

BLOT

University of Idaho

Class of '50 Issue

25c



JOAN WITTMAN
Miss Idaho Co-ed of 1950

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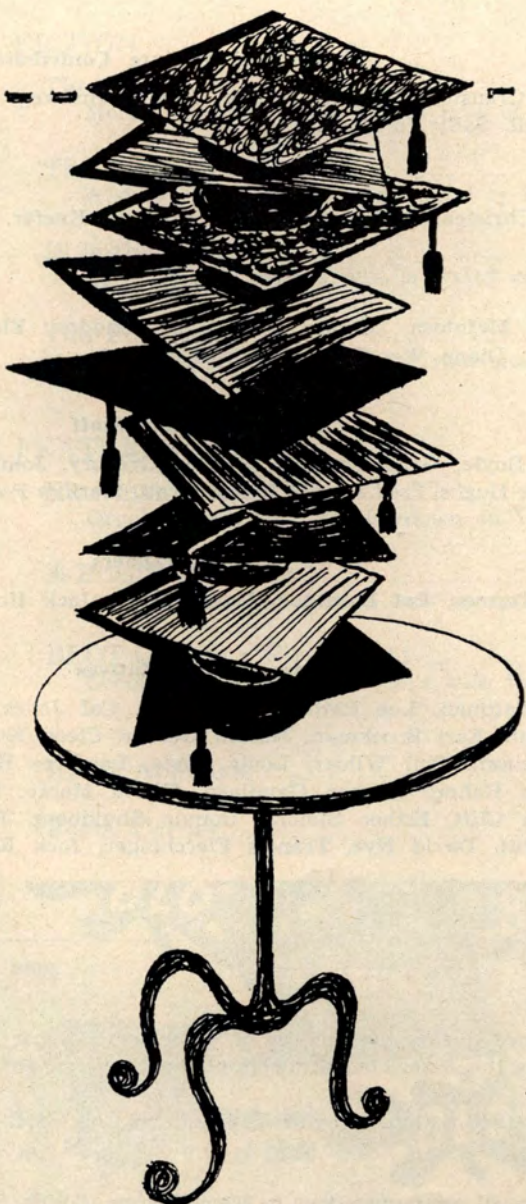
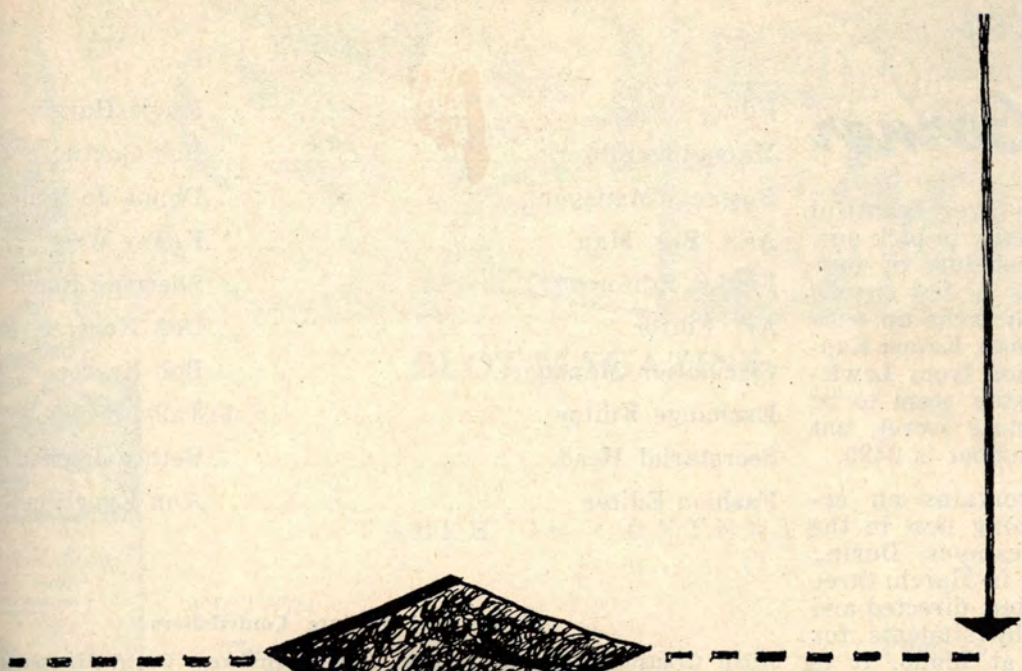
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To Jo Korter, Bob Finlayson, Pat Hamilton, Sheila Darwin, Dan O'Connor, Cal Jones, Fred Farmer, and all the other members of the class of 1950 who helped to see BLOT through its darkest hour, this issue is affectionately dedicated.

In This

Corner

Out of thirty-three beautiful entries it's not easy to pick one, but that was the duty of four harassed judges a few weeks ago. They finally came up with Miss Jean Wittman, Kappa Kappa Gamma senior from Lewiston. Vital statistics seem to be some kind of state secret, but the telephone number is 2425.

This issue contains an account of something new in the history of the campus. During the second week in March, three plays were written, directed and acted entirely by students for the first time at Idaho. It is with a good deal of pride that we remember that the first printed fiction by Betty Peters appeared in the pages of this magazine, and it is a pleasure to present an account of her successful entry into the playwrighting field.

On page 9 you will find the beginning of a short story called *The Magic Circle* by Phyllis Budweg, a new writer for BLOT. It is a poignant picture of the heartbreak of adolescence, accounted with a mature style and viewpoint sure to find favor with readers. Sherm Black returns with a short story, too. We're not sure what it means but we do know it produces a very uncomfortable prickling feeling at the back of the neck.

By the time this magazine comes out, the class of 1950 will be feeling the hot breath of finals on their necks, and realizing that graduation is just around the corner. To them all, we say the very best of luck, and enjoy yourself.

Cover Photo

by

RUDY

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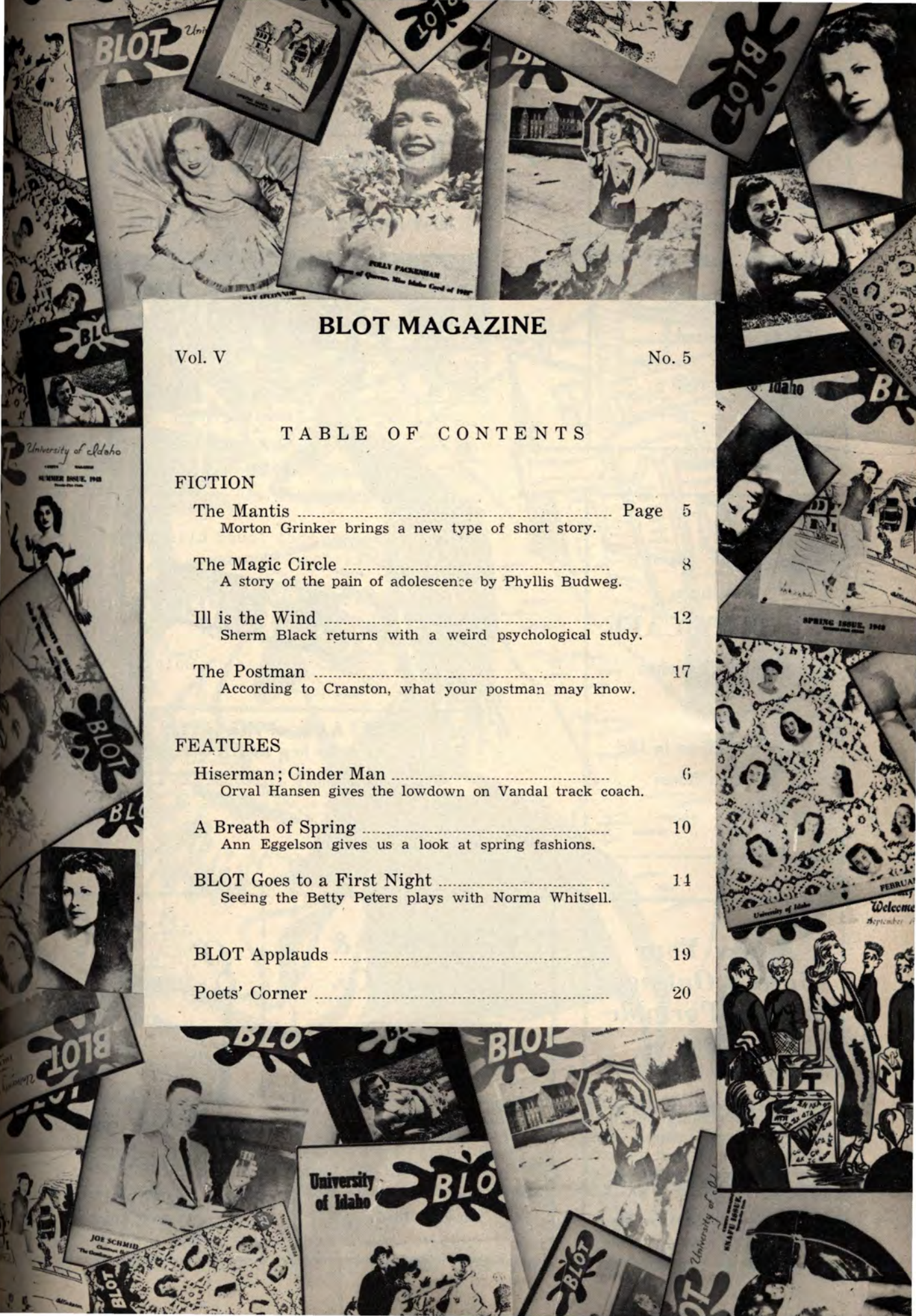
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Published during the months of September, October, December, March and May by the Associated Students of the University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho.

