

BLOT

COPY 3

Spring Issue

March, 1950

University of Idaho

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*"My
cigarette?
Camels,
of course!"*




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BLOT MAGAZINE

VOL. V

NO. IV

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In This Corner

The cover of this month's BLOT may prove to be a little startling, but we just decided to try something different. The finished product which you see out front is a profile of Miss Shirley Ball, the photo was by Brockman and the trick printing by Rosa. Incidentally, a word of praise for a master photographer who is no longer among us. Earl Brockman left these hallowed halls at the semester and his knack for beauty shots will be sorely missed.

Being this is an anniversary year and all, BLOT takes pleasure in presenting a special historical section called *A Backward Glance*, which begins on page 13. The inside cover and the drawings for "Blot Looks at the Flapper Era" are by Marian Davidson, a recent and very welcome addition to the art staff. The history of the Blue Bucket is by Finlayson and he made us print it.

It is a privilege as well as a pleasure to introduce Elanta Vajda to the readers of Blot fiction. We think you'll find her study of a crazy horse and an even crazier boy to your liking.

Joe Dickinson's "Joker and the Queen" will probably be his last contribution to the magazine for some time. It seems that Joe-boy had read a lot of Hemingway, Steinbeck and Munkwitz and yearned to write an epic about Mexico and bull fights and one thing and another, so he has gone below the Rio Grande to seek his fortune.

The editors practically guarantee that you won't stop reading Betty Peter's "On Earth What Reason?" once you begin. It's a real mystery story in the best Gothic tradition. We will be glad to accept any explanation of how it happened. It's driving us crazy.

Next issue: a new writer is introduced, Sherm Black returns, a pictorial account of something unique in Idaho history.

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Spring Fashions . . .

*See them gaily reflected in clear tones
of Dresses, Suits, Coats and
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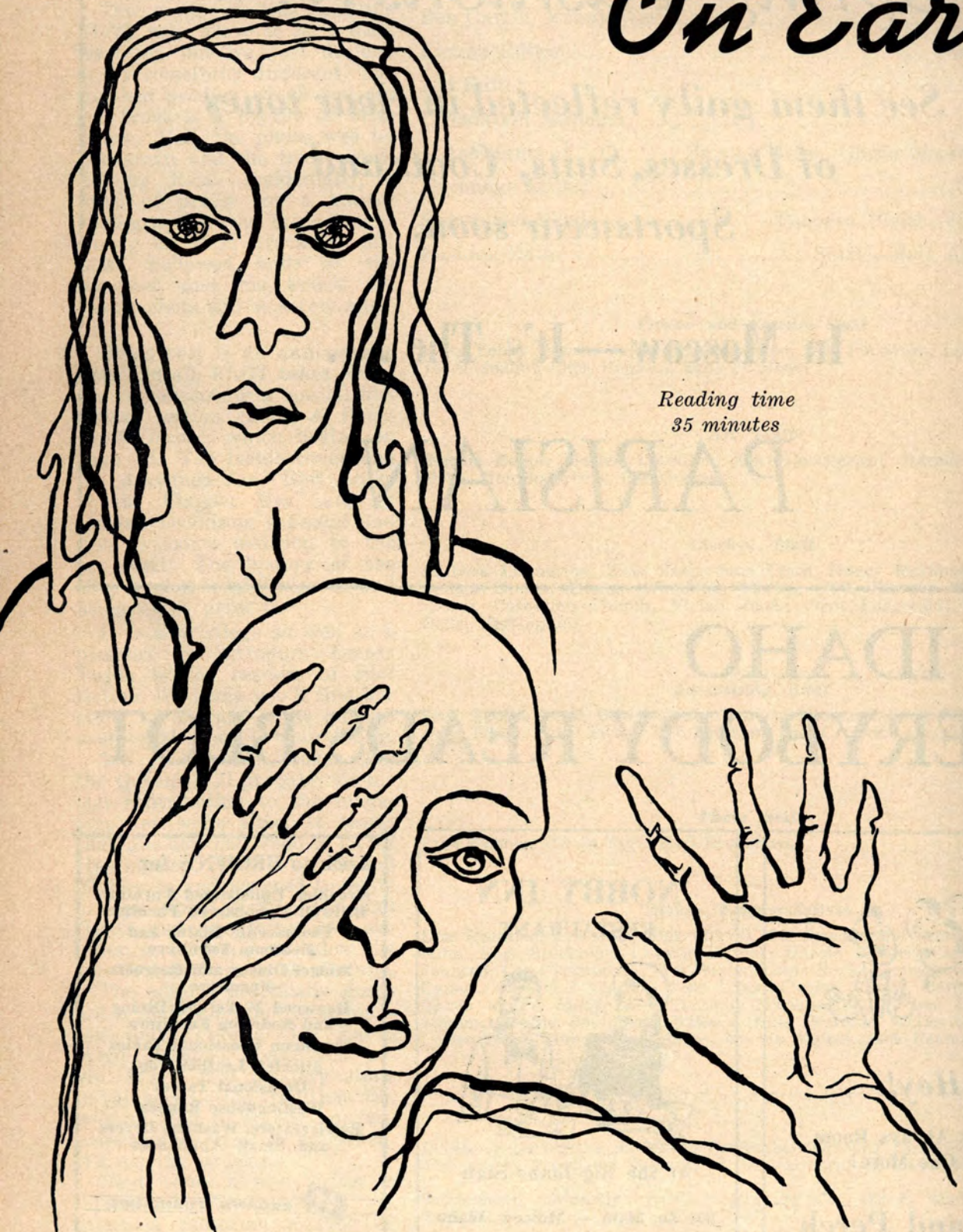


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On Earth



*Reading time
35 minutes*

A fear-crazed man, a revengeful woman, and a suit that came back from the dead.

What Reason?

by BETTY PETERS

illustrated by Neal Christensen

Even after his death I remember Jonathan Williams clearly. His appearance was one that men do not easily forget. Not that his visage was strange or bizarre, at least not in the beginning, but he possessed an indefinable quality of person and air of behavior that demanded closer observation. He was not a handsome man. I had, in several instances, heard comments concerning him which were quite to the contrary. The strange thing, however, was that his critic invariably added "but there's something about him. . ."

There *was* something about him which caught the eye of the passerby as well as the associate, and caused them to look again. In stature he was short. Not uncommonly so, but I doubt that he would have reached five foot six in his stockinged feet. He was small not in height alone; his entire person was delicately conceived, and the most striking feature was his slender fingers. I often made humor about this latter physical aspect, and told him that one with such phallanges should be a musician instead of a clothing store manager. This invariably brought a quiet laugh from him, followed by the statement, "Ah, but musicians often die poor, and Marie likes pretty things." Marie was his wife.

I had known Jonathan for several years when I became involved in the singular affair which resulted in his death. As the purchasing agent for a large used book firm in Philadelphia I had opportunity to visit many parts of the country, and become acquainted with a number of individuals who did business with my company. Jonathan

Williams was one of these. Selling books was not his occupation but for one who professed clothing interests he possessed an uncommonly large library, and at times seemed willing to sell one or two of his specimens to me. Rarely did I make a trip for such a small number of books, but his were usually uncommon items and besides, the man fascinated me. On one such visit Jonathan invited me to his home, a well-made and expertly decorated house about a mile from the city. His wife, Marie, a fair young woman perhaps four years his junior, welcomed me gladly and proved a most excellent hostess, although I must confess she said very little. I noticed, however, that her eyes were never quiet; they darted perpetually, glancing at my person, studying Jonathan's dress, watching a spider crawl along the floor. Indeed, if they had not been such a frank blue, I would have had to conceal a slight discomposure. It was evident, I thought, that Jonathan was in love with his wife, although I could not readily tell if she returned the affection. I passed off this incapability as the shortcoming of a bachelor, and when I had grown accustomed to the unusualness of Marie's eyes I became quite at ease in my friend's house. It seemed, at times though, that he was not. He would walk endlessly back and forth before the shelves of books in his library, the eyes of his wife following him all the while. One evening, when she commented, idly enough it seemed, that he needed a new suit, the poor man started as though he withstood an electric shock. She smiled at

him, almost too complacently as he attempted to put himself at ease.

Following this visit I did not see Jonathan again for over a year because of a marketing trip to South America, during which time I looked for old Spanish volumes. Immediately upon returning home, however, I thought of my old friend, and persuaded the company to allow me to take a buying trip in his vicinity. I popped into his office on a sunny April morning to find him in a state of rather extreme agitation. When he saw me he forgot for the moment what was troubling him and asked me the usual questions one asks when he has not seen a friend for over a year. Suddenly he glanced at his watch and said, "James, I am so sorry, I have a luncheon engagement in a half-hour—United Clothiers—you know—that sort of thing."

"Is that why you were so upset when I entered?" I asked, smiling at him. "They don't bite, do they?"

"It's not the meeting—it's the—oh, I guess it is the meeting. I mean I forgot it was a dress-up affair. You know the type, a black suit at least."

"At noon?" I asked. "Surely you're mistaken."

"Don't look so surprised, old man, there's a big visitor coming—only had a few hours. Got to look our best you know. How I hate to run back to the house. I don't mean I hate to, but I've got some papers," he indicated a badly-sorted mess laying on the desk, "I wanted to finish before noon."

"Why not let me run out to

(Continued on page 19)

IDAHO'S V

Story by JOANNE HOPKINS



Comedians Farmer, (riding) and Feister work out.

*Reading time
5 minutes*

One of the most unusual honoraries on the campus is made up of people who like to get wet just for the pure hell of it. They meet regularly to push each other into twelve feet of barely warm water and otherwise cavort around in various stages of moist nudity. They call themselves Hell Divers.

As honoraries go, the Hell Divers are now well on into middle age. They were formed some twenty years ago by a

small group of Red Cross senior life-savers. To date, the group has grown to forty-five and, limited only by the size of the pool, will continue to expand.

Last year, this honorary resurrected an important before-the-war event known as the Water Show. It promises well to take its rightful place in the calendar of main campus occasions from here on out, for the Hell Divers are not bothered by anything except the limited seating capacity of the bleachers beside the pool.

A lot of time, effort and good hard work go into the annual production. It begins to take shape late in the fall with rigid training in swimming style and water ballet forms. Surprisingly enough, most of this practice takes place on land, for the forms must be well on the way to perfection before the swimmers can move to the pool. Not only the girls are required to take part in this drill in ballet

techniques; some of the fellows can be seen pointing a dainty foot toward the sky as they sink beneath the pale green of the water. This part of the show is a tedious job, but only intensive practice will make for perfection in the finished product.

In January the committees are chosen and the planning begins in earnest. The costumes must be extra-durable because of the destructive effects of water, chlorine and Hell Divers. The script must be written and rewritten, numbers added and taken out until the whole presents a unified and perfect pattern to the audience. The member in charge of the ballet routines goes into a huddle with the fellow who handles the music, for each ballet must be appropriately accompanied. Arrangements must be made for scenery, publicity and the thousand and one minute details that go into any public performance.



