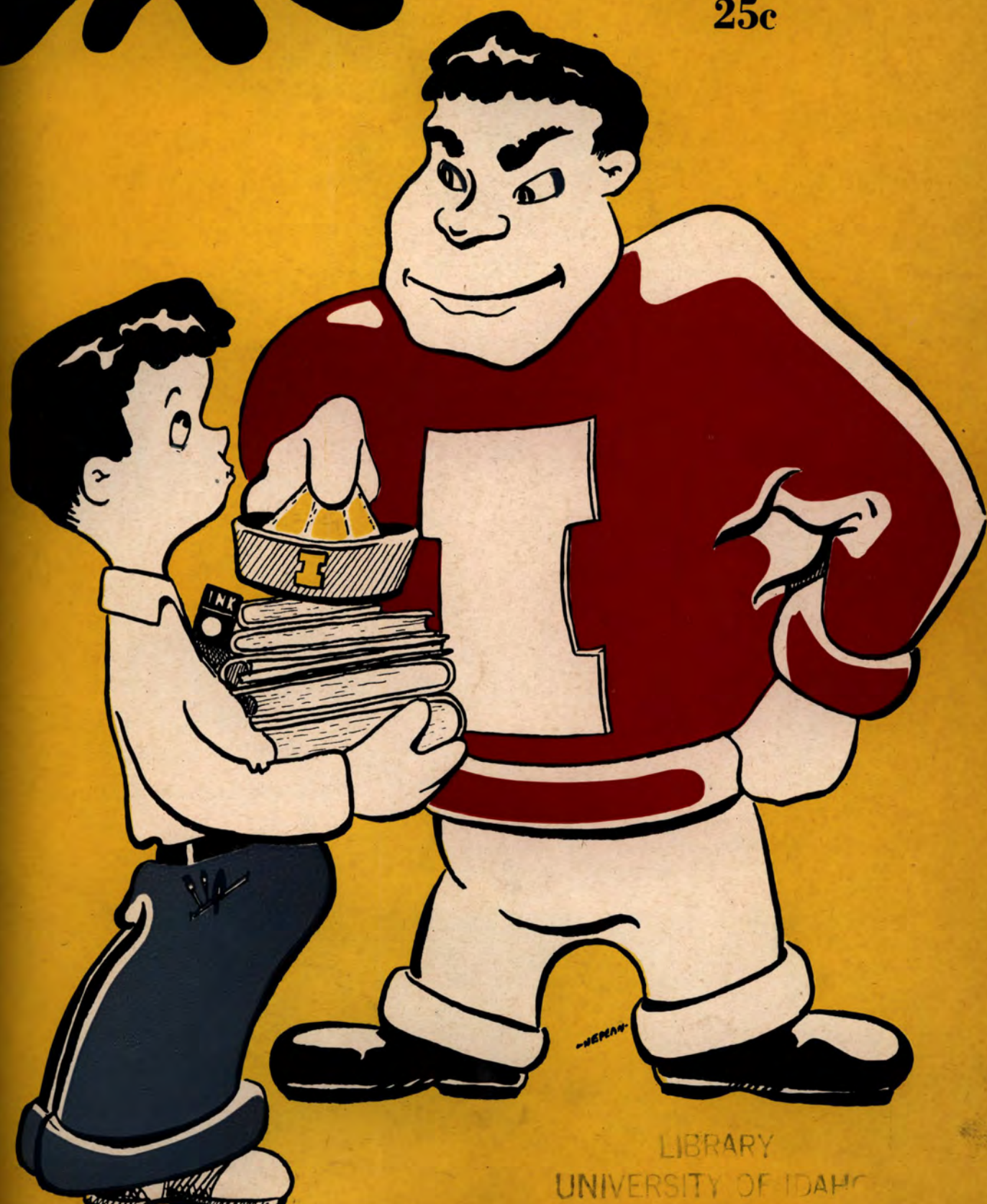


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BLOT

Registration
Issue
September 1950
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BLOT MAGAZINE

Vol. VI

No. 1

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In This Corner

BLOT

STAFF

This issue marks the beginning of BLOT's sixth year of publication. For those who say that is six too many, we can only offer the back of our hand; for those student and faculty leaders who have given us regular injections of their confidence in the magazine, we offer our heartfelt gratitude. Probably BLOT will always live a pretty precarious existence, beset by economy-minded Executive Boards, and irate readers, but that's what makes life interesting, and if engraved on the headstone of an eventually defunct magazine, one can read the epitaph "They tried," that is all we can desire.

Some may notice the absence in this issue of that funny little contest where you guessed the meanings of cryptic remarks about a cigaret. Due to circumstances so far beyond our control, we didn't even know about them, the cigaret company has decided to remove all their advertising from college magazines and so informed us. Now we will all have to buy our own cigarettes.

This month we meet a new short story writer who has a turn for humor, Betty Thompson, of Co-ed Code fame, a handful of stories by the old guard, Peters and Grinker, and a strongly realistic portrait of the submarine service by Bovard. Gartin, the Boy Wonder, has dreamed up a test-your-character-spotting-ability feature, using some infamous campus figures as goats, and Phil Johnson says this may be the year to trounce W.S.C. Lots more features, and of jokes and cartoons. Here it is then, the September BLOT—read it if you want to, or roll it up and use it for a fly-swatter.

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Published during the months of September, December, March and May by the Associated Students of the University of Idaho.

Represented nationally by W. P. Bradbury Co., 112 E. 42nd St., New York, New York.

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Bus Driver: Madam, I'll have to have full fare for that child. He's over five years of age.

Lady: But he can't be. I have only been married four years.

Bus Driver: Never mind the confessions, madam. Let's have the money.

I know somebody who has a daughter so ugly that if she played Lady Godiva the horse would steal the scene.

—I—

Mathematical fact: It takes three Delt's to make one Tri-Delt.

Co-ed: "I'm not asking for anything for myself, God, but please bring mother a son-in-law."

—I—

Sleep is when you don't get enough of the night before, you wake up half a.



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DRIVE Z INN



And Winter Came

by Morton Grinker

Ill by Kenneth Keefer

WHAT CAN YOU DO IF YOUR LIFE IS SHATTERED BUT ASK - - - WHY?

Winter was tardy, but it would come. Autumn was not yet dead, but winter would come. Winter would come and cover the ravished lawns and the decaying leaves. Winter would make everything seem all right. Everything pure and white. As chaste as a virgin bride. Maybe not so chaste, maybe not a virgin, but looking like she was, looking all right up there, dressed in white. Winter was late, but it would come and bring the soothing whiteness and make everything seem all right. Winter always made everything seem all right.

Soon I must go back to that house. Soon she may regain consciousness and call for me and I will have to go to her and tell her that I love her. This pain! These black headaches! All because of her. Her! Why doesn't she die! Why is she still hanging on . . . No. I don't know what I'm thinking! I don't know what I'm doing. Why did I come back here? This ghost-town has nothing for me but filthy memories! Oh, I wish winter would hurry up and come!

"Well, Hal. How are you, boy! Long time no see."

"Oh, Fred. Hello. Good to see you."

"What gives? Has the local boy who made good decided to go slumming and look at his old haunts?"

"You've changed, Fred. You're even more detestable than I remembered you to be."

"Get a load of that continental accent. Getting quite cultured,

aren't you? Oh, sure. I'm only detestable. But you, you're smart. One of the smartest cookies I ever knew. Picked ten million bucks right off of the money tree. Sure, I'm detestable and you're smart! You have a gift for being funny without even trying!"

"You've never forgiven me for that, have you? For being just a little quicker, just a little cleverer, and walking off with her right in front of your nose. It's been rankling within you all this time. Even now, when you're supposedly happily married, you still can't forgive me for outsmarting you!"

"You're wrong, Hal. Where you got the idea you outsmarted me, I don't know. You know as well as I do that you wanted something much more viciously than I did and so you went after it with much more enthusiasm than I. That's why you got her instead of me. And, if anything, I'm grateful to you, because I am happily married and I'm not sitting around waiting for my wife to die so I can collect her money!"

Look at him. He used to be my best friend. Standing there staring at me, waiting for me to make a move. And I can't do a thing. And he knows I can't do a thing. Not a blasted thing! I'm done for! I'm trapped!

"How . . . are Margaret and the kids?"

"They're fine. Don't you go worrying your poor overworked mind about them!"

"Tell them . . . I . . . was ask-

ing about them. It's been nice seeing you, Fred . . . Goodbye."

Headache. Awful headache. He's staring at me. I can feel it. No! Damn him! He's jealous! He's got to be jealous! He's got to be.

A little boy once asked himself a question. A little boy who played in dirty, crooked streets and lived in rickety, grey houses. A little boy who used to wander sometimes into the fashionable districts of the city and see wide, smooth streets and clean, impressive children living in beautiful, secure houses. And he wandered and observed and finally came back to his ragged section and looked at the narrow, pockety roads and the dirty children and formulated his views into a confusing and dangerous question.

"Why me?"

A simple interrogative sentence consisting of two words. Two words that expressed an infinitesimal amount of doubt, bewilderment, confusion, and yearning. Yearning for spacious houses and clothes and trips to Canada, Mexico, Europe. And the question persisted as he grew older and his parents told him he was where he was because God had put him there and no one questioned God because God was always right. At first he thought God very unfair, then he rejected the idea of a God placing him anywhere and eventually this led to a complete rejection of a God.

And the little boy grew, and as

(Continued on page 28)

Is This The Year?

by Phil Johnson

Just how far would you predict the University of Idaho football squad to go this fall? Earlier reports have it from the headman himself, Millard F. "Dixie" Howell, that his Vandal backs will throw the ball more than ever before.

Howell, the father of last season's newly-born Maybe "T," has found that his formation can and will gain as much yardage through passing as it gained previously—mostly by running.

With figures based on average yards per game last fall, Idaho surprised in winning team honors for ground gaining. The Vandals averaged 255.3 yards a contest, as compared to 248.1 for Stanford and 245 for California. With the stress of the forward pass added, there is no telling as to just how Idaho will fare in the coming campaign.

This could very definitely be the year for a winning team at Idaho. Excellent freshmen prospects on their way up the ladder have graduated to the varsity ranks and with the help of 21 returning lettermen, this year's squad could very easily be one of the greatest in Idaho history.

Just what do the Vandals have in the way of passers? A complete rundown of nearly every back could give you the answer. There are listed, John Brogan, a lad from Coeur d'Alene who can do almost anything with a football, Bud Riley, Bob Mays, Keith Bean, Max Graves, and sophomore candidates Wayne Anderson and Dick Zyzack—all of which have the grace and agility to pass amongst the best of them. Give either of these men the ball and you can bet your bottom dollar that a forward pass play is in the making.



Idaho's Brogan, triple threat back, was ranked fifth on the coast in yardage—550 in 94 carries. He will help to spark the Vandals.

A quick rundown of the team would indicate the Vandals strong. Every position presents exceptional depth.

As for the ends, Idaho will welcome the return of their four lettermen—Rich LeDuc, Billy Mullins, Lowry Bennett and Ben Jayne. Two men up from the freshmen ranks—Jerry Ogle and Chuck Lambert turned in exceptional performances in playing both offense and defense under their mentor Steve Belko last fall.

The Vandals, through graduation, lost the services of two great tackles—Carl Kiilsgaard and Wilford Overgaard, but feel that their loss is not quite as bad as it seems. Three returning lettermen, plus four untried sophomores should bolster the line in some respects. The trio of veterans include Marvin Be-

guhl, Max Herrington and Bill Fray—and from the younger set Howell can count on the services of George McCarty, Bob Stephens, Gerald Proctor and Don Ringe.

