the— W. C. T. U.

She couldn't join some tame club like a chowder and marching association. Or the Ladies Aid. Or even a poetry club. No— she had to join a temperance club!

I first began to suspect that something was in a late state of deterioration in Denmark when I arrived home from a long, weary day at the office. I was hot, tired, and very, very thirsty when I pushed open the door and slumped in, waiting eagerly for my wife's cheery greeting . . . . .

Silence. Silence so profound that it was almost audible.

"Anna, dear . . . . ."

No answer. Ah, well, I thought,

perhaps she became tired and lay down for a short nap.

Now for a julep. An icy, oh, so cool, so refreshing, mint julep. I stumbled to the liquor cabinet, always well stocked. Then I stopped. The breath left me with a sharp, audible gasp. What fiend, what demon, had perpetrated such a grotesque crime? The liquor cabinet lay in shambles on the floor, the bottles of choice Scotch lay smashed, the amber liquid in widening pools on the floor.

Burglars! The thought flashed into my mind and my brain grew cold and numb. I stooped, in a daze, and picked up a jagged bottle neck. Now with a grim expression frozen on my face I pushed open the door of the kitchen, the bottle neck held in a threatening position, and there, I saw, with horror in my eyes and icicles in my heart—my wife, a fanatical gleam in her eyes, standing and pouring bottle after bottle of pure vanilla into the sink . . . . .

"Anna," I cried, "For the love of God, Anna, what are you doing?"

"Pouring out this vanilla," she said, without even looking up from her task.

"So I see. But why?"  
"Don't you stand there and tell me, John Rawlings, that vanilla doesn't have alcohol in it."

"I'm not telling you and it does," I said, my brain reeling, "but what's that got to do with it?"

"I've been elected secretary of the W. C. T. U., local chapter No. 77564. That's what it's got to do with it." And another bottle of vanilla gurgled down the sink.

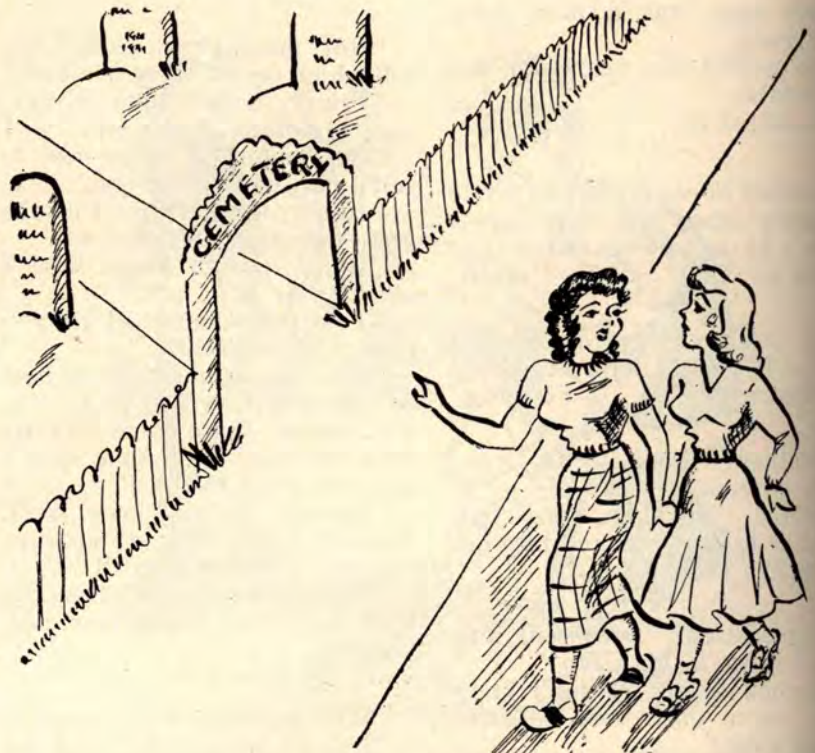
"Oh, my God," I moaned. "And I suppose it was you who demolished all my liquor."

"Yes, I did. And let me tell you, John Rawlings, if I so much as find you thinking of taking a drink, I'll—I'll—I'll—I'll send for Mother!"