Clockwise from center, bottom—Fran Hodgins, Ann Kettenbach, Mary Ellen Stephanic, Colleen McDonald, Becky Barline, Pat Patton, Jo Paulson, Jody Getty, Betty Biker, Carol Shaffer.

WATER BABIES

Photos by Fred Farmer

The show itself is usually a combination of serious ballet and comedy routines. Precision swimming and exhibition diving go over big with the audiences and will take the spotlight again in this year's show. The entire production will be geared to the tempo of the Gay Nineties, with music lending an atmosphere of old-time barroom pianos and the period costumes and scenery carrying out the theme.

Though they may devote many hours to hard work and serious thought to their water show, the Hell Divers are definitely not without a little relaxation. Some of their meetings and social functions completely dispense with worry and woe, and are given over exclusively to fun. It has been said that the water level of the pool has been lowered as much as six inches in a single night by the

splashes and carryings-on of the Hell Divers. The advisors to the group, Mrs. Swendsen and Coach Eric Kirkland are usually heard to breathe a gusty sigh of relief when these meetings come to a reluctant end.

Each semester, tryouts are held and the swimming skill of the applicants is judged by the old members. If the new swimmers are Senior Life-savers and pass the critical eye of the judge, they are tapped for the honorary. The new members are easily recognizable on campus by the bathing cap, which they wear to classes, social functions and probably to bed. Pledges also wear the black and white ribbon of the honorary on their chests. The pleasure and patience with which they wear the emblems of the neophyte show better than any public relations office the pride they take in being selected to be a member of this aquatic group.



Top to bottom—Jim Farmer, Ed Feister, George Gust, Dick Warren, Bud Hagan, Tom Wright, Frank Kinnison, Phil Kinnison, fellow with his head down so we can't see who he is, and Chase Barbee.



The committees go to work—1st row—Jack Harris, Ann Williams, Jo Korter, Jo Peters, Joanne Hopkins. Back row—Eleanor Wilson, Jane Fisk and Pam Gaut.

This year Hell Divers is headed by Jim Farmer, Sigma Nu, and member of the Vandal swimming team. He is assisted by Ed Feister, also a member of the team, who writes and directs the water shows.

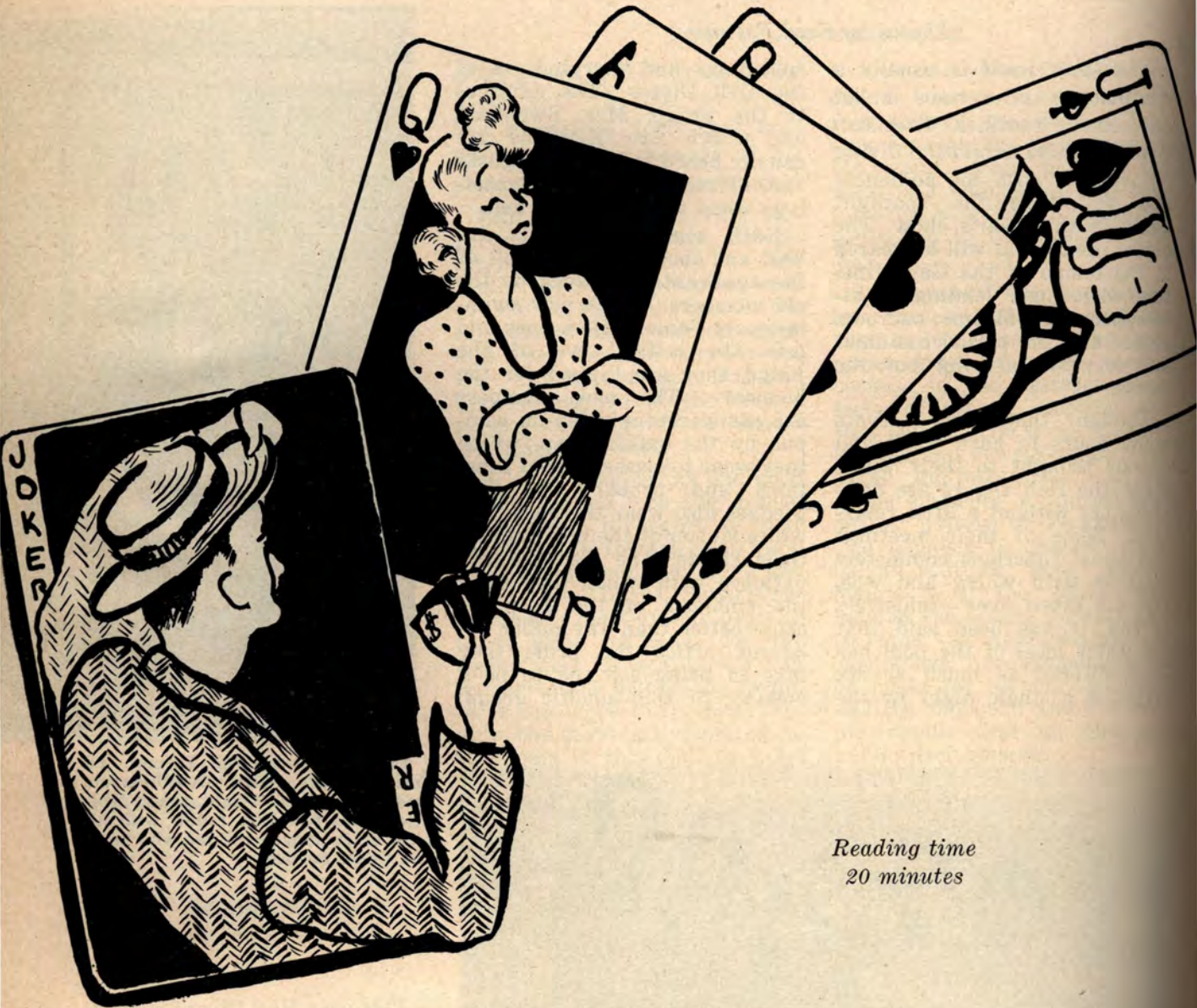
The group works hard as its goals, greater interest in swimming and water safety, and hopes to perpetuate at Idaho a group for those who just like to have fun in the water.

THE END

The Joker and the Queen

illustrated by Lois Siebe

By JOE DICKINSON



*Reading time
20 minutes*

This is the story of how a queen made a joker out of the best card shark this side of the ocean. It's my story. Me, Cards Callahan.

My name is Cletus Callahan, but many has been the nose which was never quite the same after it's owner made the mistake of calling me by my given handle. Because with me, Cards was a title. There's the Duke

of York and the Duke of Windsor and gosh knows how many other dukes. There are kings and there are queens. There are bishops, squires, knights and all conceivable kinds of nobility. They all have titles and so did I. I had four kings and four queens under me. Hearts, spades, diamonds and clubs. I was King of the Cards.

When I was four years old my

father gave me a deck of cards to play with and I was never without cards after that. I played with them, ate with them at my side and slept with them under my pillow. By the time I was twenty years old I could make those cards do everything except stand up and take bows. I knew all the tricks, both legal and crooked. I never liked to play shady with cards, though.

HE WAS KING OF CARDS BUT IT DIDN'T DO HIM ANY GOOD WHEN HE MET AN IRISH GIRL WITH A MIND OF HER OWN.

Maybe it was superstition, call it what you will, but I always felt that the cards didn't do their best for me after I had once played them crooked. I never used the same deck after I had once used them in a shady game.

Aside from having this way with the pasteboards, I also had an itch in my heels. I'd run away from home when I was seventeen, and I'd never stopped moving since. I made money playing cards. I wasn't rich, but I had enough to keep food under my belt and a roof over my head and I was just happy in the realization that I was a king in my own right.

Then one day I happened to stop over in the town of Polstead, and from the very first day, the forces which were to soon cause me to abdicate my throne, set to work.

I was in a saloon playing poker. There were just three of us in the game, the house man, an old grey headed man of around fifty and myself. I was ahead about seventy dollars and the house was ahead about two hundred as that is the approximate amount which the old man had dropped. The old gent was not a poker player, though he evidently fancied himself to be. As he sank deeper and deeper into debt, he played frantically and desperately, making more foolish mistakes with every hand. I kept hoping that the dealer would make him quit but he didn't. Instead he kept egging him on.

"Maybe the next hand, Jode," he'd say. Or, "Can't be unlucky all the time, Jode."

It made me sorta mad. There's no sport in taking money from an amateur. I was disgusted to the point of cashing in my chips, when the girl came in.

She was really a stunner, but there were storm clouds pasted all over her sunny face. She came through that door with a gleam in her eye and if she'd have had a hatchet in her hand she could have passed for Carrie Nation.

"Father," she said, "You promised!"

"Now, Betts," said the old man, obviously very ashamed and embarrassed.

"Don't you, 'Now, Betts,' me," she fumed, "How much have you lost this time?"

"Well," he hesitated, "About three hundred dollars, but . . ."

"Three hundred dollars!" This was practically a scream. "Don't you realize that we're having a hard enough time making ends meet without your squandering all of our money gambling?"

The old man looked like a whipped dog.

"Now, Betts," he said, and winced as he remembered what had happened the last time he said those words, "I just thought that if I was lucky . . ."

"Lucky! You should know better than to try to get a square deal in this place. Why, Saunders would cheat his grandmother!"

"Now, look here," said the third man, evidently Saunders, judging from his red face.

"You shut up!" she said, and he did.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," she continued, addressing Saunders, "Taking money from an old man!"

"I ain't so old," muttered Jode doggedly.

Betts flung a hateful glance at him and turned to Saunders.

"You give him his money back right now," she said.

Saunders smirked like a cat with a mouse under its paw.

"Sorry, miss," he slurred, "but I'm afraid that you'll find the money now belongs to me as gambling is legal in this state. Furthermore, will the both of you kindly get out of my bar, or do I have to throw you out?"

She was licked and she knew it. With her head high, she strode from the bar, the old man lagging along behind.

I was pretty mad then. I knew that this was a private affair, and that if I had any sense I'd keep my big nose out of it. If I had, I'd still be King of the Cards today, but . . . well, there

was something about the proud way she held her head as she left the place that sort of "got" me.

But what, I thought, could I do? I was only a gambler and . . .

That's when I got the idea.

"Mr. Saunders," I said, trying to keep the anger from my voice, "being as we've got rid of the small fry, what say we raise the ante? Let's make this a man's game!"

The greed oozed out of that guy like sap from a maple tree.

"Why, of course," he purred, "If you have the money to risk."

I flashed a roll of bills, about four thousand bucks, I guess, and the guy nearly choked, he wanted it so bad.

So, we started to play. I let him win a little at first, so's to get him off his guard and then I started in with every trick in the book. I made it a point not to win steady. I'd take a thousand or so and then I'd drop five hundred of it. To sorta lead him on, you know. He tried a lot of little tricks that I had discarded when I was nineteen years old but it didn't get him anywhere. It was like taking money out of a piggy bank. I didn't enjoy it any, but I thought of how he had treated the old man and wondered how much more he had bilked him out of and then I'd play all the harder.

Well, finally Saunders was down to his last few bucks. He'd thrown everything into that pot except the mortgage on the place. The pot was pretty big. There must have been thirty-five hundred in it.