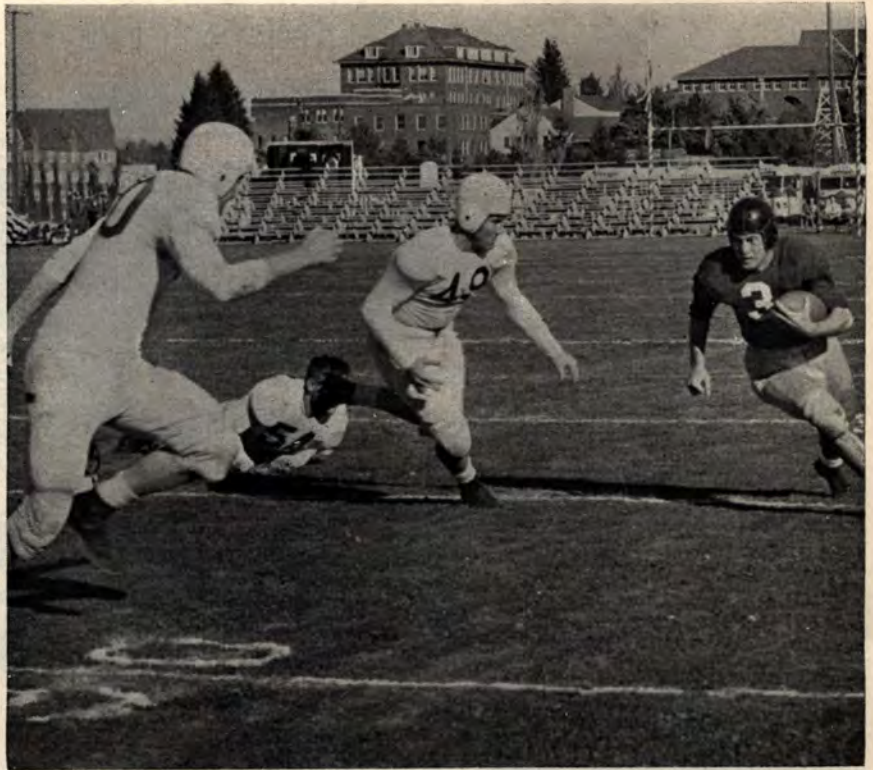
Four great competitors—Wilbur Ruleman, Roy Colquitt, Steve Douglas, and Jim Tallant, have assured their coach Gene Harlow that they will once again be top-flight candidates as guards. Lester Diehl, Pete Hester, Bob Holder and Joe Basile—all sophomores will be pushing along with the four veterans for the starting call. Last season, Colquitt was named to the official All-Coast football squad as picked by those coaches of the Pacific Coast conference.

At the center post the Vandals are at their strongest in the line. Two veterans, Vern Baxter and Ken Larsen and new-

comer Milton Bertrand will be those men counted on to provide the strength in the center of the Idaho forward wall. As a defensive star last season, Larsen picked off three Willamette aerials in the opening game—converting two into touchdowns—the third setting up another of a long string of scores in a 79-0 romp.

Here at Idaho halfbacks come “cheaper by the dozen” and from the long string there should be a mention of those veterans, namely, Bob Mays, John Brogan, Glen Christian, and Bub Riley. Newcomers to the Vandal varsity as halfbacks either left or right are: Jim Petruzzi, Bill Botieff, Eugene Murphy, Joe Bell, and Dick Iorns.

The brains behind the Maybe “T” will fall in the hands of the quarterback. Two returning lettermen plus two untried sophomores will be called upon by Howell to lead the attack. Those men, the lettermen first, are: Max Glaves, Keith Bean, Wayne Anderson and Richard Zyzack.



Little Bud Riley steps off yards against Oregon. He's a senior and is expected to have his best season this year.

Last season's Homecoming—Vandals with their backs to the wall, employ the 'Maybe T.' WSC won—36-13, but can they repeat?



Anderson in spring drills has exhibited his skills in punting and passing.

Rounding out the squad we have the fullbacks. They are four in number, two veterans and two sophomores. Those men who possess the quality of cracking the center of the line are King Block, Jim Chadband, Billy Oliver, and Harry “Buck” Nelson.

There you have it, a complete roundup of this year's varsity football squad, which should be one of the best in Idaho history.

IDAHO'S 1950 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

- Sept. 23—Utah at Boise
- Sept. 30—Montana at Moscow
- Oct. 7—Texas Western at El Paso
- Oct. 14—Oregon at Moscow (Homecoming)
- Oct. 28—Washington State at Pullman
- Nov. 4—Wyoming at Moscow
- Nov. 11—Oregon State at Corvallis
- Nov. 18—Boston university at Boston
- Nov. 25—Arizona State at Tempe.



MEL

A Short Story

by
Betty Peters

Ill. by Keith Keefer

"MEL" — THE VOICE WAS INSISTENT, COMMANDING. IT TOLD HIM TO GO.

For the boy, sitting as he did, it was easy to grip the stringy brown stem on an overripe tule, break its head with the power of his hand, and throw the little bits of once-life into the water. Two dogs, sitting on their haunches nearby, sensed the methodical intentness of the boy's behavior and waited, ears twitching.

A beam of autumn sun cutting aslant the dull cloud at horizon's edge caught for a moment on the boy's head where he crouched motionless watching the piece of cattail float down the canal. The dogs, becoming impatient with the inactivity of the scene, nuzzled their master and whined softly. He touched one absently with the flat of his hand and did not notice when it left his side and trotted to the house.

Overhead the whir of ducks flying for the tangled mass of willow-swamp which surrounded the reservoir, caught in the air and swirled down and over the boy. He did not look up but continued pulling at the cattail. His hands were rough and unkempt, the hands of an old man. Two fingers pulled at a tuft, pinched it together and threw it into the water. The entire action was methodical, almost mechanical, yet the boy's body curved forward and his eyes grew attentive each time a bit of fuzz hit the water. He did not notice the footsteps behind him.

"So this is where you are, you — you *half-wit!*" The words were thrown at the boy. They stabbed inward toward meaning but were caught and twisted in the confusions of his brain.

"You heard Ma callin'. She's been callin' Mel, Mel, down the hill for the last fifteen minutes." The voice dug sarcastically. "It ain't always she bothers to call — you." His step came nearer the seated form. "Get up. Get up!" The voice was louder than before, it was angry; it demanded all the awareness Mel could summon.

"Look you — listen." The voice stopped; the eyes followed the

slim lines of a pitchfork by Mel's side. "You know why I sent you out here. To pile up spud vines so's we can burn tomorrow. You know what you was supposed to do. An' here you sit. Here you sit, doin' nothing, you — you great big wooden ox."

He looked at the ill-kempt form, looked at what Ma said was his brother and what neighbors said was a half-wit.

"Well?"

"It was only a little . . . just a little that I been here." The words came slowly. They asked for understanding in a world their own creator could not understand.

"A little! You think I don't know how long you been sittin' here. You think I ain't been milkin' while you sit doin' nothing. Nothing but throwin' stuff in the ditch. Oh, you dumb fool . . ." His voice trailed off, grew inaudible.

Mel's eyes looked upward, with questioning, and caught themselves on the familiar features of a scowling face.

"I just been sittin' a little, Clarie."

The younger brother's eyes flashed. His body tensed suddenly and he lunged for Mel, grasping an overall suspender and jerking the large heavy body upward.

"Now you see, Mel? Now you see!" His voice shook in physical triumph. "You ain't sittin'. Not no more. You're standin'. You hear me?"

He looked searchingly into Mel's face for a sign of response.

"By God, I'll make you hear!"

He shook Mel; the body responded slowly and sluggishly.

"Sure . . . sure, Clarie," he smiled loosely and touched at his forehead with a free hand. "Sure . . . I hear you. I . . . ain't sittin' no more. I'm standin' . . . an' you want — you want me to —" His eyes looked vaguely about him. They saw the pitchfork. "To gather up . . . the vines . . ." The words came out in a flood. "To gather up the

vines, Clarie, so's we can burn 'em."

Mel's body relaxed, he moved a step away from his brother. He looked at the rows of potato vines.

"I like to burn vines." His eyes smiled. "Clarie, you'll let me help you — help you burn em?" He looked desperately at the youth. "Clarie, you will let me . . . won't you . . . ?"

Clarie ignored the overalled form in front of him. He gazed up the hill to the house and watched his mother climb under a barb-wire fence and follow the path up to the turkey shed. He called to Pink, the dog, and patted the creature on its head. He smiled, and patted the dog again. It responded by licking his hand.

"Clarie . . . Clarie? You . . . wouldn't make me . . . you wouldn't tell Ma to have me stay with the turkeys that day? Mel's fingers tore at the remains of the cattail; the fuzz stuck to his hand.

"Oh, I don't know, Mel," his brother said, resuming the stroking of Pink's head. "You're pretty dumb, you might set something on fire. You might set the turkey shed on fire." He mused in apparent enjoyment. "Yes, you might — just so's you wouldn't have to sleep up there at night."

He shook his head emphatically and catching his toe under a tine of the fork, lifted it slowly up and down. "Nope, nope, dumb ox, you can't help me. You're too stupid."

He laughed, pushed at his brother rudely. "You're so dumb you don't even know why Ma makes you sleep up there at night —" he waved his hand — "aside from watching the turkeys. Why she's ashamed of you. She don't want you around when people come." He grinned cruelly. "You're dumb. You're so dumb you don't even know what the word means." His laugh was loud; the dog tipped its head and lifted a curious ear.

"Do you, Mel?" He was coax-

(Continued on page 30)

Let 'er Buck!

by Lois Bush

pictures courtesy of The Vandal Riders

"Let 'er buck!" the battle cry of the cowboy, has invaded the Northwest in the form of intercollegiate rodeo. Fast becoming a tradition, the idea has spread throughout the country until now there are 39 member schools each with a representing rodeo team. Rodeo, considered a spectator sport by some "intelligentsia," entered the ranks of higher education at the University of Arizona at Tucson back in the '30's. Intercollegiate rodeos are conducted by professional rules and judged by the same standards. The only difference is that the participating cowboys must be college students in good standing and trophies are awarded instead of cash prizes.

Idaho's Vandal Riders, the youngest of NIRA National Intercollegiate Rodeo Association, are certainly not the least active. Also the youngest club on campus, the Idaho cowboys look back on a first year jam-packed with activities — rodeos and horse-shows among the most important.

The riding club became a reality last October when a group of rodeo-minded horse lovers decided they wanted something more than just talking every time they got together. They sent out a call for interested students, set a time and place for meetings, and elected officers. Ned Stuart, a hard-working top hand from down Burley way, was elected president. Taking his duties seriously, Ned was the guiding light of the infant organization, successfully sending it off to a flying start. Sitting in the vice-president's chair was George Hatley, already secretary of the Appaloosa Horse Club and an enthusiastic worker whenever horses are involved. Elizabeth Fitzgerald kept the minutes and Terry Carson collected the dues. Al Foucar kept



Ned Stuart, Carl Yocum, Jim Betts, Gob Schild, Pat Lueder, Bill Lodge, Bob Reed, King Block, and Norm Lodge in a quiet moment.

the club's name in the paper.

There wasn't much riding that could be done during the winter so our equestrians kept busy with lectures and moving pictures. Big plans came in as the snow went out. In April the Vandal Riders collaborated with the Animal Husbandry department to put on a judging school for the Ag students. The riding club provided the horseshow while the students judged. They shot the works—halter classes, stock classes, and pleasure classes. Mrs. Pearl Judkins of Spokane gave an exhibition in the three-gaited class and the parade class. A cowboy delegation rode International show. Springtime in the parade at the Ag Little was picnic time—on horseback, of course—and then in May came the highlight of the year.

The first Northwest rodeo of its type was put on by Montana State at Missoula on May 7. Out of practice, the Idaho team went anyway and came back with a first place in bareback riding. The winning ride, made by the president, Ned Stuart, topped off his year as foreman of the growing club. A second rodeo was held in Colfax on May 21, sponsored by the Hackamore Club at W.S.C. Idaho took two firsts and came in second highest in total team points. The winning rides at Colfax were made by Robert Lint in the bareback bronc riding and Floyd Venable in wild cow riding. King Block, Idaho's football-playing cowboy, took third in calf-roping on his own horse.

In between rodeos new officers were elected for the next



From here it looks like a snap, but see below for what can happen.

year. Al Foucar took over as president with King Block as his right-hand man. Terry Carson was elected secretary and Jo Pence became treasurer. Lois Bush and Carl Yocum are to handle the publicity. The Vandal Riders have made many plans for the coming year. Foremost among these are the ones for a rodeo to be held here, possibly this fall but probably next spring. Barbecues, hayrides and Sunday afternoon group riding are also high on the agenda.