"Oh, brother," I thought.

If you have ever seen a cross between a she grizzly and a gorilla, it wasn't that really. It was my mother-in-law.

The next three months were plain and simple Hades. Like I said before, I'd sneak away when I saw a friend coming, I'd sneak into a bar, I'd sneak a drink, I'd sneak home. I was beginning to get a sneak complex. Well, I thought it would



"I changed my mind during the summer."

wear off. She's never stuck with one thing very long.

But after six months went by and she began more and more to fancy herself a modern Carrie Nation, I began to get worried. John, I says to myself, you've got to act. And act fast, too. This thing is getting out of hand. Pretty soon, she'll be going into taverns with her hatchet and maybe hurting someone. John, to protect, her, yourself, and humanity, you've got to do something. But what, what, WHAT?

The days went by, me whetting my mind and Anna whetting her hatchet. I was becoming desperate. Anna was getting more and more out of hand. Why, just the other night, she and other members of her gang had paraded through all the taverns in town carrying signs, "DOWN WITH THE DEMON RUM," "TAVERNS ARE THE BREEDING PLACE OF CRIME," and stuff like that. The pussy was out of the poke, now. All my friends knew. I began to receive sympathy cards from the town wags, cartoons drawn by some erstwhile artist showing men with red noses pouring whiskey down the sink with the drain disconnected and the stuff running back into a bucket. Things like that. And all the time I kept thinking, pondering, wondering.

Then one night I watched my wife standing in front of a mirror, vigorously practicing a speech, "Liquor — a Threat to America," and it struck me. It was risky, yes, but I was at a point where I'd try anything.

That night, I approached Anna at the dinner table.

"Anna," I said, disarmingly, "Anna, your fight against liquor is nothing short of magnificent. But why don't you get at the heart of the thing? Anna, have you ever visited a winery?" I knew she hadn't.

"John, what have you got up your sleeve?"

"Nothing, dear, nothing at all, but don't you think that if people knew what went into the slop that they drink they wouldn't drink it? And you would be the one to tell them. You, Anna Rawlings! Why,

they'd put your picture in LIFE! You'd be famous! You would have done more for the poor booze-sodden Americans than Carrie Nation! You'd be a national figure! An international figure!"

"John," she said with a 'I'll be famous and help humanity at the same time look in her eyes, "John, maybe you're right."

She was hooked.

And so it came about that the next day we went to visit a winery. We obtained permission from the superintendent to go on a tour of the plant. My wife looking at him all the time as if he were a leper. Then, however, I became worried. How in

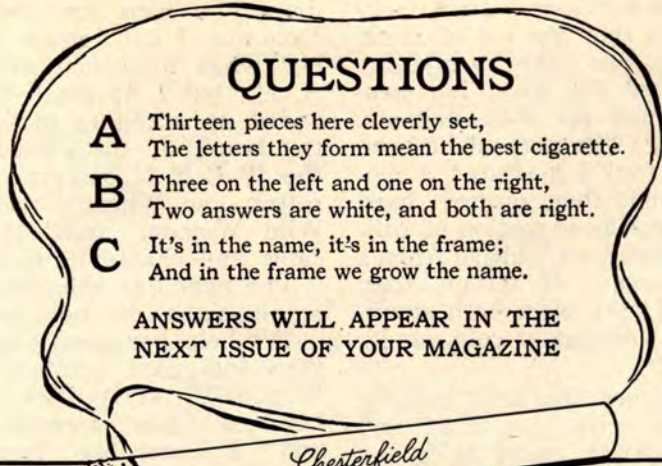
the devil, I wondered, can I carry out my plan with the superintendent tagging along. We were about to mount the platform overlooking the wine vats, when one of the workmen called the superintendent.

"One of the valves on No. 3 vat isn't working. Could you come over and take a look at it?"

He excused himself and left us, promising to return shortly. I was elated. How could I lose? Even Fate was with me!

There was a railing around the platform and for a moment I felt some misgivings. Then I noticed something that made me very happy . . . I called my

(Continued on next page)



### QUESTIONS

- A** Thirteen pieces here cleverly set,  
The letters they form mean the best cigarette.
- B** Three on the left and one on the right,  
Two answers are white, and both are right.
- C** It's in the name, it's in the frame;  
And in the frame we grow the name.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

*Chesterfield*

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1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
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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.