Represented nationally by W. P. Bradbury Co., 122 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Address all communications to Marie Hargis, Editor, Student Union Building, University of Idaho, Moscow.



BLOT MAGAZINE

Vol. V

No. 5

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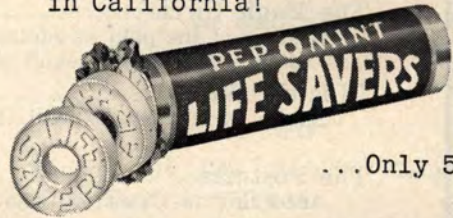
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THE MANTIS--

by MORTON GRINKER

Ill. by Ken Keefer



The bridge humped slightly over the river. And the bridge and the river were ruins. Do roses still bloom in Picardy? Did the rusting, fluted iron rail, flecked with mouldy green paint chips, know, as it watched the pitiful trickle meander aimlessly over a river bed covered with scrubby brush that looked up at

overhanging, ravished, senile remains of what had once been riverside estates? Did the rotting timbers know, or the smoky tavern? Or the stony road that curled over the bridge and onwards among cramped, sorrowful dwellings? No, they can never know. The city took its tree-lined avenues and moved

them westward, leaving behind crumbled ghosts. And garbage. And slums. Bewildered ruins who can never know. The ethereal twilight may know, but who can ask it?

The juke-box blasted from the tavern. The beggar leaned back against the railing and listened.

(Continued on page 28)

HISERMAN-CINDER MAN

by ORVAL HANSEN



GREAT ATHLETE HIMSELF, MEET STANLEY HISERMAN—THE MAN WHO MAKES IDAHO'S TRACK TEAM TICK.

Can a great athlete become a great coach? The question has been argued pro and con for years, but in the case of Stan Hiserman, Vandal track coach, the answer is affirmative. Although removed from the spotlight, the ex-world record holding Stanford star is quietly and methodically building track at Idaho.

In his first three years at Vandalville, Stan has developed more individual stars and caused more records to be broken than is true for any comparable three year period in Idaho history. He

has combined a knack for "educating the muscles" with a keen insight into the training needs of individuals to bring out the best in his teams.

Although a young man, particularly to be head track coach at a major university, Stan Hiserman is backed by years of experience in track, in coaching, and in physical training.

Because he "loved to run" Stan had marked himself as a track man to watch by the time he had entered the fifth grade at Gonzales, California. He started collecting blue ribbons in

grade school and continued until he left college. In high school he was a consistent winner in the sprints.

At San Mateo Junior College Hiserman was the fastest man on the team, winning a lion's share of firsts in dual meets, plus a first in the conference 220 and a second in the 100. After a year at San Mateo, Stan moved down the bay to Stanford university with an athletic scholarship in his pocket.

As a sophomore at Stanford he made history when he teamed up with Jimmy Kneubel, Ray

Malott, and Jack Weyerhauseur to set a new world record in the half mile relay. The foursome toured the distance in a scorching 1 minute 25 seconds. Their mark stood until last year when Mel Patton and company from U.S.C. set a new mark for the distance.

In his next two years Hiserman became the "workhorse" of the Indians, competing in the mile relay, the quarter mile, and the low hurdles besides the sprints. He almost always ran in four events and sometimes in five.

As captain of the team in his senior year, Hiserman captured a second in the low hurdles in Pacific coast competition and fifth in the national tourney. A consistent winner in the sprints, his all-time record is 9.7 for the 100 and 21.1 for the 220.

Upon graduation in 1939, Hiserman remained at his alma mater to work as assistant trainer and trainer for the athletic department while doing work on

a master's degree. Before leaving Palo Alto, he married a classmate, Ruth Ann Brothers from Pocatello. The couple now have a daughter, Jane, 6, and a son, Stanley, 1½ years.

Hiserman began his coaching career in the fall of 1941, as head basketball and track coach at Salinas High School, coaching his team to win the league championship.

Leaving Salinas in June of 1942, Stan took a job as civilian instructor of physical training at the Santa Ana Army Air Base. Four months later he was doing the same thing as one of "Uncle Sam's boys."

After three months at Officers Candidate school, he returned to Santa Ana with a commission to become physical training officer, a job he held until November of 1944 when he was transferred to San Antonio to become base P.T. officer for the Army Air Base there. Stan remained in Texas until he was discharged as a Captain in January, 1946.

Hiserman lost no time in returning to coaching, taking the job as head coach and athletic director at Gonzales High School, California.

In the fall of 1946 Stan Hiserman joined the Idaho coaching staff, replacing Mike Ryan as head track coach. He also took over the duties of head trainer until "Doc" Jacobsen joined the staff. Now an associate professor of physical education, Hiserman teaches several P. E. classes in addition to coaching the track and cross country squads.

Stan began at Idaho by breaking records. In his first year four records fell or were tied. Freshman Dick Armstrong tied the mark for the 100 yard dash (9.8) and smashed the record in the 220 (21.5). John Taylor tied the low hurdle mark (24.3) and Max Lattig soared over the bar at 13' 3" to set a new record in the pole vault.

In that same year javelin artist Dick Wilcomb ranked second in the Central Intercollegiate meet at Milwaukee in competition with track stars from the big ten schools and other major universities. The next year he broke the Idaho javelin record.

The next year rain and bad weather hampered training and interfered with dual meets, but it did not stop Idaho's LeRoy Depalmo from smashing the 330 yard dash record at the W.S.C. indoor meet (33.5).

Last year, with the co-operation of old man weather, more Idaho marks fell. Glen Christian knocked over the 100 yard dash mark with a sizzling 9.7, while freshman Dick Newton lowered the 220 mark to 21.4 seconds. Both records had been held by Dick Armstrong who promptly knocked a full second from the quarter mile record, running the distance in 48.3 seconds, one of the fastest times in the nation. The mile relay team (Armstrong, Farnham, Miller and Johansen) set a new mark (3:21) in that race.

Last year, too, Keith Bean broke the Idaho-Oregon dual meet records in both the high and low hurdles.

Hiserman splits the tape ahead of the field during Stanford undergraduate days.





E MAGIC CIRCLE

Illustrated by Gene Bellos

by PHYLLIS BUDWEG

WHICH IS MORE IMPORTANT—LOYALTY OR BELONGING?

Only today did the aged building that houses Morrystown's Junior High become resigned. Only this morning after rolling its blinds heaven-wards, seemingly in protestation, did it give up. No use resisting habitation anymore. Six weeks of grumbling ominously in the furnace room and emitting querulous squeaks had gone for nothing. The first inkwell was filled; the first penciled initials had appeared on fresh calsimine; the recently painted stairs were scarred. No use fighting this newest batch of temporarily enthusiastic upstarts. They meant to stay. The old building settled back on its arthritic foundation to wait.

But the building wasn't alone. Five hundred Junior High School students, apparently affected by this atmospheric resignation, had finally given in to routine. The new was marred, the fresh was stale. Monotony. As evidence, the heads, nodding over their text books, the dreaming eyes, the slackened mouths. Save for an occasional and secret wad of gum, chewed rapidly by the possessor when teacher isn't looking, there is no activity. A few of the more daring have placed, with exaggerated caution, comic books in their laps. Comic books are really better at three o'clock in the afternoon, history time, but this morning is dull, it threatens rain, and something must be salvaged. Everyone is wearing overshoes. Spirits lie as muffled as the rubber-clad feet beneath the desks and in the aisles. Monotony.

At nine forty-three there is a change of pace, a quickening. One barely audible sigh leaves hundreds of throats. It drifts into the corridors and mingles despondently with the odors there. Damp raincoats and overshoes,

minced ham sandwiches, chalk dust, pickled insects in Biology I.

The sun shone moistly, but with unmistakable determination. Clouds broke and ran. Trees shook themselves. Steam rolled from the sidewalks.

Miss Grimm, Room 109, Freshman English, turned away from the black board at the growing sounds of restlessness. She admonished her class silently from behind gold-rimmed glasses, and then wearily began to explain, for the second time, how to diagram sentences. She sighed mentally. So the sun had come out after all. Most of the kiddies seemed to be wearing clothing suitable for wet weather. She idly wondered how many adolescent mouths would go home to mama and say, "I told you so." Not that Miss Grimm blamed them. Galoshes, or anything bulky, were a problem in the Junior High. Whoever had designed the old thing had thoughtlessly omitted cloak rooms and no one seemed to care that lockers were never installed.

Room 109 was restless. What's more it was unhappy. Rubber clothed feet began to itch. Thirty-five sets of eyes looked at their comrades in mutual understanding. It was bad enough to wear overshoes, even when it rained, but on a sunny day? Terrible! It made you feel so-kind of silly. You either had to keep on wearing the dumb old things, or, if you took them off, lug them around in your hand. You didn't dare park them anywhere, either. If you did you were sorry. Or rather your folks saw to it that you were sorry. Certain unethical parties would lift perfectly good overshoes and leave changelings in their place. Sometimes they didn't leave any. Thirty-five pairs of feet squirmed in their boots. Thirty-five

minds explored different solutions for disposing of the accursed foot-gear.

Two of the suddenly important feet in Room 109 belonged to Alice Matthews, a pudgy, brown-haired girl in the fourth seat, second row. She looked down at them in disgust. That expression froze and changed to one of horror. She had been in a hurry to catch the bus this morning, and, at the last moment, and thought it advisable to humor her mother. This meant wearing galoshes. In her haste she had selected an assorted pair. One was brown, the other, black. One was a full size larger. They weren't even the same shape. Alice glanced surreptitiously at her neighbors to see if they had noticed the misbegotten team.

