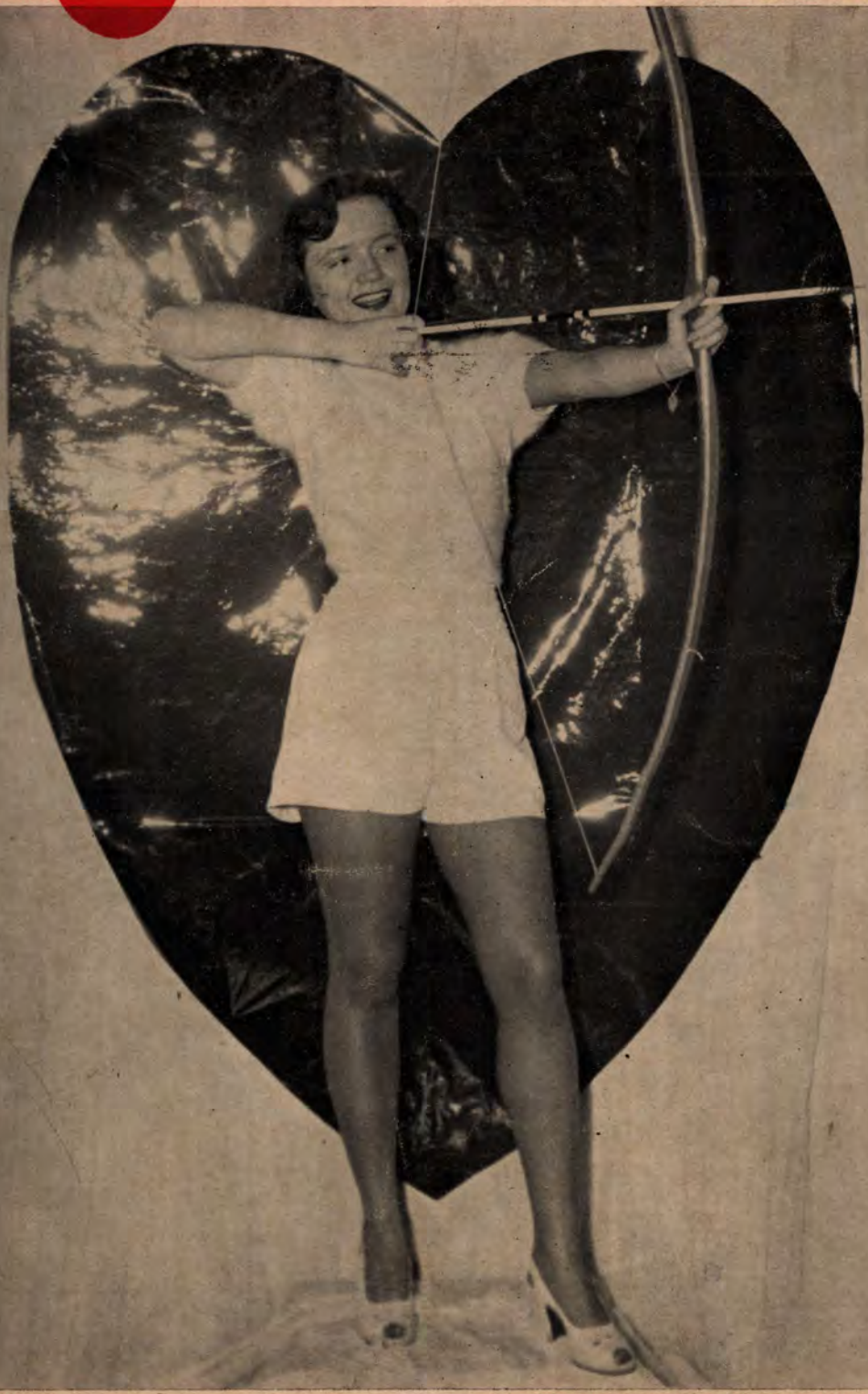


BLOT

University of Idaho

CAMPUS MAGAZINE
SNAFU ISSUE, 1949
Twenty-five Cents



ELANTA WAGNER
HEADS DESIRE

The Sailfish are running



OFF PALM BEACH—Andrea Hammer has hooked a big one... and the battle begins. Here she gives him line as he jumps and tailwalks.

INTO THE BOAT—after a 40-minute battle. This blue-and-silver beauty measured seven feet ten inches. It's another handsome catch for Mrs. Hammer... an enthusiastic angler for several seasons.

Noted angler ANDREA L. HAMMER agrees:
"In fishing—and in cigarettes too—
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"



SMILE OF VICTORY—Back on shore, Mrs. Hammer lights a Camel and poses with her trophy. Like so many smokers, Mrs. Hammer has tried several different brands of cigarettes—and compared. Camels suit her best!

MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING **CAMELS** THAN EVER BEFORE!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

WITH smoker after smoker who has tried different brands of cigarettes—and compared them for mildness, coolness, and flavor—Camels are the "choice of experience"! And no wonder! For Camels are made from choice tobaccos, properly aged and expertly blended.

Try Camels yourself. Make your own comparison—in your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat. Let your taste give you the good news on Camel's rich, full flavor. Let your throat report on Camel's cool-smoking mildness. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



I'VE LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE—CAMELS SUIT ME BEST!

CAMELS ARE THE 'CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE' WITH ME TOO. SO MILD AND COOL!

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!

T for Taste...
T for Throat...

that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



According to a Nationwide survey:

More Doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette

Three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked. The brand named most was Camel!



A publication of the Associated Students of the University of Idaho, Moscow. Issued quarterly through the school year.

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ABOUT OUR COVER

Lovely Elanta Wagner plays Cupid's helper on this issue of Blot. Hailing from Nampa, Elanta is a freshman in psychology and resides at Ridenbaugh Hall. Among other activities, she models for the life drawing class in the art department and you can see for yourself why she was responsible for getting the male members of the class to those early eight o'clocks.

Proverb of the day: Never run after a woman or a streetcar. There will be another along in a minute. Those after midnight, though not as many, go faster.

—I—

She was only an oculist's daughter, but give her two glasses and she'll make a spectacle of herself.

—I—

And then there's the boy who called his Model A "The Mayflower" because so many Puritans had come across in it.

—I—

In Boccaccio, it's frankness;
In Rabelais, it's life;
In a professor, it's clever;
But in Blot, it's smutty.

My lady, be wary of Cupid
And listen to the lines of this
verse:

To let a fool kiss you is stupid,
To let a kiss fool you is worse.

—I—

The hand that rocks the cradle
is the one that used to turn out
the parlor light.



THE CASE OF THE COLD CLAMMY CORPSE

Story by J. F. Spoerhase

Photos by Pat Hamilton

Characters

HERMAN HOCKHAMMER.....	RALPH BENSON	HEDY HOTLIPS.....	CARY SCHAEFFER
GLORIA GOOGLEYES.....	CAROLINE JENKINS	"QUACK" STACK.....	MAC BLACK
"JUNGLE JIM" JOHNSON.....	PHIL JOHNSON	MERGATROID MANNMASHER.....	BERNADINE REESE
INSPECTOR CANNIBAL Q. COBB.....	JIM SPOERHASE	"SEXY SAL" SLUMPSHLAGLE.....	TERRY CARSON
TESSY TAKANOTE.....	EVELYN McCANDLES	JUDGE I. M. STRONG.....	DAVE WEEKS



"Twas a cold winter evening, the crowd was all leaving, and O'Leary was closing the bar," when Herman Hockhammer and Gloria Googleyes, stumbled upon the snow-covered body of a man as they were mushing through the snow to their favorite necking spa. "Gad," gasped Herman, "we must notify the law of this ghastly affair."

1



We now find that a minion of the law, that pillar of justice and the heaviest man on the police force tiddly-winks team, Detective Inspector Cannibal Q. Cobb, gazing at the cold, clammy body of the dead man, "Jungle Jim" Johnson, a small-time gambler. Cobb's secretary, Tessy Takanote gasps at the sight of the stiff, as do Herman and Gloria, who find the body much more repulsive now that it has had a chance to thaw out.

2

3

The next step in the manhunt is a look at the line-up, down at the police station, and this Cobb does easily as he has a strong stomach. The characters in the line-up from left to right are: "Quack" Stack, a gunman; Hedy Hotlips, a gun-moll; Mer-gatroid Mannmusher, an alleged safe-cracker and "Sexy Sal" Slumpshlagle, a suspected dope-fiend. Herman and Gloria who are being held in connection with the crime seem more interested with other matters than questioning.

5

We now find the group assembled in the chamber of Judge I. M. Strong, the courtroom casanova. Inspector Cobb is just about to tell Judge Strong who committed the crime when "Quack" Stack draws a gun from his coat to shoot Cobb, whom he fears will implicate him. But Gloria saves the day by creasing his skull with her size 13½ brogan.

4 Having the important facts in the case, Cobb returns to the privacy of his office, to have a "conference" with his curvy secretary, Tessy Takanote, who can neither read nor write, but Cobb has never found these qualities necessary for an office assistant. Cobb seems astonished at some of the doodling's on her shorthand notebook. (Maybe a picture of a schmoie). Editor's note: Remember that man, outside the window, he's gunning for Cobb.



With the given facts can you tell how Cobb solved the brutal crime? Why the hell not? If not, then turn to page 27 for the solution.

Dear Congressman

By MARGARET WEITZ

Illustrated by Chuck Scott

To save wear and tear on hearts, all males should wear eligibility tags. Here's why . . .



Every time George came to the reserve desk, Gertrude swooned.

Dear Congressman Miller:

Yesterday my friend Gertrude had her heart broken. Of course, I realize that she's not the first girl to have this happen to her, but Gertrude's a very dear and near friend and her case is special.

Gertrude and I are roommates (we're college girls). Gertrude works part-time in the school library and that's where it all began. One day George, that's the fellow, walked into the library and Gertrude fell for him on the spot. George was everything she had dreamed of ever since she had first begun to notice men. Naturally Gertrude couldn't figure out how she had missed him when she had looked the fall crop over—most girls do that you know.

George is good-looking—there is no doubt about that. He has straight brown hair that slides over one blue eye when he bends over to study and his full lower lip has a surprising way of accenting the deep dimple in his chin. George dresses just like the college boys do in a man's magazine, sort of casual and sweatery. The first time Gertrude pointed George out to me he was wearing a light tan V-necked sweater over a soft blue shirt. His dark trousers were sharply creased. No wonder Gertrude fell for him.

However, Gertrude's not bad looking herself, you know. She's little and has dark curly hair that hangs down her back. All the boys like her—they say she's well stacked and they whistle when she walks down the street.

The first chance Gertrude had

to make a pass at George didn't come until about four weeks after school had started. He came up to the library desk to check a book out and Gertrude was there waiting for him. She's subtle about things like that. He had to sign his name on one of those library cards and before he had a chance to reach for a pencil on the desk, Gertrude quickly offered one of her "name-address-and-telephone-number" pencils—which she had made specially for such occasions. Several days went by and he didn't call her.

Silent Treatment

Now, anyone could see George was really trying to overwhelm her with his sizzling personality and his silence. Gertrude was having a great deal of difficulty ignoring him. The trouble was, Gertrude didn't know a soul who could give her any information regarding George, or on whom she could rely to tell George that she wasn't interested in dating him—for a few days.