**WATCH FOR THE WINNERS  
IN NEXT ISSUE**

#### CHESTERFIELD WINNERS

- |                    |                  |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. Emmy Ball       | 6. Harold Gerber |
| 2. Beverly Whitson | 7. Gary Nefzger  |
| 3. Janet Love      | 8. Jack Sim      |
| 4. Kenneth Briggs  | 9. Joe Savage    |
| 5. Jo McBride      | 10. Dale Eckert  |

wife over to where I stood, looking down into the vat of dark, red wine. She came to my side and leaned far over, her nostrils turned up with distaste. Zero hour! The moment I'd been waiting for! I hesitated a moment, and then pushed hard against the loose section of railing I had noticed. I heard Anna's sharp scream of terror, then SPLASH! We were both struggling in that vat of cold, sticky wine!

I screamed for help, beating the wine with one hand and pushing Anna under with the other. She'd come to the surface, open her mouth to gulp in air and I'd push her head under again.

Well, by the time they threw us a line, Anna had imbibed quite a quantity of that wine. The superintendent was all apologies. I think he was afraid of a lawsuit. Anyway, he bundled us up in blankets and sent us home in a private car, telling us to send him the bill for our clothes.

We arrived home, had a warm bath, and pulled on dry clothes. Anna came out of the bathroom, walking rather unsteadily. As I said, she had imbibed quite a lot of that wine, and being a teetotaler, well . . . .

"Hicerchoo!" said Anna.

Quickly, I rushed to her side with a flask pulled from my pocket. Oh, I was fully prepared.

"Here, dear," I said, the perfect picture of an anxious husband. "Here, drink some of this."

She took three or four good swallows in a dazed sort of way before it hit her. She gasped and ran for the sink. Turning the water on, she stuck her mouth under the faucet. A few minutes later, she came back, walking as if the floor were covered with eggs.

"Hi," she said in a stupid sort of way.

"Hi," I said, "Have a drink?" I pushed forward a well-spiked hot toddy.

She held it in front of her, looking at it very stupidly. I pushed to her lips and she drained it in one breath.

The night progressed. I'd take a drink and she'd take a

drink. I'd have one and she'd have one. I don't much remember what happened after one A. M., but I do recall that we ended up standing in front of the house of the president of the W. C. T. U., singing "Cigarettes, and Whiskey and Wild, Wild Women," until the cops came and chased us home.

The next day she spent with an ice-pack on her head. It didn't help her head any when three indignant members of the W. C. T. U. arrived to inform her she was unconditionally and dishonorably impeached from the club.

She didn't speak to me for about a week. Then, one evening, as I sat sipping a Tom Collins, she came up to me.

"John," she said, "I think I'd like one of those."

So that's how I restored peace to my hectic home and now things are pretty much as before, with one exception, however. Just between you and me, friend, how do you go about curing an alcoholic?

THE END

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

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

The man took the object of his affection to attend an open air opera on a beautiful warm and clear summer evening. During the first act, he found it necessary to excuse himself. He asked an usher as to where the men's room might be found.

"Turn to the left, and walk down to the big oak tree, and there it is."

The man did as he was told. In due time he returned to his seat.

"Is the second act over?" He asked his girl.

"You should know," was her haughty reply, "you were in it!"

—I—

"Well, Jimmy, how did you get along in school today?"

"Okay, Mother, but that new teacher is always asking us fool questions. Today she asked everybody where they were born."

"Well, you certainly knew the answer to that . . . the General Hospital."

"Betcha life I know! But I didn't want the whole class to think I was a sissy. I said the Yankee Stadium."

—I—

One thing about "Rushing"—the back-slapping doesn't stop after the boys are pledged, it just moves farther down.



"Hey, Mac. Want a tip on a snap course?"—Columns

ROMANCE IN HELEN'S TENT

(Continued from page 18)

dead faint beside Chuck Henry.)  
 Helen: "Darling!"  
 Ernest: "Darling!"  
 (They embrace as Mamie, the cook, enters the room.)  
 Mamie: "'Scuse me, Miss Helen, but de house am on fire."  
 Helen: "Well, I'm not the fire department. Get out of here and leave us alone. Darling, kiss me again."