Saunders had four queens. I knew, because I had dealt three of them to him and he'd added another to those from a hold-out which he had beneath the table. I had a clever little flasher on my ring and as I gave him his one card I noticed it was a king.

I gave myself three cards. I knew them to be the six, seven and nine, all spades, which, with the five and the eight, also spades, which I held in my

(Continued on page 26)

The



Margot crept into the wind-filled doorway of the barn. She snuffled and drapped the spotty handkerchief from her blazer to blow her nose. The implicit action intruded on the hay dust in the atmosphere and blew swirls into the greenish sunlight which drifted in lucid bars through the fly-specked pane. Behind her the doors

banged in erratic duo. Nervously, she caught their iron hooks, pressing the bolts into position. They clicked into the slots, shutting out the wind's voice which shrilled insanely on above the dove cot.

The window faced the house. She took a rapid check of the empty garage, its paneled door rattling, and gazed apprehen-

sively up the winding, graveled drive. Along the road and as far as the stone bridge, it remained deserted except for a few small, swollen whirlwinds. Reassured somewhat, she turned back, walking gingerly past the rows of wooden cow stanchions. "Gray, you here?" she called. "No one's come back yet." Her breath seemed to sink

Birth Degree

Reading time
7 minutes

into the warm stillness, leaving no impression. "Gray!" She snuffled a little.

"Over in the tack room; if you can find it." Gray was sitting on an old box that seemed to have surrendered its rigidity to the dust that covered it. He worked with clever movements at the venerable leather of a bridle, stiff with disuse during the winter. His hands were well-formed, but lined with ground-in dirt around the long, spade-shaped nails. The movements continued until the bridle yielded another notch to the cold buckle. Gray straightened up and looked at her. His head, interrupting the flow of sunlight, made his hair a curly, greasy-yellow halo above his regular features, which were marred, however, by several largely ugly pockmarks. The eyes leveled with craft intentness on her. Margot shivered; she felt again the helpless malevolence that he seemed to have against smaller things directed at her. She remembered the same feeling at the time they had found the cat in the barn with her new litter of kittens, frozen to a bed of hay. Gray was the only one who had known they were there instead of in the warm kitchen. "So you've backed out already. I knew it. And I'll be the only one to ride Bourbon." He found satisfaction in her timorousness. Margot shivered and tried to stop it by clinging closer to the door jamb.

"No, but I'll ride him only because you say we can do it. Because your mother did it."

"You know, of course, that he's killed a man and Mother's back will never let her sit another horse."

"Yes, Gray . . ." she hesitated, unable to base her fear in words. He knew as well as she did that they had been warned only this morning about the great stud with his deadly phobia of bridles. There was a white scar along one cheek which was cruelly torn by the

by
ELANTA VAJDA

*Illustrated by
Eugene Bellos*

man he had killed.

"You did want to ride him, just the way I did," Gray retorted. She was weak and helpless he thought, like the mewling kittens in the cold barn, but they had died. "I've wanted to put a bridle on him and show him who's boss ever since I've known about that crazy streak in him." His excitement was heightened with the taint of fear. "We've got to now, when everybody's gone." He laughed a little, feeling the prospect of danger.

Margot followed him through the corridor, slipping in his footsteps through the loose hay. The rear of the barn held a few feed rooms, tack room, and the great box stall that was Bourbon, the stallion's. Margot gasped as Gray swung open the upper half of the stall door. Bourbon stood looking over his shoulder at them, the sun pouring molten streams on his coat. Wind coming through the open window rattled the loose boards. The horse danced to the side, ears working. It was hard to believe the story about him until he turned his head. The proportions were distorted by the jagged gristle of scar tissue at his mouth. Margot shrank back with a small cry. Gray did not feel her anxiety. He stepped boldly into the stall. Bourbon's eyes showed the red veining of the whites; flirting his tail, he sidestepped nearer, placing each hoof where the other had been. The big horse moved as softly as a cat. Gray's audacious manner seemed to hold him at bay. The boy laughed contemptuously.

"You see, all you have to do is treat him like a gentleman and he responds like one." The tension in the air seemed to relax somewhat. Bourbon drove a

snort into the dusty air. Gray was feeling better, this was really what he had expected but not so soon. He wanted to feel the delight in triumphing over the rhythmic flesh; he wanted even more the sensation of conqueror, but somehow, he felt relieved. He had loosened the head stall so it slipped without pressure over the quickening ears. Deftly, securing it, he as swiftly and cleverly fastened the throat latch. "Hold the bridle," he said. "I'll get the saddle. Just try to keep the reins steady and you won't have trouble." He smiled disdainfully down on her with a twist of his thickened lips. Bourbon stood with his head heavily lowered under the bridle. Gray walked out, cockily slamming the door behind him. The horse raised his head and looked after him.

Gray was elated at the prospect of power, embodied by the great chestnut horse, under his hand. It could make up for all his mother's open disappointment in him, for all the times girls has despised his pockmarked face. It would be the acclaim he had always felt he had deserved instead of his brother, Kaye; until all he could bear about him were the smaller yet and more helpless. Margot was one on whom he took out his petty defeats. Gray reached for the saddle rack, raking his leg hard against the box in his disregard for anything save his own thoughts.

Margot did not dare to move. She shivered inside her blazer with a cold not caused by the draft in the barn. Bourbon sensed her fear and shifted his hooves uneasily. Suddenly, the wind changed direction. The door banged violently. Bourbon threw up his head against the bridle. Searing pain in jagged waves seemed to pierce his brain, suffusing and blinding his eyes! Margot had reached the door and half opened it when she raised her eyes and

(Continued on page 23)

Blot Applauds

SALUTING THREE OUTSTANDING MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '50



Del Klaus

A senior business major who seems to get mixed up in a lot of things is Del Klaus, late of Deepcreek, Washington, a thriving village of 50 souls. Del whipped up through the advertising staff of the Argonaut, beginning at the bottom and showing his head after three years, as business manager. Of late, however, Del has been devoting himself to something other than journalism, i.e., politics. At present, he is serving, and well, as senior president and as a member of the A.S.U.I. Executive Board. After fooling around with these incidentals, he spends the rest of his time getting involved with Blue Key, Sigma Delta Chi, and Silver Lance.

Mrs. Klaus little boy, Del, hangs his hat in the house manager's room of the Delta Chi house when he's home and not out peddling Phillip Morris.



Sheila Darwin

Four years ago, a little blond girl left Lewiston determined to make her mark in the world. Unhappily, she came to the U. of I., but she made her mark anyway. A dietetics major who plans to serve her internship somewhere east of the Rockies, Sheila climaxed her college career by appearing, beaming, on the cover of *What's New in Home Economics?* Incidentally, what is? Anyway, it wasn't enough that she was up to her neck in Phi Upsilon Omicron and the Home Ec. club, but she began spreading her plentiful talents all over the floor for Orchesis, and giving this magazine a helpful boost as fashion editor and then as associate editor. Not being one to slight anybody, Sheila has served as rewrite editor and currently, news editor of the good, grey Argonaut. Well, about this time most people would just give up, but our girl is still at it. Mortar Board, Theta Sigma claim her time too, and she still manages to keep her finger in at the Theta house.



Tom Rigby

If there's anything you'd like to know about the international situation, just look up Rigby. He knows all the answers. A poly Sci major from Idaho Falls, Tom has served as president of I.R.C. at Idaho, and still keeps tab as Northwest Regional president of the same organization. It seems that this Rigby boy just can't be anything but president. He also put in a semester as head of the Independent Caucus, and Delta Sigma Rho. An enthusiastic debater, he upheld the honor of Idaho well and faithfully for four years.

A family man at heart, Tom bade a fond farewell to Lindley, mother of presidents, married Elenore Strange and set up housekeeping down at the Thattuna Apts. We like to think that Honest Tom Rigby is president there, too.



A Backward Glance

The Idaho

THE LIFE AND



A true history of student life is best recorded in works of the students themselves. It is recorded by the young and impetuous literary talent who will always find an outlet for their creative energies. Youth and ambition are usually spent together and college is the training and proving ground for both. The years of the roaring twenties saw a group of just such literary and journalistic people at the University of Idaho. This group felt they needed an outlet for their ambitious talents other than the already established Idaho Argonaut and the annual Gem of the Mountains. They felt they needed a publication in the form of a magazine which could contain the best short stories, plays, articles and verse produced by the aspiring youth of Idaho. This group called themselves the English Club and in March, 1923, its 100 members created a literary magazine and called it the "Blue Bucket."

going to Catherine Creek above the Owyhee in search of the Blue Bucket 'diggin's,' a lost mine supposed to have been seen by a company of emigrants in 1845. The name was derived from the fact that the emigrants claimed that they could have picked up a blue bucket full of the yellow metal."

The name Blue Bucket comes from Moses Splawn's story of the discovery of the Boise Basin gold mines in 1862 from which the following excerpt was taken and used in the first issues of the new magazine:

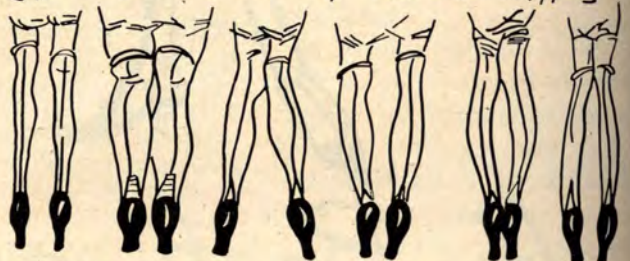
The first issue was 6"x9" in size, contained 36 pages and sold at the subscription rate of one dollar a year for six issues. A blue and gold cover, designed by Peter Drus, pictured a blue bucket spilling out a stream of yellow wealth. One 2½"x4" engraving of the Ad building was the only photo used in the magazine. The fiction was of an unusually high caliber. An example was a story beginning on page one entitled "The Way Of Women" by Stanley Phillippi which portrayed two young cowboys in Sunnyside, Idaho, who lost their women to the smooth talking city slickers or well-to-do land owners of the spacious new territory. Several verses were also included in the new publication along with a book review and a feature entitled "Movies We Must See" playing soon at Moscow's new theatre center. Very few jokes were used at this time as the magazines

"We found . . . fifty men . . ."

Reading time—10 minutes



SKETCHED FROM LIFE ON ANY COLLEGE CAMPUS



- 1925 -

Blue Bucket

OT'S PREDECESSOR

YSON

promised objectives were literary. The following He-She joke, although typical of the humor of that day just as it is now, was no doubt only used for filler:

She: "Have you seen father?"

He: "Sure, but I love you just the same."

Idaho's famous Hollywood playwright, Talbot Jennings, was the first editor and it was through his efforts that ASUI support was given the infant publication. Other noteworthy persons who helped establish the magazine were Ruth Hawkins (Mrs. Louis Boas), Kenneth M. Hunter, Ted Sherman, Oren A. Fitzgerald, John H. Cushman, Philip Buck, Rose Donovan, Robert Holbrook and Paul Harlan.