The Vandal Riders is neither a male or a professional organization. Any student, boy or girl, who is interested in horses and wants to learn more about them, is welcome to join. An enthusiastic membership is the first step to success. Right now the club's biggest stumbling block is the lack of horses. Friendly townspeople, appreciating this fact, often allow their animals to be used. Some of the students do have their own horses here at school. The club is trying to arrange quarters for member's horses but it will take a lot of cooperation on

the part of the students. Plans are being made to have a number of horses on hand this fall so that those who want to ride but aren't too sure of themselves will get a chance to catch up with their more experienced fellows. The Vandal Riders open their second year at the University of Idaho with high hopes for the future and a cordial invitation to all those students who left "old Dobbin" back on the farm to "come on over and join the fun."

All is not beer, skittles and fancy shirts for Vandal cow riders. It can be uncomfortable.



Can You



- Con man
- Pepper Young
- Arg. Editor



- Ax murderer
- Movie star
- A.S.U.I. president



- Amoeba
- KUOI manager
- Steel magnate

If sometime, while you are sipping sodas in the Spruce, an ex-marine suddenly stands up and starts singing Chinese songs you will undoubtedly be gazing at the noted lecturer, explorer and world traveler Al Derr. (We personally have never heard any of these Chinese sings.) (He only claims to be able to sing Chinese songs.) (Will someone please find out the truth in this matter?)

At any rate Mr. Derr also claims to be descended from William the Conqueror, but there's no denying that Al entered public notice at an early age. When he was just thirteen he mowed down a thousand pound bear with his little thirty-three, and he has pictures to prove it. When asked to describe the beast, he only says, "It was as big as a cow." After looking at the pictures we decided that, not only was it big as a cow, but it also looked an awful lot like one. But of course the picture is a little blurred.

Besides all this, however, Alen knows how to spell many different three-letter words and thus is eminently qualified for the post of Argonaut Editor

Whenever Vern Bahr picks up a copy of Blot, he only looks at the pin-ups and reads the jokes. Since the above picture is no pin-up (may be a joke, though?), he'll never read this and we can reveal the whole story of Vern Bahr.

One day, when he was but a wee lad, Vern took his dogs and went to the hills. This was fine except that he neglected to come back home. Newspaper headlines screamed the news—two thousand searchers set out on hunt—radios hourly blared forth latest reports. Drama!! Excitement!! However, all this drama was suddenly called to a halt two days later when Vern calmly came home.

Well, people could tell that this boy was going to go some place and he did go some place. He grew up and went to the University of Idaho. There he bloodied a few noses in the boxing ring, made a straight A average and (yes, you guessed it) was elected A.S.U.I. President. If you guessed this toughy give yourself ten points.

which he holds. Score ten points if you guessed right.

When most of us turn to 660 on our radio dials we hear K.U.O.I., the much celebrated Voice of the Vandal. (Unless we live at Pine Hall, then we just hear static. Give yourself 10 points for living there). If you live within three blocks of the transmitter, you should know that Dale Benjamin is station director of K.U.O.I. If you checked amoeba, you're wrong, but it wasn't too long ago that Dale Leroy (as contrasted to Dale Ernest Benjamin) waded from the shallows of Lake Coeur d'Alene, put on his shoes and arrived at Idaho. Since then he has had both his shoes and his feet planted firmly on the nearest desk in the studios of K.U.O.I., right next door to the BLOT office. As a matter of fact, we're beginning to suspect that it isn't Nellie Lucher, but Benjamin himself who's moaning *Hurry On Down* on the other side of the wall. They say radio men crack early. At any rate, if you guessed correctly, take your damned ten point, and shut up.

- 60 pts. Dead
- 50 pts. Worse
- 40 pts. Bad

Character?



- Flag pole sitter
- Gem editor
- Sit 'n bull



- Miss Blatz of 1938
- Famous girl detective
- A.W.S. president



- Mona Lisa
- Follies dancer
- Blot editor

If you ever catch this fellow slipping out the back door of your best girl's house when you're going in the front, don't get excited. It's only Jerry Bunnell on his regular summer job of meter man.

In the spring, his favorite recreation is picnicing, during which he habitually leaps, fully clothed, into the nearest water. (Last spring's score: picnics, 3, impromptu swims, 3, no hits, no runs, no errors.) We have yet to receive any concrete explanation for this action, but anyone who shows up with a perfect score is certainly to be congratulated.

Aside from this pixie-like hobby, he is noted among his friends for his sobriety and his ability to spend more time looking busy and doing nothing than anyone else we know. If you correctly chose him as Gem editor, don't get excited. How could you miss?

Surprise though it is, Janice McCormick has never been a girl detective. Neither was she chosen Miss Blatz Beer of 1938. (This does not mean that Janice does not have what it takes to be elected "Miss Blatz Beer." She just didn't have enough bottle caps to enter the contest in 1938.) (She entered the next year and won.) Score ten points (you clever people) if you correctly named her A.W.S. president.

Janice has been described as a Jack-of-all-trades. Living by her motto ("I'll do anything fifteen times.") she may be variously be seen careening down the ski slopes, slapping together modern art, wildly waving a tennis racket, or wielding a wicked doe-si-doe.

But, for all this, Janice has a hidden flaw. Though she will deny it, she hates teas. It is even rumored that she plans to revise the social calendar putting some other social activity (hummm?) in their place, but she denies this also. Well, anyway, she tears up Blot after she reads it (instead of before) so we think she's a good kid.

The girl above is Marie Hargis, not Mona Lisa as you may have thought. You are probably wondering what brings the mystic smile to her lips. She would be glad to have you think that she is merely a sweet girl who always smiles, but the truth is she has just finished reading a joke on page 3 of this issue. You see, she is the one who holds the most sought after post on the campus—she is the one who steals thousands of jokes each month—she is the Editor of Blot.

Young children wishing to follow in her footsteps should note that she began her career at an early age. When only seven she published (typed by hunt and peck) a low priced (25c a copy) but popular (circulation 3) magazine cleverly titled "The Sunshine Special." Unaccountably, however, this venture folded after the first issue.

Some of you quiz fans may have guessed *follies dancer* above but (to the best of our knowledge) Marie has never been one. However, since she has been known to do song and dance numbers on the U Hut steps you may score two points for this answer.

Scoring:

- 30 pts. Good
- 20 pts. Better
- 10 pts. Best



Rage of the Sage

by Betty Thompson

Ill. by Gene Belloc

MARGIE WAS NOT TOO GOOD AS SWIMMING BUT WHO CARED?

Sometimes I just don't see the sense in things. Grown-ups act so funny most of the time. Take my sister Margie, for example. Of course, she isn't really grown-up; she just thinks she is. Mother says Margie is having growing pains. Well, all I have to say is that it sure is painful, at least for the rest of us.

Margie graduated from high school in May. She is going away to college in September. They say college really changes people a lot, especially girls. I hope so. I hate to say this about my own sister, but it sure is nice around home when she's not there.

My father, in his corny way, calls her "the rage of the sage." He thinks he is terrifically funny. Every night when he comes from the office, he goes through the same routine. He opens the door quietly, and pulls his hat down over his ears. Then he peers around the living room. If Margie isn't there, he tiptoes into the kitchen where Mother is. He looks all around the room, then he whispers to Mother. "Is it safe: Where's the 'rage of the sage'?" If Mother says she's not home, Father collapses on the nearest chair. Then he spoils his effect by laughing at his own humor.

Of course, Margie doesn't even know anything about it. She usually comes in just a little after Father gets home. If the front door slams, and we hear her footsteps pounding up the stairs, my father groans; and mother sighs. We all know that this signifies fireworks. Margie is on the rampage again.

Things have been a little better lately. Margie is in love. At least things are better in the sense that there is comparative peace in the house now, but Margie acts so silly it gets on my nerves.

Her big romance began at the swimming pool. Margie and I were lying in the sun. Margie was bored; she kept fiddling with her swimming cap and moving restlessly around — all symptoms of a big storm to come. Well, anyway, we were lying there, and this boy came in. Margie sat right straight up. She couldn't keep her eyes off of him. She even condescended to say a few words to me. "Sarah, look! Isn't that boy cute!" I knew better than to say so, but I thought he was sort of a pill. He was good looking, but he looked like the type that would leap around a car and open the door for a person when he got out.

"Ooh, he's smooth," said Margie. She arranged her legs in a more glamorous pose. Then she completely ignored the boy, and looked into the water with a haughty expression on her face. Suddenly she grabbed me and pushed me toward the water. "Let's go swimming." For a moment I was at a loss. Margie spent many hours at the pool, but very few in the water. Her hair might get straight. Then I caught on. The strange boy was on the diving board. When I hesitated, Margie pushed me in and jumped in herself. Once in the water, she proceeded to act quite silly, laughing and bouncing around and throwing water. It was completely out of character. The boy just stood on the diving board. He didn't seem to notice her, which led me to think that he might have a little sense at least.

Margie moved away from me, floating on her back. I could see it coming, but I was speechless. He dived, and oh, confusion, he landed right square on top of her. To this day, I don't know whether Margie planned it that way, or if it was just a coinci-

dence. Anyway, it was pretty tricky.

He really threw Margie out of commission. Margie is not too good at swimming. She can swim across the pool and back, but if someone bumps into her or she gets off her stroke, she is sunk, and I do mean literally. She just about drowned, but the boy rescued her and dragged her over to the side. All Margie could do was choke and gasp; it wasn't exactly what I would call romantic.

From then we saw quite a bit of Gordon. That was his name, Gordon Chamberlin. And he was the type that runs around and opens car doors for people. Margie seemed more like a human being after that, except for the week when Gordon didn't call her. Then it was just like old times. She spent the days in a tearing rage or long periods of silence. Either mood was hard on the rest of us.

"Poor girl," my mother sighed on Saturday morning, after a particularly trying episode with Margie. "It's so hard when you are young."

"Poor girl! Huh!" my father snorted. "What Margie needs is a good spanking, by jiminy. And I'm going to see that she gets it." At times like these I can see plainly where Margie's temperament comes from.

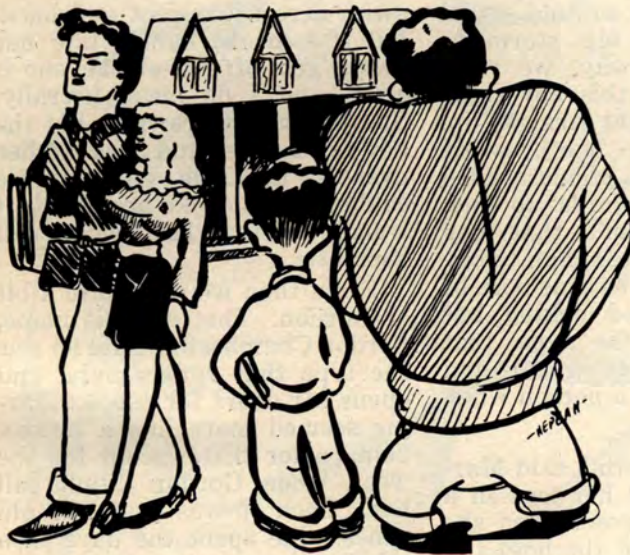
Mother finally calmed him down, until at last, grumbling and mumbling to himself, he gave up the idea. Then he looked at me. "Sarah, if you are ever, ever like that . . ." He couldn't say no more. Evidently the prospect was too awful to consider.