(Music.)

And so ends another chapter of "Romance in Helen's Tent." Will Alma get her eyes uncrossed? Will someone help Grandma Buckean out of the tree before winter comes? Will Rubin Jr. be flushed down the commode? Will the house burn down? Will Rubin find his left ear? Who will be Helen's next victim? Who cares?

Listen in next week when KYGO, the nation's number one deodorant brings you the next installment in this enthralling story of an average American family. In the meantime, kill your goat odor with KYGO. If you can't remember the name, just remember that KYGO spelled backwards is OGYK. Buy some today.

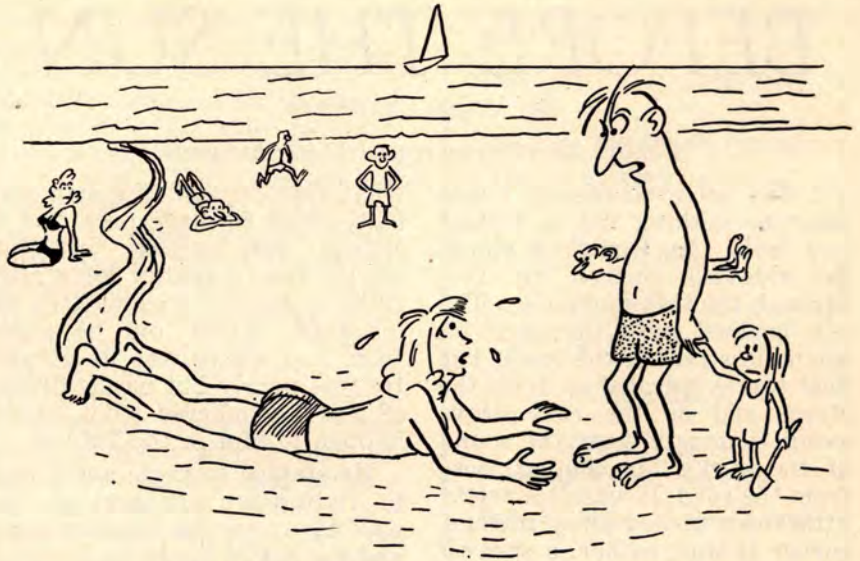
The End

He: "I can't see what keeps you girls from freezing."

She: "You're not supposed to."

The  
**Major Stores**  
 and  
**Polly Cleaners**

Extend a  
**WELCOME TO THE  
 STUDENTS**



"Have you any idea where you lost it?"—Mis-A-Sip

SUMMER SCHOOL

(Continued from page 25)

who exceeded his quota of "gigs" for each week was restricted to the base for the following weekend. The maximum number of demerits was great enough, however, that very few cadets lost weekend privileges for having too many.

Cadets were quartered in large wooden barracks, newly painted just prior to the beginning of the camp. They were of the two story temporary type, each holding about fifty cadets.

The corps was organized into a wing, which in turn was composed of two groups of about 250 cadets each. Groups were further broken down into three squadrons each with a squadron made up of three flights. Three elements, the smallest unit, made up each flight. Cadet officers were in command at every echelon. It was the policy, too, to select cadet officers each week from those at the next lower echelon so that a large portion of the cadets had an opportunity to serve as an officer some time during the camp.

Besides the work and training at the camp there was another, lighter side to cadet life at Hamilton. As each week passed, cadets were given more free time in the evenings in addition to a day and a half for each weekend. The complaint that there is no place to go was

seldom heard because there were scores of places in the bay area where a pleasant weekend could be spent. Some of the favorite places to see were Fishermen's Wharf in San Francisco, the campuses of the University of California at Berkeley and Stanford at Palo Alto, the beaches at Monterey and Carmel. Many traveled a few miles north of the field to spend a weekend at Russian River.

There were ample recreational facilities on the base, too. Cadets were permitted the use of the Officer's Club and almost every evening scores of cadets took advantage of that opportunity. They read magazines and wrote letters in the large lounge or played pool, or sipped a beer while watching one of the two large television receivers in the Club.