In the first issue of the following year, 1924, the magazine acted as a service organ to the University as well as to the student body. It published, along with its regular volume of literary works, what is now found in the Student Handbook. The ASUI Constitution, organizations and clubs on campus, eligibility in extra-curricula activities and Idaho traditions were among the major topics listed. The following note was taken from the Idaho Traditions section concerning smoking:

"No smoking is permitted in any of the University buildings, but any place else on the campus is permissible. However, tradition states that the freshmen shall restrict their use of nicotine to the corn cob pipe."

The second issue of 1924 saw a big change in make-up as well as policy. The size was increased to 9"x12", a better grade of newsprint paper was used and advertising as a means of support was introduced. Several cartoons were added, more

space given to jokes and a less strict policy towards humor was taken. A cartoon showing a student at home taking lecture notes from a playing phonograph was the dream of every student of the twenties just as it is now.

The year 1926 saw merchants from all over the northwest taking advantage of every college advertising medium available. The Blue Bucket had its share to make it a paying publication. A full page bought by the Palace store in Spokane advertised "Pure Thread Silk Hose in daring shades of Mauve Taupe, French Nude, Atmosphere, Day-break Peach, Shadow, Blush and Satin Passion at prices to fit every coeds' allowance . . . \$1.00 per pair with that "Ex" Toe for extra wear." National concerns saw a market in the college population too. College Humor, a national magazine, used a half page to sell a new author, Katherine Brush, who "writes of jaunty gentlemen and of women who are not really women at all—but bright-haired girls with warm breath of love on their lips. 'Never Keep a Diary' is the kind of story she enjoys writing and you will enjoy reading." Their 2"x2" illustration showed a flapper with full, loose lips, heavy eye-lids and a lacy bedroom cap. "Selling on every newsstand" was their slogan. The back cover of the Blue Bucket, free from any form of advertising in the first issues, was given to the highest bidder and J. C. Penney Co. ran a large bold faced ad announcing clearance sales.

In the spring of 1926, a slick paper cover featuring sultry flappers sitting on the laps of fat gentlemen in tuxes smoking big black cigars was used to sell the magazines "daring" inside contents. "Pink Fog" was



"TWO YARDS AROUND THE END."

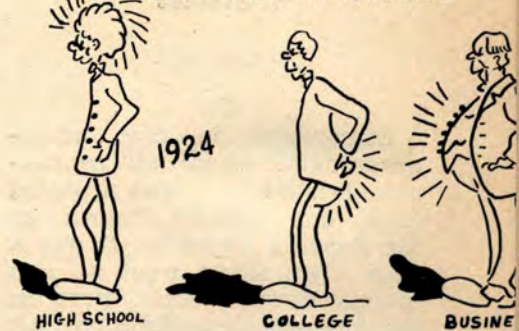
1929



"ASK HIM HOW MUCH YEAST HE PUT IN THE LAST BATCH!"

1936

EVOLUTION OF THE "BUMP OF KNOWLEDGE"



the name given to this issue. However, the contents were not as daring as the cover hinted. The first photos showing campus life and personalities came in the fall of '26. A special feature on Coach Charlie Erb and his three star football hopefuls was placed in the center section and a special insert of slick paper was used to record this added attraction. The lack of many photos at this time was due to the high cost of the not yet perfected engraving system.

Humor as the feature attrac-

(Continued on page 23)

Blot Looks At



Reading time
7 minutes

Somewhere in that never-never land where all memorable decades go is lost a period from our history known as the Roaring Twenties. It was a time when skirts went up and morals down; people were in the throes of prohibition but not inhibition, and history would have us believe that Sodom was as calm and conservative as a Sunday school picnic in comparison. Hotcha! Well, those who should know are watching the return of the Charleston and the cloche hat and have already started screaming "Migawd, look out! Here it comes again!" The editors of BLOT believe that it would be well to know a little something about that fabulous ten years, for to coin a cliché, history may repeat itself.

It was quite a highbrow era, as eras go, and it even had a

symbol. The symbol was a charming girl with short hair and shorter skirts, who apparently, was no better than she should have been. This, kiddies, was a flapper. The flapper wore four-buckle overshoes with all the buckles open and dresses with no more regard for natural endowments than a gunny sack. She was called a "vamp" and the man in her life was a "sheik." The sheik went in for raccoon coats and fast cars. He had to be a past master of the Bunny Hug and the Black Bottom. He knew all the best speakeasies, and what was more important, could get into them. His father was making money hand over bankbook on the stock market, and knew a man who could get the "real stuff" right off the boat from Scotland. Both the sheik and his vamp believed, or said they did, in atheism, free love and the Republican Party. Both of them drank, and they both smoked, literally and figuratively.

And they suffered. Boy, how they suffered! It wasn't that they didn't have enough to eat or clothes to wear or that they were afraid of turning over that shiny new Dusenbergs. It was their poor sick souls. They were lost, you see, and they wept into their bootleg gin every night over the pure tragedy of it all. It was so sad they started out hellbent to forget about it. They had a spokesman, this Lost Generation, in Edna St. Vincent Millay who advocated burning a candle at both ends and riding back and forth all night on the ferry.

The young people of the flapper era probably did more thinking and less doing than any other generation before or since, but out of that thinking came the great writers of modern American letters. Hem-

ingway inspired women to peroxide and boyish haircuts by creating Lady Brett Ashley, and in New York, Dorothy Parker made a classic remark about men and women and glasses. F. Scott Fitzgerald turned out *Babylon Revisited*, a story of the tragic aftermath of the era. France was full of American businessmen and clubwomen "seeing life" on the Left Bank of the Seine and trying to get a copy of "that" book, James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Everyone suddenly became Freud-conscious and blamed it all the suppression of the libido. Some Frenchman named Proust wrote a monumental work called *Remembrance of Things Past* which few people read and even fewer understood. America's John Dos Passos stayed home



The Flapper Era

and suffered through *Manhattan Transfer*.

On Broadway, Mae West opened and closed in a play called, frankly enough, *Sex*, and the son of James O'Neill, the famous actor was turning out agonized plays about frustration on New England farms. For the first time, in many years, Broadway plays were closed for moral instead of monetary reasons. Like I say, they were suffering.

In a peaceful little suburb north of Los Angeles, a new art that was to influence the world, provide inexpensive entertainment, and be responsible for mass nausea was born. All over the country, women swooned in vicarious ecstasy as Valentino swooped up the heroine and rode off into the sunset. Theda Bara gasped and heaved a

prominent bosom toward the camera. There was something called the "it" girl, and a tramp and a little boy set new heights in comedy. Even Bernhardt made one. Wonderful things, these movies.

The entire era was set to a new rhythm that had been born in New Orleans and moved up the river to Chicago. Its masters, Armstrong, Beiderbecke and Waller initiated the nation into the rites of the new tribal rhythm, jazz. The music itself was minor, loud, discordant and heart-breaking. It was refined and made respectable by Gershwin, and Jerome Kern put music to a novel by Edna Ferber. This collaboration gave birth to a musical comedy classic, *Showboat*.

In between sessions of mah-jong and miniature golf, the American public looked up to what was going on outside their own lives. Not that they cared too much but they got momentarily excited about two Italian boys named Sacco and Vanzetti; over the thousands of bonus marchers in Washington and over an unsavory mess in the government known as Teapot Dome. What *really* interested them was whether or not President Harding was the father of an illegitimate child and if Dempsey got a raw deal on the Long Count.

Phrases became catchwords all over the country . . . Is everybody happy? . . . Hello, suckers . . . Joe sent me . . . a chicken in every pot . . . and people who never heard of Coolidge knew who Lorelie Lee was. Everybody was humming *Dardanella* and *Ain't She Sweet*? Paul Whiteman oozed *Avalon* and Guy Lombardo was not far behind with *Charmaine*. All of America was on the move . . .



Illustrated

by

Marian Davidson



"We don't know where we're going but we're on our way," faster . . . faster . . . faster.

Down on Wall Street, men were worried about things more important than flappers or Stutz Bearcats or even bootleg gin, then with a rumble, the crash cut the Roaring Twenties right off at the pockets. And no matter how many of their dances, fashions or customs we revive, we shall never see their like again.

THE END

"Girls who look good enough to eat generally do."



Poets' Corner

TOO BAD

*The stars are flung from their
orbits,*

*The corners of heaven sing
Because my love has said to me
A simple, casual thing.*

*I'm a completely different per-
son*

*When he comes through the
door.*

*I'm gentler, prettier, kinder,
Than I ever was before*

*I gaily forget to listen
To the lessons of my past.*

*It's too damned bad, I think,
My love won't last.*

*I can share your happiness and
the little things we know,*

*But I cannot step on the grayed
shore of your despair.*

*I must stand, a stranger,
On the sharpened sands of
Your remembered hope.*

—Sally Jo Koon.

*Weep not, and have no fear
If you should call to me
And I not hear.*

*Do not wonder where I've gone.
If you should seek for me
And I not be found.
But pause a moment,*

*And think gently—
Then give no backward glance
at time*

*And the love I held for thee,
Sigh once and then forget.*

—Ramona Bills.

A PORTRAIT

*From where I sit, I see a man
A man whose face reminds me
of the silent boulders on the
mountainside,*

Impassive, ageless.

*A man whose undefeated soul
is carved upon his sturdy
patient face.*

*A man whose life is wax-record-
ed on numbered discs behind
his eyes.*

*A man whose heart, though
shredded like paper in a pack-
ing box,*

*Is glued and pasted carefully
into its former place.*

—Lois Bush.

On Earth

(Continued from page 5)

the house and get a suit? If your wife still remembers me? She might think me a burglar."

Jonathan paused as if deliberating the offer in his mind. Finally he looked up, "Perhaps that would be best, James, if you don't mind. There are a couple of books on the library table, too, that you could glance at while you are there. I've been saving them for you." He lowered his voice, not realizing he did so. "Marie won't be home. You know where my closet is; my navy suit is third from the end.

"But I thought you wanted a black one," I countered.


His face appeared as miles away in thought. "I don't like black." When he saw me staring at him he laughed and waved his hand in attempted joviality.

"You know, James, black is for funerals—and weddings."

I returned the laugh and told him not to worry, that I would be back in half an hour with the blue suit.

When I reached the long cinder lane which marked the entrance to his home, I secured the horses and walked up the driveway, preferring the walk to turning the carriage about in such a narrow place. Upon mounting the steps I entered without ringing the bell; Jonathan had given me the key. For some odd reason they kept no maid. The reception room was cool and quiet; my feet made a soft tread on the carpet as I turned to go to Jonathan's room. Despite myself I kept feeling Marie's blue eyes staring at me from behind each door and through each curtain. Perhaps I was not far from wrong for as I turned to go into his room there, in the open doorway, stood his wife. I could tell she did not remember me.

"Mrs. Williams," I queried. "You do not remember me? The old bookhound?" Whereupon her eyes lighted and she said yes, she remembered me, how was I, and all sorts of friendly banter. I explained the necessity of my unheralded visit.



Keepsake
DIAMOND RINGS
Trade Mark Registered

The "PROUD LOOK" with a
Keepsake Diamond Ring from

Corner Drug & Jewelry Store

"Just a moment, Mr. Pierson," she said, "and I will get it for you." She started toward her room.