Every afternoon George would

(Continued on page 20)

Be Sure To Look Up

By DICK DELL

Private Grant A. Long, 397-55661, stretched out on his bunk and opened a letter from home. Private Long was nineteen years old and had been in the army six months, and in that six months he had become bored with his life in a manner which would have done credit to a retired business man.

He turned the letter over without opening it and read the address: Private Grant A. Long, 386th Medical Detachment, Fort Lewis, Washington. Ripping the flap open with his thumb he extracted the two sheets of paper his mother always used and began to read. Except for the news of home only one item caught his interest: "Now, Grant, you tell us that you are being sent to a new post soon and you have been at Fort Lewis six months without ever going near Uncle Will's. If you don't go to see Uncle Will and Aunt Rita before you leave I know they are going to be terribly hurt and so am I, son. I've asked you——."

Grant sighed and accepted the fact that he must visit his uncle and aunt whom he had only seen once in his life and that when he was ten years old and they had visited his family in southern Idaho. It wasn't that he didn't like them or that he didn't want to see them, he simply found no reason for visiting them. But now he would have to spend his next weekend pass at their home. He tossed the letter down at his feet and rolled over on his side.

No Dough

"What are you going to do this weekend, Mike?"

The soldier in the next bunk was lying on his back, his head cupped under his hands and a fatigue hat over his face.

"Nothing, I'm broke."

The first weekend after every payday Mike spent a glorious time in Seattle. Once Grant had gone with him and had gotten drunk and sick and had crept back to camp while Mike drove off in a cab with a girl they had met in a bar. One month Mike had two bacchanalian weekends. That was the month that he had promised to teach Grant how to shoot craps and had taken all of Private Long's pay in the process.

"What are you going to do?" Mike asked in a muffled voice.

"I have to go see my aunt and uncle in Seattle."

"Oh fine, you'll have a good time, like hell."

Grant felt as though he had to defend his family's name, and excuse his actions in some way.

"Well, they might show me a good time. They've got a lot of money. They're the only ones in the family that have."

Mike moved the hat off one eye and looked at Private Long.

"Have you got any girl cousins?"

"Two, but they're both married."

Mike covered up the eye and grunted. "You'll have a good time, like hell."

Private Long rolled over, cupped his head in his hands and closed his eyes to doze until chow.

Weekend Pass

The following Saturday afternoon Grant was walking up a long walk to the impressive residence of his wealthy Uncle Will. On the porch he put down the brown canvas hand bag in which

he carried his razor, tooth brush, towel, and shoe shine kit while he pressed the doorbell.

"Why it's Grant! Well, I'm so happy to see you, Grant." The voice flooded over him as soon as his aunt opened the door. "Come right in." Aunt Rita put her arms around him and kissed him on the cheek. He picked up his bag and walked through the door into a spacious hallway from which a lacy white staircase curved up to the second floor. All Grant had found time to say was "Hello. Aunt Rita."

"We were so tickled when you called, Grant, and said you were coming to visit us. Uncle Will will be so glad to see you when he gets home. Of course he's awfully busy and we probably won't see too much of him, but he will be so glad you've come. Come right in and sit down."

She took him into the living room and sat him down in a chair beside the huge radio-phonograph.

Ah Relaxation

"Now let me take your bag. I'll turn on the radio, or would you rather listen to records? I'm just going to take your bag to your room and call cousin Agatha and cousin Eleanor. They both so want to see you." Before she went from the room she picked up the paper and read the radio log of each station for Grant and showed him where the records were. When she was gone Grant walked about the room looking at lamps, vases, and furniture. He was not impressed by the obvious signs of wealth about him, nor abashed by his aunt. He only found that there was really nothing for him to say or to talk about. He

(Continued on page 18)

Weddings



By DON PITWOOD

A Bovine Bridal Ballad
Complete on this page.



Maybe I'm just a sentimentalist, but there is nothing I like better than a good wedding. The enchantment, the charm, the simple beauty of a June wedding make it something I just cannot resist (providing, of course, it is not my own). I remember particularly one singularly different, perhaps slightly exotic nuptial event which I chanced to attend this past June. It was sort of an open-air affair, being held outdoors in what appeared to be some farmer's field. Indeed, there was more than ample evidence to support the contention that it took place in a cow pasture.

The wedding site was decorated quite simply and naturally. Punctuated here and there with clusters of daisies, buttercups, and other wild flowers, a soft carpet of green grass predominated. And the many hoof-prints and soft-gooey mud puddles added a touch of originality to the setting. To the left of the site was a large barnyard—replete with pigs, chickens, and horses—which, needless to say, contributed greatly to the air of romance that prevailed. It also contributed greatly to the air that prevailed.

The bride wore her birthday suit, which featured a full-length sweetheart neckline. Fitting her perfectly, it was col-

ored deep maroon. Her coiffure, indicative of the present trend in feminine hair styling, was done up in a sort of shingled crew-cut which parted between the horns. She wore no hosiery, but compensated for this by allowing the hair to grow quite long around her ankles. She wore no shoes. Her only piece of jewelry consisted of a large leather necklace with a slightly-oxidized cowbell dangling in front.

Attending the bride were twenty-six green horseflies, which she swatted occasionally

with her tail. Her tail, incidentally, was quite long and slender, and had a bushy tassel at the end. In this respect, she did not closely resemble other brides I have seen.

Neither the bride nor the groom seemed very nervous, although the groom snorted a couple of times. The bride chewed her cud all during the ceremony.

Shortly before the couple left on their honeymoon, a farmer milked the bride, and the groom ate half a bale of hay.

Cindy Rella and the Brawl

By BOB FINLAYSON

Illustrated by Irene Sims



"Cindy was in her glory. The woodticks could go to hell."

Once upon a time, as all fairy tales begin and this is a fairy tale, there lived in the mountainous country of Upper Burpovia a young slip of a thing named Cindy Rella. She really wasn't beautiful, but no man around those parts ever complained about her buck teeth, warts, knock-knees, cross-eyes or six hundred pounds. As Burpovia damsels go, she was one of the more ravishing.

Cindy lived with her black hearted step-mother and two

oh-so-homely step-sisters. She was made to do all sorts of unpleasant chores such as milking 600 head of rattle snakes every morning and night, and caring for the woodtick business her step-mother had brought from the old country. Cindy did her duties cheerfully and never complained because she knew that her reward would come at night when she could lay her tired carcass down on her bed of corn cobs and broken red-eye bottles and dream her nightly dream of the midget tavern keeper down

the valley who was truly her Prince Charming.

Herman the Vermin

Now this midget, whose name was Herman, bought all new spittoons for his joint, and to celebrate the occasion he invited all the better class people of the hills to a three-day brawl. Of course, Cindy's step-mother and her two step-sisters were invited as they wore shoes and sometimes sox and were considered part of the "elite." But no one

had ever heard of poor Cindy down in the valley because she was so busy keeping count of the snake and woodtick increase.

The first day of the big brawl Cindy was kept hopping, hauling teacup after teacup of bath water from the river sixteen miles away, and polishing snuff boxes and the gold in her step-mother's false teeth. Maggie and Gertie, the given names of the step-sisters, really looked elegant in their new yellar hip-boots and "G" strings. And Ma Rella, who was known as Big Bertha by her closest cronies, wasn't any fashion shunner either in her new saddle oxfords and draw-string kimono. All three had tinted their hair with beautiful shades of purple, orange and just a wee touch of lavender green. My, yes, they were certain to be outstanding at the brawl. Maggie was no doubt to be the biggest spectacle with her new Parisian creation, an upswept crew-cut. The girls were also prompted on etiquette. Never should a butcher knife be picked up from the banquet table with the left foot; always use the right one or your teeth, and above all, absolutely no bone crushing or eye gouging in the clinches, maybe a wee bit of hair yanking and biting, but remember to act like ladies at all times.

A Happy Meal

About sundown, the three lovelies set out for the brawl and Cindy was left alone to sob in her nightly bowl of dishwashings and strychnine. She was truly unhappy. Never in all her life had anything seemed more important than going to Herman's brawl—not even smoking one of her step-mother's choice three-cent cigars which she had pined for years to inhale. She was sure she could blow square smoke rings better than Maggie or Gertie, but she'd never had the chance.

As she lay on her comfy bed of corn cobs and broken red-eye bottles slurping her poisonous diet, a tiny leprechaun appeared from behind a can of hog-drippings and asked why a girl as big and fat as she should be blubbering. Cindy told her whole mournful story and the soft-

hearted little leprechaun cried with sympathy as he tasted Cindy's nightly portion of strychnine.

Hooch Happy

"Run, fat girl," he commanded, "to the whiskey still and fetch me the biggest jug of hootch you can find." Cindy literally flew to the still and brought back a huge barrel of souring beetpulp juice her step-mother had been saving for special occasions, which the leprechaun gulped in two swallows. With a touch of his magic cap, he turned the hootch-home into a huge cattle truck of silver and gold and who should be driving the machine but Robert Taylor's understudy. "But what shall I wear?" asked Cindy, "I have no elegant yellar hip-boots or 'G' string like Maggie and Gertie." And almost before Cindy could finish these words, the little man had turned her into a lovely creature with pure gold brogans, a blushing rose and shining pink hair that glistened in the fading afternoon's light. "Oh, neat," the sad eyed girl exclaimed as she jumped in the big cattle car and made ready her departure. "There's just one thing you must remember, Cindy," cautioned the mousey man, "leave the dance before the stroke of 4 a. m. or you will be terribly embarrassed—no rose or boots." Cindy promised the leprechaun faithfully and gave him a big, juicy kiss that lifted him two feet off the ground.

When Cindy reached the brawl, the party was in full swing. Maggie and Gertie had a real live man cornered in a cider jug and Ma Rella was seated on the bar showing her latest ulcer operation. Oh, what a gay crowd, Cindy thought as she pushed through the swinging doors, and jumped for the chandeliers to make sure of being the center of attraction.

To New Heights

The crowd stopped their frolicking and gazed with awe at this beautiful new attraction perched above them. Cindy was in her glory.

Herman rushed over with lad-

der and beer spigot in hand to draw a brew for the lovely wench who had brought her own special mug. After very little coaxing, Cindy was persuaded to take the place of honor atop the green plush billiard table which had been reserved for Hotlips Hattie, the pride and joy of the community.

After only one and a half barrels of brew, Cindy realized her time was drawing nigh. She bid adieu to Herman and the crowd and headed for her cattle car parked behind a soused tulip bulb.

Poor Cindy

The second night her escapade was repeated, but on the third night she was having such a hilarious time on her third barrel of brew that she completely forgot the time. On the stroke of four, she dashed for the door but left her special beer mug behind. When she got outside she was dressed only in her mother nature suit and had to walk the ninety miles back to the mountain snake pit.

Herman was sick at heart because on this night he planned to place upon the lovely girl's finger a twenty pound piece of granite and announce to the world his love for the bewitching stranger. Now all he had was a beer mug.

Ole Luscious Lips

Ah, but what a beer mug. Only the lips of the lovely stranger could caress it and only she could drink from it. So the very next day he sent his 2,000 bartenders and bouncers out to seek the fair maiden. And on the second day of the second month of the second year she was found at her mountain prison home caring for the snakes and woodticks and dreaming her nightly dreams of Herman the midget bar keeper. As soon as her lips touched the mug, she was immediately turned into the lovely wench at the brawl and Herman took her for his bride that very day. A four-day brawl was thrown to celebrate the grand occasion and such whoopin' and hollerin' has never been heard in Upper Burpovia to this day.