Perhaps the most popular place on the base, especially on warm weekends, was the Officer's Club swimming pool. A cool dip in the pool followed by a sun bath on the lawn surrounding the pool plus an occasional trip to the snack bar nearby for a beer or a hamburger added up to a very pleasant afternoon.

Cadets were permitted full use of the Air Force Post Exchange, where they were able to purchase items like cigarettes, candy, film, cameras and even

(Continued on page 37)

# BEFORE THE SUN

By ALLAN CRANSTON

*A short, short story complete on this page.*

I was hot even though I was wearing nothing but a T-shirt and levis. As I walked along, the sidewalk burned my feet through the thin moccasins. The sun beamed with ill-humor on the main street of the town. The heat waves spiraled up from the street and as the cars drove along, you could hear the sound of the sticky tar coming loose from the road. It wasn't a pretty little town tucked away in some corner. It was, rather, a sprawling mass sitting on top of the hills that seemed almost antagonistic to the efforts of the local citizenry to improve it.

As I walked down the street, the Saturday crowd swirled around me, filling my nostrils with the smell of too many humans on a hot day. I wandered aimlessly, letting the crowd force me along. Occasionally I swung out of the moving mass to peer into a window. Then I saw him.

He was standing erect and facing the crowd with his back to a brick building. The building seemed to set his face in a frame with the red brick as a background. I stood there and stared at this man. There was something about him that fascinated and attracted me. His face and hands were deeply tanned. If hands were an indication of character, this man had character.

I watched him as he rolled a cigarette. His long, slim fingers were dexterous; not one shred of tobacco was spilled. He undoubtedly had the most perfect hands I had ever seen.

He held his head high. I could see deep creases that ran across his forehead giving evidence to some of the pain and sorrow that this man must have known. Iron gray was the color of his hair and it seemed to blend with the tanned face, giving an appearance of middle age. The nose, the cheekbones, the jaw—all pointed to a man who knew what life was about.

As I stood there, I wondered

what kind of past this man had had. Could he have once had a chance for success in this world? Every quality for a man to be a success was written in his face. Where did he come from and where was he going? He was poorly but neatly dressed and I wondered what would happen to him in the future.

He started to move and I had to flatten myself against the wall to avoid the tapping cane and the hat in his hand. I stared after him for a moment and then joined the crowd passing down the street.

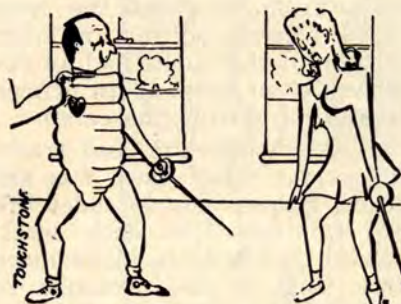
A certain businessman had the habit of leaving his umbrellas at his office. One morning as he was going to work he sat next to a young lady in the trolley car, and as he rose to get off he absent-mindedly picked up her umbrella. She said, "Pardon me, but this is mine." The man was quite embarrassed for his foolishness.

That night he decided to take all his umbrellas home with him. When he got into the car there sat the same young lady. She leaned forward and said in a low tone: "I see you did pretty well today after all."

—Pointer

The automobile engine began to pound, and finally stopped. The worried boy said to his companion, "I wonder what the knock could be."

"Maybe," said his blonde girl friend, "it's opportunity."



"Oh my gracious, Miss Courtney, Touche!"  
—Kitty Kat

## SUMMER VACATION

(Continued from page 17)

stay in St. Louis was "exciting, interesting, and jam-packed with so many things to learn and observe that it was truly one of those once in a life-time experiences."

After working the young "Home Eccers" at a schedule simply buzzing with action for two weeks in the big metropolis, the Danforth company sent them all for a fortnight of inspiration and relaxation at the American Youth Foundation Camp Miniwanca on Lake Michigan. A beautiful 300 acre camping paradise, Miniwanca is nationally famous for its outstanding leadership training course for American young people.

The 48 "Danforth gals," as Gay's group were nick-named, were among about 400 attending the camp during that camping period. At the leadership camp emphasis is placed on personal development in ethics and attitudes, life philosophy, occupation horizons, and leadership training primed to give definite pointers for future personality and professional growth.