"Mrs. Williams," I said, and told her the specific suit he desired—a navy blue, the third from the end in *his* closet.

She smiled, "I've been doing some cleaning and moved a few things out of his room for the day. Just a moment."

Very shortly she came back carrying the suit on a hangar. When I examined it more closely, however, I found it to be black instead of the blue he had requested. I hated to make an issue.

"He asked for his navy blue one, if possible."

"Navy blue?" she queried, her eyebrows darting upward into a question. "He has no navy blue suit, only this black one, two greys, a brown, and several tweeds."

"But he specifically named—"

"Please, Mr. Pierson," she smiled almost secretly at me. "My husband gets mixed up sometimes. I am sure this is the one he wants."

I decided to argue no longer. After all, perhaps he was mistaken. Women often did know more about their husband's garb than the man did himself. I took the suit and hurried outside, resolving to keep the half-hour promise I had made to Jonathan.

He was washing his face at a

small stand in one corner of the room when I entered.

"Saves a lot of time," he said, brandishing a towel at me. "Did you get the suit? Yes sir, there's nothing like a navy blue suit for a meeting of the dignitaries."

He was making small talk as he dried his face and advanced toward me.

"... And the weather is..." his eyes alighted on the black suit I had lain over the back of a chair. His voice sank to a whisper.

"Where did you get that suit? *Where did you get it?*"

Recoiling from the suit as if it were a missile of death he stared at it with abject horror

(Continued next page)

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THE ICE CREAM BAR

327 West Third

in his eyes. Never had I seen a man act in such a manner.

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked. "Your wife—" "Marie, was she in the house? Did she give you the suit? Where did you . . ."

He was babbling on incoherently. I attempted to quiet him, telling him as I did what had transpired at his home. I thought he was becoming calmer, finally, but when I mentioned that I had not found the suit, that Marie had brought it from her room he launched into another paroxysm.

"But why should that alarm you?" I said, "after all, she was just cleaning the house."

"Marie never cleans the house. She . . . she has a special woman come in twice a week," he was beginning to pull himself together.

"Well, even so," I said, "I can see no cause for alarm. You said black was the order of the day. Marie probably knew what suit was required and sent it instead of the blue one."

"No."

He sank down in a large lounging chair, and motioned me into another seat nearby.

"No, it was Marie's intention to wait for an opportunity like this. You always thought we were two happy love birds, didn't you? Well, we aren't. But you know," he smiled sadly, "it hadn't happened for so long that I thought perhaps at last she had forgiven me."

"What on earth are you rambolling about?" I asked in attempted lightness. "Just because Marie sent the wrong suit, that's nothing to get alarmed over."

"Isn't it? Do you realize she's been waiting years for this very opportunity. She's done it before. Only she bides her time—three or four years in between—so much time you think maybe she really loves you, and then . . ."

"Jonathon," I said sharply, looking at my watch and attempting to be stern. "You've only a few moments to reach the meeting. Hurry and put on the suit and I'll drive you by.

I'm going that way, you know."

"Put *that* suit on? Never!"

And he assumed such a tragic air I almost wanted to tell him he was being melodramatic. Suddenly I realized that what I had considered excess melodrama was a man intensely frightened.

"Well, then, why not go as you are? Surely no one will mind. They'll probably never notice."

I continued to chat on but could see I was making no impression on his thoughts. I put on my hat and started toward the door, for I felt it best not to pry into matters not my own, especially of domestic origin.

"Wait," he said. "Let me . . . tell you." He twisted his mouth into a semblance of a smile. "I'll bet it's good enough to put in a rare volume. I've never said much about my marriage, have I? Well, I'm a second choice. There was a chap in college with me. We were great buddies. Always had common interests—including Marie. Warren—that was his name—Warren Matheson. He would take her out one week-end and I the next. Only finally it got so they went out every week-end. I suppose I was desperate when I asked her to marry me. Anyway, she

said she was sorry but Warren had already asked her and she'd said yes. It knocked the wind out for awhile, Warren not saying anything about it—we were roommates, too. I thought a lot about it later. Maybe he didn't want to hurt me. Anyway . . ."

Here Jonathon stopped for a second and gazed out the window. "A gang of us fellows were climbing the water tower at Easton a few nights later. You know how it is, rival schools, paint up their water tanks before football games. It was dark that night and just as we got to the top Warren slipped and fell. I still hear him screaming all the way down . . . and the thud when he hit on the ground below. He was right behind me, James . . . right behind me and I didn't even know he slipped.

"Well, of course we reported it. There was a great stir at the university. Unfavorable publicity they called it. Supposedly against rules to go on night forays to Easton, and so on. Nearly got us expelled. But the worst was on Marie. I saw her at the funeral—a pallbearer has a good view of the people who file by the casket. It was terrible. I hardly recognized her. Maybe you think I was glad that he'd fallen . . ."

I hurriedly indicated a negation but he took little notice.

". . . but I wasn't. I loved her so much I would have done anything to make her happy. Sounds like a third rate novel but it was true. After the funeral, folks forgot about the accident, and I'd begun to slip back into my old routine again. Only I didn't have a roommate. I decided from the first I would not call Marie, at least not for awhile . . . until she'd had time to forget. I didn't know, maybe she hated the sight of me.

"Naturally I was surprised when she called. I still remember the night, it was in February, about three months after Warren's death. I had seen her rarely and then only from a distance. Her voice over the phone surprised me."

He stopped nervously and toy-



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3. FLYING SEMINAR. Firsthand survey of present-day Europe. Personally conducted by Dr. Paul Dengler. July 5 to August 10. \$1284.* Write Bureau of University Air Travel, 11 Boyd St., Newton, Mass.

4. UNIVERSITY OF ZURICH. Summer School of European Studies. Instruction in English and German. 5 weeks in residence plus five weeks' travel through Europe via private motor coach. Price \$1290.* Write Professor Beatrice Barker, State Teachers College, Trenton, New Jersey.

For further information and descriptive literature, write to addresses given above.

*price includes all expenses

ed at a small match case on his desk.

"I don't remember her exact words — I couldn't remember five minutes later—I was in seventh heaven. She had reconsidered my offer of marriage, she said, and would accept if I still desired it. There was no mention of Warren. The next day I arranged to see her. I was sure from her actions that she loved me . . . James, are all women natural actresses? Or do they grow sharper by craft alone?"

I knew of nothing with which to answer him. He continued.

"We made plans for a large wedding. Her family was quite prominent socially and would wish a large affair, she said. She wanted to take care of all the arrangements — even the purchase . . . of my suit. I . . . I thought this odd but was so happy over what I deemed the most fortunate happening of my life that I said nothing. We invited everyone—students, faculty, friends, family, business as-

sociates of her father's. On the evening before the wedding she told me her father's valet would press my suit 'to perfection' and personally see me dressed. Kissing me lightly on the mouth she reminded me of the rule about not seeing the bride again before the marriage, and said good night.

"Well, the morning of the wedding—it was to be at high noon—I was ready and waiting for Valentine and the wedding suit. He entered holding it aloft so it might not touch the ground—a brown paper wrapping protecting it from the rust and air.

"'What color is it?'" I asked absently. I was buttoning my shirt.

"'Black'" he answered as he began undoing the paper.

"'Black!'" I rejoined, I had not dreamed of such a color. 'Do grooms often wear black at their wedding?' I asked completely taken aback.

"'It all depends'" was his noncommittal reply.:

"He continued stripping off the paper until the last bit was gone. Then, gripping the hanger, he lifted the suit for my inspection. My God! Oh my God, my God! James, do you know who's suit it was? It was Warren's—the one he was buried in.

I started to shake my head.

"No, no! how could I be mistaken? I myself had chosen the suit for the funeral. His mother came down from Albany, and together we went to the clothing store to pick out the suit. I know—

"But Jonathon, you were mistaken. How could a suit be resurrected from the dead?" I laughed cheerfully, hoping it would give him confidence. "I've heard of men coming back from the grave, but never suits!"

"Don't laugh, please don't laugh. Don't you think I wondered, too? I thought at first my eyes were playing tricks on me . . . I didn't want to believe . . . so I took the suit and looked at

(Continued next page)

You Will Be PLEASSED
With Our
EXCLUSIVE DINNERS



GRILL CAFE

it closely. I looked at the cut and the label and the pockets. I *know* that suit was Warren's. And the one you brought today is Warren's."

He ran over to the suit, and, as if suffering from a great repulsion, picked it up.

"The suit I was married in! Warren's own burial suit. I wonder there are no worm holes in it. Look at the label—Wernier's Clothiers—the very same. And the fray at the end of the sleeve—a minor flaw we overlooked until we had the suit at the chapel. See . . . see?"

He thrust the suit in front of my face, and held out the sleeve. I could see nothing wrong with the material but then I am no clothing expert. His hands were visibly shaking, and I attempted to calm him. It was no use.

"Valentine thought me queer because of my reaction over the suit. I refused to put it on. I stared out the window watching a few old dead leaves float down the gutter. Finally he cleared his throat and said, 'Pardon, but the wedding is in fifteen minutes, if monsieur would kindly' There was no alternative; I put on the suit, sensing as I did a feeling of dread come over me. The suit fit perfectly; this I could not understand because Warren had been several inches taller than I and twenty pounds heavier. I . . . James, she must have had it altered. But how did she . . . did she get

it after the funeral—after he was laid a way under the ground? How, how?" and he began to sob hysterically.

I had never seen a man act in such a manner and knew not how to assist him.

"But, Jonathon," I said, "surely you are imagining, and Marie, she would never do such a thing. What reason could she have? On earth what reason?"

I glanced at my watch, and noted the time much too late for John to attend the noon day luncheon as he had planned.

"Let's go down to the cafeteria and have a sandwich and coffee," I said. "When you get hold of yourself, perhaps we can get an answer for this. I am sure Marie had nothing to do with it. Come on, fellow."

"Oh, didn't she?" His eyes took a wild turn, and he looked at me with a sardonic smile on his face. "Oh, didn't she! Too bad you don't understand women—you should have married. Some of them get distorted ideas. Like the one I married. She thinks I murdered her lover."

"Murdered Warren?" I gasped.

"I didn't suspect it at first. I just wondered why the suit . . . on our wedding day. Maybe a mistake, a coincidence I thought at first. But in a month or so I'd begun to suspect and then one day I knew for sure. I'd never said anything about the suit, but one day when I left for work—I was a clerk in the store then—I decided to take it with me and burn it in the company incinerator. It had hung in my closet week after week. I loathed the sight of it. Black, so black. So . . . I wrapped it up in a little package and tucked it under my arm. Marie met me at the door with her usual good-bye kiss. Strange, I thought, that she should kiss me each morning and make a cunning remark in the evening. As I started out the door her eyes lighted on the package, and she asked me what was in it. I tried to evade the question, but when she pursued the issue I explained. My weddingsuit. I

didn't like the suit. It didn't fit well, I thought I'd sell it downtown.

"Her eyes told me she knew exactly why I was getting rid of it. She smiled and said, 'Why I liked that suit. It reminds me so much of the one Warren was buried in.' She sighed. 'Poor Warren. I rather miss him. So young to die, especially when you consider he might have lived.'