That was father's first reaction to Margie's actions. Then he got tired of the gloomy atmosphere around the house after we had been having so much peace, so he tried to liven things

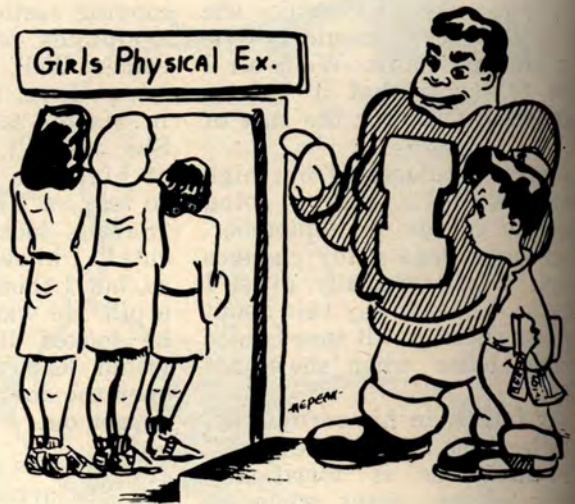
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Meet Blotter---

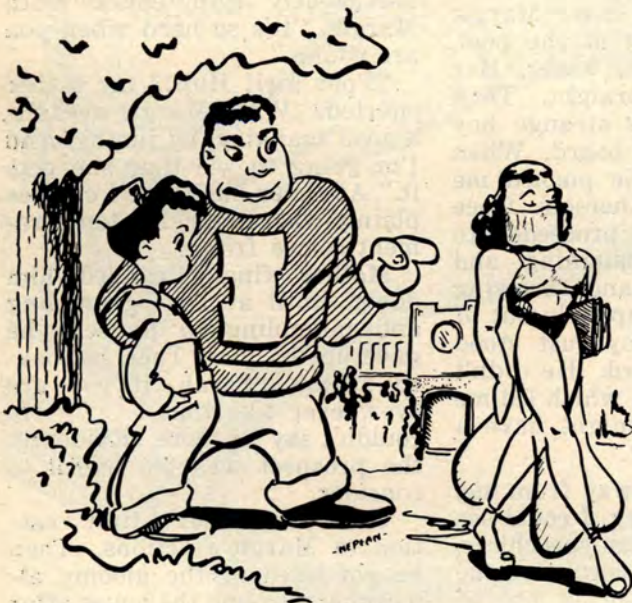
MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF '54 AND NEWEST ADDITION TO OUR CARTOON FAMILY.



Don't worry blotter, they all go steady when they first come.



... and for two hours I thought that was the registration line!



No, she's an exchange student.



and Millie is a senior!

Fashions of the Hour

U OF I CO-EDS ON SHOPPING TOUR WITH ANNE EGGLESON

Long before their studious noses are thrust into the first text book, U of I co-eds begin to think about school clothes. In the pages that follow are shown styles that express the back-to-school mood of our "Sweet Sal" as she takes a shopping tour—so away to the store!



Velvet seems luxurious—black is a must. For something practical yet also very special—Cora lie Hart chooses this black velvet ensemble. The simplicity of the dress with jacket is the ideal solution to that call for a basic black dress. And for a Saturday night special—sparkle it with rhinestones, indeed a treat for dancing.

It takes thoughtful planning for satisfaction. Pat O'Connor is well pleased with her choice of gaily striped jersey dress, perfect for a Friday night fireside or an after game date. And for those cold, blustery days what could be nicer than the warm, fleece coat—wear it belted or unbelted.





As "pleased as punch" is Pam Gaut with this exciting assortment of sweaters. The turtle neck and jerkin are new notes in the sweater parade this fall, all in wools as soft as a kitten's ear!



Trim and smart—the suit is the core of the college wardrobe, as Pam well known. Pam has chosen as her favorite a quiet tweed. Won't you agree that she is well-suited?



She couldn't resist it—can you? Pat has chosen a plaid robe with sweetly feminine detail. Certainly this robe will be a most prized possession for study, snack or just plain relaxin'!



His Lady --- The S-87

by James Bovard

Ill by Nepean

IN HIS MIND, HE COULD SEE THE PLANES ON THE BOW SLOWLY BENDING OUTWARD FROM THE SIDES OF THE SHIP.

A silent symbol of destruction, a challenge to the mental and physical endurance of men, the submarine strained savagely at her mooring lines on the pier. Barnard felt the challenge keenly; it seemed to hover in the atmosphere, to permeate the very air he breathed.

Irregular splotches of red rust clung tenaciously to the sides of the submarine and stood out in crude, arrogant relief from the black paint on the hull. A thin veneer of ice covered the tapered conning tower, which protruded from the water like a huge inverted icicle.

Barnard's gaze pierced the swirl of crust-laden snow, tossed by a wild, capricious wind, careening, cutting into his youthful face, and his little gray eyes smiled at the submarine. His eyes seemed to penetrate everything about him. He was a short, gaunt youth of nineteen who was apparently still in the process of growing taller, for his navy clothes were too small for him and gave him a rather pinched appearance.

Looking at the submarine, he felt the presence of an inexplicable communion; it was neither physical nor spiritual. He was no touching the ship, and the ship, an inanimate lump of cold steel, could have no soul; and, yet, he felt a certain unity, a distinct harmony, a sense of oneness with the submarine. He turned up the collar of his navy pea coat and fastened the top button. He was not unused to

the cold, but somehow the winters of Minnesota had seemed less severe, less tyrannical than those of New England. He would be glad to leave New London if it were not for leaving Brenda, glad to leave when his submarine training was completed; that is, *if* his training were completed, he added, as an afterthought.

That there was a possibility he would not complete his training Barnard was only too well aware, and as he proceeded towards the U.S.S. *S-87*, he heard once again all the old admonitions. He rubbed his ears briskly with woolen gloves until the increased circulation ran warmly through the cartilage. Military bearing was sacrificed for progress through the storm as he bent forward into the wind. He could hear the voices of the surface sailors at Newport falling all round him with the heavy flakes of snow. He remembered their blind pessimism and the ignorant, fantastic conceptions some of them harbored.

"Jesus Christ!" one of them had said, "Whaddya wanna join the sub service for? About half them guys gets discharged after six months' duty. The pressure inside them pigboats busts the eardrums of most all them guys."

Barnard's gray eyes laughed, and the muscles in his jaw twitched like an exaggerated pulse. He knew by now that those stories were not just sailors' sea stories, but that they were pure fallacies. He chuckled aloud, pleased by the cognizance of his slightly superior knowledge; but there was no laughter in him when he recalled the words of the red-faced chief boatswain's mate. The voice rasped just as discordantly in Barnard's memory as it had

coming from the chief's throat a month before.

"It's that first dive in a submarine that gets 'em. Lots of 'em crack up right there. Take two or three of 'em crackin' up at the same time and before long you ain't got nobody runnin' that sub. Why, I betcha there's been more subs lost because of trainees crackin' up and not knowin' what to do than there is durin' a whole war."

Barnard knew the chief was wrong and suspected that he would not attack the submarine service so vehemently had he had guts enough to join it himself, but the germ of truth in the idle remarks had begun to infect Barnard's imagination. What if *he* were the one to lose his nerve, to go berserk during a crucial moment of his first dive in a submarine?

"Hey, Barney! Wait up!"

Barnard turned and squinted his eyes, trying to recognize the figure that came running through the storm.

"Hey, Barneeeeeeey!" the voice pleaded.

There was no mistaking it the second time. It was the suppliant tone peculiar to Willis Hobart's voice. Feeling trapped, Barnard waited, clapping his hands together in an effort to keep them warm, while Willis ran, hopped, and walked, trying vainly to gain admiration, applause, and sympathy all in one sweep. He was a thin, awkward boy of seventeen with a *long*, lean neck and a protuberant Adam's apple.

"Jeez, ain't it cold!" Willis said. "Just got out of the chow hall. You eat chow yet? Gawd, what stinkin' coffee! Hope they got decent coffee on the 87-boat."

It's man's nature to complain, Barnard thought, but some men

(Continued on page 23)

make a study of it. Such a man was Willis Hobart, he reflected ruefully. He rescued his thoughts from the somber aspect of the Hobart family and settled them round a more vivacious member of it. When he had first met Brenda, he thought her a rather loose-witted creature too, and immediately he began to feel sorry for Commander Hobart, famed skipper of the submarine *Pez*. Barnard began to appreciate the fact that a man cannot presage his fortune in cards or love, but when Brenda had drawn him into her little coterie often enough, he realized that he had been hasty in his judgment of her. Later, when his judgment had become noticeably impaired by the narcotic effect of love, either he rejected his previous revelation with regard to fortune or he was prepared to take his chances.

"You an' sis doin' the town up tonight?" Willis asked, as he and Barnard approached the berth of the *S-87*. The wind was getting stronger and colder, and the snow was turning to sleet.

"I don't know, Willie. It depends . . ."

Willis' mind was not troubled by undertones or reservations, and he accepted Barnard's answer as complete. He had asked Barnard a question, and Barnard had answered it. To Willis there could be no more than that. But it was not a closed issue with Barnard; to him it had just begun. Last night, Brenda and he had been talking about the submarine service. They had come out of the theater fresh from a Bing Crosby motion picture, and Brenda was humming all the newly learned tunes. She had been so gay when they sat in the tiny Chinese restaurant afterward. They made plans together and talked a long time. They laughed. Brenda was always laughing. She was somewhat of a chatterbox and liked to think she was the life of the party; not quite mature mentally, she harbored many small prejudices, and, although a strikingly attractive girl, her vanity far transcended her ephemeral beauty. She was a large-busted girl and favored tightly fitting sweaters in her costumes, adorning her bare arms

with an overabundance of cheap bracelets; her eyes, like her brother's, were dark and deep-set, and her lashes were thick with mascara, blinking, continually blinking, in a fluttering pose of utter helplessness.

Suddenly, Barnard realized that all their plans, as Brenda had stated them, depended upon his being a part of the submarine service. It seemed inconceivable at first that anyone could be so blindly bigoted, but there was no denying what he heard.

"Daddy's a submarine man, Willie will be one soon, and I wouldn't marry anyone *but* a submarine man," she had said with the utmost gravity.

She's just a child, he thought. Why should he be so involved with such a child! But he was. Dawn it, he was. As he and Willis walked toward the *S-87*, Barnard wondered how much of his desire to be a submarine sailor could be attributed to his love for ships and adventure, and how much to his love for Brenda. If he had wanted to become a submariner before he met her, his desire was now increased a hundredfold. He would do his best, he thought, but no one could be justly expected to do more than that. And if he failed? Brenda would love him just the same. She had to. If she loved him at all, if she felt one iota of the joy he had known since their courtship began, if—or was he merely deluding himself, being kind to himself? Had the spirit of submarines so completely possessed her, had she, by her father's and brother's participation in it, become such a part of the submarine service that she felt a singularity in belonging to an exclusive group, had she become so foolishly proud that she would break off their relationship if he were unable to continue his training? Barnard Stuart was not a coward, but he nevertheless was afraid of the answer to that question.

He eyed Willis from the corner of one eye and tried to divine Willis' thoughts. Though Barnard himself had barely seen the last of eighteen, he looked upon Willis as a youngster, as indeed he was; and notwith-

standing his knowledge that Willis possessed no overabundance of backbone, he perceived a slight warmth of feeling for the boy in spite of himself, a feeling independent of Brenda's influence, and amity perhaps fostered by Barnard's deep-rooted respect for Willis' father, Commander Hobart.

Barnard wondered if Willis was unduly worried about the outcome of their impending adventure. Adventure? No, more like a minor testing of the soul, he thought. From all outward appearances Willis was the essence of confidence, but Barnard wondered if it was really confidence or merely bravado. Perhaps Willis' expression was but a ramification of his insensibility. Barnard remembered well the episode with the marines on Bank street. Willis had worn the same expression of assurance that night, but it turned out to be something even less than bravado, with Willis instigating the argument, wrathfully antagonizing the marines, and then saying, "Ain't that right, Barney! They can't say that to *us* and get away with it, can they Barney!" while Barnard barely managed to thwart the two drunken marines from annihilating one Willis Hobart.