The brilliant group of instructors picked from national experts in education, youth work, religion, and professional personnel training under whose guidance Camp Miniwanca ran was, Gay reports, so challenging and inspiring a group of people that the campers were as reluctant to leave August 14 as they had been eager to make the trip in July.

And that is the story of Gay Deobold's summer—an invaluable experience in leadership training and actual business procedure for one lucky coed from Idaho.

A city lawyer visited a small town one day to try a case. As he drove into town, he spied a small boy on the corner. "Say, son," he questioned, "can you show me the way to the courthouse?"

"There ain't none, mister," was the reply, "you gotta pick 'em up on the street."

**SUMMER SCHOOL**

(Continued from page 35)

radios and sporting goods at greatly reduced prices.

Off duty hours were taken up by an intramural program that included such athletic activities as softball, volleyball, tennis, basketball and bowling. Practically every school represented at the camp entered teams in one or more of these events. University of Idaho cadets sponsored teams most of the events with greatest success in volleyball where the team won the league championship.

Other extra curricular activities included work on the camp yearbook or the camp newspaper. Allen Derr worked as managing editor of the newspaper. Rich Pennell joined a quartet with cadets from other schools which sang on several cadet sponsored radio programs broadcast over the local station at San Rafael.

Two large cadet dances were held during the encampment period. The first came on July 8 and the second and larger one was sponsored at the end of the camp just prior to graduation. For both affairs, women were transported from San Francisco by busses to provide dates for the cadets.

Friday, August 5, was graduation day. It marked the end of the camp for five hundred cadets, and the end all R. O. T. C. training for twenty six of them. These twenty six had completed the two years of advanced training at school prior to the summer camp and received their commissions in the Air Force Reserve at the conclusion of the camp. Idaho cadets receiving their gold bars were Thomas P. Guilfooy, Cliff Pratt, Handrik Juve and Brian Rambo.

During the encampment period representatives from each of the schools represented at the camp visited the base at the invitation of the Air Force. From the University of Idaho, D. D. DuSault, Registrar, and H. E. Lattig, Dean of Men, paid a flying visit to the R. O. T. C. camp.

Attached to the staff of the

summer camp were two officers from the University of Idaho. They were Major E. E. Lundak, Commanding Officer of the Air R. O. T. C. unit at Idaho, and Second Lieutenant Joe Dion, University of Idaho student and a graduate of R. O. T. C. serving on a short tour of active duty. Major Lundak taught administration and Lieutenant Dion served as assistant tactical officer.

Altogether the reactions to the summer camp were somewhat varied. Veterans felt that some of the material they received was surplus, and perhaps it was, but the training programs were designed for the non-veteran. Most cadets agreed that the camp was efficiently organized and operated and that the training received was beneficial. No one doubted the need for the training or the need for a strong and well trained Air Force Reserve ready to come to the defense of our country, should the United States ever again be threatened with another world wide conflict.

A priest saw one of his parishioners hanging drunkenly on a lamp post. "For shame, young man. What's gotten into you?"  
"Three Fathers, Feather."

—I—

Throughout the year we sit in class like this, but when it comes to exam time, wetrytositlikethis.

—I—

One strawberry to another strawberry: If we hadn't been caught in the same bed, we wouldn't be in this jam.

—I—

She made a right hand turn from a left hand lane, and promptly got hit by another auto. The driver got out and accosted her.

"Lady, why didn't you signal?"

"I always turn here, stupid."

—I—

Ain't gonna do it for a dime no more,  
Did it last night 'till my back was sore;  
Fifteen cents is now my price,  
I'll do it slow and I'll do it nice.  
Shoe shine, Mister?

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Moscow

Moulton: Congratulate me, dear, I got the nomination."  
Girl friend: "Honestly?"  
Moulton: "Why bring that up?"

—I—

Old Maid: "Has the canary had its bath yet?"  
Servant: "Yes, ma'am. You can come in now."

—I—

Jim: "You should have seen Anita run the half-mile last night."

Jack: "What did she run it in?"

—I—

"Gosh, that girl's built like a house."  
"She's plastered, too."