"James, James, why did she say that, and why does she continue plaguing me with the suit? She . . . really thinks . . . I killed him. She must still love Warren. Do you hear? She still must."

"But the suit, what did you do with it?" I was resolved to find a logical explanation for all this.

"I . . . I took it to the store as I had planned and I *put it in the incinerator*. Before God, I did. I held the door open a while and watched it burn. I felt the flames curl around it. When I returned that night Marie said nothing. After a couple of months I had almost forgotten about it, for Marie made few remarks that were even vaguely allied to Warren's death."

He took a deep breath of air and covered his face with his hands. "You would not believe it but five years later, to the day and hour, when I opened the door to my closet . . . there . . . in one corner . . . a little distant

(Continued on page 24)

Come in and Visit Our
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Every Taste

MEZZANINE MUSIC SHOP

Hodgins Drug & Book Store
307 South Main Street
Moscow, Idaho

Blue Bucket

(Continued from page 15)

tion increased with the years. Fewer literary works were published and more space was given over to stolen jokes and gawdy cartoons from other humor magazines. The irresponsible era of coon skin coats, flappers and home made liquor typified college life and the Bucket printed it. During these years the magazine was totally printed on slick paper which increased the printing costs. However, some of this cost was taken care of by the new advertising contracts from Chesterfield, Old Gold, Camels, Raleigh and several other space buyers.

The Christmas issue of 1928 was planned to be so risqué that at the last minute the cover was censored. It came out totally black with big white letters spelling out CENSORED running diagonally through the page. This issue was made up with nothing but stolen jokes and poorly drawn cartoons. The next year the magazine was forced to sell at 10c instead of the regularly collected 15c. By then, it was down to 20 pages and came out as a quarterly. Rising costs and less circulation forced it to be printed on paper the quality of newsprint once again. In 1930, a few humorous stories were added, but they were of such poor quality that they lent themselves for no purpose to the falling magazine. From editorials and letters to the editor, it is easy to see that the readers were not satisfied with present conditions.

Under the able supervision of editor James Farris, 1932, the magazine began its slow crawl up the ladder of success once again. There were many bad spots to be ironed out but the need for a well balanced amount of literature and humor was seen by the staff if they were to achieve their purpose of building a better magazine. A continuation of this policy was seen until 1935 when a new group of people came in and changed the editorial policy back to the old burlesque type of humor that had met with so much disapproval only a few

years before.

In the remaining five years of the Blue Buckets' short life, it was nothing more than a catalog of stolen jokes and an organ for campus politicians to air their views. On various years, the editor was a nominee for office and used the magazine to slander his opponents . . . all at the expense of ASUI.

However, in March of 1938, a very clever issue was published called SNAPPY WEIRD STORIES. It sold for fifteen cents a copy and contained some very clever, original stories and sketches. Very few clipped jokes were used; instead, filler was in the form of humorous ads. A typical one concerned a cure for skin irritation:

"SCRATCHING?"

Burlap undies often irritate the most delicate skin, and with the aid of severe exterior admintions we can recommend our greaseless, stainless, salve which soothes the irritation, and quickly stops the most intense itching."

While this issue was of burlesque humor and not consistently the best, it was the most noteworthy published between 1935 and 1940. Jean Dunkle edited this issue.

In the spring of 1940, the bells tolled their last for the Idaho Blue Bucket. Funds for the coming year were not appropriated by those in power

and death was certain for the 17 year old publication. In the February issue of that year, the editor stated in his Column Comment that "either the students appropriate enough money to make a worthwhile magazine or take the present fund allotment and donate it to the Society for Destitute Debutantes." He further stated that use of engravings and type styles had been so restricted that the only recourse was to fill the specified number of pages, demanded by national advertisers, with stolen jokes. The years of the depression had left their mark on the slim funds of ASUI. Student interest, at this time, was at its lowest. Only the three top positions were listed on the magazine masthead. The result was that the final issue, due to appear the first of June, never hit the newsstands.

Thus an end came to a magazine which pictured the true as well as the venerated life of students at the University of Idaho.

Fourth Degree

(Continued from page 11)

saw the hooves . . .

Gray could hear her screams and the horse's muffled snorts, spaced with the impact of hooves. He came shuffling swiftly through the hay. Margot . . . the horse! He could get there in time, but it would be just like the kittens, no one would ever know. He smiled and softly closed the half opened door.

The demure young bride, her face a mask of winsome innocence, slowly walked down the aisle, clinging to the arm of her father. As she reached the platform before the altar, her dainty foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the dirt gravely, then raised her eyes to the sedate face of the old minister and said, "That's a hell of a place to put a lily."

—I—

What you don't know doesn't hurt you, but it amuses a lot of people.

NEELY & SON

STUDEBAKER
Sales and Service

123 West Fourth Street
PHONE 2237

On Earth

(Continued from page 22)

from the others hung *the same* black suit."

I listened to Jonathon's story with mounting disbelief, and although I felt a sympathy for him, when he made this announcement, I could bear it no longer.

"You are ill, Jonathon. Such things do not happen on this earth."

"Ill, am I?" He laughed. "Why does this suit appear again and again? I wasn't content to burn it the last time. Oh no! I bought acid and dissolved it away. You smile. I assure you . . . it is not funny. I thought I had taken it from my sight forever . . . and then . . . today . . . you bring it again to me. You get it from my wife. Don't you see, no matter what I do, she finds it and brings it back — because she loves it. It was Warren's, and she haunts me with it."

He leaned back in his chair as if exhausted. I knew of nothing to do for him. In his present mental state it would be impossible to try to reason. Looking at me intently for almost a minute without making a movement, he suddenly shouted, "*How did she get it out of the grave?*"

Then he sat back. Soon his breathing became almost normal and I thought the spell had passed. I had not realized my friend was of so violent a nature. He raised a hand across one eye and then, with no warning, stood up abruptly.

"Let us go for a drive," he said.

I gladly consented. Anything was better than staying in a stuffy room with the black suit and Jonathon. I offered my carriage, for it was nearby and convenient for us, but he declined vigorously and insisted on going to the stable around the corner for his. I thought him in no condition to drive but he only laughed at me. Not his usual laugh, but the high brittle laugh of a maniac.

Was this my friend, I thought, as we climbed into the seat. The

usually complacent business man whom I had known for years and who had never seemed to suffer from anything but an occasional attack of indigestion? I paid little attention to our route as I attempted to talk casually with him, remarking on the weather and asking him how clothing sales were going.

Nuts
For YOUR PARTY

½ lb SERVES 8 FOR BRIDGE OR LUNCHEON



Double Kay
NUT SHOP

Fresh FROM OUR

Try ¼ lb. for Dinner Next Sunday

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Carter's
DRUG STORE

"Do not mention that damned word 'clothing' to me," was all he said. I soon gave up and leaned back against the seat, trying to relax amid the confusion of mid-day traffic. In spite of his mental infirmity, if it were such, he appeared a cool-headed driver, and expertly guided the bays past wagons and other carriages. I considered no particular destination but rather just a drive to relax nerves. Naturally I was surprised when he pulled up before a paved entrance lined with luxurious shrubbery on either side. I had never seen the place before, but it seemed like a park.

"A park, Jonathon? How nice. It will be shady and cool here," I said, glancing at the driver. He, however, made no reply, but drove swiftly up the lane as if he knew what he was about.

"The trees are certainly of good foliage," I continued, hoping to draw him into a conversation. "And so many pretty flowers. I see few people, though. Is this a private park?" I leaned

on my arm and peered out. Hanging over the roadway before us was a large and plainly inscribed sign bearing the words:

ENTRANCE

CITY DALE CEMETERY

"Good God, Jonathon, this is a cemetery. Why are we—"

"Shh!" he said, slowing the carriage to a stop. "I want to catch him unaware." He slid silently out of the seat, dropping the reins after him and motioning for me to follow.

"Shh!" he said again, "If he hears us he might change his suit and then I'll never know."

"He? Who'll hear us? What on earth are you talking about?" I was whispering.

"Warren, of course. Whom do you suppose? But I'll fool him this time. I've come here before, you know."

He saw my astonished look. "Oh, yes, many times. I used to ponder by his grave. But I never had the nerve before . . . to dig down . . . and look at his suit."

My God, I thought. Jonathon, in his confused mental state, was planning to dig down to Warren's casket.

"But Jonathon," I argued in the confused manner of one who is disturbed, "he's been dead over ten years. You can't . . . why the suit won't be there . . . still."

"No, I am sure it will not be. You see, you brought it to my office today."

"Jonathon, you must be insane. This grave has never been disturbed. Don't you think the attendant would have reported it if anyone had dug around it. Such things are always put in the newspapers."

He was not listening to me, but had stopped to gaze at a small plot of earth to his left. The marble grave stone was lettered WARREN MATHESON; underneath was inscribed "Can two walk together?" What a queer inscription I thought. There was a Biblical reference below.

"This is a foolish notion," I tried to reason with Jonathon again. "Any man knows that de-

terioration and decay set in soon after burial. The suit would be practically nothing by now. Besides," I said in a flippant tone, "you haven't a shovel, and I am sure the attendant won't lend you one."

He paid no heed to my whimsical observation but suddenly dropped to his knees and dug his fingers into the close-mowed grass. Surely, I thought, he will not attempt to open the grave with his bare hands. Such work is the action of a madman.

"Jonathon, Jonathon!" I cried, "Stop! stop, the keeper will find us and you will be arrested for disturbing a grave." I thought perhaps fear of the law would cause him to stop but it did not.

"Just a few moments, friend James," he almost whined at me. "Just a few moments so I can talk with Warren and find out why he gave his suit away. Think how cold he must get in the grave without his warm black suit. It was always warm you know. Poor Warren."

His eyes grew soft and almost motherlike. "Poor, poor Warren. No . . . no! accursed Warren. I thought him my friend and he betrayed me. He gave his suit away—and when I picked it out, too, so he would be comfortable. *And he gave it to my wife. Treachery . . . treachery . . .*"

He shouted the last words out and tore at the grave with renewed frenzy. I became worried that an attendant might happen upon us—his screams were enough to raise Warren himself—and although I felt for the man genuinely, his actions would appear ludicrous to one who did not know the cause.

I tried to pull him away, but he only sobbed and screamed at me. I could feel his body moving vibrantly as I touched him. His eyes seemed to stay on no particular object but were in continual motion. When I pulled at his shoulder he pushed me away with a strength I did not realize possible in so small a person.

"Jonathon," I shouted, "the attendant will hear you and—"

"God wither the attendant," he panted. "Warren is waiting for . . . come . . . help me, James.

QUESTIONS

- A** If you locate me, you'll see this modern age, Add a furry friend who lurks upon the back page.
- B** Where the dogwood grows you'll find me too, Believe me, solver, I'm pale in hue.
- C** What's the smoke that satisfies? Simple as A B C, Look at the frame's initial lines; its slogan is in 1, 8, 3.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

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

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The apostrophe in the word 'EM. Phonetically speaking, this sign of omission is found between the "E"s (these) of GIVE 'EM.
 - B** Arthur Godfrey's signature shown twice in the ad. The only difference is the link between Arthur and Godfrey shown in the lower signature.
 - C** CHEER. The first, second, third, sixth and seventh letters of CHESTERFIELD spell out the word CHEER.
- WINNERS...