She wiggled uncomfortably and tried to slide her legs out of sight beneath the seat. Her skirt and sweater parted. It struck Alice that the sweater was really too small. Maybe just a little pull—she gave the sweater a vicious yank. It obstinately remained too small.

At this inopportune time, Miss Grimm called for black-board volunteers. Reluctancy. Miss Grimm resorted to sterner tactics and appointed volunteers. Alice was one of them.

Where others might capitalize on such a thing as mixed overshoes, Alice could not. It wasn't funny, nor was she grown enough to carry it off nonchalantly. Everyone would make fun of her, and she cared, terribly.

Alice wiped moist palms against her skirt and rose stiffly. Her face felt hot and the sweater wouldn't stay down. Her portly little figure walked with straightbacked dignity to

(Continued on page 21)

A BREATH



SPRING

by ANNE EGGELSON

Pictures by Pat Hamilton



→

Swinging into spring is Nancy Weitz in this attractive sports outfit. Nancy is a cinch to win at golf, on the tennis court or even playing softball on one of those wonderful spring picnics. T-shirts come into their own this spring and here Nancy wears one of the many clever styles. This striped "duo" complete with matching cap is a perfect complement to the tailored pedal pushers. It's a "triple threat" ensemble that is sure to rate a par on any course.

←

A picture of sweet sophistication is Marilyn Brodd in this softly tailored suit. The light weight crisp fabric makes this suit ideal for those balmy spring days. Shown here with the ever right straw accessories, another accent is added by a colorful cluster of artificial daisies. Shorter than short is Marilyn's hair-do that enhances spring styles so well. The smart, fashion right co-ed will take the hint from this ensemble that can be worn at any hour, anywhere, from now on through the summer.

←

On the town or school bound—this chambray, modeled by Peggy Powers, is pretty proof that cotton goes everywhere this spring. The simplicity of style makes this classic cotton a wise choice for any Idaho co-ed. The sleeveless, "little boy" blouse with tiny pearl-like buttons imparts an air of dainty femininity. Peggy will wear her favorite dress to class—indeed, she will wear it anywhere on the campus.



ILL



THE WIND

by SHERMAN BLACK

He came to us from the blackness of midnight, blown thither by I know not what efficacy of a demon wind that moaned over the old roof's gables and drew great gasps up the fireplace flue. His tenure was casual but complete, and I have thanked whatever it was—whether the earthly fury of the storm or the infinite power — if once, a thousand times for its direction.

I hold no fancy for superstition. Signs and omens have no place in a skeptical, non-religious concept of living. Thus, the storm this night was in all its aspects another storm, but, in all its aspects, fiercer and more degenerate. It must leave in its furious passage a wake of twist-

"It's a good book. What did you say, dear?"

"Was that someone at the door?"

"I heard nothing."

"Listen."

It was not a knock. Rather, a sort of scratching, accompanied this time by a voice not human but eloquent with pleading.

"You heard it," said I, watching Doro's face. "Shall I answer?"

"But of course!" Doro was as free of superstition as I.

"Be it beast or human," I said, and reached the door precisely as the cuckoo in the clock on the mantel began its midnight

Illustrated by Neal Christensen

head outstretched on his forepaws. Not a muscle, not a hair stirred, but his eyes followed me as I came back to my chair. I could see the flickering of the hearthfire in them as in a mirror.

"He seems at home," I said. "As if he belonged here. A friend of yours, my sweet?"

The beast's eyes turned away from me, and I could see the fire light in them no longer. A shudder passed over me. Yet I did not fear this dog. Neither was I cold.

"Yes," Doro said, smiling faintly. "A friend of mine. He's a long-lost lover returned to me."

WHAT WAS THE BEAST THAT ARRIVED OUT OF THE STORM TO PLAY SUCH AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE LIVES OF DORO AND WICK?

ed wreckage, of natural things rended and denuded, as though Nature were scourging herself for misdeeds of conscience. It must have every living thing cowering, seeking company of other living things, lesser or greater, which in ordinary circumstances might well be at odds. It must have the rays of the lamp and the hearthfire dimmed by the heavy depth of its blackness. It must have the rays of the soul hesitant, flickering, with its gross exaggeration of the sounds of the tortured beings of hell.

Doro, sitting quietly reading, had so lost herself in the pages of one of Tolstoy's novels that she did not notice. I, my mind so inattentive to the lines my eyes wandered over that I fail to remember the book, heard it but was not sure.

"Was that someone at the door, Doro?"

"Hmm?"

"Would I had your power of concentration."

count. My hand stopped involuntarily on the latch. Then, "Silly bird," said I, and opened the door—slowly.

Who or what I expected on my threshold I know not, but for the pair of eyes made dully luminous by the reflection of the feeble light from within I was unprepared. I fell back a pace from the door, by accident pushing it farther ajar. The form, black as the night itself, seemed to materialize from the darkness rather than walk through the doorway.

"A dog!" Doro exclaimed. "A great, black, beautiful dog! Oh, he must be lonesome. Come here, fella!"

The beast walked before me toward Doro, paused once to look at me and at the door—much as to say, you may close it now—and went directly to stand before Doro. One wag of his tail for Doro's caresses and he turned his massive head toward the hearth and lay down with a great sigh of content,

"Ah," said I. "He must have been a dog to ever have left you."

The great beast raised his head slowly, turning baleful eyes full upon me. I fancied the lips drew back slightly, half sneering, half snarling.

"He's jealous!" Doro laughed. "He's jealous of you, Wick. You mustn't talk of my lover that way."

Some vague feeling—suspicion, jealousy, premonition of evil—aroused in me, made me chide her.

"Lover, Doro? Which of the many? The Spaniard? The French poet? Or is he that huge, stupid German?"

Doro's face turned sullen.

"The one who sleeps with your wife," said she.

"Stop it, Doro!"

There followed a single moment completely void of sound, as if in the interim the world had died. Then the wind gasped at the flue. Or was it something

(Continued on page 30)

BLOT GOES TO A FIRST NIGHT

Story by NORMA WHITSELL

Pictures by Jack Hoag



Playwright, reporter, short story author, poet—if it's done with words, Betty Peters can do it. First introduced to U. of I. through BLOT, here's an account of her venture into the theatre.

One hot day last summer a pert brown-haired miss, attired in a brief shorts outfit, lugged a typewriter and cardtable out on her front lawn and sat down to while away the afternoon. No doubt the people of that conservative community looked askance at her costume, and wondered if she had nothing better to do than to play around with a typewriter. But she had decided to try to write something and she went right ahead, oblivious to any possible stares from the neighbors.

Now many people try to turn out something worthwhile but few ever do. Here is where this story is different—for our heroine did. Her name is Betty Peters and the place was a fruit farm about nine miles from Caldwell. Betty worked for about three days and during this time she wrote several short stories and three one act plays. One of the short stories was printed in the March issue of BLOT, but it is the plays that have placed her in the limelight. They found their way into the hands of Miss

Jean Collette, head of the drama department at the University of Idaho, who put them in line for production. They are the first student-written, student-directed, and student-acted plays ever to be produced on the Idaho campus. Capacity audiences on each of the three nights of the performance attested to Betty's success.

One of the striking things about Miss Peter's writing is her great versatility. Each of the three plays are dealt with in a different manner. One is drama,

one is a comedy and the third is a fantasy.

MY PAUL is the story of a farm couple, during World War II, whose only son was drowned while on a search party for a plane which had crashed. The elemental theme of the play in the portrayal of the domination of mother over son through religion, and of her fanatical desire to be the most important thing in the life of her son. It tells of her ultimate failure to the time she thought it would be her inevitable reaction. It is a play to keep the respect of her son, and strong theme for a beginning playwright to handle, but Betty portrays the intensity of emotion in such a manner to make the audience feel drawn into the conflict themselves.

This play and her second, LIKE ORDINARY FOLK, were both drawn from first-hand information about the country and people near her home. She did not, however, take anyone she knew and use him as a character, but has drawn hers only from a "type of person."

The second play, LIKE ORDINARY FOLK, is a comedy which at times almost becomes a farce because of the overdrawn characterization of the people, their conversation, and the situations. Betty conceived the idea for this play some years ago while on a trip with her father. She had seen an old abandoned house sitting on a small island out in the middle of the river near Marsing, Idaho. At make a good setting for a story, but never quite got around to it until last summer. She says she had often wondered what kind of people had lived there, and what their life was like. So, her active imagination went to work and peopled it with a hill-billy type of characters whose house is falling down around them and they don't seem to give a damn. They haven't had a visitor for ten years, and the advent of one throws them into a mild panic. The characterizations are not possibly so strong or true to life as in MY PAUL, but are nevertheless ones which remain in the memory. Take an aged, childish grandmother, a patient wife, a "brat" daughter, the har-

assed salesman who is mistaken for the census taker, and then put in a son who "collected" everything from Indian headbands to fish gills—total result—confusion! But most enjoyable and entertaining confusion which certainly took one's mind off his own troubles, and afforded quite a few chuckles and much applause.

These two regional plays provide a sharp contrast to THE THIRTEENTH LEVEL. The plot, roughly, is a story of how a feature writer goes through the

all the inmates of his domain because he is afraid they won't stay if things aren't to their liking. Another novel feature of Betty's picture of Hell is that the supply of coal is running out and it is getting cold down there.