"What would you do if I kissed you?"

"I'd yell."

Silence. A kiss. More silence.

"Well?"

"I'm still hoarse from last night."

—I—

"Do you know how to tell a male sardine from a female sardine?"

"I'll bite, how?"

"It's easy. Just watch which can they go into."

—I—

First thug: "Where've you been?"

Second thug: "Robbing the SAE house."

First thug: "Lose anything?"

—I—

A mental patient was using a rod and reel in his asylum retreat.

"What are you fishing for?" asked a visitor.

"Suckers," was the non-committal reply.

"Caught any?"

"You're the ninth."

—I—

"Now, can you give the class an example of wasted energy?"

"Yes, sir . . . Telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man."

—I—

Policeman: "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

Student: "I just bought a new textbook and I'm trying to get to class before they change the edition."  
—Blot

He was so stingy that when he took his girl to the beach, he wouldn't buy her a parasol, but told her shady stories instead.

—I—

"Too many modern marriages are beef-stew marriages," said the prof. to his class. "The wife's always beefing and the husband is always stewed."

—I—

"You're Mae West, aren't you?"

"Heck no. I'm June West—just thirty days hotter than Mae."

FOR A "BEFORE" AND  
"AFTER" THE GAME

SNACK—

Have a

BARBECUED HAMBURGER

and a

THICK JUMBO MILK SHAKE

ICE CREAM BAR

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Papa robin returned to his nest and proudly announced that he had made a deposit on a new Buick.  
—Gold Fish

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"It's for you." — Scop



"Remember, I belong to you, I'm yours alone.  
Goodnite" . . . she murmured softly . . .  
And then hung up the phone!  
—I—

The waitress was wondering why the elderly man was eating, while his wife merely stared out of the window.

"Aren't you hungry?", she asked the lady.  
"Sure am," was the reply.  
"I'm just waiting till Pa gets through with the teeth."  
—I—

Father (looking into living room of Sigma Chi): "Does Mr. Lein live here?"

Voice from inside: "Yeh, just lay him on the couch."  
—I—

Even when a gal is pretty as a picture, most fellows like to take a peep at the frame.  
—Yale Record

—I—  
"I passed by your house yesterday."  
"Thanks awfully."

HAIL ALMA MARTYR

Schools of higher learning tower  
Pinnacles of book-fed power  
Here the student blithe and eager,

Piles up credits like a beaver  
"Required courses" must be stacked

In pretty piles, grade-points intact

Knowledge here in handy pills  
For each semester prompt re-fills

Never mind the course's aim  
Be sure you know the teacher's game

Assimilate his lectured ration  
Regurgitate exams verbatim  
From lucid reason tend to shrink  
On pain of F you must not think  
Oh, student searching for true knowledge

Better stay away from college  
While if you think stagnation fun

In a cozy rut for one  
Climb right in for four year's ride

But kindly leave your brains outside!  
—I—

An Idaho engineer wandered into a tennis tournament and sat down on a bench.

"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she answered.  
—I—

A professor is a man whose job is to tell students how to solve the problems of life which he himself has tried to avoid by becoming a professor.  
—I—

Chrisman Haller: "How does that red head kiss?"

Lindley Haller: "Have you ever tried to play the tuba?"  
—I—

"My son, who is this wild young woman I hear you've been associated with?"

"You're all wrong, dad, she isn't a bit wild. In fact, she's real tame. Anyone can pet her."  
—I—

SAE: "Hey, don't spit on the floor."

Pledge: "S'matter? Does it leak?"  
—I—

"Would you like to drink Canada Dry, sir?"

"I'd love to, but I'm only here for a week."  
—Chaparral

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Implements

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1st Hays Hall girl: "Does your boy friend have ambitions?"

2nd HH girl: "Oh, yes; ever since he's been knee high."  
—I—

Dean — Know you? Why I knew you when your mother got kicked out of college.  
—I—

"If you don't marry me, I'll take a rope and hang myself in your front yard."

"Ah, now, Herbert. You know Pa doesn't like to have you hanging around."  
—I—

I used to love my garden  
But now my love is dead;  
For I found a bachelor button  
In black-eyed Susan's bed.  
—Mis-A-Sip

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Chief: "You are charged with habitual drunkenness. What excuse do you have to offer?"