CHESTERFIELD CONTEST WINNERS

Von W. Briggs	Bob Stephens
Francis Flerchinger	Jim Wommack
Willis Knox	Clint Keller

As a friend . . . I implore you . . . help me get to Warren before he dies of . . . the cold. Did you bring the suit?"

"The suit?" I knew he must mean the one we had left at the office, yet I feared to hear his answer.

"Why Warren's suit, he's been so cold, all these years . . . I don't understand, if Marie loved him . . . really loved him, she wouldn't have taken his suit and left him alone . . . and so cold. She . . . eee . . . eee . . ."

His face contorted. His voice became an incoherent mass of babbling as he stared suddenly at the bushes which rose up behind me. I heard an almost imperceptible rustle, and turned

in the direction of the sound.

Marie was not looking at me. She stood, half-blended in the shadow of an immense dark-leaved bush, and smiled mysteriously at her husband. There lay on her outstretched arm a black suit. She smiled again and, as tho' she were terminating a long-planned ritual, took a step nearer the grave. I heard no sound now save a slight breeze moving in the branches of the bush. I turned. Jonathon Williams was lying outstretched across the grave. One hand, clutching a clump of grass, almost pressed against the stone's inscription. I ran over to the spot and seized his wrist. It was quite apparent that he was dead.

Joker and The Queen

(Continued from page 9)

hand, gave me a cute little straight flush.

He'd opened and bet and I raised him. Then he raised me and I raised him and so on, back and forth, until, like I said, there was some thirty-five hundred bucks in the kitty.

Finally I called, as he didn't have money enough left worth taking. He lay down those four queens and the king and reached for the cash.

"One moment, pal," I said, enjoying it, and I lay down my straight flush.

His jaw fell so low he could have picked up cigarette butts off the floor with his wisdom teeth. Then he came out of it and his face got very ugly.

"Damn you!" he hollered, and reached for his hind pocket.

He might have been reaching for a pen to write a check, but I didn't want to take any chances. After he was laying on the floor and I was rubbing my bruised knuckles, I was glad that I didn't. On the floor beside him was an ugly little .25 caliber pistol. I cashed in my chips and as the trembling waiter was doing so, I asked him where the people lived who had raised the previous ruckus. He told me their address and also their last name, O'Dwyer. I *knew* they were Irish.

As I walked towards where they lived, I counted my winnings. A nice fat little roll which amounted to just twenty-seven thousand smackers.

When I was admitted to the O'Dwyer residence, I wasted no time on preliminaries, other than to introduce myself, just asked her point blank how much the old gent had dropped at the casino. She told me eight thousand dollars, so I counted out nine thousand and tried to give it to her. She was Irish and I should have known better.

"Mister Callahan," she said, "we are not askin' charity from any of your kind, nor, for that matter, anyone else!"

"What's the matter with my profession?" I asked indignantly, "It's as honorable as the next man's. Anyhow the money be-

longs to the old man."

"Dammit," said Jode, "I ain't old!"

"It ceased belonging to him when he lost it at poker," she said, "And I'll have no part of it."

"Well," said Jode, "I ain't quite so honorable . . ."

"Father, don't you dare take that money!"

Then I said something that I immediately regretted. What prompted it, I don't know, but, damn it all, she was beautiful.

I drew a long breath.

"Well," I said, "I'm gonna be in town for a couple of days and, as I haven't any place to stay, (I had paid a week in advance at the best hotel in town) how's about letting me board here?"

"For how long?" she asked.

"A week," I said.

"What will you pay?"

"Eight thousand dollars."

"Mister Callahan, we will put you up for a week. You will pay us twenty-five dollars, no more, no less."

"But . . ."

"No buts. Take it or leave it."

EVERETT WILL TRACTOR COMPANY

Caterpillar — John Deere

Tractors
and Implements

218 North Main Street

I took it.

That night, as we talked around the supper table, I got an idea of what they were up against. A few months before, they had bought a small grocery store in that neighborhood. It was nicely situated, but they had confidently spent all their money on stock and saved none towards the next payment. Now it was



" . . . Then try Loveboy! It stops B.O!"

almost time for the payment and all they had to show was a store full of merchandise. Who had sold them the place? You guessed it. Saunders.

"Tell you what," I said, "I'll loan you the money and . . ."

"Mr. Callahan," said Betts, "We told you . . ."

"You told him," grumbled the old man.

"I told you, we will not accept your blood money!"

There's no use arguing with an Irishman, so I didn't.

A few nights later I was sitting out on the porch with Betts, trying to convince her that she should take my dough. She had been a little more civil towards me lately and I thought perhaps I was gradually wearing her down.

"Betts," I said, "I wish you would accept my money. Just a loan, you understand."

"Cards," she looked at me almost tenderly, "you're a nice guy and I understand, but I can't accept. My mother taught me that cards were wicked and while I really don't mind cards alone, I do think that the money from them is blood money and I can't take it." She paused for breath, then:

"Cards, why did you ever become a gambler?"

"Never mind," I said, a little provoked, "It's my profession. It's all I know how to do and it's all I'm gonna do. So leave it at that."

"But you could learn something new, Cards. I know you could."

She was looking up at me and her lips looked soft and parted in the moonlight. I felt sure I could kiss them if I chose. So I did the wise thing. I went in and went to bed.

Cards, I said to myself as I lay there looking at the ceiling, Cards get her out of your mind. A man with a way with the pasteboards and an itching heel cannot be bothered with a woman.

I dreamed about cards that night as usual, but these cards were different. The queens all had Betts' face, and every once in awhile a joker would pop up that I'd recognize as myself.

The days passed, and finally there remained only one day un-

til the payment was due on the store. I was getting desperate, and then suddenly I hit upon an idea that I deemed to be fool-proof.

I approached a citizen of Polstead who was not very well known around town and gave him some instructions and money amounting to the sum of ten thousand dollars.

"I don't care what you tell them," I told him, "Tell them you're outfitting a lion hunting expedition or something. Buy ten thousand bucks worth of shoe laces if you want to, just so long as you buy it there."

"What do I get out of this?" he asked.

"The ten thousand bucks worth of shoe strings," I said.

"Ya mean," his query was incredulous, "I keep all that junk?"

"Sure," I said, "I don't feel up to packing it around on my back."

The truth was, I just didn't like that crooked money. I was glad to be rid of it. It made me feel uneasy.

So, that night, when I get home from a hard day of playing poker, I'm met at the door by Betts and Jode, who are bubbling all over the place. The old man was a little tight. Celebrating, I guess. I had a hard time keeping from grinning when they told me that a rich fellow who was going lion hunting in Africa had bought ten thousand dollars worth of supplies at their store, and now they could meet the payment and so on and so on. They were sure happy. It made me feel sort of choked up.

That night Betts and I were sitting out on the porch. We had just taken the money down to Saunders and he'd got nasty so I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity to punch him in the nose again. The old man was in bed, where Betts and I had put him after he had passed out. So now we just sat there, Betts too happy for words and me just happy because she was happy.

Pretty soon she spoke. "Cards," she said, "give up gambling."

Just like that. Not please or

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

"Yeah, I feel the same way about pigeons."

—I—

"Shall we join the ladies?"

"What's the matter? They coming apart?"

—I—

"I was upset when Jack kissed me."

"You've been kissed before."

"Yeah, but not in a canoe."

—I—

"Terribly sorry you buried your wife yesterday."

"Had to—dead, you know."

—I—

Chaplain: My man, I will allow you five minutes of grace before the electrocution.

Condemned man: Fine, bring her in.

—Banter

Kenworthy

and

Nuart

Theatres

will you, but just, "Give up gambling."

"I can't," I said, taken aback, "It's all I know. It's . . ."

"Cards," this was a purr, "Cards . . ."

She leaned closer, and then, horror of horrors, she kissed me! Zowie! I'm telling you, nothing like that had ever happened to me before. And right then I knew that what I'd been afraid of all along was true.

"Betts," I said, "I love you!"

"I love you too," said Betts.

"Marry me, Betts."

"Will you give up gambling, Cards?"

I was carried away then or I'd never have said what I did.

"Betts, darling," I said, "I'll give up anything!"

Well, after I went to bed I got to thinking it over.

Cards, I said to myself, you can never keep from gambling. Even if you did you could never make her happy. Remember, Cards, that itching heel.

I got out of bed, packed my suitcases and left Betts a note.

"Dear Betts," it said, "This is a lot better. You should at least know enough about cards to know that a queen and a joker don't make a pair. But what I said last night wasn't a line. I do love you." Then I signed it "Cards," and sneaked out the back door.

At about ten the next morning, I was still tramping down the highway. I was too pre-occupied with my thoughts to even remember to hitchhike. I was so deep in thought that I didn't even hear the car drive up until a voice said:

"Get in, Mr. Callahan."

Yey, it was Betts.

"Go away," I said, "All I know how to do is play cards."

"You are about to learn the grocery business," she said, "Get in!"

I didn't argue. Like I said, she was Irish.

As we drove back to Polstead, I said:

"This is crazy, Betts. A queen and a joker . . ."

"Never make a pair?" she finished, "You should know enough about cards, Mr. Callahan, to know that a queen and joker do make a pair. When the

BRING YOUR APPETITE
to the
**VARSITY
CAFE**

FOUNTAIN — LUNCHES

Also
PRIVATE DINNERS
IN THE
BANQUET ROOM

The little child was sitting demurely on the couch watching her mother smoking a cigarette. Her little nose was wrinkled and in her pale blue eyes there was an expression of childish disillusionment. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, she burst out in her quavering falsetto; "Mother, when the hell are you going to learn to inhale?"

—I—

Mrs. R. R. Rasnik of Plumdale, Idaho lost her diamond ring in her back yard ten years ago. Last Wednesday, she went out in the yard and didn't find a damn thing.

—I—

She was only the plumber's daughter, but every time a man whistled, her cheeks flushed.

SPIC 'N SPAN CLEANERS

Moscow Steam Laundry



Always Quality Cleaning

PLUS

Three-Day Service

joker is wild!"

I grinned.

"I guess they do at that," I said.

"Furthermore," she continued, "I know all about your lion hunting expedition. As soon as we pay you back, you will donate the money to the nearest charity."

"Yes, dear," I said.

She pulled over to the side of the road and stopped.

"Give me your cards," she said.

I handed them over and she scattered them to the wind.

"Now, Cletus," said she, "you may kiss me."

What was that she called me? Cletus? Well, I couldn't very well smack her on the kisser, so I did as she suggested, kissed her on the smacker.

Well, that's my story. The story of the rise and fall of the King of Cards. If I ever write a book I'm going to call it, "From Cards to Cletus." But I really don't mind. I've got the best card in the deck, the queen of my heart. And pretty soon, I rather suspect there'll be a little duce added to Cards . . . pardon me, Cletus . . . Callahan's deck.