Action

By BILL PETTIJOHN

Illustrated by Sally Jo Koon

Characters:

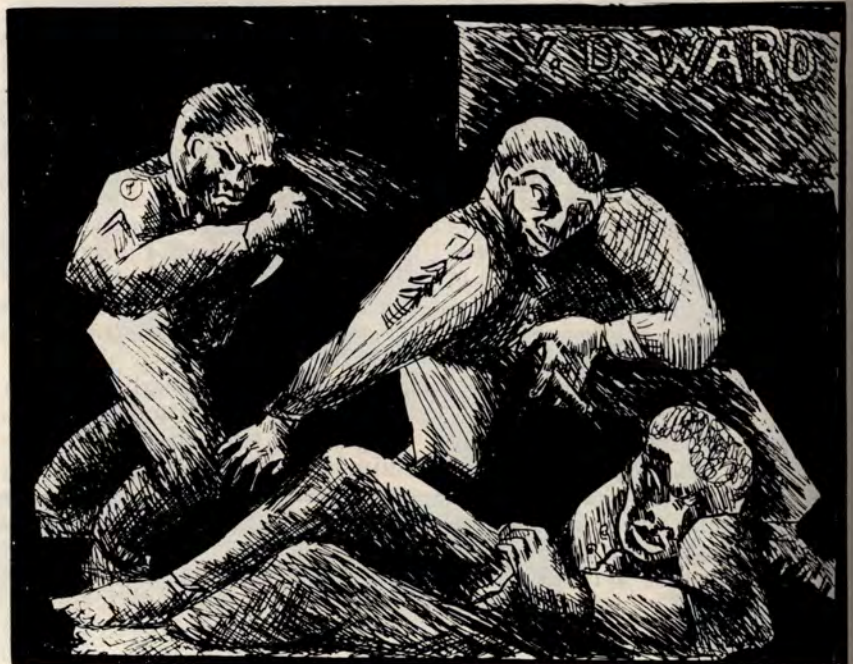
T/5—Technician 5th Grade.
 PFC—Private First Class.
 M/Sgt.—Master Sergeant.
 Negro.
 Two Guards.

Scene:

The motif of the scene, except for that of one side, is to be that of a hospital tent in the Philippines. The right side, which is open, is covered with mosquito netting through which can be seen a section of the type of wire fence used in the construction of prison stockades by the U. S. army overseas. This is the venereal disease ward of one of the base section hospitals in the Philippines. The drabness of this scene cannot be overemphasized.

In the far left corner is an operating or dressing table, the collapsible type with portable anaesthesia equipment at its head. Above it is one rather bright electric light focused on the table. However, this is dimly seen, because it is surrounded by a double thickness of mosquito netting which makes the figures behind it appear shadowy and indistinct.

Upstage to the right, next to the open side of the tent, is a portable table back by the G.I. issue medical supplies in a metal



cupboard. In front of the table are placed three canvas chairs. The only entrance to the tent is the pull-back opening in the netting by the fence. This is to keep out mosquitoes and flies.

As the scene opens the P.F.C. is sitting at the table filling out the morning report on the typewriter. He is of medium height with no special characteristics except that of being rather slim. He is about twenty to twenty-two years old. Sitting in the chair slightly upstage and several feet to the right of the P.F.C. is the T/5, who is short—about five feet, four inches—and thin, almost scrawny, but who, in contrast, has large hands and arms. He wears steel-rimmed glasses and is about thirty-two to thirty-five years old.

The time is between 8:30 and 9:00 in the morning, but already the heat is so great that the men's shirts are wet under the arms.

Both men's uniforms are clean, but have a bleached appearance which comes from long wear and many washings. The P.F.C.'s stripe is quite new, but that of the T/5 is old and almost washed out.

The two men smoke almost constantly, lighting another cigarette as soon as one is finished.

★

P.F.C.: Did the new shipment of stuff get in? I've got to put it down here.

T/5: Yeah, it's over cooling—

getting ready to be pumped in so it can run out again.

P.F.C.: God, I'd like to give a guy an aspirin sometime. These damn shots get on my nerves.

T/5: Quit gripin'—it's better than fighting.

P.F.C.: The doc going to show up this morning?

T/: Don't suppose so. I guess once a week is enough for him around this place.

P.F.C.: I've seen a hell of a lot better places.

T/5: Well, why the hell should that so-and-so worry about the dog ward? They've got a pretty good officers' club.

P.F.C.: Sometimes I think somebody ought to worry about something.

T/5: Hell, you're young kid, you'll get over that.

P.F.C.: It seems like something ought to be done about these guys coming in a dozen times or so.

T/5: Christ, (motioning toward the fence) they put us in a new fence, didn't they? What the hell more do you want? (Laughs)

P.F.C.: (Not amused) Well, at least that keeps the women out, Corp. What the hell would women come in her for anyhow?

T/5: 'Cause they're women, sonny. (Takes out a pack of cigarettes and lights one.)

P.F.C.: Those aren't women—they're sluts.

T/5: Don't kid yourself. Those are women just like the guys in here are men.

P.F.C.: God, how can they be so low?

T/5: They're not low—they're just a little more honest than you. Can't quite think far enough ahead. Just a little too human. Why in hell don't you open your eyes, kid? That baloney they fed you about being a gentleman is perversion.

P.F.C.: What you talking about?

T/5: Didn't you ever hear sex not all fouled up with dirty people's minds? These boys in here take the rap for your dirty mind.

P.F.C.: Oh, shut up, your dirty b——.

T/5: (Laughs)

P.F.C.: (After typing rapidly for a minute or two.) God, I wish the doc would come in

though, so I could show this to him.

T/5: What's on it?

P.F.C.: That coon, Jackson, No. 9, wouldn't take his shot this morning at 6:00.

T/5: What was the big noise about?

P.F.C.: Same old story they've all got. Claim when we get them in here over a couple of times we start using a longer needle.

T/5: Talk to him.

P.F.C.: You try talking to the b——.

T/5: Use force?

P.F.C.: You know I wouldn't do that.

T/5: Damn well should have.

P.F.C.: Why?

T/5: You forget we got a sergeant around here.

P.F.C.: You don't think the so-and-so could try anything after I put it in the morning report, do you?

T/5: Wise up, kid. He'll do what he damn well pleases.

P.F.C.: I hate that b——. Were you here last week when he pulled off that poor guy's in-grown toenails?

T/5 That's just part of your little world cropping out.

P.F.C.: Not mine.

T/5: The hell it's not yours. You and people like you make it what it is . . . it's not the sarge.

P.F.C.: Your're an S.B. this morning. Why don't you give the sarge some of that s--- before he does something else.

T/5: You ain't seen nothing yet.

P.F.C.: How can you put up with it? Why don't you report him?

T/5: Ah, maybe I like it. Who the hell would I report him to anyhow? He and the doc are like that. (He holds two fingers up, one on top of the other.)

P.F.C.: Maybe you can take it—I can't.

T/5: What are you going to do about it?

P.F.C.: If he tries to pull one more thing—(He turns around from the typewriter and says quietly), I'm going to kill him.

T/5: (The T/5 laughs so hard he almost falls off his chair; the P.F.C. turns back and says nothing; finally the T/5 gasps out), Kill him? Jesus Christ, that's

about the funniest thing I ever heard.

P.F.C.: Shut up.

T/5: God, I suppose you write your mother and tell her what a wonderful job you're doing here in the dog ward too.

P.F.C.: (Sits silently, says nothing, but puts hands at sides of typewriter.)

T/5: (Still laughing) If you're such a goddam hero, why don't you get out of this hole? You can get transferred, you know.

P.F.C.: (Clenching his fists and turning around, he says loudly in the petulant voice of the quite young). You shut your goddam mouth before I shut it for you!

T/5: (The grin slowly fades from the T/5's face, and he gets up slowly and starts toward the left.) Sure, kid. (He gets to the far left and turns around.) You wouldn't really croak him, would you, kid?

P.F.C.: (Quiet voice) You're goddam right.

T/5: (Coming back slowly across the stage) But why, kid? It couldn't help any. They'd just get another one.

P.F.C.: Mainly because I'd just like to cut him up.

T/5: Now that I know, don't you think I'd stop it?

P.F.C.: (He turns to look at him.) Would you?

T/5: (He has come quite close to the P.F.C. He turns again, moves away, then turns back.) No, I wouldn't stop either one of you. What the hell difference does it make to me?

P.F.C.: That's right, Corp.

(In the silence that follows, the mosquito net is parted, the M/Sgt enters. He is a heavy set man, well built, but tending toward fat. The stripes on his sleeves are noticeably new, and he affects a superior air in his dealing with the two men. He glances at the T/5, who looks at him but doesn't say good morning. The P.F.C. fails to speak also. The sergeant sees the P.F.C. is almost finished with the morning report, and says in a brusque tone.

Sgt.: Give me that. It's about time you had it done.

T/5: He doesn't use the touch-system, sarge.

Registered, Airmail, Special-Delivery

By DON PITWOOD

Illustrated by Cal Jones

It's hell what a man has to go through to get a letter.

About 7:00 a. m. one morning last week. I was sleeping soundly and peacefully—disturbing no one, mind you—when suddenly I was startled almost into convulsions by five rude raps on my door. Wondering what dastardly, indecorous scoundrel would awaken me at this ungodly hour, I reluctantly donned my robe and started for the door. About two steps from the bed, my right foot encountered a decidedly unstable object, which must have deliberately planted itself in my path, and I landed squarely on the floor. Although it would not be ethical to enumerate word for word my utterances at that time, I can tell you that the incident was not altogether conducive to an extremely cheerful frame of mind on my part. I soon regained enough self-control to pick myself up, however, and proceeded to find out who it was. When at last I succeeded in beating the nightlock into submission, I jerked open the door, only to find that the villain was gone. Fighting valiantly to control my rage, I stooped down to pick up a piece of paper that the viper had left on my doorstep.

After picking it up, I read, word for word, what was printed thereon:

"This is to notify you that a registered, air-mail, special-delivery letter was delivered to your address this morning. As you were absent at the time of delivery, the letter was returned to the post office. If you have not called for it by the time of your next regular mail delivery, it will be delivered again at that time.

"Be sure to bring this slip



with you if you call for the letter at the post office, as the letter cannot be given out without it.

"Yours very truly,

H. F. SNITZ,
Postman"

Now I am a man who prides himself in being calm and unmoved at all times. I have received "air-mail" letters without so much as batting an eye. I have received "registered" letters without noticeably faltering in my step. And I have received "special-delivery" letters without becoming unduly faint. I have even received "air-mail special-delivery" letters without losing control altogether. But a "registered, air-mail, special-delivery" letter . . . well, that was just too much, even for a man of my rugged constitution.

I walked into the house in a kind of unconscious stupor and sat down on a stool in the kitchen. Suddenly, grasping the full significance of the words I had read, I jumped up and screamed:

"REGISTERED, AIR-MAIL,

SPECIAL - DELIVERY? Great thundering heavens!!!

I ran into the bedroom, threw on my clothes, and dashed out of the house, hell-bent for the post office.

Reaching the post office, I raced up to the window, anxiously speculating on the content of the letter. But, alas, the window was closed. It was only 7:10, and the window wouldn't open until 9:00.

Torture

"An hour and fifty minutes yet! Egad! How will I ever endure such agony?"

I walked out of the building and onto the sidewalk. Nervously I fumbled for a cigarette but couldn't find one. I decided to go and buy some—then I remembered I didn't smoke.