Barnard felt a double responsibility on his shoulders, and the pressure was more than a lesser man would voluntarily embrace. First, the knowledge that his performance on the *S-87* would determine his future billet in the Navy, either in submarines or in surface craft, gave his mind a turbulent restlessness, the extremity of which he had hitherto unexperienced. To know that one mistake, one wrong act, one command misconstrued could not only disqualify him from further submarine training, but could possibly cost the lives of the whole crew, was not a jolly thought to entertain nor one which a conscientious man could accept with levity. Secondly, he felt a rather fraternal responsibility for Willis, and cognizant of Willis' limitations, he experienced some degree of apprehension with regard to the boy's execution of commands. Perhaps if he could manage to stay

(Continued on next page)

S-87

(Continued from page 23)

close to the boy and keep an eye on him

As Barnard and Willis approached the gangway, they were suddenly accosted by a regular crew member of the S-87. A swarthy hulk of a man he was and very drunk.

"Hold on there ya scurvy deck apes! Clear the gangway! Make way for the gunner!"

The drunken gunner lurched into the presence of the two younger sailors and sneered at them superciliously, scrutinizing their countenances, his red-streaked eyes rolling slowly from side to side. The gunner wore no pea coat, though the sleet still fell from the sky and the wind still whipped it through the air at terrific speed. He wore what once must have passed for a white hat, about which, except for its shape, no one could have made such a liberal presumption. It was a rumple of mottled material, streaked with yellow, black, and red, perched precariously on a partially bald head.

"What in hell you kids doin', going aboard my ship!" the gunner roared, and as he leaned his face forward to bring them within his blurred vision, the mottled hat began to slide.

"We're reporting aboard for training practice," Barnard said, reaching out a hand to catch the gunner's hat.

"Leggo that damn' hat! Keep your filthy hands off'n that hat!" the gunner said, his red eyes growing redder.

"No damn' woman gonna boss the ol' gunner around. She'll git hers," he added, his yell subsiding into a hoarse whisper.

"There's no woman here," Willis said.

"I'll say she's no woman. Damn' demon, that's what she is."

"Probably means his wife, Willis. Just humor the old goat," Barnard said.

"Who's an old goat?" boomed the gunner. "Damned punk kids—think you know it all—think you got it all right in your hand. You'll probably scuttle the ol' '87" and kill the whole goddam crew. Putrid trainees! Miserable

bastards!" he said, leering in Barnard's direction.

The gunner staggered aboard and went below, and, at a reasonable distance, Barnard and Willis followed his footsteps with somewhat more stability, if not with equal confidence. In the control room, eight trainees crowded round a chief torpedo-man, whose ears, by their swollen size and discoloration, indicated that he might once have been a boxer, perhaps a middle-weight, for he was tall but exceedingly thin. He held a muster list in his hand and called out a series of names in a deep, rumbling voice, hesitating now and again while he labored over a particularly irritating pronunciation. Upon hearing the chief's voice, Barnard visualized him holding a black cigar in one hand and a glass of straight whiskey in the other. Such was truly his personality.

Completing the muster and satisfied that everyone was present, the chief assigned the eight trainees to definite stations for the dive which the S-87 would make that morning.

On topside, the seamen were scampering round deck to make the submarine ready for sea. Lieutenant Mark Randolph, captain of the S-87, stood on the bridge and barked orders to his crew. Dressed in lightweight khaki shirt and trousers, he stood like a defiant ogre in the midst of the storm that seemingly surrendered in deference to a greater will. Although he might, at times, appear like an ogre to his crew, he was, for the most part, a severe but equitable man in his dealings with his junior officers and enlisted men. He had a large-broad nose, puffy cheeks, and a "crew cut" to his brown hair. Tall and big-boned, he had difficulty in maneuvering himself in the confined quarters of the S-87, and, although he favored submarine duty for its informality, he deplored the lack of space and often spoke of his battleship days with a certain tenderness.

"Cast off number one," he said calmly.

The sailor on the deck responsible for number one mooring line quickly freed it, and soon it was being hauled aboard.

The Captain surveyed the new position of the submarine as it began to back down slowly, and, in rotation, the remaining lines were cast off. Free from her confinement at the dock, the "87" backed out towards the middle of the Thames River.

"Full right rudder," Captain Randolph called into the voice tube on the bridge. One deck below, in the conning tower, the helmsman answered, "Full right rudder, sir."

"Ahead one third," shouted the Captain.

"Ahead one third," came the reply, and the U.S.S. S-87 veered sharply into the channel, heading her bow towards the harbor and the open sea.

The swarm of sailors on the narrow deck disappeared one after another as they scampered down the hatches. The last man down each hatch secured it tightly in a preliminary preparation to rig the ship for diving.

Below decks, the big torpedo-man completed his assignments to the trainees and left the compartment, and Barnard, alone with his thoughts again, recalled the captious, derogatory remarks of the red-faced chief boat-swain's mate at Newport. "Why, I betcha there's been more subs lost because of trainees crackin' up and not knowin' what to do than there is durin' a whole war."

Once again he heard the caustic words of the drunken gunner. "You'll probably scuttle the ol' '87" and kill the whole goddam' crew." Barnard surveyed the maze of pipes and wires that littered the compartment. Notwithstanding his study of the ship's various systems during the previous few weeks, it was confusing to be thrust among such a complexity of machinery for the first time. Somehow, the ship itself seemed vastly unrelated to the lectures in submarine school and the drawings he had made. Would he ever learn the purpose of *all* those wires and the network of sparkling brass pipelines? he wondered. He hoped so, but today he merely had to do what he was told, to operate the bow planes during the dive.

He found it difficult to suppress his excitement. It was al-

most hard for him to breathe, and he knew he dare not try to speak unless he make a fool of himself, his throat was so constricted with joy. Already he felt a closer communion with the "S-87," something akin to a secret comradeship, shared by just him and the ship. It was a glorious feeling and one which he would hesitate to reveal even if there were adequate words. To an outsider he might say, "I like submarines," but to another submariner the meaning would be clear, though equally inexpressible.

When he had passed through this period of observation, the test of his ability to meet the requirements of the submarine service, he would go on to complete his training and be assigned to a fleet submarine. That was the day to which he looked forward, the day he should own a small part of a submarine, his submarine, he thought, smiling to himself.

"Rig the ship for dive!" the quartermaster yelled, relaying the command from the Captain to the control room.

Barnard sat motionless in the control room; he was close to his station for the dive, and there was no need to move until he heard the two blasts of the "klaxon."

The S-87 passed Groton and moved out into the harbor, increasing her speed to two thirds. Keeping between the mainland and Fishers Island, she proceeded towards Block Island Sound, struggling stoutly against a heavy sea. She would soon be in water deep enough to dive safely.

Barnard, suddenly conscious of the boy's absence, wondered where Willis was and what his assignment for the dive had been. He had hoped he might be able to look after Willis during the dive at least, but apparently the boy had been assigned to some station in another compartment.

The steady rumble of the diesels in the engine rooms, the constant pitching, and the rolling from port to starboard brought on a drowsiness which Barnard found difficult to shrug off. He felt that were it not for his extreme excitement, he would

surely fall fast asleep. The thought made him angry. Sleep during his first few hours aboard a submarine? How absurd! He shook his head vigorously and rubbed his eyes. The diesels pounded on madly, insanely, and Barnard wondered how the motor-machinists in the engine rooms could stand the continuous, deafening roar of the engines, hour after hour, day after day. But soon the ship would dive, and the diesels would cease their unbearable chatter. Only the hum of the huge electric motors would be heard, like the sonorous tone of a cello, insistent, persuasive, carrying the aria and accompaniment by a whispering orchestral background, in a wondrous underwater concerto.

The S-87 proceeded towards Block Island Sound, bearing left, keeping between the Island and the mainland, then bearing right and half circling the Island on its northeastern side. She headed straight out to sea.

The "klaxon" sounded two blasts—oog-g-ga—oog-g-ga. Two lookouts, followed by the Captain, scrambled down the ladder into the control room. The crew of the S-87 went into rapid action. Vents on ballast tanks were opened, allowing the air to escape and be replaced by sea water. An internal pressure of two pounds, within the hull of the submarine, registered on the manometer and assured the diving officer that all openings in the hull were closed. The S-87 started down towards the bottom, and in less than fifty seconds the last of her superstructure was below the surface.

Without knowing quite how it had happened, Barnard found himself at his station. There had been no time to think about it; he had acted automatically, as if conditioned to the act through years of practice. He was smiling at himself, feeling somewhat smug, when he was suddenly startled by an explosive voice next to his ear.

"Rig out those bow planes! Come on, rig 'em out!"

He pressed the button in front of him firmly, and in his mind he could see the planes on the bow slowly bending outward from the sides of the ship like



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S-87

(Continued from page 25)

the wings of a bird unfolding prior to flight.

"Bow planes—seven degrees 'dive'," said the diving officer, waiting only long enough for the planes to assume their operating position.

Running the lever out cautiously, Barnard watched the bubble in the bow-planes' indicator. It reported one degree, two degrees, then three, four . . .

"Bow planes — more 'dive'," said the diving officer.

Then Barnard felt it. The feeling came on slowly, almost imperceptibly. The bow of the "87" was easing downward, like a forward pitch on the surface, only this time it was staying down and going farther towards the bottom. It was the first time he had ever been so acutely conscious of a four-degree slope. Again he checked the bubble in the bow-planes' indicator. Seven degrees it showed. He glanced at the depth indicator and was surprised that it read only forty-five feet. It was then he noticed Willis for the first time in over an hour. Willis was operating the stern planes and sat directly to Barnard's left. The boy's long hands were trembling, and a protuberant Adam's apple slid up and down his scrawny neck. Perspiration ran into the corners of his dark, deep-sunken eyes, from which all signs of confidence had vanished.

"Start to level her off now, the diving officer said.

Barnard ran the lever back towards "rise" and stopped at five degrees. The bow of the S-87 began to move upward.

"Bring the bow and stern planes to zero," said the diving officer.

The submarine maintained an even trim and proceeded forward at fifty-five feet. The interior of the ship was strangely quiet now. The diving officer gave no more commands, and his silence was beginning to be irritating.

Barnard felt it was precisely this silence that would prove to be the most rigid test. When commands had been given sharply and quickly, there had been no time for worry, for appre-

hension. He had acted spontaneously, as if his movements were instinctive. But now, where a few moments before there had been the tone of cold assurance from the diving officer and the rapid movements in response, there was silence and inactivity; now there was ample time to hear the echo of heartless jeers and morbid presentiments, time again to envision a horrible disaster of which he might be the instrument. And yet, despite his unnerved state, he could feel his alliance with the submarine growing stronger, feel the day approaching when he and a submarine would be as one unit in a timeless, spaceless world.

He glanced at Willis, whose face by now manifested an extreme degree of fright, and spoke to him calmly, reassuringly.

"I've a hunch this will turn out to be pretty good duty, Willis."

The pale cast of Willis' face took on an even paler hue as he tried desperately to formulate an answer. He was unable to utter an audible sound beyond a grunt however, and his body twitched uncontrollably as he breathed in short gasps. It appeared to Barnard that if something were not done quickly to relieve the mental strain of his shipmate, Willis might soon be under the scrutiny of the diving officer, perhaps even disqualified from further training. He tried quiet conversation, but that had no apparent effect.

"Is it all right to smoke now, sir?" he asked of the diving officer.

"Provided you have the cigarettes," the officer chuckled.

"Smoke, Willis?" Barnard asked, proffering a pack of Luckies.

"Jesus Christ! We're shipping water down here!" said a vociferous machinist's mate, his tousled head suddenly bobbing up through the hatch of the pump room.

The diving officer, already at the hatch, soon disappeared down the pump-room ladder.

His cigarette pack in mid-air, his gray eyes growing larger, Barnard listened attentively for any further conversation from the pump room. Willis turned

restlessly from side to side, as if searching for an exit, his Adam's apple working up and down, his jaws and lips moving but emitting no sound.

"Can you pump it out faster than it's coming in?" Barnard heard the diving officer ask of the machinist's mate.

"If it doesn't come in any faster than this," was the answer.

"Well, keep watch on it, and we'll see if we can finish this dive."

Willis, hearing the words of the diving officer, half raised himself to his feet. His face was grotesquely contorted, and his arms flailed the air in violent, irrational gestures. He seemed not to recognize Barnard at all as he sprang for the ladder leading to the conning tower. Again Barnard acted without stopping to think. With a well-aimed right cross, he hit Willis on the point of the chin. The blow knocked him down and dazed him, but somehow he managed to retain consciousness. He struggled to his feet slowly.