This play was rather rambling and loosely knit in places, but the theme was carried out well. It has a certain element of suspense since everyone wonders what Hell is like, and the viewpoint is a new and clever one. Betty says she may have gotten



The unconventional family, Rossman, Coble, Tozier, Kettenbach and Marshall, from LIKE ORDINARY FOLK, gather for dinner.

different levels in Hell, searching for material for an article. He comes at last to the thirteenth level. There the theme of the play is unfolded—"perfection is hell" There is nothing worse than to have everything one can wish for, nothing to work for, and every dream fulfilled. This is carried out by the fact that the worst sinners—those consigned to the thirteenth level — refuse to remain there and choose the gloom and silence of the levels above. The devil, partly due to directing, is pictured as a near-sighted doddering old man who strives to please

some of her inspiration from Dante's Divine Comedy; containing his different levels in Hell for all the various sins. But it's mostly her own idea for, as she says, "How do we know Hell isn't like that?" It paints a much pleasanter picture than most of us have now, anyway.

A rather surprising fact, since it is contrary to most teaching theories for writing is that Betty didn't use an outline for any of her plays or short stories. She simply started out with an idea and took it from there, not knowing how it would end. Writing is easy for her, and when she over-



Feature writer John Miller finds things hot and dark down below as he investigates Hell in **THE THIRTEENTH LEVEL**.

comes inertia, can turn out quite a bit of work in a short time. "The hardest thing of all," Betty believes, "is simply getting started. After that it's easy."

All three plays show some evidence of Betty's lack of knowledge in actual staging and production of a play. This is hardly to be wondered at however in a first attempt. This is knowledge which must be acquired by actual experience in writing and visualizing what directions are needed to give a desired effect on the stage.

The able directing of Marie Hargis in **MY PAUL**, June Thomas in **LIKE ORDINARY FOLK**, and Coleen Christiansen in **THIRTEENTH LEVEL** offset any difficulties which may have arisen as to "what was going on when." The costumes, also, were particularly appropriate for the kind of character and environment depicted. In the first two plays, one felt as though they were people one had seen before. **THE THIRTEENTH LEVEL** was notable for the contrast between the fantastic and the realistic in costume as characterizing the players.

Everyone who saw the plays will remember them also for the sensitive portrayal of the char-

acters which was given by the student actors. Almost without exception they turned in performances which contributed a great deal to the warm acclaim given the plays.

These plays, however, are not Betty's first venture in writing. She has been interested in it ever since she was small. The first story she can remember writing was in the sixth grade, which de-

picted the trials and tribulations of a "valiant dog." Needless to say, she has come a long way since then. Betty didn't really develop her talent until she entered the University of Idaho and enrolled in the Creative Writing class which is taught by W. C. Banks. Since then Betty has written quite a few fiction stories for Blot, and submitted several to publishers. The quality of her work has steadily increased, and although the rejection slips still come in, it would be a safe prediction to say that there will come a time when all those envelopes will contain fat checks and a demand for more stories.

The plays, together with press clippings and pictures, have been sent in to the Samuel French company, well known play publishers. It will be quite an achievement for Betty if they are accepted for publication.

When asked about plans for the future, Betty said that she really wasn't sure, except that she wants to be a professional writer. This summer she plans to make a bicycle trip down the Pacific Coast, for which she has been saving up her nickels and dimes for quite a while. "Every so often I need a change of scenery and a fresh viewpoint," Betty thinks, "so maybe I'll stay out a year before finishing

(Continued on page 27)



"And he hated you . . . and God!" says Mary Louise Will as she, Donna Jo Walenta and Bruce Tingwall appear in the climax scene of **MY PAUL**.

THE POSTMAN

by ALLAN CRANSTON



Silas trudged along his route. It took him between houses. He made good use of the extra time it took him between houses. He felt fine today; the world was moving in its predicted orbit and every one seemed happy in answer to the shrill whistle as the letter fell with a thud onto the bottom of the box. Silas was just getting interested in a magazine when he found he was at Miss Lattimer's house where it was to be delivered. Unwittingly, he hadn't allowed himself enough time to finish reading

the advertisement of a prize contest before he blew his whistle.

He finished reading and took his whistle from his blouse to blow it, but the door opened. He smilingly held the magazine toward the prim spinster woman, stepped across the threshold.

"Right smart ads in there about a swell contest," said Silas. "I know you're interested in them contests, so I thought I'd tell you so's you sure wouldn't miss it."

"Thanks, Silas. Does it look real good? Oh yes, here it is.

'Find a name for this new chewing gum and win a THOUSAND DOLLARS!' Land sakes, Silas, that is a lot of money, isn't it?"

The woman balanced herself on the door-sill for a moment as she thought of the sunny climate she'd visit with the money while the town suffered in the cold—as she would suffer if she didn't close the door. So she said "thanks" again and retreated to the warmth of her fire while Silas stumbled on through the

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BLOT APPLAUDS



DICK BOYLE

Blot presents Dick Boyle, a friendly, thoroughly-likeable big wheel who, we hear, does most of his work behind the scenes. In his Freshman year he was a member of the rifle team but he early laid down the guns and began picking up gavels. In his Junior year he was elected President of the Delta Tau Delta house, and this year he was honored with the presidency of the Interfraternity Council. On top of this, he sits as chairman of the Student Activities Board and works on the Calendar Committee, the Rally Committee, the Student Faculty Committee, and the Student Businessmen's Committee. Enough for one man?

In his spare time he likes nothing better than to hit the snowy slopes with the hickories (our way of saying his skis) and we hear that he is rather talented at it too.

The rest of his time is taken up by Aris Peterson who also has possession of his pin.



For Your Approval

MISS GAYLE SLAVIN



LEO CESPEDES

Some years ago the population of Guam dropped from 23,000 to 22,999: Leo Cespedes had packed his bags and come to the U. S. to get "a good education"—and some way or other he ended up at Idaho. In his two years on the campus Leo has been especially interested in foreign affairs and this year he was elected Vice-President of the International Relations club. He is also one of the founding fathers of the Cosmopolitan Club and holds down its Presidency. As Campus Club's representative in the Independent Caucus dabbles in things political but still has time to be active in the Wesley Foundation.

His friends say that his modest manner and friendly smite conceal "a lover" and this may be since he admits dancing is his favorite time-passer. Incidentally, any of you who are tired of eating the same kind of food day after day might try Leo's favorite dish—deer meat boiled in cocoanut juice. He claims it's actually good.

He is now a Junior majoring in social work and after his graduation he nobly plans to go wherever he can do the most good. Blot applauds Leo Cespedes who is doing his bit to make this world a better and more peaceful place to live in.



ROSEMARY FITZGERALD

Mix together red hair, green eyes, coffee, and uproarious laughter and you'll end up with the one and only Rosemary Fitzgerald—Moscow's own contribution to the University of Idaho. She started going places in her Sophomore year when she was elected President of the Spurs, and the next year she served as Spur Junior Advisor. In her Senior year she reached the top and sat in the president's chair in the A.W.S. The committees to which she has lent her talents are practically endless: Student Activities Board, Rally Committee, Student Union Planning Committee, Calendar Committee, Disciplinary Board, and A.S.U.I. Executive Board. Right now, as co-chairman of still another committee, she is busily planning the decorations for the Senior Ball. Besides all these, she is active in the Women's Recreation Association, and her voice is also heard among the University Singers.

This exuberant Pi Phi is majoring in Physical Education, but next year hopes to hit for the blue as a hostess for United Airlines.

—I—

The difference between amnesia and magnesia is that the fellow with amnesia can't remember where he's going.



Poets' Corner

THE EYE OF THE HAWK

Sound of the wild wind soughing
by,
Smell of the earth and far-flung
sky,
Sport of the kings—or you and
I!—
Hawk on the string (I know not
why!)
Pull him in slowly and hold tight
Razor sharp talons, wings of
might.
Prince of the air, this bird, I
knows
Gallant demeanor tells me so.
Quiet and stately, naught of
fright,
Colored in brown, soft gray, and
white.
Look at him closely: splendid
prize.
Sudden hot rage has filled his
eyes!
Hatred of me and all mankind!
Hate that is strong and full and
blind!
Quick now he strikes and sinks
his beak
Down in the flesh of my turned
cheek!
Eye close to mine, yellow and
green—
More awful hate I've never
seen!—
Centered with bright black mid-
night deep
Burning with fire coal could not
keep!
Jerk him away! The first im-
pulse
Came from my brain, then
something else:
Draw blood for blood! Strike at
the throat!

Sink your teeth in and tear and
gloat!
Wake! For God's sake! Wake
and see
Dreams are but things of fan-
tasy!
Sweating and cold I lay abed,
Hand to my cheek that had not
bled.

By SHERMAN E. BLACK.

No words have I,
No gentle philosophy
To enfold a silent candle,
Or frame a colored song.
No voice have I
To touch the surging gulf of
your graceful mind
To say, "I love you."
No paintbrush have I
To trace you firmly
On my heart.
No poem, solo or eloquence
give you, save
The stilled intensity of
My care for you.
That is not enough.

SALLY JO KOON.

Stay—for yet awhile will be to-
morrow,
And tomorrow is walking with
the dawn.
We shall meet later . . . awk-
wardly,
And I shall stand shy for know-
ing you.
Yes, you will forget, for you
close many doors—
And I close but one.

SALLY JO KOON

Magic Circle

(Continued from page 9)

the blackboard. She edged into a corner and tried to remember what Miss Grimm had said about diagramming sentences. Only fuzzy, confused snatches came back. With a chalky paw she pushed the damp hair from her forehead. It wouldn't stay. Once she turned around nervously. That nasty Beverly who tinted her hair red so all the boys would like her, was whispering to another girl. They giggled. Alice knew whom they were talking about. They were looking right at her. She hated them. Unfriendly snobs! They wouldn't be friendly with anyone that wasn't as pretty as they were. She wished one of her girl friends was in this class. They'd show that Beverly! Beverly wouldn't think she was so smart if Sara or Edith were here.