Student: "Habitual thirst, Chief."

\* \*

Betty's back from Hollywood  
Escaping all its perils.  
Her reputation still is good—  
No hits, no runs, no Errols.  
—Fo Paws

—I—

"No, you can't see my daughter! Get out and stay out!  
"But madam, see this badge. I'm respectable. I'm a detective."  
"Oh, I'm sorry. Come right in. I thought it was a Sigma Nu pin."  
—Spartan

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our shoes

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- ★ FIT
- ★ WEAR

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Shoe Shop**

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She reached below her dimpled knee  
Into her rolled down stocking,  
And there she found a roll of bills.

Ah me, 'twas sweetly shocking.

"Why don't you keep them in a bank?"

Inquired a nosey prier.  
"The principle is the same," she said.

"But the interest here is higher."  
—Voo Doo

—I—

Shapely gal: "Honey, you don't mind if I wear velvet instead of silk, do you?"

He: "No, darling, I'll love you through thick or thin."

—Covered Wagon

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Watches, Jewelry and Sterling  
Silverware is Featuring . . . .

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and Wedding Ring Ensembles

*Gem Shop*

"Junior, mother's not going to give you any more martinis if all you do is eat the olives."  
—I—

A guest at a house celebration  
Drank more than her full liquor ration.

Sent a pledge for the doctor—  
He thought she said proctor—  
And now they're on social probation.  
—I—

Question on Exam: "Who was Milton?"

Student's answer: "A famous gambler who devoted his life writing about losing and finding a pair of dice."  
\* \*

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

"Whenever I get down in the dumps, I buy a new hat."

"I was wondering where you got them."  
—I—

The gunman rushed into the saloon waving and shooting his gun and yelling: "All youse dirty louse bums scram outta here."

All the patrons fled but one mild looking man who continued drinking at the bar.

"Well!", barked the gunman.

"Goodness," observed the mild little man. "There certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"  
—Dodo

—I—

A Russian spent a year in America and returned to tell his adventure to his friend. "Boris," he said, "if you like it here, you should see America. You drive about in a limousine—for free. You eat dinners at the finest hotels—for free. You stay in beautiful rooms—for free."

"All this happened to you?" asked the amazed Boris.

"To me, no; but to my sister, yes!"  
—Yellow Jacket

—I—

A lady with manners superior  
Asked divorce from a husband inferior,

On the grounds that when once  
She had screamed at him,  
"Dunce!"

He'd said, "Shut up, you horse's posterior!"  
—I—

A women's college is an institute of yearning.

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and  
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Perfect Spot for  
Fine Food

A farmer once called his cow  
"Zephyr",  
She seemed such a amiable  
hephyr;  
When the farmer drew near,  
She kicked off his ear,  
Which made him considerable  
dephyr.

—I—

A gay fop from old Monticello  
Is really a terrible fellow  
In the midst of caresses  
He fill's ladies' dresses  
With garter snakes, ice cubes,  
and jello.

—I—

We remember hearing some-  
where or other that they had  
to discontinue the Roman holi-  
days because of the overhead.  
The lions were eating up all the  
prophets.

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"Wait a minute — wait a minute! I think you've got your suits mixed.

—Pelican

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

Defendant: "Well, the car was  
parked in front of the cemetery,  
so naturally I thought the owner  
was dead."

—I—

Then there's the Scotchman  
who became an orchestra leader  
because when he was a boy his  
father gave him a lollypop, and  
he didn't want to waste the  
stick.

—I—

Prof: "I've become broad-  
minded.

Dean: "Nonsense, you've  
merely rearranged your preju-  
dices."

—I—

LOST: One lead pencil . . . .  
by blond, brown eyes, height  
five feet one, weight 115, age  
21, very good dancer. Reward if  
returned. Call 2117 and ask for  
Moe.

—I—

Wifey: "Our new nurse is  
very scientific. She won't let  
anyone kiss the baby when she's  
around."

Hubby: "Who'd want to?"

—Yale Record

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*L. E. Turnage*  
FARMVILLE, N. C.



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