"Let me out! She's gonna sink! Let me out!" screamed in a high-pitched effeminate voice.

Barnard held him by the arm and slapped him hard several times across the face. He cried like a child, his meager chest shaking in long, low sobs, and then suddenly he began to get hold of himself, to regain his composure.

A partially bald head emerged from the hatch of the forward-battery compartment, and then Barnard recognized the swarthy, hulking gunner as the man lumbered into the control room. Not far behind the gunner came Captain Randolph. The Captain stormed angrily into the control room. Many liberties could be taken with the Captain when his ship was in port, but when at sea Captain Randolph tolerated no deviation from military conduct.

"What the hell is going on here?" the Captain asked.

"I'll tell ya, Captain. I saw the whole thing," said the gunner. "This guy," he continued, pointing at Barnard, "Was crackin' up, going crazy, and this other guy stopped him from doin' anything serious."

"Is that right?" the Captain asked, looking from Willis to Barnard.

"I haven't anything to say, sir," Barnard said.

He looked at Willis and waited for him to answer. The gunner smiled at Willis and winked one of his red-streaked eyes. Captain Randolph surveyed Willis appraisingly.

"Well?" he asked. "Is that right?"

"I don't wanna git no one in trouble, sir," Willis said, "But," he added hastily, "That's what happened, right enough."

Barnard heard little of what followed. He was thinking of Willis' father, Commander Hobart, thinking of the Commander's fine war record, of the pride the Commander undoubtedly felt in knowing that Willis was taking submarine training, a chip off the old block and all that sort of thing. Yes, and he was thinking of the scorn and ridicule with which he would now be received by Brenda should he attempt to approach her. He suddenly felt very sorry for the Commander, yes, truly sorry. He found himself wondering whether, if he and Brenda had married, their children would have grown up to be Commander Hobarts or Willis Hobarts.

By noon the S-87 was back in port, and Barnard was leaving the gangway, walking towards the barracks at the submarine base. The storm had subsided and only a light scattering of snow fell earthward as he stopped along the path and looked back toward the S-87. He would soon be disqualified from further training, he knew. Already he was disqualified, he thought. All that remained was the paper work to make it official. Tomorrow, or the next day, would see him transferred to some surface ship; but for this moment, for today, no, for the rest of his life, the S-87 was his, and he was a part of the S-87. His eyes were misty as he watched the submarine rise and fall with the gentle incoming waves. The ice on the conning tower had begun to melt. The splash of red rust Barnard's gray eyes smiled stood out like a gaping wound through a shining film of tears.

Perhaps he and Willis were the only two who knew that he had passed his test, had lived up to the role of a submariner, but Barnard felt that his lady, the S-87, knew it too.

THE END.

Pledge: (At the dinner table)
Must I eat this egg?
Member: Yer damright.
Silence
Pledge: The beak, too?

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THE GREAT AMERICAN
NOVEL: CHAPTER I

Three men were grouped about a small fire. A tiny flame sent flickering shadows dancing among the trees of the Kentucky forest. It was the winter of 1776, and there was a chill in the air which made the men huddle closer to their fire. To all appearances, they were three ordinary wayfarers. One stood by the fire, a gaunt, bronzed man who was filing the lock of his long rifle. Another, to the casual observer, was absorbed in nothing more than the fate of his bacon which crackled in the pan. The third sat a little apart. He said nothing, but looked out into the night with a vacant stare. He was no more exceptional in appearance than the others. No ordinary layman would have thought that this quiet group of men who would play a part that was to affect the history of an entire nation.

As a matter of fact, he would have been right. The men were three squirrel hunters named Smith, Jones and Harris, who were never heard of again.

Jackolantern

—I—

Toby—Yes, I have just returned from a big-game hunting trip in Africa.

Tot—Sure 'nuff what did you bring back?

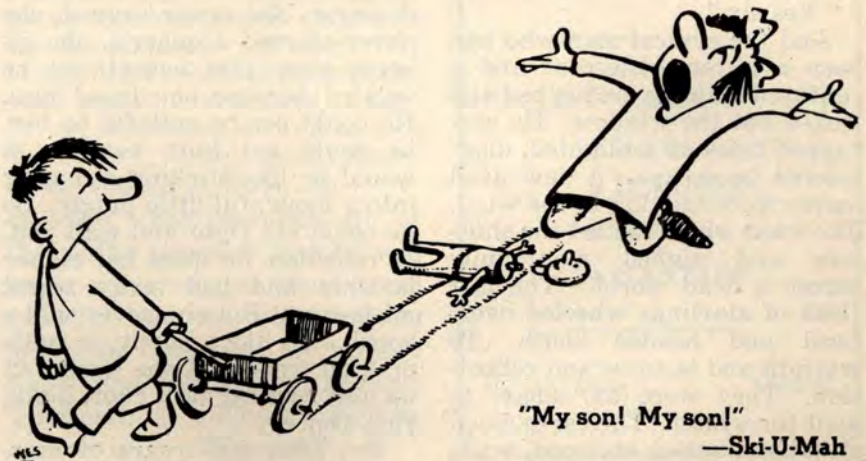
Toby—Seven lions, five tigers, two leopards and a potfer.

Tot—Potfer? What's a potfer?

Tody—To cook in.

—I—

Conscience gets a lot of credit that should really belong to cold feet.



"My son! My son!"

—Ski-U-Mah

If Winter - - -

(Continued from page 5)

he grew he kept asking himself, Why me? I'm just as good as what they are! Why me? I long for what they have and they don't even appreciate it! Why then do they have all those wonderful things and not me? Why me? Why am I left out! Why me? Why me?

And the little boy grew into a bitter adolescent and the bitter adolescent grew into a cynical young man. And the cynical man acted like a bitter adolescent and that is why he found himself walking down the street with his insides torn apart.

I have to go back to that house. I must go back there. She may regain consciousness and call for me. Soon she will die and winter will come. But I must see her. I must not let her wake up and call for me and me not be there.

The maid opened the door. He walked in wearily and handed her his coat.

"Is the doctor still upstairs, Millie?"

"Yes sir. He's been upstairs by Mrs. Lantrin's bedside all afternoon."

"I see. Have there been any . . . developments?"

"No sir."

"Where are Mrs. Lantrin's relatives?"

"In the sun parlor, sir. Shall I tell them you're here?"

"No, don't tell them anything. I don't want to see them. I'm going upstairs and lie down, Millie. I don't feel very well. If anyone wants me, I'll be in my room."

"Yes sir."

And the cynical man who had been a bitter adolescent and a confused child lay on his bed and looked out the window. He saw ragged trees on a blighted, dust-colored landscape. A few dead leaves were eddying in the wind. The wind which rattled the shutters and sighed mournfully across a dead world. The last flock of starlings wheeled overhead and headed south. To warmth and laziness and relaxation. They were too smart to wait for winter. The earth stood still, bare, naked, stripped, wait-

ing for the snow. Where was the snow!

Soon she will wake up and call for me and I shall have to go to her and tell her that I love her. Soon she will wake up, perhaps for the last time. Those relatives of hers hate me. They know I married her for her money and now they're angry because they figure I cut them out of their rightful inheritance. They love her even less than I do.

Poor, plain, rich Dulcey. She met the cynical man who acted like a bitter adolescent and he stole her away from her fiancée, Fred, his best friend. And he wooed her covetously and fooled her until she thought his love of money was love of her and they were married. But even on the wedding night something went wrong with the plans of the cynical man who was acting like a bitter adolescent. Suddenly he felt as though pus would start oozing from his pores. He was betraying himself. With an awful clarity he realized that he was not born to be a vulture or parasite. He had to love her. He had to love her.

He pressed her to him and kissed her fiercely, scuffing his lips upon hers and fondling her until he forced the passion to rise up within him. And the passion rose and it hammered against his brain and she was bewildered but submissive. But he awoke in the morning to discover that he was trapped, that it could not last because on the waking moments the shape of the world is appallingly clear and he knew that he could never love poor, plain, rich Dulcey. But Dulcey loved him and that made it worse. She never argued, she never started a quarrel, she always gave him everything he wanted because she loved him. He could not be spiteful to her, he could not hurt her for it would be like sticking a dagger into a mournful little puppy. So he could not fight and walk out. In rebellion, he spent her money lavishly and had many secret mistresses. But she never said a word. Just like a puppy. A smile or kind word and she would sit up and wag her tail. Poor, plain, rich Dulcey.

But after two years of mar-

riage a dreadful lump was found on her breast and the cancerous part was cut out. But now, after seven years, the disease had come back and there was no hope. And now he was waiting for her to die. Just like the shivering, pussy world was waiting for the cleansing snow.

"Mr. Lantrin."

"Oh, yes doctor?"

"She's awake. She's asking for you."

He hurried to her room. He straightened up and forced a smile.

"Hiya, sweetheart! How's my girl?"

She was withered and faded and looked like she was two hundred years old. Her body and face were cracked and decaying like the last autumn leaf before the snow. A crusty aperture in the leaf moved and whispered.

"Harold?"

"Yes, sweetheart. I'm right here."

"Harold, I didn't mean to cause you so much pain."

"Sweetheart! Don't be silly!"
Stop it, Dulcey. Stop tearing me apart.

"I know you only married me for my money."

"Dulcey! What are you saying! Stop talking nonsense!"

"You don't have to lie to me, Harold. I've known for a long time. And I realize the horrible torture you must be going through because of all this."

"Dulcey, listen to me, please."

"It's all right, Harold. Don't you see? I love you and I don't want you to be unhappy. So that's why I'm telling you that I know and I don't care. It's all right, Harold."

"Dulcey, I love you."

"Harold, you don't have to say that."

"I've always loved you."

"Harold, please don't."

"You've got to believe me, Dulcey. I married you because I loved you. I swear it! May my soul rot in hell if I'm not sincere. Dulcey! Do you think I'd lie to you about a thing like this? I love you! I've always loved you!"

Right out of soap opera. You know what to say to the ladies, don't you? They live on and for love. Or do you really mean it? Do you really mean it? Careful

Now, don't try to kid yourself. Tears running down the leaf. Osmosis.

"You really love me? You're not just saying it?"

He answered by mumbling to her in the tender, meaningless little phrases that lovers use and

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by kissing the crusty aperture and the filmy eyes.

"Oh, Harold, if you only knew how much I've wanted you to love me!"

"Shhh, sweetheart. Now be a good girl and get some sleep."

Pounding! Boom - bah, boom-bah, boom-bah, why doesn't it stop! I love her! I love her! You can't kill her. You can't kill her. You've got to let her live so I can prove to her that I love her. I don't want her to die! Please! Stop that pounding!

She did not die right away. She waited until the first snow-fall came.

"Mr. Lentrin. I think you'd better come. I believe the end is near."

She babbled softly, hysterically. "Harold . . . loves . . . me . . . Harold . . . loves . . . me . . . Harold . . . loves . . . me . . . until, with a quiet smile, she died in Hal's arms.

Goodbye, poor, plain, rich Dulcey.

And now the cynical man has gone the way of the bitter adolescent and the bewildered child. For winter came and covered him with snow like it covered Dulcey's grave. And now he sits for long hours in one place, merely staring into space. And when spring thaws winter and reopens old wounds he goes for long walks on the beach at night all by himself, and he always comes back to the rambling mansion and sits in the bedroom, a prematurely old man who was the cynical man who acted like a bitter adolescent and married and fell in love with poor, plain, rich Dulcey. For after all these years a bridge has been flung between the bewildered child and the prematurely old man. A bridge which infiltrates into the wide smooth streets and beautiful secure houses as well as into the narrow pockety roads where dirty, ragged children play the question that haunted all of them. The question that he will never solve because there is no answer. And he will keep on searching because he doesn't know that there is no answer. That nothing will ever enlighten him as to — "Why me?"