When the bell rang, Alice felt like she had been given a stay of execution. No matter if the diagram was unfinished, it was probably wrong anyway. She laid the chalk down and rushed out the door.

She galloped up the stairs to the Art room where she tore the offensive galoshes from her feet and threw them into the bottom of supply cupboard. Such release! The sweater didn't feel so tight now, either.

Jerry came bounding into the room and yelled to Alice, "Oh boy! Wait'll you hear this new joke! It'll burn your ears off!"

Alice flushed. She wished Jerry wouldn't be so noisy; what if Miss Lynd, the instructor, had heard? Jerry took a comb from her picket and pulled it through her hair as she told the joke. At the end Jerry laughed uncontrollably. Alice didn't understand the joke, it sounded kind of dirty, but realizing that Jerry expected her to be amused, she forced a laugh. "Pretty good," she said, trying to laugh loudly.

"Oh say, kid," Jerry spoke confidentially, "I wanta tell you something for your own good. You better stop lalling around with that creep, Sara. She gives you the willies to look at her. Gad! Whata pan!" Jerry shook her permanent violently.

Alice drew in her breath and swallowed. She felt strangely humiliated. "What - what do you mean, she's a creep, Jerry? Sara's all right. She's all right."

Jerry looked disgusted. "Oh, she gets on your nerves, that's all. I was talking to Edith yesterday afternoon, and she thinks it's time to brush Sara too. You can't have any fun with a pest like that around all the time. Hanging onto you. Geez! You can't expect any boys to look atcha when you run around with a crumb like her."

"But we've known Sara a long time, Edith and I have. You can't just tell her to go away—just like that. Jerry, Sara's all right!"

"Listen, let me tell you something." Jerry was impatient. "Edith says she never did like Sara much, and now that she's got better friends like me, she'd just as soon drop her. Laura and Vicki can't stand her either. I'm only telling you this for your own good. You either come with us this noon or go with Sara. But, if you go with her, don't expect us to even speak to you anymore; and nobody else will either. We're going out the back door this noon. Sara's be out in front where we usually meet. Just make up your mind, that's all."

Jerry went to her seat. She didn't look at Alice again.

Alice spent the next two hours in gloomy speculation. She couldn't study, not with this decision hanging over her. How would it be to have only Sara again? She cringed at the mental picture of all the other kids passing by her, never speaking. It would be agony. Junior High was to be different from grammar school. Maybe Jerry was right. Maybe Sara was the reason she wasn't popular.

Alice began thinking of Sara objectively. The way others, strangers, might. Sara was certainly no asset as a friend. Of course she couldn't help her looks, but there were a lot of things she could help. Like those safety pins. Sara was always held together by safety pins, right in plain sight. And she was always slapping you on the back, it was annoying. And her laugh

was irritating. Alice could hear it now. "Ack-ack-ack," the laugh went. A shudder ran through her and she began to feel angry. Sara and her claim that she was a descendant of Napoleon Bonapart. Hun! Alice didn't believe this anymore. Besides her other faults, Sara was a terrible liar. And her hands! Sara had eczema, something about her being allergic to water. She put olive oil on her hands and they always looked dirty, especially in the creases. All broken out and greasy. Alice didn't like to have Sara's hands touch her. They looked catching. Alice was furious. To think that all these years that pest had been hanging on her like a leech. Spoiling everything. Always underfoot. A creep, like Jerry said.

From the fourth grade on, Sara had been Alice's best friend. The Valentine had started it. There had been only four Valentines for Alice in the big heartshaped box in the front of

(Continued on next page)



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the class room. The other three didn't count — they were only polite valentines sent by kids that had given everybody in the room a "five for a nickle" valentine. But this one card was different. Alice could tell it was just for her. The new girl had given it to her and it was homemade. The lace was on crooked and several smears of paste had faded the otherwise red background. "Be my Valentine" was printed lopsidedly across the top. The "N" in Valentine was backwards. It was a lovely valentine.

Sara was, in a way, like this valentine. Nature had been short tempered and freakish when Sara was formed. Her face gave the impression of being pasted on her head, just off center. Her features were lopsided. Nothing about Sara matched.

Her family had moved to the small farming district outside Morristown where Alice lived at the beginning of the year. Sara started the fourth grade there in the last part of that January. She lived in a poor two-roomed shack with her parents, an older sister, and a feeble-minded brother. The children at school whispered about how this brother, at twenty-three, could do nothing for himself. They treated Sara with the same hostility and suspicion that animals show towards a maimed or imperfect member of their species. She didn't seem to notice this, but she had noticed Alice.

One day the other children had gave out to play "fox and geese" in the snow. Alice had tried to join them. A tall, skinny girl named Evelyn had shoved her away and said scornfully, "Go away fatty, you're too fat to play!" Sara watched how Alice shuffled off with her fist clenched to her sides. Her head hung down and her chin was trembling. After that Alice spent recess time alone—either in the library, reading, or at her desk drawing pictures. Sara felt a kinship for her. Both of them were outcasts and lonely. But Sara seemed to know enough not to rush things. She must have learned that this only makes people more distrustful of you. You have to wait and watch for the right time. Valentine's day was the right time.

Sara watched Alice as the Valentines were passed out. Alice's eyes pleaded for valentines. It was almost humiliating to see a face as naked as hers—but Sara waited.

When Sara's valentine was delivered, Alice looked over at her and smiled in gratitude. Sara smiled back. It didn't matter that she had received none. She had something much better, now. She had a friend.

After that time, Sara and Alice were constant companions at school, but never outside. Alice knew, somehow that her mother probably wouldn't think too much of Sara, and Sara seemed to sense that she shouldn't press things too far. So, from the hours of nine o'clock to four, they formed a protective bloc against the indifference of their class mates.

They became three in the sixth grade when Edith started school. Edith was a pale, blond little girl with a nervous habit of giggling whenever anyone looked at her. She came from a family of loud older brothers. In school she shied away from the boisterousness of the other children. She seemed to find comfort in the company of Alice and Sara. The three of them were inseparable.

The country school outside Morristown had only eight grades. After these were completed, the students rode busses into town for high school. Many of them never went any farther than the eighth grade.

Alice and Edith had talked, one day, about what it would be like in a different school. Alice was excited at the prospect of taking art. She and Edith both agreed that they must get over being backward. How different it would be in town! New faces, a new chance. They would show these smart alocs, these bicks! Sara listened to them and smiled. Then she muttered something about "old friends are best friends." After that she said nothing more.

High School was so confusing. So many things to learn, bells, different class rooms, so many kids. The three girls stayed secure in their protective block the first week. But by the end of the second week, the block had grown and widened to six.

Alice was taking art and there she met Jerry. Jerry wore a purple jacket and had a kinky permanent and was absolutely averwhelming. She was always dragging Alice into a corner, be-

(Continued on page 24)



Fred, when you used to go with Lucille, did you feel that she was awfully possessive?
—Scop

Hiserman

(Continued from page 7)

The Vandals climaxed their 1949 season by making one of the best showings in Idaho history at the Northern Division finals. Placing a man in every track event, the Idaho runners piled up 22 points to finish third behind W.S.C. and Oregon.

Among the biggest surprises of the meet was the sensational mile run by Idaho's Warren Johansen who flashed across the finish line all by himself in a 4:18.5 mile, the fastest in the northern division all year, and third fastest on the coast.

Armstrong ran third in the quarter, as did Christian in the 100. Christian placed fourth in the 220 while Allison did the same in the two mile. Bean and Mathews won seconds in the high and low hurdles respectively. All qualified for the Pacific Coast Conference finals.

In the PCC meet, Armstrong ran fourth in the 440, while Johansen did the same in the mile. Armstrong won a berth on the Pacific Coast All-Star team.

So far this year, Glen Christian has smashed the W.S.C. indoor meet record in the 70 yard dash.

Hiserman's success at Idaho is due in no small part to the greatest pains he takes to give individual attention to the training needs of his men. "Although track is a team sport," comments Hiserman, "the men compete as individuals and require individual training. They also have varying temperaments and to perform their best, they must be stimulated in different ways." So a track coach must be a practical psychologist, too.

Probably the most inconspicuous man at any Idaho track meet is Coach Hiserman. Rather than continually fuss over his charges, Stan chooses to remain calmly in the background to observe from a distance. Always unruffled and well groomed, Stan is probably the best dressed man on the field.

Stan Hiserman also departs from the stereotyped coach in that he never loses his temper and blows up at his men. His

quiet way of talking over the problems of his men with them and his even temperament has won him the respect and co-operation of his team.

Although there is much to be done in track at Idaho, we cannot overlook the progress of the past three years. Idaho track fans who lamented the loss of Mike Ryan are now taking their hats off to his successor. Stan Hiserman avoids the headlines and the spotlight, and is reluctant to make predictions about his teams, preferring to let the teams speak for themselves.

The record looks good to us, Stan. May your future years at Idaho be equally as fruitful as your past three.

THE END

—I—

1st SAE: "I called her and asked her if she was doing anything that night, and she said she wasn't."

2nd SAE: "So what did you do then?"

1st: "I took her out and sure enough."

KORTER'S ICE CREAM



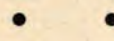
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Magic Circle

(Continued from page 22)

fore the bell rang, and telling her jokes. Alice never quite understood them, but she laughed anyway. She didn't want to antagonize Jerry. In some ways Jerry disgusted her, but, then again, it was flattering to think that a woman of the world like Jerry should bother with her. And Alice had set out to make new friends, so she brought Jerry into the circle.