"Oh, that postman! That imbecile! Why couldn't he have waited until I got to the door? What **could** be in that letter? . . . registered, air-mail, special-delivery!!!"

I saw a newsboy across the street. Maybe a little reading would take my mind off the letter for awhile. I opened the paper and looked at the headlines: REGISTERED, AIR - MAIL, SPECIAL-DELIVERY!

By the time I reached home again, I was trembling all over. "Could my wealthy aunt have died and left me her fortune? No. I haven't got a wealthy aunt. Could it be a summons to appear in court for some crime I didn't commit? Oh, Lord, have mercy on my miserable soul!"

I shall never know how I lived through that hour and fifty minutes, but I was back at the post office when the window opened. Eagerly I smiled at the clerk and asked for the letter.

"Yes, the letter is here," he replied, "but may I please see the notice you received?"

"The notice? Oh yes, of course. I have it right here . . . the notice! It's gone! I must have left it home on the table. But surely it isn't absolutely neces-

sary. Can't you give me the letter without it?"

"No, I afraid not . . . no, we will have to have it."

"Oh, confound it, man, that letter must be very important! If you must have the blasted notice, I'll bring it to you later, but please give me the letter now!"

Red Tape

"I'm sorry, sir, but it distinctly says in the 'Book of Postal Rules and Regulations' that we must have a notice signed by the special-delivery postman before we can give out a letter that is supposed to be delivered by him."

Cursing the misanthrope that wrote the "Book of Postal Rules and Regulations," I again covered the ground between my home and the post office. I dashed into the kitchen. The little slip of paper wasn't on the table. I searched the bedroom. I rummaged through my pockets. I searched everywhere, but it was gone!

"I'll get a lawyer!" I raved. "I'll sue! I'll phone my congressman! I must find out what's in that letter!!"

To the post office again.

"Now see here, my good man, let's not be difficult about this thing. I seem to have temporarily mislaid that little notice, but I will find it. And when I do, I assure you, I will make God's speed in bringing it to you, but, please, in the name of all that is holy, let me have my letter now!"

"I'm very sorry sir, but if you cannot find the notice, you will just have to wait until tomorrow morning, and the postman will deliver it again."

"Great Scott! you idiot, I'll go mad before then! **Mad**, do you hear? Stark, raving mad!!"

"Ah, well, cheer up, old man, 'A nut in the cell is worth two in the shell,' I always say."

Fortunately for him, the bounder was out of my reach.

Real Agony

I suffered on through the re-

mainder of the morning, trying desperately to put out of my mind those torturing words, "registered, air-mail, special-delivery." I tuned in to some music on my radio, but all I could hear was: "registered, air-mail, special-delivery." By 3:00 in the afternoon, my very soul had withered and died in the agony of those merciless words. I tried to drink some coffee toward evening, but my hands shook so violently that I couldn't get the cup and my mouth together in the same place at the same time. I went to bed early, but even that was to no avail. I rolled and registered. I rolled and air-mailed. I rolled and special-delivered. I tossed and turned and suffered. The hours dragged by, but there was no respite. I suffered pitifully until I was almost insane.

Then I heard them: Those five, sarcastic knocks. I jumped out of bed and shot to the front door. Jerking it open, I dashed out to meet the postman. At last, I was going to find out what was in that letter. At last my misery would end!

I stopped short. The postman wasn't there.

"How could he have gotten away? The back door! That's it, he's at the back door."

I ran through the house to the back door. Too late. He was gone. But I had suffered too much to let him get away without a fight. I ran down the street. He wasn't in sight. I turned and ran up the street. I couldn't find him. He was gone!

"Oh, no. No, no—no!"

Disheartened and exhausted, I staggered back to the house.

"Registered, air-mail, special-delivery! Why, oh, why did I ever pick up that wretched piece of paper?"

Cracking Up

I looked in the mirror over my dresser. My hands were trembling, my teeth were chattering—my whole body was shaking like a paint mixer. I hadn't shaved or combed my hair or changed my

"And Jo Dust Returneth"

By NEWT CUTLER

The effects of an atom war in the future as seen by a college student.

Black clouds of war hung over the world. Shaking, devastating blasts of atom-bombs shook the planet Earth. The year was twenty hundred and forty-seven. The date—about the middle of May. Flowers should have been budding. The grasses should have been green and the waters blue.

Instead, the world lay in a state of dry, brown ruin. Mountains that should have been covered with green lay brown and scorched in the sun. Lakes and harbors were black with floating debris and wreckage. New York, Washington, D. C., Chicago, Seattle, and all the other large cities of the world, London, Paris, Moscow, Rio de Janeiro, lay in a shamble of crumbled ruin. Nothing moved. Life was at a standstill. Those people lucky enough to escape the blasting of the cities cowered in the mountain areas like something wild, something dying. New York harbor was filled with floating rubbish. The prows of sunken ships stuck out of the water, pointing toward the sky. The Statue of Liberty was smashed beyond recognition.

Some Survive

The only activity was the small remains of the army, busy at their bases, several hundred miles inland from the coast. Firing the atom-powered V-97 bombs off toward an unseen enemy, half-way around the world. Occasionally, without warning, an enemy V-bomb would get the correct range and blast out one of the army posts or hit a bomb supply depot. The resultant ex-

plosion would shake the countryside for miles around.

Several years before, when the gigantic world battle had first started, every country on earth had taken sides and thrown forces into the fight. Now, the United States was the last to stand against an equally weak Tri-European Alliance. The United Nations had long since fallen and all that remained were a body of fourteen scientists and statesmen who called themselves the Elders. These men had their sanctuary hidden high in the mountains of Switzerland. Dug deeply into the mountainside, they were protected from the crushing blows of the atom-bombs and the walls of the mountain hide-away were protected from the deadly cosmic rays by foot-thick walls of lead.

At the fortresses of two opposing forces, men worked with the madness of machines, working toward one end—the destruction of the enemy—the destruction of the earth. Bombs flashed back and forth across war-ridden skies.

And in the mountains, people cowered with fright—waiting—waiting for the end that they knew would come. The sun beat down mercilessly on an ever-drying, ever-dying Earth.

★

In the mountain refuge of the Elders, high in the Swiss Alps, a meeting was being held. A meeting that was to form the future of the world.

Around a polished oak table in a long, low room, fourteen men sat discussing the possibilities of saving civilization. Though far under-ground hidden fluorescent lights gave the room the effect of daylight. Papers were spread out on the table and each man was concentrating on the ideas being presented.

Each man spoke his turn and

presented the facts that he had collected to prove that his plan might be the best. Several plans for the salvation of civilization had already been presented and were under consideration by the members of the council. All plans were presented with the best possible facts, for the men were all specialists in their fields. The tall, thin, tired-looking man at one end was a scientist, long trained in atom-power. A common-looking, distinguished little man sitting next to the scientist was a statesman, world renowned for his work in world peace. And so on around the circle of fourteen men, all working toward the same end. Each was the best in his own field of study. Each had one common purpose in mind—the salvation of civilization.

A Better Plan

"Gentlemen," a small, wiry man with snowy white hair spoke to the group. In peace times he had been one of the world's foremost sociologists as well as prominent in the field of psychology. Now he spoke with the deliberation of one sure of that which he had to say.

"Gentlemen, I hate to admit that I have gone so far ahead with my plan without your consultation, but this plan has been underway for nearly five years. When this plan was started it did not look as though such a crisis as this were coming so suddenly, but as a precaution I have taken some steps in the case that just this sort of thing should happen.

"Here is my plan, gentlemen. On these lists are the names of two thousand people. They are all young, able-bodied persons. Half are men, half women. Some are married couples, some are single. They are all people of high intelligence. No discretion has been made for race, color, or creed." He threw several sheets of paper on the table for the in-

spection of the other members.

"Some of these people," he continued, "are trained to a high degree of scientific skill. Others are well trained professional people, doctors, dentists, etc. Others are trained skilled workers such as plumbers, electricians, carpenters. Others are trained in farm work, business management, factory development, social work, and teaching." He paused for a moment and looked around the table. The other men were listening with deeply concentrated interest.

Valley of Hope

"I must go back some to explain my plan. In northern Utah there is a small valley untouched by the war. The fields are still green and there are orchards on the hills that will bear fruit. It is near the mountains and a supply of timber, near the coal mines and fuel. The farm land is the best and, in general, all the essentials of livelihood are to be found there quite easily.

"Five years ago, as I told you, I and my associates began this plan by moving supplies that are not easily obtainable into the area. Tin, lead, copper, magnesium and other unobtainable metals have been stored in large underground vaults. Ready-made essentials such as manufactured goods and the like are also hidden away there. Enough of these supplies are stored away to last a population of two thousand and their multiplication for at least fifty years." He hesitated long enough to light his pipe before continuing. He looked around the group to catch the expressions on the faces of his fellow men.

"By the time the supplies run out these people should have advanced far enough that they will be able to obtain their own source of livelihood. If you put a civilization back to where they have nothing, they will soon deplete themselves to the point where they are mere savages. Give intelligent people the advantages of modern civilization and they will advance to build a better world and save humanity." He stopped, waiting for comment from his fellows.

"But, Dr. Graham. Don't you think that the survivors of those who are now hidden in the mountains of the United States would soon wipe out the new settlement?" the politician asked quietly.

"No, Mr. Farnland, I do not. Because that is part of my plan that I must yet explain and that part which might not meet with your approval.

"In order that this plan work, there must not be any survivors other than those who go to the valley in Utah. Those people who are now hidden in the mountains of the world to escape the wars are doomed to go with the end of the world's civilization anyway. Dr. Bronsen has invented a new and terrifying machine or weapon, if it may be called a weapon." He nodded to the atom scientist.

The Mercy Machine

"This machine may be the tool that we need if my plan is accepted. In the hands of the council it would be more an instrument of mercy rather than a weapon. I believe Dr. Carter calls this instrument an ionizer. As I understand it, the machine would more or less solidify the earth's atmosphere, making breathing impossible and suffocation almost immediate. It would be painless and the sure end of animal life on earth within a few moments. Of course, the few domestic animals that would be needed for our surviving civilizations could be protected in the same manner that we protect the persons." He sat down heavily, as if dreading the job that he was proposing.

Mr. Farnland again questioned the plan. "And what measures do you expect to take to protect these people and their animals for this Noah's Ark of yours, to say nothing of ourselves?" Farnland's plan had been the only other system that had seemed plausible. Other members of the council sat tensely, waiting for Dr. Graham to answer.

Scientific Slaughter

"That also has been figured out, Mr. Farnland. Here in our chambers, we have a system of

ventilation that can be shut off entirely from the outside atmosphere in case of gas raid. We will bring all of those people and their animals to the chambers, shut off the ventilation and use our own oxygen supply while Dr. Carter is using his machine. It sounds like wholesale murder, gentlemen, but believe me, it is the only way that we can be sure that our new civilization will function properly. As for ourselves, gentlemen, if you accept my plan, you will all be signing your own suicide notes. After our new civilization was safely settled and on their own, it would be up to us to vanish from the scene as would those people who are hidden away in the mountains today.

"If we accept this plan, those people will have no choice. If we accept this plan, neither will have a choice."

The room was stilled to the quietness of a tomb. Great minds sat thinking of the consequences of such a prodigious plan. No word was spoken until Dr. Graham again stood and said:

"I ask of you, gentlemen, do not vote on my plan until you have heard what everyone may have to say. Then, when all the plans are presented, we should cast a vote on a secret ballot and that plan which receives the most votes should be carried out, with what changes the council deems necessary."