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MEL

(Continued from page 9)

ing, baiting. "Mel, do you know what it means? What does *dumb* mean? Is it a cat or a dog or—" Clarie looked around him, lost in the intensity of the moment. "—or is it that—that look you got on your face all the time?" The coaxing tone increased. "Tell your brother. Your own brother." He laughed again harshly.

"Everybody at school tells me you're dumb; they say I'm the half-wit's brother. Yeah . . . that's what they call me, the half-wit's brother. Like I was crazy just like you. Dumb! Dumb! Dumb!"

He kicked savagely at the pitchfork and sent it spinning to Mel's feet. He stopped close to his brother and searched up and down the lines of the dirt-pocked face.

"An' you — you don't even know what it means!"

Mel stood, his shoulders hunched, his face downcast, the tip of his sunken chin resting level with his brother's eyes. The dirty curls of his thick black hair, tangled from weeks of seldom combing, lay in concentric masses across his head. He watched the water, avoiding Clarie's eyes and turning the word over and over, shaping it with his lips and letting it sink inward . . . inward and on . . . and to what? Mel did not know. The word he had known for many years. It was like a name. Perhaps it was his name. Many people called him by it. Some used it instead of Mel.

"Dumb!" Clarie flung at him again.

But there were other words too, words that meant things to Mel. Like Pink and Spot, and Ma and Clarie—and Half-Wit. When people came and saw Ma they smiled at her and called him Mel. But when he went to see those same people they did not smile and they did not call him Mel. It was another word. Sometimes it was Half-Wit. If they had smiled, he thought, it would be as good a name as Mel. Good like the canal at night. Good like the sound of ducks flying

He licked his lip and looked at Clarie's persistent face. He opened his mouth to frame the necessary words. Any words.

"It means . . . it means I can't help burn the vines . . . tomorrow."

"Oh God!" And his brother turned, left him standing, and walked toward the house.

His figure, gaunt in brownness against the stripped field, moved up the hillside, weaving among clumps of drying vines and kicking at small knobs of potatoes. Small, rough knobs of potatoes, covered with dirt and seams and a hundred desolate eyes. Small knobs of potatoes, left unwanted. Passing an open gateway, the figure entered the sandy yard serving as driveway and turkey run. A rusty two-stranded barb fence. It's stapled lines of metal sagging like an unstrung guitar, skirted the yard and ran around the unpainted farm house, to enclose in its higher sway a small orchard of scrubby apple trees on the rising hillside. The house, screened from behind by the fruit trees, rose in broken lines of discrepancy. An open porch, rafters hung with dry clothes, looked out and over the potato field. Its unpainted jutting roof peered askance at the thrusting side wall of the main building.

As the figure entered the yard, struggling up a loose area of sliding sand, a woman crossed downward from the turkey shed, placed a foot on the lower strand of barb-wire, raised the higher and looser strand with her hand and stepped through the fence. She called to Clarie and the two came closer. Mel heard voices.

He watched the figures for a moment, then felt the cold tip of Pink's nose as it muzzled against his hand, sniffing at a remaining bit of cattail. Mel smiled, fine particles of dust accentuating the creased lines of his face. His dog had stayed.

Happy in a new sensation, he reached down and stroked the smooth soft forehead. The limp hairs of the dog's muzzle were dripping with muddy water from the irrigation ditch.

"Mel! Mel-l-l—" His mother's voice was clear and strident, as demanding and strong as the call of a freight whistle in early morning.

Her figure, round and formless against the brown wall of the house, projected itself down the hill at him. She raised her hand and motioned in short forceful jerks.

"Mel? Get up here—" Clarie was bending toward her. They spoke. "Or get busy with those vines. You hear? Mel? You hear?"



"Now girls, we owe it to the house to keep up a good front."

Get busy. Get busy!" She shook a hand at him again and started up the porch steps.

Mel looked at the sun. It was setting. The sky looked different. It was . . . it was like the pale hair on Pink's body. It *was* pink.

Pale and almost colorless the sky rose before him—as if the delicate fragile tints had lost their fight in reaching outward and through the brackish grey-green veil which hung across the horizon. The sun, a slight fiery edge protruding from the lip of the sage-brushed hill, sank gasping into nothingness. Only a stagnant grey-green remained in the sky, its dominance usurping and warping the pale-textured pink into swirling patterns of torture and escape.

Mel watched. The heavy lines of his face moved imperceptibly. The pink is gone, he thought, and he grasped at the pitchfork.

A sound of raucous and two-syllabled laughter picked its way down the hillside and beat against his eardrums. The turkeys strutting aimlessly around the yard had been frightened by a car's entrance and were fluttering back and forth.

The car was new and black and shiny. Its wheels were the kind that made marks even in sand. It was a car that did not often come. It was a car that had never come before. Mel paused, pitchfork resting in the dried and twisted fronds of a potato vine, and waited for the man to get out. It was not a man, however; a slight figure wearing dress and coat, stepped from the running board and walked primly to the shack-house.

Pink whined. Mel, touching lightly behind the dog's ear with a knobby finger, watched the woman cross the yard. Her head turned from side to side. She was looking at the buildings. He watched until she knocked, and then began piling vines, listening to the rattle of the withered leaves as they struck one another. It is a good sound, he thought. Like rain on the roof of the turkey shed. Like seeds in a gourd.

Evening came on slowly. The orchard branches faded into a

dark impenetrable mass. Dusk softened and lessened the harsh lines of the house. Bands of turkeys wandered listlessly up the hillside; some were already roosting in the straggly trees at the yard's edge.

Mel stopped abruptly. It was evening. It was time to drive the birds up to the shed. Time to keep them from staying in the trees all night . . . and to keep the coyotes away. He dropped his fork to the ground and looked up the sagebrushed hill. A smaller canal ran twisting and crooked behind the gentle rise of the area enclosed for yard. Above this canal there was only sagebrush. Sagebrush and the turkey shed. Near the top of the hill Mel could make out the black lines of the crude building, its upper part silhouetted above the crest of the rise. He whistled to Pink and stepped across a row of vines, leaving the fork where it had fallen.

It is time, he thought.

As he entered the yard, the turkeys rose up before him in short fitful gusts and moved under the sagging fence, leaving bits of feather caught on rusty barbs. They clacked and gobbled and fled methodically before the oncoming figure. He picked up clods from the ditchbank and bombarded the birds which were resting in the upper reaches of the two poplar trees. The clods broke into little pieces and sifted onto his head and body but the turkey came down. Following along behind his master, Pink sniffed at the departing birds and barked occasionally. Then Mel and the dog would listen as the turkeys raised a powerful discordant cry sweeping like a sudden burst of wind over the hillside.

Darkness was almost upon Mel as he herded the last of the birds into the shed. There was no light inside. In uneven rows the silhouetted masses rose a grim and foreboding tribunal. Mel felt along the wall until he came to the corner, away from the fowls, where his bed was. He slumped down and listened to the evening sounds. He wondered. It was night-time—almost—and he was to stay and watch the turkeys. He sighed once and relaxed, stretching out

his long crooked legs on the dirty quilt and scratching a hand against the rough planking of the floor.

He listened and knew he was hungry. But he could not leave the turkeys. And the turkeys clucked back, their bird-voices blending into a dull almost noiseless song. Mel smiled.

In the formless brown house below him, a young woman was still seated on the bulging and untidy sofa. Her eyes were bright with the fire of persuasion; her face shone with dramatic triumph. She caught one fingernail nervously under the other and pulled at a thin half-moon of dirt as she addressed the older woman.

"I'm glad you've finally decided. I really am. As the boy's mother you can understand the seriousness of allowing him to roam about the countryside."

The older woman nodded.

"He's almost seventeen," the visitor continued. "He could be a threat." She smiled reassuringly. "We've had no complaints—I mean *like that*, you know—but people do talk." She bobbed her head and dug deeply under her fingernail. "And he would be so much better off in the *school*. Instruction for a trade, carefully supervised aid!"

Her head grew spasmodic in its assertion of truth. She looked at the youthful faces which enveloped her in a semi-circle of slovenly childhood.

"They been playin' outside in the dirt," Ma said. "Always gettin' in the yard where the turkeys are." She looked down at the three children.

"You seen your brother?" The faces waited. "I mean Mel. You seen him?" One face turned downward, looking at its feet. The remaining heads moved from side to side in a slow negation.

"Well, go out in the kitchen awhile," Ma said, pushing the trio from her. "An' don't eat what's left on the table." She brought her lips into a smile for the guest. "We ate 'most an' hour ago."

"Do you have any trouble with *him*?" She pronounced the word sacredly. "When you eat, I

(Continued on next page)

MEL

(Continued from page 31)

mean . . . Using knives and forks?"

Ma wiped a hand on her greasy white apron. She fingered the top button on her faded green-and-white polka dot dress.

"No . . . he ain't too regular on meals, tho'. An' . . . an' I don't hold him to 'em. Guess he doesn't eat like ordinary folk. Maybe he don't get hungry. He not one for workin' much, you know."

The young woman smiled.

"We'll help him with that. He can learn weaving."

Ma beamed. "Oh yes! Mel likes to go down in the willow-swamp. He makes things out of the branches." She looked at the woman. "Weaving," she murmured, he'll like that."

"I'd like to see Mel," the visitor said. "And . . . and is your husband here?"

Ma looked at the clock. "No. No, he's up-country doin' some day labor. Farm work's about done here. Boys can keep it up." She fastened her eyes on the woman. "An' I take care of the turkeys . . . Why? You need my husband?"

"He'll have to sign some papers."

"Likely he'll be here pretty soon," Ma said. She turned toward the kitchen. "I'll call Mel. He's up playin' with the turkeys. He likes 'em. Stays up there most of the time." She started from the room.

The lady from the welfare office watched the loose ill-clad form of her client disappear into the kitchen. She enclosed the room with a slow piercing glance, her light-blue eyes delving into every dusty corner, resting momentarily on the chipped and discolored table, examining with horror the smoky clutish walls. She sniffed, with fine hair-lined nostrils, the reek of the out-house. Crossing the room, she slammed the window down.

"Mel . . . Mel . . .!" The sound came faintly to her from the direction of the porch steps. And Mel lying on his quilt, high above the ragged brown house, heard and wondered and thought of food left on the table.

"Mel, you get down here. Mel?" The voice was insistent. Commanding. It told him to go. He raised his head and pushed himself upward on one knee.

"I'm coming," he said.

As he stepped out into the night the smell of canal water came to him. He paused, looking down at the light in the kitchen window and at the silver thread of water twisting below him. All the night sounds were there. There along the canal. Frogs croaked. Cattails rubbed against their brethren and sang a tuneless melody. Mel followed the silver curving line of water with his eyes as it moved away into distance and into night. It is good, he thought.

It comes every year and stays all summer—even into the fall-time—and it is good. You can swim in it. Things move on it. Along the canal the cattail grows and all greenness grows. There the turkeys do not walk. The ground is cool and clean and sweet-smelling. Yes, it is good, Mel thought.

He came to a footbridge and walked out, a few inches above the water. Pausing at mid-stream, he watched the movement. A rising moon tiptoed along the bank, reaching through the cattails and sending faint cobwebby bars across the water.

Silently it ran beneath his feet, a flowing mass moving onward, gentle in its twisting and turnings, calm in its depth. Mel looked and loved and searched in his brain for a word. A word to say aloud, a word to relieve him of the gnawing and twisting that surged upward and from within him. His lips parted and he spoke, soundlessly at first, with the silent force of a prisoner suddenly let free and touching a world thought lost.

Again his lips moved. He looked at the waters.

"Dumb," he said softly. And the moon touched his face. The canal is like me. It is alone and silent, forever twisting and turning. "It is dumb."

And he turned toward the house.

— The End —

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Promptly at seven, the ex-orderly strode into his boss' bedroom and shook him into wakefulness. Then he leaned over and spanked the colonel's wife saying:

"All right, Baby, it's back to the village for you!"

—I—

The wife and daughter of Lieutenant Berry were halted by the sentry on duty, who had orders not to let anyone pass through the gate.

"Sorry, but you'll have to go around to the front gate."

"Oh, but we're the Berrys."

"I don't care if you're the cat's meow, you can't pass through this gate."