Edith had made the other new friends. She met them in Home Economics. One was a dark-haired girl with nothing on her mind but boys; her name was Laura. The other one was Vicki; she had squinty eyes and wore lots of lipstick. Her mouth looked like a bow tie and she smoked! The girls held her in awe.

Sara made no new acquaintances. She seemed satisfied with everything.

At noon time the six girls took their paper bags of sandwiches and went to the park. Or they walked to town and window-shopped. Sometimes they bought bags of pop-corn to eat on the way back to school.

Alice had never known life could be so wonderful. She was a freshman in high school and she had five best friends.

Alice started when the noon bell rang. She hadn't realized that so much time had gone by. She hesitated for a moment, then made up her mind. She gathered her books and ran out the door, pausing long enough to see if Sara was in the hall. Sara had a class on the same floor, so Alice detoured through the gymnasium in order to avoid her. She scurried along as though Sara and the whole of Bonaparte's army were pursuing her.

The other girls were waiting at the back door. When Edith saw Alice coming, she jumped up and down excitedly and shrieked, "Hurry, hurry, old crooked face'll be coming around here to look for us!"

At this the girls laughed hysterically, and as they ran they repeated over and over, "Old crooked face, old crooked face."

Several blocks away the five stopped running. Somehow they had ended up in an alley. Breathless from running and laughing, they leaned for support on sheds and garbage cans. They began talking all at once—

"Do you remember that time old Sara—"

"Yes, and how about what she said—"

"That's nothing! Didja see her dress when—"

"Old crooked face—"

They began growing quieter. Their laughter was shrill and spasmodic. Finally they ate their sandwiches.

On the way back to school their excitement was more like frenzy. What would Sara do—what would she say? They entertained themselves in speculation. They skipped and danced, they sang snatches of popular songs.

Edith giggled, "Oh, Oh golly! I have her next hour in Social Science."

"She's in my study hall this afternoon," Laura squealed in anticipation.

Alice had begun to feel uncomfortable. She, too, had a class with Sara. Sixth period history. Somehow the prospect wasn't too pleasing.

They turned into the school yard. Everyone was still outside. Little groups of students stood talking on the sidewalk, some sat on the lawn and steps.

The girls stopped at the edge of the walk and formed a whispering circle. They agreed to meet after school and compare notes on Sara's reactions. Then they saw her—running towards them, grinning lopsidedly. Her warm cloth coat flapped out behind her foolishly. Sara was yelling at them, joviality in her voice, "Well land sakes, kids, where in heck ya been?"

With indecision they watched her approach. Jerry shrieked "Run!" They jumped and ran confusedly in all directions. Sara's voice was saying "Wait a minute, kids. Well for land sakes—"

None of them turned around. None of them saw her face.

Alice waited in the girls' lavatory until time for the sixth

period bell to ring. She would rather be late for class than take a chance on having to talk to Sara. Sara might be waiting for her. Alice wished that she didn't have to see Sara again, ever. Alice felt squeamish. Not ashamed, exactly, but kind of funny. She couldn't understand why she had enjoyed running from Sara so much. It wasn't like her to hurt anyone purposely and yet she'd done it. It was frightening to think about. And yet she could still feel pleasure in the remembrance of her act—a savage kind of pleasure. Alice winced.

The bell rang and she waited a few more minutes. Then she went to history. Alice carefully avoided looking in Sara's direction, but she could sense Sara's eyes on her.

She sat down and opened her book. She had read the same page for three quarters of an hour when the note came. The thought of reading it was unbearable, but she was curious.

In a careful, studied hand, Sara had written:

"Did I say or do something I shouldn't have? I can't understand what I've done. I didn't mean to do anything. I thought we were friends. Please tell me what is wrong. I want to know. I won't bother you anymore if you'll just tell me. Please!

Your friend,
Sara."

Alice read the note again, but

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she didn't answer it. You can't answer a note like that, or a question. How can you tell someone that you can't stand their crooked face? That you are tired of them? How can you tell someone that the only thing wrong with them is them? You can't, that's all. You can't.

Alice didn't meet the other girls after school. She had nothing to tell them. She rode home on the same bus with Sara, but she couldn't stand to look at her. Neither of them spoke.

Alice walked home from the bus stop with lagging feet. She knew her mother would be able to tell something was wrong and she didn't want to tell her what had happened. While mother had never said much about Sara one way or the other, Alice knew that she wouldn't like the way things had been handled. Alice dreaded facing her.

Alice's eight year old brother, Marty, was sitting on the front steps eating bread and sugar. He looked up at her and said smugly between gulps, "Mother said you should come right in a minute you get home, so you just better go in, you just better get a wriggle on."

Alice dropped her books and glared at Marty. Then she hissed, "You go to hell you little stinker!" She turned and ran for the orchard. She could hear Marty pawing at the door, he was yelling, "Mama, mama, you know what Alice said to me, you know what—"

Alice ran blindly between the trees. The branches slapped her face and caught her hair. The tall sweet clover switched her legs spitefully. Tears burned in her eyes. She tripped and fell. Incoherently she moaned and raged. She beat the damp earth with her fists and thrashed her legs. When she was tired she lay still. She could hear Mama calling from the house. Alice didn't answer. She sullenly watched a cold lady bug scuttle to the top of a weed, where it balanced uncertainly.

Alice sat up and drew her coat closer. The ground was cold and wet. She reached out and picked the lady bug off its retreat. It ran uncertainly around

the palm of her hand, then stopped. Alice whispered, "Lady bug, lady bug, fly away—" The little thing seemed to come to a decision at these old words. Alice watched after it pityingly. Her feet and hands felt numb and it was getting dark. When she arose she felt stiff and tired. She stood still, withoet moving, until it was completely dark. Then, slowly, she walked towards the lights of home.

THE END

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From a freshman theme: A morality play is one in which the characters are ghosts, goblins, virgins and other supernatural characters.

The Postman

(Continued from page 17)

made him wonder how far behind the Joneses were in their car payments.

So to Silas came the news of the town, and he shared the poignant sorrow, happiness, or disgust of the recipients of the letters.

It was he who broke the news of her son's death to widow Garner. It had been hard to decipher the folded paragraphs through the bond envelope of the lawyers, but by putting two and two together in his wise manner after long years of experience he had learned the worst before he tramped onto the widow's porch. He broke the news to the old lady as gently as possible and handed the letter to her with tears in his eyes.

In a like manner, Silas was the first to know about lawyer Haskin's son being asked to leave college, and Silas' face maintained the same grim look as the lawyer's as the letter was slowly unfolded.

Sometimes people became a bit short. There was the time he delivered a small box to the young man in the accounting office, and the clerk knew before he opened it what it was. But what was worse, he realized that Silas knew it was a fraternity pin being returned. The young man's piqued pride led him to deliver himself of a lecture on discretion. But Silas only grinned. He'd been practicing discretion for years, else he wouldn't have held his job in the face of the maze of information which came to him.

Next day, as he approached the house of Miss Lattimer, he bore a plain envelope addressed to her. Miss Lattimer didn't get mail very often, and he felt as he scrutinized the handwriting that he had seen it somewhere before. He held the letter up to the light of the afternoon sun.

Silas grunted to himself. He remembered that there had been another Miss Lattimer who'd come to town to visit the older woman—a Miss Lattimer with bright sunny smiles and wavy hair—who had sat on the doorstep each day waiting for that

very special letter. And each day Silas had brought it and her smile was the kind that made Silas warm inside.

She didn't write often. Silas peered intently through the envelope. He could barely make out the typewritten lines, but by the time he reached the porch he knew.

"Humph," thought Silas, "she'll sure need some money now. She better try extra hard on this contest." And he blew his whistle preparing to break the news to the older Miss Lattimer.

"It appears," he said, "that your small sister's had a passel of hard luck. Leastways, that's the way I make it out."

He scuffed his toes along the boards of the porch in the embarrassment of his mission.

"Oh!" gasped Miss Lattimer as she read the note. "Oh, Silas, she's ill! She needs money."

"Mmhm. Yes, that's right," Silas agreed. He mumbled "Sorry" and stalked off, his mind full of this new problem. He didn't have to bother, he knew, but it was a habit of long standing.

He didn't do much reading the rest of his route, mulling over in his mind the Misses Lattimer's troubles.

Next day as he passed the house, Miss Lattimer handed him a letter. He noticed a particularly grim look on her face as she asked him to be sure to mail it that afternoon. Silas knew what it was. It was the answer to that contest. He sidled along and deciphered. Right smart name the woman had picked out, too.

From that day on he lived in wilting hope that Miss Lattimer might win something, anyway. Maybe not first prize. People didn't do that in his small town, but he'd noticed smaller prizes offered too. Each day as he wrapped up his letters, he sought eagerly for an envelope that might bear the insignia of the gum company. A week passed and still no letter, and then another week. Silas decided to break a habit of long standing and not worry a mite more about it. It was too much for him. Each day he strode by the Lattimer house with a growing resolution not to think about the woman who sat inside the curtained windows. Out of the corner of his eye he could see her hand slide down the curtain as she turned from the window, realizing there was nothing for her that day.

Then another letter came like the first one and he didn't even wait for her to answer his whistle, not wanting to see her

(Continued on page 28)



What does this Form 153690312 mean? How does it fit into your Infinite Scheme of Things?" —Scop

"How did you learn to kiss like that?" she asked in ecstatic tones.

He replied: "Siphoning gas."

—I—

Webster says that taut means the same as tight. I guess I was taut a lot in college after all.

—I—

Then there was the girl who soaked her strapless evening gown in coffee so it would stay up all night.

—I—

The drunk leaning against the building told the questioning cop that he was holding it up. When the copper made him move along the building fell down.