Another day of the meeting passed. Other plans were stated but concentration was not the best, for nearly all of the members were thinking of the gigantic plan for world salvation that had been presented by Dr. Graham. When the meeting drew to a close, slips of paper were handed to each member. Each man made a mark on his paper, folded it slowly and put it in the center of the table. Dr. Carter was elected to count the votes.

Two plans had been voted for by the Elders. Plan No. 9 was the plan drawn up by Mr. Farnland and Plan No. 5 was Dr. Graham's. There had been nine votes for Plan No. 5 and five votes for Plan No. 9.

(Continued on page 22)

Winter



JOSIE LINK — PHIL KINNISON

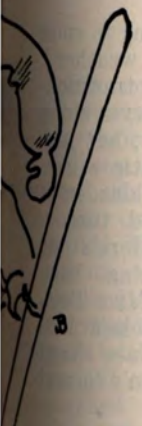


NANCY BOWDEN

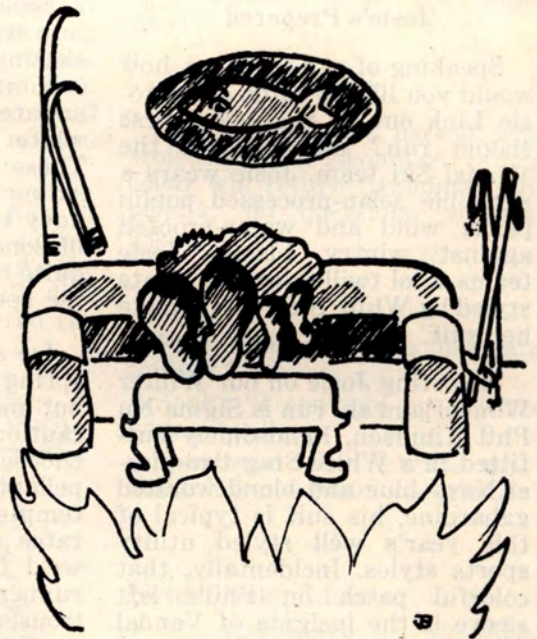
nderland



DORA GAUDIN — JIM ASHTON



ESTHER SIMMONS



Cartoons by Blakeley

Fashion Fun

By SHEILA DARWIN

Latest in campus togs as pictured on previous two pages.

"If winter comes—can spring be far behind?" . . . As old as high button shoes, that particular quotation seems just too ancient to apply this year! We'd love to delight your snow-blind eyes with glimpses of glamorous spring cottons, picnic pedalpushers, and cool Easter prints, but with icicles clear down to the snow line and frost clear up to our boot tops, what can we do?

What can we do? . . . Take a look at the "Winter Wonderland" center spread! There are some eyecatching suggestions for sub-zero activity togs. Whether your preference be the great white outdoors or glittering winter social functions, there is sure to be an outfit here to tease and please!

Josie's Prepared

Speaking of eye-catching, how would you like to catch skier Josie Link out on the golf course slalom run? Secretary of the Vandal Ski team, Josie wears a sky blue zelan-processed poplin parka wind and water-proofed against wintry blasts. Josie teams wool twill down hill pants styled by White Stag to complete her suit.

Escorting Josie on our Winter Wonderland ski run is Sigma Nu Phil Kinnison, handsomely outfitted in a White Stag two-piece. Navy blue and blond worsted gabardine, his suit is typical of this year's well styled utility sports styles. Incidentally, that colorful patch on Phil's left sleeve is the insignia of Vandal Ski Club where he is head man.

Both our waxed-slat enthusiasts wear water and wind repel-

lant leather and gabardine ski mitts to guard finger frostbites. Phil sports a special navy knit ear warmer popular among varsity ski racers to guard ears from frosty gales.

The Swiss Touch

Notable among winter wardrobe specialties at Eastern mountain resorts this season is a beaming blue betasseled smock of rough peasant cotton copied from peasant garb worn by Swiss milkmen. Boxy jacketed and full from the shoulders, the Swiss smock buttons up a V neck and features broad sleeves with a freely swinging "so right" back. The outfit is worn skiing or skating with bright red mitts and red knitted ascot.

Nancy Bowden slides up next in a stunning crimson and white skating dress perfect for cool evening spins on the ice. Her sweater, by Jantzen, is heavy white wool with cable ribbing. These plain colored skating or skiing sweaters in white or in navy blue with royal crests emblazoned on the front seem to be quite the rage to team with winter sports apparel.

Ice skating rates tops in pre-spring activities around Idaho but most less skilled and more cautious coed ice enthusiasts choose well padded weather repellent ski suits for their attempted twirls. Nancy's costume rates an E for eye-appeal, but we'd feel safer with four-blade runners and specially insulated trousers with built-in cushions in all the right places!

Following the "Winter Wonderland" spread we come to

"two hearts are thrilling in spite of the chill in the weather." True, true, Cupid does traditionally function in top style along about Valentine's Day, but just any soft white romantic winter snow could put sparkles in a young gal's eyes and turn a young man's fancy. Here's our suggestion for turning that young man's fancy, Miss Dora Gaudin, in bouffant black lace with matching filmy lace shawl so right for this season's formal wear.

Dora's escort, Fiji Jim Ashton, wears a sleekly tailored navy blue dress suit with maroon bow tie—perfect example of the not-too-casual, not-too-dressed-up look which fashion-wise fellows strive for at semi-formal social functions. Jim's french cuffed dress shirt is just right for showing off those fancy new Christmas cuff links and studs.

Just Peasants?

Mentioning the lace shawl reminds us of how extremely fast the shawl and stole wearing fad is sweeping our country. Copied from peasant and old world aristocrat dress alike, the shawls hark back to the old fashioned touch in dress costume design. Returned and revamped are the stoles of great grandmother's era to bring new femininity and enhancement to today's coed wardrobes. Stoles may be worn with evening wear as pictured here, or with dress clothes, spring cottons, and even summer play-togs. Mademoiselle even featured recently a terry cloth stole for seashore wear.

(Continued on page 21)

"Brief Glory"

By CONSTANCE HAMMOND

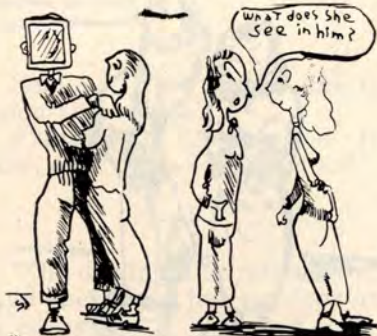
A short story of a little boy who momentarily became the center of interest after "It" happened.

The boy stepped over the pile of overshoes and from a heap on the floor shook out his jacket and cap. Holding them in one hand, he stepped out upon the porch, quietly closing the door behind him. He stood there a minute inhaling the sharp, clean-smelling air of the October morning and watching the frost melt into the dark, hard-packed ground of the yard as the sun touched it. He was frail and round shouldered, his pale blue eyes closely set and his blond hair ragged about the ears. His movements were quick and jerky as he put his jacket on, set his cap at a consciously jaunty angle and set off down the road. He walked with a timid imitation of a swagger, his feet scuffing the frozen ground at every step.

From the houses set back here and there along the road other children came, some with books under their arms, pushing and shouting to each other. The way to school led up the road across the highway and railroad tracks to a point behind the church where the path converged with one coming from the central part of town. As the school bell rang out this path became filled with laughing, shouting, gesticulating children. All but Arthur. He kept a tight grasp upon his look of disdain as he walked by them up the cinder walk. In front of the green double doors two women stood, shivering in the chill October air as they supervised the play of the early arrivals. As the hour approached they opened the doors and the children poured into the building.

Outside Room 3-B Miss Fairman's students crowded around the coat racks and waited. When he approached from down the long dark hall the group fell back with a chorus of respectful "Hello, Arthurs." Nothing on the boy's face as he answered them briefly and gruffly showed the almost unbearable exhilaration he was feeling. These were the same children who before "It" had happened had chased him home every night and had made the long hours in class miserable for him in varied, subtle ways. Now they looked at him differently, half-awed and admiring; he was somebody, he had a certain position in the class. Of course Arthur knew, from a little nagging gremlin in the back of his mind that it wouldn't last; knew that soon they would chase him home again; knew that soon they would forget his name and call him Stinky again, but he reveled in his brief glory.

Now they made their way to their seats in 3-B and waited noisily for Miss Fairman. As the clanging of the last bell died away Miss Fairman entered the



room, snapping the door shut behind her. She was brisk and efficient and in the hour and a half remaining to her before recess, dealt with Arithmetic and Geography thoroughly for her students, none of whom was over ten.

At recess, on the playground most of Room 3-B were absent from the flurry around the swings. They were clustered around Arthur, who for the tenth time since "It" happened, was recounting his tale.

As he talked the eyes of those around him lighted and their faces became set in a pattern of horrified interest. Unconsciously they gathered in a tight circle about him. A boy whose brother had hanged himself on his mother's clothesline was someone deserving of their closest attention.

"What in the world makes your tongue so black?"

"I dropped a bottle of whiskey on a freshly tarred road."

—I—

"I caught my boy friend necking."

"I caught mine the same way."

—I—

NOTICE—If the person who stole the jar of alcohol out of our cellar will return Grandma's appendix, no questions will be asked.

—I—

Freshman: "How about a date tonight?"

Soph: "I can't go out with a youngster."

Freshman: "Oh, excuse me—I didn't know your condition."

—I—

Note to Joke Editors:

"So you make up all these jokes yourself?"

"Yep, out of my head."

"You must be."

BE SURE TO LOOK UP

(Continued from page 4)

stopped before a portrait of a young girl on the wall whom he recognized as his cousin Agatha. Aunt Rita's footsteps hurried into the room and before Grant turned around she began to talk again.

"Isn't that a lovely portrait of Agatha? We are all so proud of her, you know. She is doing such splendid work in the Junior League. I've just called her and she is going to drop by on her way downtown this afternoon." She walked over to where he was standing. "Now, Grant, let's sit down and plan things to do. What would you like to do tonight?"

"I really don't care about doing much, Aunt Rita. It's kind of nice just relaxing here."

"Oh I know what you must mean. Well, we won't do much. Let me see what good show is playing." Aunt Rita flounced over to the newspaper lying on the davenport and began to read the names of every movie in town. Grant sprawled out in the chair by the radio which he felt had been designated as his place of rest. He at last convinced Aunt Rita that one mode of entertainment open to soldiers on an army post was the post theatre with its movies.

"Well, we'll find something interesting to do, Grant." They looked at each other for a moment, neither saying a word, then Grant looked out the window towards the neighboring home.

"This is certainly a nice neighborhood, Aunt Rita."

"Yes, that is a lovely home. Our neighbors are lovely people too. We really don't see much of them. He's a doctor. He's Jewish, you know, but they are really lovely people. . . . My, the city seems to be just taken over with strangers, and there are so many more Negroes than there used to be. Why, the busses are often quite crowded with Negroes downtown. . . . My, I think all these waterfront strikes are just

dreadful, and to think that they actually refuse to load ships with food and presents for all the boys overseas. They say the Communists have just taken over many of the unions. . . ."