She was only an insurance man's daughter, but I certainly liked her policy.

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"May I have another cookie?"
"Another cookie what?"
"Another cookie, please?"
"Please what?"
"Please, mother."
"Please mother what?"
"Please, mother dear."
"Hell, no, you've had six already."



Nothing like working from the ground up!

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IDAHO DAIRY
PRODUCTS

WADE'S DRIVE-IN

Announces the Opening of Its
NEW RECREATION ROOM

and

REMODELED FOUNTAIN

About March 4

"SEE YOU AT WADE'S"

Four Blocks North of City
Center on Main Street

Dancing — Drink — Food

A comely coed met her aunt downtown Saturday night and was given her aunt's pay check to take home. On the way home she was held up.

"Help, help! I've been robbed!" she cried. "Someone has taken my aunt's pay!"

A policeman quieted her. "Cut out the pig Latin and tell me what happened," he said.

—Old Maid

—I—

Minister: We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead?

Deacon: (sleepily) Tain't my lead, I just dealt.

—I—

Driving his date home the long way the other night, one of our lover-boys was pleasantly surprised when his date suddenly turned to him and said: "Would you like to see where I was vaccinated?"

"Yes, indeed," was the breathless answer.

"Well, then, slow down because we're going to drive right by the place."

—I—

Movie star: I'll endorse your cigarettes for \$4000.

Agent: \$4000? I'll see you inhale first.

—I—

A world traveler was telling a stay-at-home of his journey. "I met the most beautiful girl in Arabia."

"Mecca?"

"Oh, you know me."

Life in our nation dept.

While motoring through scenic Vermont one day, we stopped to ask directions of a lanky old Yankee farmer; the kind noted for his wisdom and wit.

"Say, Grandpa, where does this road lead to?" we asked.

—I—

"Wal," he drawled scratching his head with the hoe, "the way I look at it, if you don't plant 'taters, they won't grow."

Chuckling over the fellow's homely philosophy, we dumped all our trash on his property and drove on.

—I—

We envy the position of the Hollywood janitor whose salary includes room and board and any little extras he can pick up.

—I—

As the egg in the monestary sang, "out of the frying pan into the friar."

—I—

The difference between a hairdresser and a sculptor is that while a hair dresser curls up and dyes, the sculptor makes faces and busts.



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WYLER WATCHES

Drop in and check our
Orange Blossom Engagement
and Wedding Ring Ensembles

GEM SHOP

Joe: "Do you smoke?"

Coed: "No."

Joe: "Do you drink?"

Coed: "No."

Joe: "Do you neck?"

Coed: "No."

Joe: "Do you eat hay?"

Coed: "Of course not."

Joe: "Migawd, woman, you're not fit company for man nor beast."

—I—

Kappa Sig: "Do you know why girls walk home?"

Kappa: "No, why?"

Kappa Sig: "Never mind. Let's go for a ride."

—I—

He: "Don't you remember me?" I met you last night at Glen's poker party."

She: "Oh, yes, you're the boy who wore the dirty BVD's."

—I—

"I had a nightmare last night."

"Yeah, I saw you with her."

—I—

Angry frosh to insulting soph: "You'd better not call me that name again, even if I am one. And, besides, your father's a traveling salesman and I might be your brother."

—I—

Then there's the fellow with the stern look because his mother was frightened by the rear end of a ferry boat.

—I—

The height of bad luck: seasickness and lockjaw.

—I—

I call my girl sand paper, because she's rough stuff.

Jimmy was assigned by his teacher to write a composition about his origin. He questioned his mother:

"Mom, where did Grandma come from?"

"The stork brought her."

"Well, where did you come from?"

"The stork brought me, and you, too, dear."

So, the small modern wrote as the introduction to his composition: "There have been no natural births in our family for three generations."

—I—

A true music-lover is a person who, when he hears a soprano in the shower, puts his ear to the keyhole.

—I—

Little boy: "Ma, I just cut my leg off in the thresher."

Mother: "Stay outside until it stops dripping, I just mopped the floor."

—I—

Then there was the deaf and dumb man who fell into a deep well and broke three fingers screaming for help.

—I—

The lumber camp foreman put a newly hired country boy to work stacking wood beside the whizzing circular saw. As he started to walk away, he heard an 'ouch!' and turned to see the country boy looking puzzledly at the stump of a finger. Rushing back, he asked what happened.

"I dunno," said country. "I stuck my hand out like this and —well, I'll be damned, there goes another one!"

—I—

1st co-ed: "Gee, but that date was fresh last night."

2nd ditto: "Why didn't you slap his face?"

1st: I did; and take my advice, never slap a guy when he's chewing tobacco."

—I—

A gullible man is one who thinks that his daughter has been a good girl when she comes home from a trip with a Gideon Bible in her purse.

—I—

Sigma Nu: "Hey, don't spit on the floor!"

Pledge: "S'matter, does it leak?"



Better warn yer paw, can't tell what might happen.

"Why, I'm sorry to hear that. How did your brother die?"

"He fell through some scaffolding."

"What was he doing up there?"

"Getting hanged."

—I—

In the dark of night, two safe-crackers entered a bank. One approached the safe, sat down on the floor, took off his shoes and socks and started to turn the dial with his toes.

"What's the matter?" said his pal. "Let's open this thing and get out of here."

"Naw, it'll only take us a minute longer and we'll drive those fingerprint experts nuts."

—Syracusan

—I—

There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.

When she was good
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad, she was popular.

—Fo-paws

"Are you the girl who took my order?" asked the impatient gentleman in the cafe.

"Yes, sir," replied the waitress politely.

"I can't understand," he remarked, "you don't look a day older."

—Mis-a-sip

—I—

"Do you know anything about these lie detectors you hear so much about?"

"Do I know anything about them! Been married to one for twenty years."

—I—

"What foah dat doctah comin' out youah house?"

"Ah dunno, but ah thinks ah's got a little inkling."

—Orange Peel

—I—

Father: Your new little brother has just arrived.

Little Boy: Where'd he come from?

Father: From a far-away country.

Little Boy: Another damned alien.



Is Read By More
Students at Idaho
Than Any Other
Magazine.

HISTORY REWRITTEN

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN



Any of you chaps have a Life Saver?



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

"Did that course in English help your boyfriend any?"

"No, he still ends every sentence with a proposition."

—I—

He married a tattooed hula dancer so his kids could always have moving pictures.

—I—

And then there was the man who rebelled against helping his wife dye her hair. He just didn't like giving the old henna rinse.

—I—

She was only an undertaker's daughter, but, boy, could she lower the bier.

—I—

Most coeds could be nicknamed "Rumor," because they go from mouth to mouth.

—I—

"Carry your bag, sir?"

"Nah, let her walk."

Well, I guess I might as well put the motion before the house, said the burlesque queen as she prepared to go onstage.

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and
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- Car Service

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to the . . .

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. . . for that New Look in
in short haircuts.

"And what kind of officer does your uniform signify?" asked the inquisitive old lady.

"I am a naval surgeon," he replied.

"My goodness, how you doctors specialize these days."

—I—

"What happened to your finger?"

"Oh, I was downtown getting some cigarettes yesterday and some clumsy fool stepped on my hand."

—I—

"How did you get that flat tire?"

"Ran over a milk bottle."

"Didn't you see it?"

"Nah, damn kid had it under his coat."

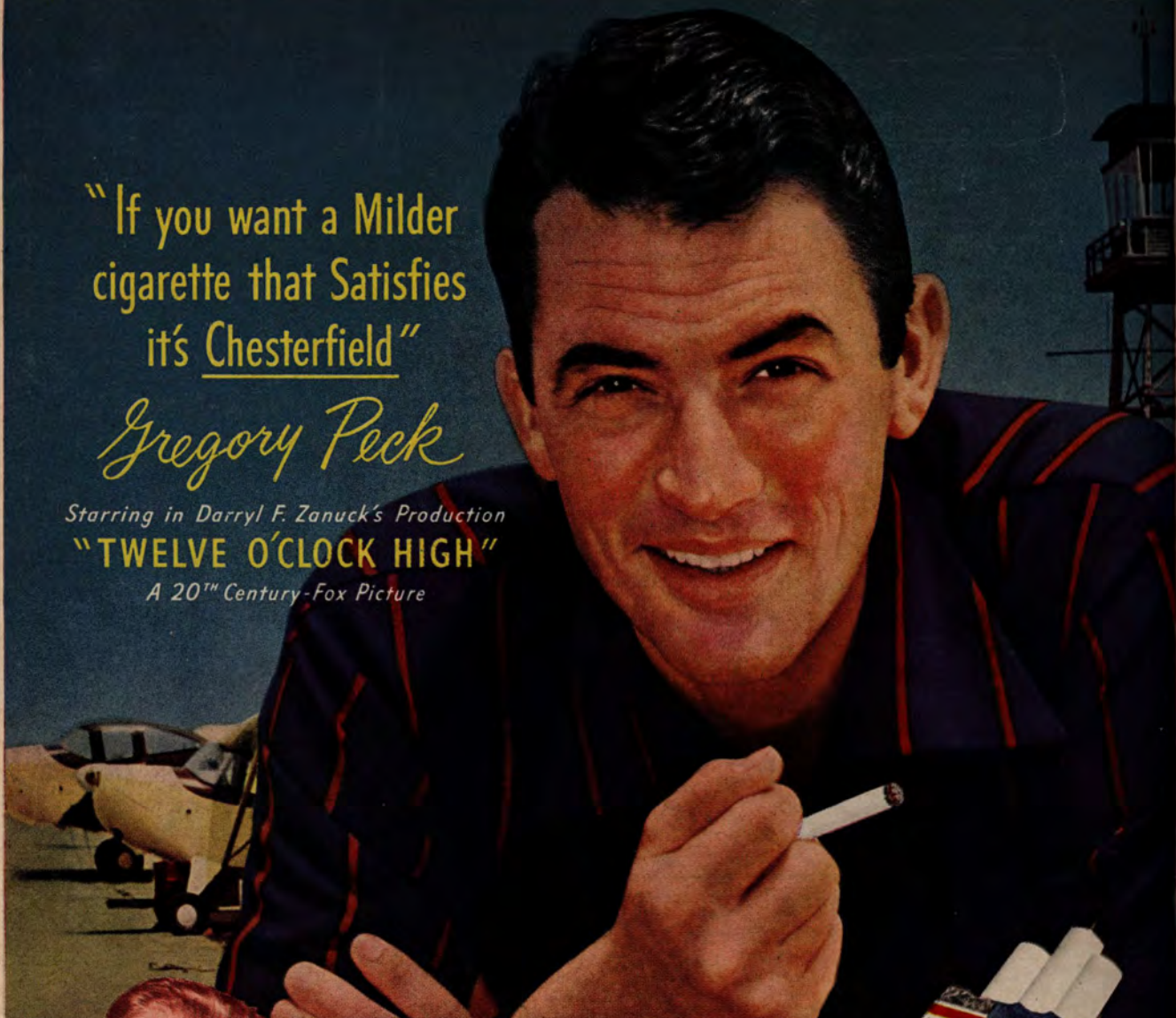
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