Home Er. Record

—I—

She was only a bottle-makers daughter, but nothing could stop her.

—I—

I don't know why I go out with her. In the first place, she's too skinny . . . and in the second place, too.

—I—

A luscious young thing named Miss Trevor

Was cute, and exceedingly clever;

To dampen her beau's ardor,
She put pins in her garter,
To spike the poor fellow's endeavor.

—I—

There once was a girl named Harris

Whom nothing could ever embarrass

Til the bath salts one day,
In the tub where she lay,
Turned out to be plaster of Paris.

—I—

A recent bride was trying to please the new maid to be sure to keep her.

"You'll enjoy it here, there really isn't too much work, and there are no children.

"Fo' heavens' sake, ma'am," said the maid, "I loves children. Don't go restrictin' yourself on my account."

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PERCH

Rage Of

(Continued from page 15)

up a little. At dinner he joked and teased Margie about Gordon.

"Mother," he said, "I've seen a certain young man around the house a lot lately. I'm going to have to be asking him the fatal question pretty soon."

Margie looked at him in scorn. "What question?"

"Oh, I'll just ask him whether or not his intentions are honorable."

This set Margie off. "Mother, if he so much as says one word to Gordon, I'll never speak to him again. I'll leave home. Besides I'm never going to see Gordon again; but if my father so much as opens his mouth, I swear I'll do something drastic," and up the stairs she went.

Father looked bewildered. It was supposed to be another of his little jokes: he has such a wonderful sense of humor. But he just made matters worse. His next attempt was along a different line.

After dinner he said, "Well, I think the Cummings family needs a little celebration. How about a little excursion to the movies?" He offered this suggestion as if he were inviting us to some big party. I had planned to go to the show with my best friend, Joan; and I certainly didn't want to go along with my parents, baby-like. I opened my mouth to say so, but Mother suddenly asked me to go out in the kitchen to see if she had turned the stove off.

She thought she was being subtle, but I understood. She meant that if Father wanted me to go to the show, then I'd have to go to the show. I wasn't too worried, though. I knew what Margie's reaction would be.

Father went upstairs and knocked on her door. "Oh, Margie. We have decided we will all go to the movies tonight. Better get yourself into your best dress, and your old dad will take you out for a change and show some of these young sprouts." No answer. He went on, more uncertainly, "Uh, guess you're not going out with Gordon tonight, and it would make you feel better to get out."

That did it. The door flew

open, and Margie confronted him. "If you think for one minute that it concerns me in the least little bit whether I ever go out with Gordon, you are entirely wrong."

"Now, now," said Father. He was always helpless in situations like that. "I didn't mean anything. Get yourself fixed up, and we will all go to the show."

"And if you think that I would be caught dead at the show with my parents on Saturday . . . Why, I would be the laughing stock of this town. I would never dare walk down main street again!" She slammed her door.

Father and Mother went to the show alone; I went with Joan, and Margie stayed home.

I always used to wonder what she did all the hours she spent locked in her room. One time, I tried to peek through the keyhole, and she just happened to open the door about the same time. Ever since then, she thinks I spy on her. It is kind of like a persecution complex. If I should just happen to be sitting in the living room when she is talking on the telephone, she runs screaming to Mother. "Mother, Sarah is spying on me again. Make her stop. It makes me feel like I am living in a store window. I can't make a move without having her two steps behind."

Well, my goodness. It isn't my fault if I just happen to be in the same room or go to the same place, is it? Anyway, a person's got to know what is happening.

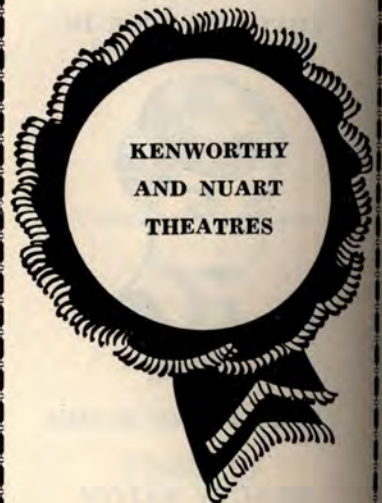
With Margie waiting around for Gordon to call that week, the telephone was the most important thing in our house. It got so that even I hoped he would call her. But if the telephone did ring, Margie just pretended like she had no interest in it at all. For example, one afternoon she was sitting in the living room reading a magazine. The telephone rang. She sat there, turning pages. It rang again. She turned more pages. Still another ring. She looked at me; I looked at her. All she had been thinking about since last Wednesday or Thursday was Gordon calling, and now she wouldn't even answer the telephone. It rang again.

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"Go ahead and shoot—I don't give a damn for your daughter!"

—I—

A hug is energy that has gone to waist.

—I—

"Just because my eyes are red doesn't mean I'm a drunk. For all you know, I may be a white rabbit."

—I—

Rweetie whose surname was Bauer,

Sure was a delectable flauer;

I kissed her fair cheek,

Then let out a shriek:

"The cream on your face has turned sauer!"

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"Sarah Cummings, you answer the telephone," she commanded.

"I won't," I answered.

Margie screamed to Mother, "Make Sarah answer the phone."

"Sarah, answer that phone," said Mother.

"Oh, all right."

I answered the phone. It was a boy for Margie. She moved slowly to the telephone, and then answered in her most bored tone of voice, "Hello."

It wasn't Gordon; but if it had been, I imagine the way she answered would be enough to scare him away.

On Wednesday afternoon Margie asked me to go down town with her. I was so shocked that I accepted. Usually she considers it beneath her to be seen in public with me. We walked slowly down the street. It drives me crazy to walk as slow as Margie usually does. She just crawls down the street.

We stopped at the drug store for a coke. Margie said she would pay for it, so I agreed. Otherwise, I hate to go into the drug store. All the high school kids hang out in there. It rather nauseates me to be around that bunch too much; they are so childish. But I couldn't turn down a free coke, so I decided I could stand the atmosphere just once. Besides, I thought I might learn something interesting.

It was worth it, for there was method in Margie's madness. Gordon was there with Nancy Hamilton, sitting at one of the little tables. Margie apparently did not notice him. We sat down and ordered. Margie walked over to look at the magazines, going right past Gordon. She gave him her most ravishing smile and said, "Hello, Gordon." She looked casually at the magazines. Gordon kept looking over at her, but she didn't look at him. She bought one of the magazines and came back to our table. In the meantime, I had finished my coke, which annoyed Margie so much that she had to buy me another one. Margie managed to take a half an hour to drink one coke; but I was getting a little sick of cokes and insisted on leaving at the end of the sixth.

All this time Margie had been talking quite animatedly to me. She read the jokes in the magazine and we laughed at them. She was so funny about it that I had to laugh, although it was against my principles to further any of her schemes. Gordon kept looking over at us with a rather mournful expression. I decided, looking at Margie objectively, that she was the prettiest girl in town, and maybe she couldn't help her horrible disposition. It might be just growing pains. Of course, I would never have that trouble, but it was possible that Margie couldn't help it. Even I had to admit that away from home she was fairly nice. Perhaps she had a Jekyll and Hyde personality. That idea interested me. I tabled it for future thought.

The trip back home was a quick one. I have never seen Margie move so fast. In fact, I had a difficult time keeping up with her. Once home, she settled herself by the telephone again. She was humming and seemed quite cheerful for the first time in days. I couldn't figure it out. Nothing had happened in the drug store, and Gordon had been with another girl. According to my calculations, Margie should be due for a tantrum. Well, maybe this was the lull before the storm. I eyed her suspiciously. She looked at me.

"He will call," she said. "Just as soon as he takes Nancy home."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I just know," she answered confidently.

The funny thing is, she was right. An hour later he did call; and that, as father put it, ended the big freeze of 1949.

The rest of the summer went quite smoothly, and I learned a lot about that old love stuff. It didn't impress me too much.

One day after Margie had left for college in the fall. I caught Father looking at me with a horrified look. "Sarah has on lipstick," he said. "Look, lipstick. Oh, No! It's too soon! I can't stand to go through it again! Oh, No!"

Mother looked at me.

"Well, really, I don't see what's the matter with you," I

(Continued on next page)

Rage Of

(Continued from page 31)

said. "When a girl gets to be a certain age, she has got to act like she is that certain age, hasn't she?"

"Wash it off," said my father. "Right now."

"Mother," I screamed. "I won't wash it off. All the other girls wear lipstick. I'd be ashamed to walk down main street one more day without it."

"Wash it off," Father roared.

"I will not!" and I jumped up from the table and ran up to my room, slamming the door behind me.

People who live in glass houses shouldn't.

—I—

You can lead a horse to Vas-sar, but you can't make her think.

—I—

And then there was the girl who was so dumb she thought Vat 69 was the Pope's telephone number.



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Pedro had recently been married and a friend asked him how things were going.

"O.K., I theenk—but I theenk I may have marry my sister!"

"Why do you theenk that?"

"All the time, she geegle and say to me—'Oh, Brother'!"

—I—

The farm had been mortgaged to give daughter a college education. Father drove the Model T to the station to pick her up after graduation exercises were over. She crawled in beside honest Pa in his clean worn overalls. She snuggled beside him in a confidential mood. "I have a confession to make, Pa," she whispered. "I ain't a vigin any more." The old man wrung his hands and his head dropped low as he said with remorse, "After all the sacrifices your Ma and I made to give you a good education, and you still say 'ain't'!"

—I—

Walking down the street with a friend one day, a professor passed a large fish store where a fine catch of codfish, with mouths wide open and eyes staring, were arranged in a row. The professor stopped, looking at them, and clutching his friend by the arm, exclaimed: "Heavens, that reminds me—I should be teaching a class."



"You're Developing Nicely."

There was a young lady named Banker

Who slept while the ship was at anchor.

She woke in dismay
When she heard the mate say,
"Now hoist the top sheet and spanker."

—Wampus

—I—

Co-ed: "Doctor, is there anything wrong with me?"

Doctor: "Yes, but it's trifling."

Co-ed: "Oh, I don't think that's so very wrong, is it?"

—I—

Meg: I said some very foolish things to Frank last night.

Peg: Yes?

Meg: That was one of them.



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"Why don't you answer the phone?"

"It isn't ringing."

"Must you always wait till the last minute?"

—I—

In one of the chemistry classes the professor was having a little trouble explaining to those present some equations on molecular theory. He started with a few basic equations and had developed his point until the blackboard was filled. When he finally finished he stated:

"So you see, we have five less equations than we started with. With became of those equations?"

There was not a sound from the entire class. "Gentlemen, where *are* those equations?"

There was no more time to waste, so from the back row came a gruff command: "Don't nobody leave this room."

—I—

Passing a door in the wee hours of the morning, a drunk noticed the sign which read: "Ring the bell for the caretaker." He did just that and a sleepy-eyed man came to the door.

"Whadda you want?" asked the man.

"I want to know why you can't ring your own damn bell!"

—I—

A college professor was calling roll in one of his classes.

"Robinson?"

"Here."

"Rosenthal?"

"Here."

"Mary Smith?"

"Here."

"Wanamaker?"

Chorus: "Yes,"

—I—

"Who's that close-mouthed fellow over there?"

"Oh, just some bum waiting for the janitor to bring the spit-too back."

—I—

And then there was the plumber who left the party and found he had forgotten his wench.

—I—

She was only the chauffeur's daughter but she could shift for herself.

—I—

Boy in the front seat of car: "Honey, you've got to put on some weight. I've shifted your leg three times."

A girl who knows all the answers has been asked all the questions.

—I—

"Pilot to tower, pilot to tower; plane out of gas; as at one thousand feet and thirty miles over the ocean. What shall I do?"

"Tower to pilot, tower to pilot: repeat after me—'Our father who art in heaven . . .!'"

—I—

Managing Editor: "Let's not have any more jokes about sex, drinking or profanity."

Editor: "Okay, I'm tired of putting out this magazine, too."

—I—

"Spit" is such a horrible word, said the little pig as he was about to be barbecued.

—I—

"Do you know what the burglar that broke into the Sig Chi house last night got?"

"Yeah, . . . pledged."

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Number 1... THE PUFFIN BIRD



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