Grant sat there half listening, nodding when he thought a nod was sufficient, smiling when it was necessary, and sometimes saying yes or no. His mind wandered back to camp and in retrospect his barrack and his bunk seemed like peaceful havens. Most Saturday afternoons he spent sprawled out on his cot reading books.

The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Cousin Agatha, a short, rather squat, homely girl with a friendly smile for Grant.

"I was so glad when mother called me, Grant. So glad that you could make it." Agatha didn't have time to take off her coat so the three of them stood in the middle of the living room. Aunt Rita spent most of the time asking Agatha about the health and welfare of her small son and daughter. When she had gone Aunt Rita showed Grant to his room and told him to make himself completely at home and that dinner would be about six-thirty unless Uncle Will called.

When she had gone Grant looked over the big, comfortable guest room which was to be his for the weekend. He pushed down on the large bed and compared it to his bunk in camp. He walked over and stood looking out the large window which overlooked the Sound. Pushing aside one of the criss-crossed

white curtains, he leaned against the wall and stared out into the fading March sunlight. His weekends were always lonely, lonely whether they were spent in camp or on pass. In camp they had an accustomed, almost friendly loneliness; and on pass his loneliness was poignant but not bitter. In this house, though, his loneliness was strange. He felt isolated and alone, as though the city was living about him but that he had no part in its activity.

He went down stairs at six and looked the house over while waiting for dinner. Just before six-thirty Uncle Will and another man came in. Uncle Will was a hearty, gruff man who shook Grant's hand and introduced him to Mr. Smedley, Vice President of Adlers, Inc.

At dinner Uncle Will and Mr. Smedley were engrossed in talk about taxes and labor laws while Aunt Rita talked to Grant. Occasionally Uncle Will would ask him if he was going to be sent overseas, he asked him the same question three times and each time he answered that he didn't know. Mr. Smedley asked him if he liked the army and how he found the food. Grant said yes, he liked the army all right and he wanted to say he found the food in the mess hall, but instead he said it was fine.

As soon as dinner was over Uncle Will and Mr. Smedley had to leave and Aunt Rita and Grant were left alone again. Aunt Rita, thoroughly convinced that Grant didn't care to see a movie, took him to the game room and left him to amuse himself while she called a friend. There were no games which he could play by himself so he shot billiards for awhile and then wandered back upstairs where he had a cup of cocoa with Aunt Rita. At ten he decided to go to bed, and Aunt Rita went upstairs with him.

"Now, here is the closet, Grant." She opened the door to a large wardrobe closet in which Grant had nothing to hang. His bag didn't even carry a pair of pajamas. "I've put fresh towels in the bathroom for you, so you



just go right ahead and take a bath if you like." Grant had taken a shower just before he left camp and didn't feel as though he needed a bath. "If you would like to read I'll get you some magazines." She left Grant alone for a few minutes and was soon back with several old issues of "Time" and "Life." "Now is there anything you'd like?"

"No, thanks, Aunt Rita, everything is fine."

"All right, Grant, we don't have any hour for breakfast, so you just sleep as late as you wish, and you can have breakfast whenever you come down. Good night, dear, I'm so glad you came out."

Grant undressed and climbed into bed in his shorts. He had just started to read when Aunt Rita knocked at the door.

"Grant," she called, "I've brought you one of Uncle Will's robes."

"Thanks a lot, Aunt Rita, but I really won't need it."

"Well, you might want it, Grant, so I'll just hang it here on the doorknob and you can pick it up. Good night, dear."

When she had gone he climbed out of bed and opened the door and picked up the robe. He looked at it curiously and then threw it over a chair where it stayed until he left the next day.

By eight-thirty in the morning Grant had been awake for an hour and when he heard someone downstairs he got up and showered and dressed. Downstairs he found Aunt Rita bustling around in a housecoat.

"Good heavens, Grant, I thought you would just be worn out and sleep late. What would you like for breakfast? I'll cook it myself."

Grant helped his aunt in the kitchen and they carried their breakfasts into a large breakfast nook. Placing the trays on a small table Grant clumsily spilled the cream.

Aunt Rita smiled at him and said, "Well, now the ice is broken and we can just sit down and

relax and enjoy our breakfast. Uncle Will just loves to have his breakfast here because it is so bright and cheery." On this morning the rain refused to let the morning light make the nook as bright and cheerful as usual but that didn't dampen Aunt Rita's conversation.

After breakfast she called cousin Eleanor to come down and show Grant around Seattle. Eleanor drove him around Seattle most of the morning and finally took him to the zoo, the last place in Seattle Grant would have visited on his own volition. After a late dinner at Uncle Will's with all the family present, Grant was driven to Fort Lewis by cousin Agatha and cousin Eleanor. They left him at the entrance to the Fort and he stood there holding his brown bag and waving as they drove back towards Seattle.

In his barracks again, Grant tossed the bag onto his bunk and lay down. Mike was stretched out asleep on the next bunk. Grant kicked the foot which was hanging over the edge towards him.

"Mike! Did you have a good time last night?"

Mike grunted and look at Grant. "Nah, we went to the Chinese Pheasant and some guy bought us a few drinks. How about you? Did you have a good time visiting the relations?"

"Oh, it was all right."

"Yeh, I'll bet it was, like hell," Mike said.

"Sometimes I wish I'd gone to college."

"What stopped you?"

"High School."

—I—

Senior: "How do you like my room as a whole?"

Freshman: "As a hole it's fine, as a room—not so good."

—I—

"Oh, darling, I've missed you," And she raised her revolver and tried again.

Mother: "What have you been doing all afternoon?"

Son: "Shooting craps, Mother."

Mother: "That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you have."

—I—

Willie, in a fit insare,
Thrust his head beneath a train,
All were quite surprised to find,
How it broadened Willie's mind.

—I—

Male: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself wearing so little clothing?"

Fem: "Don't be silly. If I were ashamed of myself, I'd wear more."

—I—

"I like jokes when they're not over my head."

"That's the way I feel about pigeons."

—Fruivol

—I—

Susan: "Yes'm, I'se getting everything ready for my wedding. Is I happy? Why, ma'am, could anyone be happier than a bride preparing her torso?"

—Carolina

—I—

A.: "I was reading where the Eskimos use fish instead of money."

B.: "They must have a hell of a time getting gum out of a slot machine."

—I—

Junk Man: "Any old beer bottles you'd like to sell, lady?"

Old Maid: "Do I look as though I drank beer?"

Junk Man: "Any vinegar bottles you would like to sell?"

—Log

—I—

Be it known to all the folks
We couldn't cause to grin . . .
They always cut our better jokes
And put some clean ones in.

"DEAR CONGRESSMAN . . ."

(Continued from page 3)

stroll into the library to either check out a new book or bring back one. Gertrude was impressed by all the books he read with such long and complicated titles—she thought he must really be a brain. But I think he was deliberately trying to crush her and lead poor Gertrude on. Oh that George!

This affair went on for weeks. George kept checking out books and Gertrude was always there waiting for him. Every night Gertrude would come home and tell me what George had said, what books he had checked out and what he had worn. Once, when he had a cold, poor Gertrude worried until she caught one too. She said she didn't mind; anything good enough for George was good enough for her. Gertrude is so unselfish.

Last week big posters went up all over the campus telling of the big Christmas formal with a name orchestra. Gertrude was thrilled. She could hardly wait until George came in to check out a book. When she asked him—casually, of course—whether he was going to the dance, he said "yes."

A New Gladrag

The very next day Gertrude went to town and bought herself a formal. Her father will die when he finds out how much of his money Gertrude spent to cover herself so sparsely. But the dress is a knockout. When she tried it on she decided she'd better get Sam, the college florist, to suggest tiny baby orchids to George when he came to get her corsage.

Yesterday Gertrude was in town having her hair done. Gertrude and I always feel that one or two days are necessary to let one's hair get that soft bouncy look to it after a wave. Well, when she was all through, whom should she see on the sidewalk but George! You know, that's the first time she'd seen him off the campus since their affair began. Of course, every evening

Gertrude and I had taken long walks in hopes we might see George and Gertrude had done everything but follow him home to see where he lives. He managed to keep his private life very private as far as poor Gertrude was concerned.

Naturally, when Gertrude saw him standing there she walked up to him. She was going to tell him what time to call for her tonight. He hadn't mentioned it to her, and since she'd kept the lovesick boy waiting so long for a date, she didn't want to keep him waiting the night of their first date.

H-Hour

She and George had barely exchanged greetings when at 2:36 p. m. (Gertrude says she will never forget the exact minute as long as she lives) a character resembling Rita Hayworth's twin sister joined them. Gertrude didn't pay much attention to her except to notice that she had green eyes, auburn hair, light skin, and a deep green two-piece dress with gold buttons. Naturally George introduced the two girls. He said, and these are his very words, according to Gertrude, "Sandra, I'd like you to meet Gertrude, who works in the university library. Gertrude, this is my wife."

Congressman Miller, Gertrude's lovely new gown is now lying in a crumpled heap on the floor. Gertrude, at this very moment, is lying on the bed, crying her heart out. Her father isn't going to appreciate what George has done to him and his daughter. That was an expensive formal, and a bed on the floor isn't

helping it much. And Gertrude—well, it's so hard for Gertrude to recover from a broken heart. She's the sensitive type, you know.

Please Congress

So, Congressman Miller, to save other girls from such unscrupulous men as George, the cad, and to spare me the nightmare of helping Gertrude recover from another ordeal such as this, would you prevail upon your colleagues in Washington to assist you in passing a bill requiring all married men in this country to wear wedding bands?

Finish

A worried young girl went to the doctor's office for a thorough examination. When he had finished, he looked at the girl and said:

"What is your husband's name?"

"I don't have a husband."

"What is your boy friend's name?" he asked sternly.

"I don't have a boy friend."

The doctor went to the office window and raised the shade. The young girl asked why he did that and he replied, "The last time this happened a star rose in the east, and I don't want to miss it this time."

—I—

She was sitting in a dark corner. Noiselessly, he stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence, he had kissed her.

"How dare you!" she shrieked.

"Pardon me," he bluffed readily, "I thought you were my sister."

"You dumb ox, I am your sister." —Columns

—I—

Once a king always a king, but once a knight is enough for anybody.



FASHION FUN

(Continued from page 16)

That "chill in our wonderland weather" reminds us of how warm and wonderful a fur coat like our last model, Esther Simmons is wearing, would feel. Styled with that new, new back fullness and swooping back hemline, the coat is imported muskrat lock cut to fashion wise five-eighths length which goes well with any skirtline. Her sleeves are exaggerated with expert flaring at the elbow, then artfully tapered to a tight wrist which keeps winter winds well tucked out.

Spring ? Styles

And that, chin - chattering readers, is the state of weather-wear as this issue goes to press. Honest Oliver, even if it snows and freezes and blizzards and blitzes every single day until April Fools and every single picture has to be taken indoors with artificial scenery, our next will still feature sunshine styles for spring even if you can only wear them in the University greenhouse!

A fellow seated at a bar watched a nice-looking girl come in and drink four Manhattan cocktails with no apparent effect. His curiosity getting the better of him, he leaned over and said, "Would five make you dizzy?"

She replied: "The price is right but the name is Daisy."

—Mis-a-sip.

—I—

"How old is yo?"

"Ah's five. How old is yo?"

"Ah don't know."

"Yo don't know how old yo is?"

"Nope."

"Does women botha' yo?"

"Nope."

"Yo's fo'."

I refuse to type any more items That deal with the gin-ridden leech.

I want a vacation from any relation

With writing love scenes on the beach.