The Postman

(Continued from page 27)

disappointment and sorrow. But he did peek a bit—just enough to know that the sister wasn't any better and that something would have to be done quickly.

After a while, Silas got so he didn't mind seeing Miss Lattimer at the window, waiting. He'd just put his head between his shoulders and march one foot ahead of the other until he was past her place.

He'd gotten interested in the love affairs of the Tibbett's daughter by the time the answer came. It was a long envelope and it had the insignia of the gun company on it. But Silas had trained himself against that moment: he just stacked it up with the rest of the letters without giving it another thought. He knew well enough it would be a polite acknowledgement of Miss Lattimer's contest entry. And that would be all.

But every time he reached into his mail pouch his hand sought out that long envelope, and it was all he could do to withstand looking at it. He thought maybe he ought to make certain—so he could break the news to Miss Lattimer real gentle-like. She didn't have men folks. It would be hard on her alone. But each time temptation was thrust aside and he was finally approaching the house.

He could see her standing in the window. She would know he had something for her when he turned up the walk. He wanted to cross to the other side of the street and stay there.

In all justice to his position in the community, he felt he'd better take just one peek at the letter. He slipped it from the pouch and held it toward the light as he neared the porch. As he slowly climbed the steps, he felt feebly for his whistle, a mist dimming his eyes.

Miss Lattimer hovered over the doctor who sat near the outstretched body in the gray uniform of a mail carrier which lay on her neat davenport.

"He's dead, alright," mumbled the doctor. "It's heart failure. Know of anything that could have given him a shock?"

"Lord no! No, I'm sure I don't."

The doctor closed his bag, started toward the front door.

"Doctor, are you going down town to fix it up about Silas and all?" Miss Lattimer reached for her wrap and hat on a chair near the door. "Cause if you are, I want to ride down with you—before the bank closes. I want to send a thousand dollars to my sister in Omaha."

THE END

Blot Goes

(Continued from page 16)

school." Whatever Betty does, we can bet that she will return with a stack of stories about things she has observed on her travels, plus a lot of ideas for more. No matter what she decides to do, one has the feeling that it is right for her and that she will achieve her goal.

THE END

Ole Mose went to the doctor and told him, "Doc, I've got nine kids now. If I have another child, so help me, I'll hang myself." The doctor told Mose to leave town a certain time of the year and everything would be all right.

About a year later, the doctor met old Mose on the street. His wife had given birth to another child.

Doctor: "Mose, about this time I expected to see your name in the obituary column. I thought you were going to hang yourself if you had another child."

Mose: "Well, Doc, when that child come—I got myself a l-o-n-g rope and went into the barn and threw it over the rafter. Then I got myself a h-i-g-h stool. I got on the stool and tightened the rope around my neck and I was just about to jump and I said, 'You know, Mose, you might be killing an innocent man.'"

—I—

The drunk got in the taxi and asked to be driven around the park five times. After the third time around, he shouted to the driver, "Faster—I'm in a hurry!"

Filled with happy spirits, the drunk weaved his way to his car, opened the rear door by mistake, and laboriously climbed in.

"Hey, you," called the officer on the beat, "You're in no condition to drive."

"Oh, shtop botherin' peashful citizens. If you want to do something useful, whyn't you catch the guy that shtole my steering wheel?"

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Plumber: "I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."

Pa: "Ma, here's the doctor to see you."



There has to be a first time—
When we are not showing
latest pictures.

**KENWORTHY AND
NUART THEATRES**

The Mantis

(Continued from page 5)

It was impossible to imagine him walking to that spot and sitting down. One leg was short and spindly. The other ended in a stump at the knee and a wooden peg was attached to it. They could never support those huge hulking shoulders and that wide chest from which hung rolls of hairy flesh. There was a timelessness about his sprawled form, his hands across the stocking cap on his knee, his back against the railing, and his thighs stuck out at right angle. The wild profusion of hair mingled with the knotty beard, overlapped his face, and blurred his features. But his eyes, sunken beneath his forehead, were beady and vigilant. Like a bird of prey. Or a mantis.

In the distance, the glow of a movie theater cast out its magnetic force and gently began to pull the child across the bridge. He emerged from the thickening darkness. He walked slowly, rehearsing in anticipation of what was to come. He clutched the quarter tightly in his fist. He would give it to the lady, slide out his ticket when she pushed the button, take his nickel change, give the ticket to the usher, receive a stub, buy some candy with the nickel, find a seat, and enjoy, for a few hours, a thrilling new world. Perhaps he would buy chocolate, or caramels, or—

"Hello, boy." A rough, grating whisper.

A peg-leg. A real peg-leg.

"Are you a sailor like Long John Silver?"

"Silver! That deck-hand! You mean you never heard of *me*?"

"Aren't you a famous pirate?"

"Why boy, I was once the fiercest sea captain in these parts. Why the name of Hugh Falcon, skipper of the schooner "Tradewinds," made every merchant shudder."

"Tradewinds . . ." A long, musing sigh.

"Yep. That was my ship. The sweetest four-master that ever sailed out of Delaware Bay."

"Did you ever meet Captain



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Cook, or Jean Lafitte, or Blackbeard?"

"I met Cook all right. It was me that killed him!"

"Honest?"

"I was sick and tired of telling that landlubber to stay away from my territory. He was picking up too much booty that was rightfully mine. So when I spotted his sloop, anchored south of here off of Fire Island, I swept down astern and gave her a broadside that almost ripped the ship apart. Then me and my crew boarded her. And there was Cook, rallying his men to fight. I drew my cutlass and went after him. But he was ready for me. He had his own cutlass out and met me head on.

"Well, we fought back and forth from bow to stern. And when it looked like I finally had him, I tripped on a belaying pin and went over backwards. Cook, he struck at me when I went down and slashed my calf from the ankle clear up to the back of the knee, and cracked the bone."

"Uhhhhhhh!" A sharp intake of breath.

"It was the last thing he ever did, though. With my other leg, I kicked his feet out from under him and when he fell toward me I stuck up my cutlass and got him right through the heart."

"It served him right." A tone of self-assured righteousness.

"That it did. When I shoved his body off of me, my leg was paining so much that I screamed for the first mate to get the axe and chop it off at the knee. He didn't want to but I threatened to hang him from a yard-arm unless he did. So he cut it off and that's how come I got this wooden peg-leg."

"Is it hollow? Do you have diamonds hidden inside?"

"Why boy, I'm surprised at you. That's no hiding place."

"Oh. I guess you're right."

"Of course I'm right. Boy, if I tell you where we used to hide our treasure, will you promise to keep it a secret?"

"I promise. Honest to God, I won't ever tell anybody."

"Not even your mother and father?"

"No. Not even them."

"All right then. See this river here? Not much of a river now, is it? Would you believe it, boy, this river used to be forty feet deep!"

"Oh, you're kidding me."

"No. No, I'm not. The only reason it's like it is now, is because they got it dammed up a couple of miles upstream."

"Honest? I didn't know that."

"Well, they do. Why many's the time I set a course up this river. Of course there weren't any houses then and no bridge. Well, we used to drop anchor just about at this spot, where this bridge is, and go ashore and bury the treasure there."

"No fooling? Didn't anyone else ever find it?"

"No, boy, nobody else ever found it. But my richest treasure is still buried."

"Buried treasure! Where is it?"

"My richest treasure that I planned to use in my old age. And now I can't touch it."

"Why not?"

"Because it's buried under that tavern. And the land now belongs to the man who owns the tavern. And anything found on that land belongs to him."

"Gee, that's terrible."

The beggar began to snuffle.

"Now I'm just a helpless old man with a wooden leg. And nobody cares whether I sleep or eat or live or die."

The child felt again the gentle tug of the movie theater. The dancing lights were clearly visible through the floating darkness. He shook his head, sadly. Then he turned quickly, tossed the quarter into the stocking cap, and sprinted lightly back in the direction whence he had come. The snuffling ceased.

A throaty chuckle drifts through the darkness. Can it be? This being is actually rising. It is a slow, painful process. He wraps his arm around the rail and, amid many grunts, hauls himself to his feet. Panting, he stands for a minute, fondling the child's quarter. Then the mantis scuttles off in the direction of the tavern.

QUESTIONS

- A** Aslant, I lie surrounded by a word Which twice repeats a virtue which you've heard.
- B** A letter (from the Greek), a conjunction (transposed), One from Flanders, here reflected and posed.
- C** A ten dollar bill, and the term "to sell" Gives one a title, if they're combined well.

Answers and names of winners will be available at magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

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

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** 20th CENTURY-FOX. This modern age is the 20th Century; a furry friend is a fox.
- B** BLANCH, N. C. The Dogwood State is North Carolina, Blanch means to pale, or grow white.
- C** CHESTERFIELD-ABC. The smoke that satisfies is Chesterfield. In the frame the initial letters of lines 1, 8 & 3, spell A B C.

WINNERS...

CHESTERFIELD WINNERS

Norman Jones	Virginia Smith
Clyde Winters	Frank Gaylord
Jerry McKee	Harry Dalva
Rob Faisant	R. C. McNichols
Harold Gerber	Bob Bates

Now, you wretched backwash of the running tide, you decadent^t whispers of yesterday. Now do you know the answer!

THE END

Lady: "Are you the young man that jumped in the river and saved my son from drowning?"

Man: (modestly) "yes, mi-am."

Lady: "Where's his mittens?"

—I—

A noted educator divides American colleges into two groups — those who wished they'd fired the football coach last fall, and those who wish they hadn't.

Captain: "I'll bet you wish I were dead so you could spit on my grave."

ROTC student: "No, sir. I hate to stand in line."