While I write trash on such,

I am losing my touch—

Tonight I must practice . . . not preach.

—I—

A visitor in an insane asylum asked an inmate what his name was.

"Napoleon," was the answer.

"Who told you you were Napoleon?"

"Why, God did."

Voice from the next bunk: "I did not!"

—I—

"Do you know what good clean fun is?"

"No, what good is it?"

"Hello, Madam Mimi speaking."

"No, no, operator, I said 'Give me the storehouse'."

—Rammer Gammer

—I—

First Girl: "I don't like your boy friend."

Second: "Why?"

First: "He whistles dirty songs."

—I—

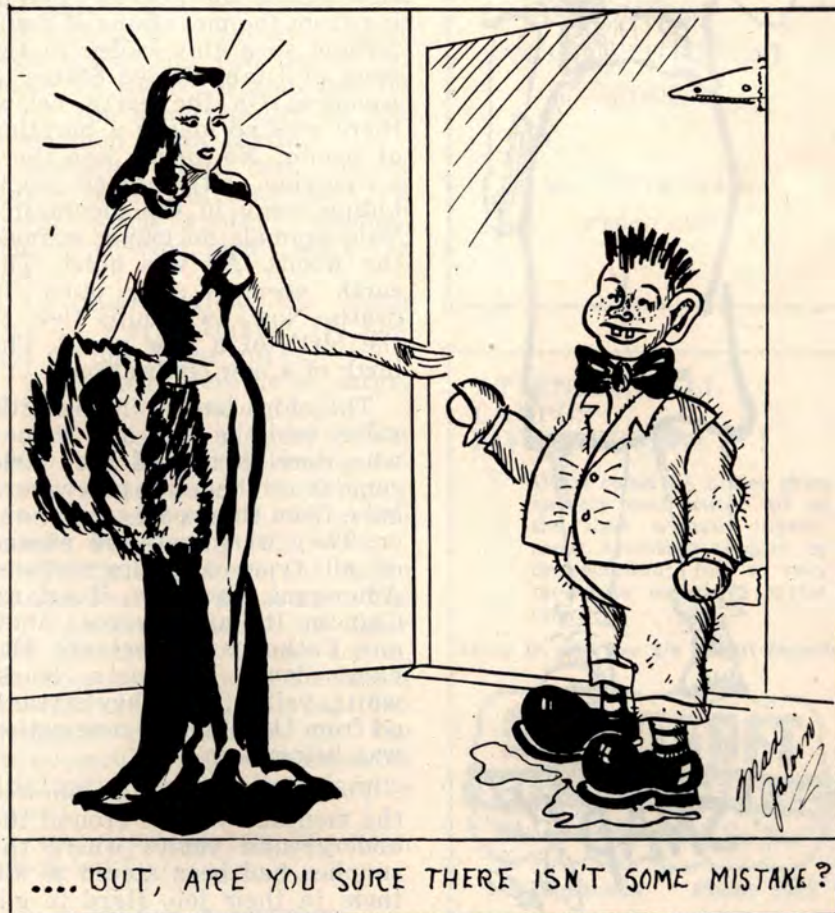
She: "Do you have a fairy godfather?"

He: "No, but I have a roommate that I'm leery about."

—I—

Lad (looking through a telescope): "God!"

Friend: "Aw, go on, it ain't that powerful."



.... BUT, ARE YOU SURE THERE ISN'T SOME MISTAKE ?

"AND TO DUST RETURNETH . . ."

(Continued from page 13)

Plan Sitis

Thus, it came about that Plan No. 5, drawn up by Dr. D. L. Graham, world renowned sociologist, was put into effect. For weeks the Den, as the mountain retreat of the Elders was called, buzzed with activity. The people who had been listed on the papers which Dr. Graham turned



!! SNAP !!
LAD JONES

over to the council were searched out and flown by night in fast atom-powered rockets to the Den. Animals that would be needed in the new civilization were brought to the mountain hide-away. Activity swarmed around the Den with fourteen men and their associates working toward their goal—the salvation of civilization and the end of their own lives.

Some Still Fight

Outside, V-bombs still whizzed viciously toward enemies on different sides of the world. Armies still worked mechanically toward defeating their enemy.

And in the mountains, people still cowered with fright at the sound of distant explosions and waited—waited for the end that was to come sooner than they expected. The sun still beat down on the dying, war-weary Earth.

★

Then, two months and several days after the meeting in the Den, two massive space ships flew across the heavens, speeding from the mountains of Switzerland to a tiny valley in the state of Utah, United States of America. On the earth below, there was no longer a bursting of bombs. No longer was there a cowering of frightened people hiding away in the mountains. Wild animals no longer roamed the woods. All was quiet. The earth seemed still, quiet in death. Now, two ships flew to the birth of a new world. The birth of a new civilization.

The ships landed in the little valley and the men and women who were to rebuild the world came from them like a new-born babe from the womb of a mother. They were men and women of all types and descriptions. Americans, Germans, Russians, Chinese, Italians, Negroes, Indians, Catholics, Protestants, Mohammedans, Buddhists, black, white, yellow, red, they streamed from the ships. A new nation was being born.

For weeks the Elders showed the men and women around the underground vaults where the supplies had been stored to aid them in their job. Hard to get materials, tools, such supplies as

pipe, electrical supplies, things that could not be made readily, were all in evidence in the store-rooms. Everything that people would need to live and not drop back in social evolution was stored there in the vaults.

The Gigantic Task

At the end of the week, the new peoples were ready to take over the largest job ever before conceived—the rebuilding of the world. The Elders boarded their ships and the crowd waved to them as they took off.

★

Back at the Den, the Elders once more sat around the large oak table in the council room. Dr. Graham was about to speak. Dr. Carter, the builder of the dreaded ionizer, sat a large control panel to one side of the room.

"Gentlemen," Dr. Graham spoke, "we are here for our last meeting. Should any of you wish to speak let it be now." He glanced around the room, waiting for an answer. No one stirred. The room was stilled with the quietness of the coming death.

"The outer doors have been sealed so that the ionizer will have no effect on the atmosphere anywhere but here in this room. Our plan for the salvation of humanity has been completed to the best of our ability. I know that some of you still doubt the plausibility of the whole plan but since it was accepted there is no choice. Soon, we will all be on our way to Heaven or Hell. Where we go will tell us if we have done the right thing or not. Now, Dr. Carter, if you will throw the switch as I pray. Our Father who are in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name—"

The Switch

The only sound was the click of the switch at the control panel. The only movement, that of men laying their heads on outstretched arms. All was quiet. A new civilization had just been born—and old one had just vanished from the earth.

Outside, the sun no longer beat down so mercifully. The rains had come. The planet Earth would be green once more.

THE END

ACTION

(Continued from page 9)

Sgt.: (He glances at the T/5, but says nothing, then looks down at the report and starts to read. He gets about half way down the page, stops, and looks at the P.F.C.) What the hell's this? You know goddam well we don't have any of that kind of stuff around this ward.

P.F.C.: Well, we did.

Sgt.: Like hell we did. You type this over again and take out that part. (He hands the report back to the P.F.C. and starts to turn around.)

P.F.C.: Don't you think we ought to tell the doc, sergeant?

Sgt.: (He whirls around and says loudly in a very direct order.) You heard me. I said take it out—and about one more squawk out of you and I'll get you yours. (The P.F.C. puts a clean sheet of paper in the typewriter. The sergeant turns to the T/5, who has been standing watching this, and says) You go get a couple of guards and go get that coon.

T/5: Why don't you go get him yourself, sarge?

Sgt.: Goddam you, I said for you to go get him, and don't forget I can have those stripes of yours any time I want them. Go get him!

T/5: (He laughs and looks at the P.F.C. who is typing again.) Okay, sarge. (Exits through the netting.)

Sgt.: (He goes to the file and takes out a record card.) Well, isn't this nice. This makes the sixth time Jackson's been here with a dose.

P.F.C. (Not looking up) He's not so bad.

Sgt.: Well, he may not be so bad, but he's sure goin' to be one sorry black b—— today.

P.F.C.: Want me to fix the needle?

Sgt.: No! Why didn't you give him the shot? No guts.

P.F.C.: I don't believe in holdin' 'em down.

Sgt.: (Laughs) Who gives a damn what you believe in, punk? Get me the large blood-drawing syringe. (The P.F.C. goes to the far end of the medical case, takes out the large needle. While the P.F.C. is fixing this needle, the sergeant prepares a regular shot in needle, his actions in sterilizing it and setting up must be deliberate.)

(At this time a commotion is heard outside and two guards enter half-carrying and half-dragging a very frightened negro. The guards carry side arms and night sticks. The negro is dressed in ordinary army PJ's and his feet are bare. He protests in tones of intense physical fear. It must be stressed that his defense is on the grounds of fear alone. His fear leaves no room for the realization that he is of the same species as the other men in the tent.)

Jackson: Not that needle again, boss! No, boss! God, I'll never touch another woman! But, God, God, don't stick me again.

1st guard: Hold the black b——'s arms tighter. He just got me one in the gut!

2nd guard: Here he is, sarge. Where do you want him?

Sgt.: (To the guards) Bring him over here. (Motioning toward center and downstage.) And give him a good look at the needle we're using this week.

(The guards force the negro to the center of the stage. The P.F.C. has returned to his chair and has his back to the action. He does nothing with his hands except hold them in his lap. The sergeant now brings out the large needle and comes closer to the negro, holding it under his eyes.)

Sgt.: How do you like this, black boy?

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(Continued on next page)

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ACTION

(Continued from page 23)

Jackson: Oh, mama, mama, don't let him do it!

(At this point the sergeant almost touches the negro on the neck with the needle. The negro jerks violently and screams, twists away from one guard, and falls on one knee. At the sound of the scream, the T/5 enters, observes the commotion, and stands still. The P.F.C., at the sound of the scream, whirls around and, half-standing in his chair, looks at the negro, guards and sergeant.)

Sgt.: (Who is a little let down.) Bring him over to the table and we'll have some fun.

(As they turn the negro around and start towards the table, the P.F.C., unseen by the sergeant, in one motion rises completely from his chair and reaches over for a scalpel which lies on the desk. In this action he is observed by the T/5. Slowly, in the same deliberate motions, he starts after the sergeant, who has his back turned and is walking towards the dressing table. The T/5 lets him go about one and a half or two steps.)

T/5: (In a quiet voice) You goddam fool. (This is his first

overt or statement act of the play. The T/5 comes up from his position by the mosquito net, grabs the P.F.C. by the shoulder, whirls him around, and hits him a short, powerful blow to the stomach. The P.F.C. doubles up, drops the scalpel to the floor, and is pushed back to the chair where he sits with his head on his chest.)

(The sergeant comes out from behind the curtain where a silent struggle in contrast to the verbal action of a minute ago has been going on.)

Sgt.: (To the two guards, who also emerge) That's all; take off.

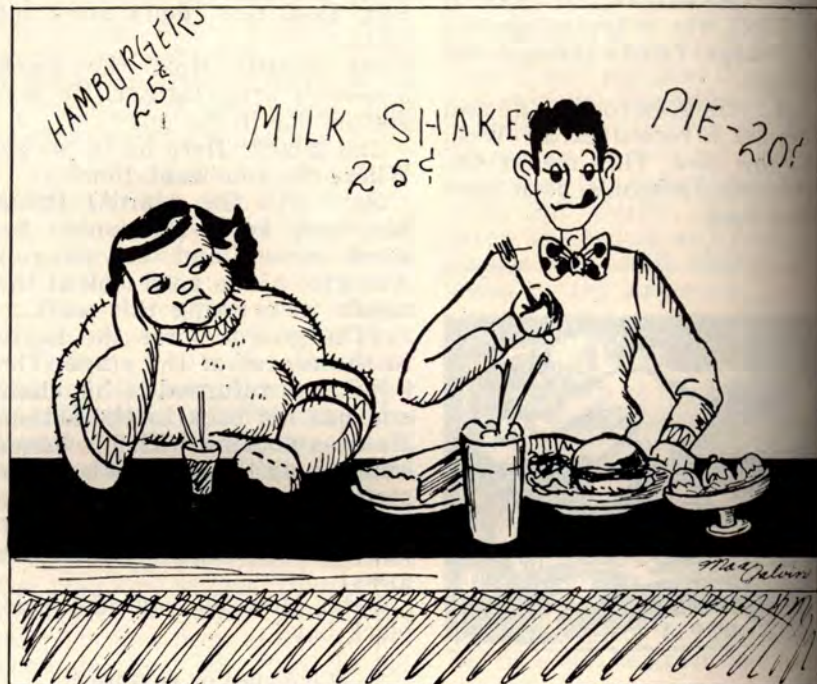
(Then the T/5 who stands rather in front of the P.F.C. to shield or keep him out of sight. This is not necessary, however, as the sergeant does not give the P.F.C. a glance. In a disgusted voice) That so-and-so passed out just as I was about to stick him. Give him the shot anyhow.

T/5: That was kind of you, sarge.

Sgt.: Bring him to and take him back. I'm going into town. (Exits through the net.)

(The T/5 takes a towel off the medicine chest and wipes the P.F.C.'s face, who is just beginning to come to.)

T/5: Come on, kid. It's better than fighting the bloody war.



REGISTERED MAIL

(Continued from page 11)

clothes or eaten anything for two days. I was a tottering wreck.

I wandered out of the house and down the street toward the post office. People stopped and stared at me. I shuffled on. A man stopped me and offered me a quarter. I looked at him blankly and murmured:

"Registered, air-mail, special-delivery."

The same clerk was at the window.

"P-p-please, sir," I sobbed, "regist-t-tered, air-m - m - mail, special-d-d-delivery."

"What! You here again?" he boomed. "Don't tell me you missed the postman again?"

"Y-y-yes sir."

"Well, you're really going to have a wait this time. The special-delivery carrier just went on his vacation and won't be back for two weeks."

I slumped to the floor, sobbing hysterically.

After a while the people in the post office could bear my wailing no longer, and two kind gentlemen carried me home and put me to bed.

Cracked Up

I must have lapsed into a coma, as I slept for almost two days and nights. When at last I awoke, my nervousness was gone, my mind was clear. I was calm and steady. I leisurely shaved, bathed, and combed until I glistened like a dew-laden flower. After dressing in a clean set of clothes, eating a hearty breakfast, and placing a package under my arm, I strode down the street toward the post office. My step was unflinching, my jaw was set. I was determined, resolute. I had a goal—a purpose—in life.

Briskly I mounted the post office steps. I laid my package down carefully by the door, set fire to a string hanging from it,

and calmly walked back down the step and up the street. When I had walked about a block, I heard and felt the terrific blast, as it leveled the post office building.

Still cool and collected, I walked to the nearest public phone and called a local mining company. After some dickering, they agreed to my plan, and I was soon directing men and equipment as they carefully dredged and sifted the remains of the building. I was sure of myself now. The tide had turned. Soon I would **know!**

We worked all that day, carefully sifting every speck of rubble, leaving no stone unturned. About 3:00 that afternoon the foreman of the crew walked over to where I was standing.

"We've just finished going through everything," he said.

My face lit up.

"Then you've found it at last! How I've waited, how I've suffered for this moment! 'Ah, victory, thou art ecstasy!' But give it to me, man. Don't stand there gaping. In Heaven's name, give me the letter!"

"It pains me to tell you this sir," he said. "But we haven't found your letter. We've gone through everything, and it just isn't here."

Off Again

With that my eyes looked at each other, and I let out a whoop. I ran around in circles, wringing my hands and screaming. Then I fell on my back, kicking and clawing violently at the air.

By and by a long black limousine pulled up beside me, and four men in white uniforms got out of it. They were very nice. They dressed me in a heavy jacket with no holes in the sleeves so I wouldn't catch cold. Then they put me in the back of their limousine and drove off.

I remember nothing more until about an hour ago, when I woke up and asked for a typewriter with which to write this article. They are kind and gave me the typewriter without argu-

ing, but I find it deucedly hard to operate through this jacket. Why am I writing this article in the first place? Because I am merciful. Because I am humane. Because I want to save you, dear reader, from disaster—from total destruction. Let me beg you, then, let me implore you, if you answer a knock at your door and find only a piece of paper on your doorstep, **don't touch it!** Above all, **DON'T READ IT!** Scoop it up cautiously with a long-handled shovel and destroy it. Burn it. Scatter its ashes far out to sea, lest it destroys you as one of its venomous brethren has destroyed me.

And then there was the time Daniel Boone was jilted by a girl named Barbara because she didn't want to be called Bab Boone.

—Wet Hen

—I—

"Didn't I see you going down the street the other day with an apple in your hand?"

"Quite so, old chap. I was going to call on the doctor's wife."

—I—

Little Miss Muffett
Sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey
Along came a spider and sat
down beside her
So she stepped on the damn
thing and killed it.

—I—

Guest (to host in new home):
"How do you find it here?"

Host: "Walk upstairs, then two doors to the left."



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Gem Shop

Two pigeons were sitting discussing this and that one day, when a foreign pigeon alighted and minced toward them.

"Get a load of that," exclaimed one of the natives to the other, "that pigeon is walking people-toed."

—I—

"Where's my fraternity pin, fair one?"

"I left it home, Oswald. Fred got blood poisoning."

—I—

Girl: "You know too many dirty songs."

Boy: "I never sing them."

Girl: "No, but you whistle them."

—I—

They give tests here under the honor system. The school has the honor, and the students have the system.

—I—

Judge: "Remember, anything you say may be held against you."

Defendant: "Betty Grable, Betty Grable, Betty Grable."

—I—

"Hell, yes," said the devil picking up the phone.

—I—

Inefficiency — looking both ways before crossing a one-way street.

—I—

There was a young lady from Natchez
Whose clothes were always in patches;

When comment arose
'Bout the state of her clothes,
She drawled, "When Ah itches,
Ah scratches."

—I—

"Why are there more automobile accidents than train wrecks?"

"Must be because the engineer isn't always making love to the fireman."

—I—

Familiarity breeds attempt.

Professor of Economics: "You boys of today want to make too much money. Why, do you know what I was getting when I got married?"

Voice from the rear: "No, and I bet you didn't either."

—I—

Friday morning, half past two, Sneaking in comes Mary Lou, Shoes in hand, she tip-toed in, So softly you could hear a pin. She turns the bedroom knob with care—

When Mom snaps, "Daughter, are you there?"

Saturday at half past two, Banging in comes Mary Lou. Says, "Mom will hear me anyhow,

What use can be precaution now?"

She gayly hums, she slams the door,

What does Mamma? Mamma snores.

—I—

"What did your husband die of?"

"He was killed by a weasel."

"How did that happen?"

"He was driving along in automobile and was keeled crossing railroad tracks. Didn't hear no weasel."

—I—

Marriage is a mutual partnership—with the husband the mute.

—I—

"So you think a girl should learn about life before twenty?"

"No, that's too large an audience."

—Totem



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If you possessed the gigantic reasoning powers that Inspector Cobb has you would have guessed the solution from the start. Noting that the victim looked a little scrawny and emaciated, Cobb checked into his past and found out that he was a veteran student, besides being a gambler and as he hadn't been winning at gambling and hadn't received his VA subsistence check for three and one-half years, it seems he died of starvation on the way back to his home in the top of the "I" tower which he shared with 634½ pigeons. — Simple, wasn't it?

Frosh: "Did your date blush when her shoulder strap broke?"
Soph: "I didn't notice."

—I—

Don't forget the Scotsman who called up his sweetheart to see which night she was free.

—I—

"I think Tom and Susie were the cutest couple on the floor last night."

"Oh, did you go to a dance?"
"No, I went to a fireside."

—I—

We hear that a certain Hollywood actress who had been married for three years to a director without a blessed event, got a divorce and married a producer.

—I—

Perplexed Oriental: "Our children velly white. Is velly strange."

Wife: "Well . . . Occidents will happen."

—I—

The three great menaces on the highways these days, according to State authorities, are drunken driving, uncontrolled thumbing, and indiscriminate necking. To put it briefly—hic, hike and hug.

—I—

Little Willie
Feeling fine!
Stole his father's favorite wine.
Mother seeing he was plastered,
Cried: "Go to bed, you little boozehound."

—I—

My father and mother were brother and sister, and that's why I look so much alike.

—I—

A woman's best asset is a man's imagination.



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ODE TO A LOVELY MISS

O, lovely Miss with cheeks so tan,
Eyes that melt the strongest man,
Your charms are many, yours faults are few,
My heart and soul cry out to you.

O, lovely Miss decked out in lace,
Virtue heightened by beauteous face,
Heed my pleading, heed my cry,
Hear my plaintive little sigh.

O, lovely Miss with hair like gold,
Forgive this fool so brazen bold,
To ask you this I have no right,
But—WHATCHA DOIN' SATURDAY NIGHT?

—I—

"John, dear, I'm to be in amateur theatricals. What will people say when I wear tights?"

They'll probably say I married you for your money." —Widow



"Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"Ah, monsieur ees mistaken; zat in ze soup is not a fly, it ees a vitamin bee."
—Voo Doo

—I—

Little Boy: "Say, Mister, let me have six of those diapers."

Clerk: "Here you are, sonny. That'll be ninety cents for the diapers, and two cents for the tax."

Little Boy: "To hell with the tax, my mother uses safety pins."
—Jester

—I—

Give an athlete an inch and he'll take a foot, but let him take it—
who wants athlete's foot?
—Scottie

—I—

And then there's the one about the near-sighted snake that eloped with a rope.
—Banter

—I—

"I guess I'll cut this dance," said the surgeon as he applied the anesthetic to the St. Vitus patient.
—Scottie

—I—

"Poor Danny! He died from drinking shellac."

"At least he had a fine finish."
—Columns

—I—

The dimmer the porch light, the greater the scandal power.
—Scottie

—I—

He who puts off studying until tomorrow is going to have a terrific time tonight.
—Medley

—I—

"Mother, are there any skyscrapers in heaven?"

"No, son. Engineers build skyscrapers."
—Scottie

—I—

"I got a letter from the college that says our Nellie's been stealin'."

"What?"

"Says she's takin' Home Economics."
—Ski-U-Mah

—I—

Jenny the Wave came home on her first leave.

"Do you notice anything different about me?" she asked her father.

"You have a uniform on," said the pater.

"No, that's not it," said the girl.

"You've had your hair cut," volunteered dad.

"Oh, father," cried Jenny, "I have my gas mask on."
—Terminal Topics

—I—

She: "I'm waste."

He: "I'm haste."
—I—

—I—

Heredity is when if your grandfather didn't have any children and your father didn't have any children, then you won't have any children.
—Rammer Gammer

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