—I—

"I've got a friend I'd like you to meet."

Athletic girl: "What can he do?"

Chorus girl: "How much has he?"

Literary girl: "What does he read?"

Society girl: "Who are his family?"

Religious girl: "What church does he belong to?"

College girl: "Where is he?"

Ill Is The Wind

(Continued from page 13)

in this room—some evil calling from the permeated night? The sinews of a long-subdued being seemed to respond within me.

The dog arose, stretched and yawned, turned to rest his thick muzzle on my knee. The lips drew back faintly: not a sneer, neither a snarl, but a sort of smile—a smile of knowing, friendly.

"Why! You great devil you!" I said, patting the massive head. "You want to be my friend, too!"

The sullenness was gone from Doro's face.

"He likes you, Wick. Let's not quarrel more."

What manner of dog was this?

At Doro's words, he turned back toward the hearth and let his heavy body thud to the carpet, sighing as though he knew this scene was finished, and to his liking.

"I think perhaps he is human, or has human faculties," Doro said. "Perhaps one of the lovers—"

"Don't! Doro. Please!"

The wind screamed with new frenzy, its dervishes plucking and moaning over the old house. Some piece of debris, an old box or limb of a tree, slammed against the outer wall. The dog lifted one ear, listened, let the ear fall. Doro picked up her book. I could find no further interest in reading.

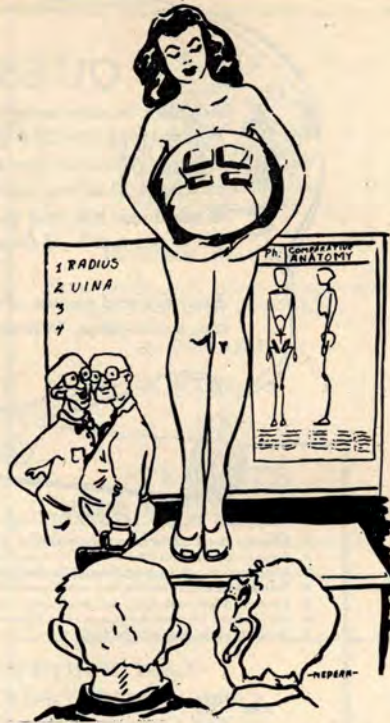
"I think I'll go to bed," said I.

"Does the fire need another log to last?" Doro asked.

"No."

I did not want to venture into the outside dark. A sense of foreboding had caught me, burrowing deep into my senses and building there a sinister, brutal mood. This feeling was a stranger to me since my wife, years ago—but I will not dwell on that. What is done is done and best left to sleep undisturbed. But the feeling I could not shake off.

The full length mirror at the far end of the room reflected my figure and countenance as I turned at the hall door to say goodnight to Doro. The apparition—for such it seemed at that dim distance—startled me. The expression on my face was not pleasing—sombre and forbid-



But, professor, she increases class attendance 100%.

"Hey, you guys, where are you carrying that fellow? Is he drunk?"

"Nope."

"Sick?"

"Nope."

"Just a gag, huh?"

"Nope."

"Dizzy spells, maybe?"

"Nope."

"Very tired, I guess."

"Nope."

"Well, what in hell is the matter with him?"

"Dead."

—I—

When you see
Something like this
Dragging all the way
Down the page
In a college magazine
Be assured
It's only there
Because they have
Nothing funny,
Or clever, or smooth
To fill the space.

—I—

An unfortunate was applying for relief and the girl at the desk was filling out the questionnaire.

"Do you owe any back house rent?" she asked.

"Madam," he replied with dignity, "We have modern plumbing."

ding, like one I knew well long ago and thought I had forgotten. Was I to be haunted again?

Composure to some degree regained, I said goodnight.

"Night, Wick." Dorothy did not look up from her book. "I'll be along in a little while."

I closed the door after me and stood for a moment in the hall's blackness, listening to thin wailing under the cruelty of the wind. There was no surcease, no quarter even for the protected soul. Mere walls and roof could not withstand the penetration of this evil night.

The Gothic blackness of the hall enveloped me, left me a being without form or weight, robbed me of individuality, made me one with its opaque dimensions. I lost the sense of groping for the bedroom door. How long I spent within the close walls of that room, or whether I entered at all, I cannot say; nor how long the blackness wrought inside me. Gone was all sense of reality, so that the night became my crony, the dismal voices of the storm asked blessings of evil, and Evil itself made of me its progeny.

Marlene!

Who shares thy bed?

Who has sweet Morpheus twined with thee?

Who is this lover walks on four?

Who lies thy arms, yet never seen?

Marlene! Marlene!

Doro! Doro, don't scream that way! I'm coming. He shall never touch you. What an awful countenance! At this dim distance, like an apparition, sombre and forbidding. I have seen that face; I know it. I thought I had forgotten, but I can never forget. It haunts me. But he shall not reach you, Doro. I will come between you and him, my love.

The malice in the face of him who stalks you, Doro! And the hands! Though there is no visible stain, they have dipped in blood. I know: Marlene. What has brought him here? Why does he return to haunt me? Or that I may reach you before foul deed is finished with your blood, too!

That great beast, black as

(Continued on page 32)

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Theta: "Maybe if you wear one next time, you'll have better luck."

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First co-ed: "He's always been a perfect gentleman with me."
Second: "Yea', he bores me, too."



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Ill Is The Wind

(Continued from page 30)

midnight! He intercedes for me. He protects you from him! He stands between the two of you, scruff upraised, teeth bare. Urge him, Doro! Coax him, command him! He will fight for you, and I will thank whatever power that brought him here, if once, a thousand times.

I can almost grasp him who would kill, Doro, almost reach him. I am looking in the great mirror and seeing every fiendish line of countenance, looking into the black corners of my own soul! If I can but break the barrier!

Spring! great dog, spring!

The fury of the animal was terrible. He tore at me, at my fending arms and legs. Glass from the broken mirror gouged at me as I rolled to protect my throat. At last, after what seemed endless time, and as exhaustion bore heavily upon me, I heard Doro's voice.

"No! boy, no! Down! Down!"

The fierceness of the dog's attack subsided. He growled still but moved toward me no more. I say prostrate for a time amongst the broken bits of glass from the mirror and shreds from my clothing, my lungs working like a bellows, my mind as confused as the reflected points of light from the mirror pieces.

Doro's voice came through the confusion.

"Is it past, Wick?"

Deeply passionate though she was, Doro's control of her emotions was remarkable—had always been. No quiver of voice betrayed strain. She could have let the dog kill me, and I wonder yet that she didn't.

"Yes." My voice faltered. "Yes," I said when I could speak again, "it's past."

Doro's arms were strong, her hands steady as she lifted and half carried me to my chair before the fireplace. She sat on the chair arm beside me.

For the first time I noticed the quietness of the old house.

"The wind, Doro, the wind! It has quit?"

"Yes, it is past, too."

"And the dog?"

"Is lying just beyond the fire place—watching."

"Does the fire—need another log—to last, Doro?"

A dazed sort of sleep, restless and tiring, overcame me. When it left me, weary and sore of body but less confused of mind. Doro was not in the room. The dog still lay just beyond the fireplace, sleeping apparently. I could but wonder.

"Thanks, fella," I whispered.

The dog's tail brushed briefly across the rug and was still again.

Doro came into the room from the outside, through the door where the luminous eyes from the darkness had startled me.

"It is almost dawn, Wick. The east is getting light."

I moved to sit up and groaned involuntarily. Doro rested her hand lightly on my forehead, caressed the hair back from my eyes.

"Dawn," Doro said. "A new day, and what is past is past. Remember, Wick?"

"Yes. No one knows but us. Only we know that my wife and your fiance lie buried not by accident." I laughed foolishly. "But last night I searched for her, Doro. I called her by name

Marlene. Please, never joke about it as you did."

"No, Wick."

The great dog came and stood before us, tail wagging slowly. Doro reached forward to stroke his head, but he turned and went to the door whence he had come a few hours before. Doro opened it.

Though we had no inkling of it at the time, we never saw him again. All our inquiries about the countryside turned up no trace. None of the neighbors near or far had seen such an animal.

I have done all I can: thanked whatever power it was that sent him to us that night, if once, a thousand times.

A Scotchman was leaving for a business trip, and as he departed he called back, "Goodbye, all, and dinna forget to take little Donald's glasses off when he isn't looking at anything."

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She: "Why are we stopping the car here?"

He: "I think we're lost."

She: "Not this kid. I've walked from here before."

—I—

"No, Miss Goody, a neckerchief is not the president of a sorority."

A city and a chorus girl
Are much alike, 'tis true;
A city's built with outskirts,
A chorus girl is, too.

—I—

He: Would you call for help if I tried to kiss you?

She: Would you need any help?

—I—

Drunk: "Whatcha lookin' for?"

Cop: "We're looking for a drowned man."

Drunk: "Whatcha want one for?"

—I—

A modern wallflower is one who dances all the dances all the time.

—I—

Men are as honest and truthful as women . . . that's why women are so suspicious of them.

—I—

Then there was the sculptor who put his model to bed and chiseled on his wife.

Spring Fashions

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PARISIAN

It was the first time she'd been to dinner with him, and he smiled indulgently as she refused whiskey and soda.

"I've never touched it in my life," she explained.

"Why not try it?" urged the host. "See if you like the taste."

She blushed and shyly consented, and he poured out a mixture which she put delicately to her lips.

After the first swallow, she grimaced and placed the glass on the table. "This isn't Bourbon; it's Scotch!"

—I—

"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.

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Rhonda Fleming



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that, Chesterfield has been my steady smoke for 11 years."

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