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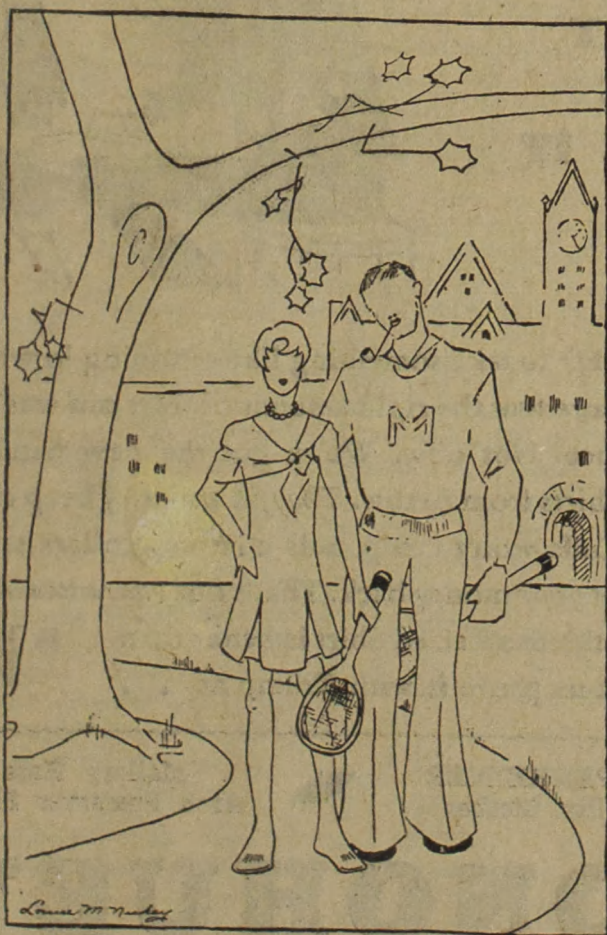
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CAMPUS RAKINGS

BUG EDITION



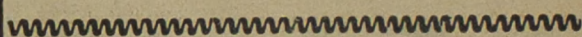
ABER DAY, 1931



JUNE BUGS



SHIRT HEADQUARTERS



**TATTOOING
MIGHT
HAVE
DONE IT**



IT USED to take something like tattooing in white ink to make sure that the right amount of shirt cuff was always in evidence. Not now. We've got the new Sanforized-Shrunk Shirts from Arrow. *They fit*, and they keep right on fitting. Cuffs won't creep, tails climb or collars strangle, or you get your money back. That's our *guarantee*. And the lustre of the Sanforized Shirt is better than **\$1.95** ever. Let us prove it with Trump at . .

KUPPENHEIMER
Quality Clothes



Mallory Hats
Arch Preserver Shoes

DONOHUE'S

MONTANA MUSEUMS



In the complexity to which modern civilization has attained, collegiate life has become so fraught with contending forces as to necessitate a considerable division of attention among the diverse stimuli with which contact is inescapable. The straight and narrow can no longer be clearly seen. Even on the faces of students on the Montana campus may be glimpsed at times a haze of obscurity which, we may with impunity point out, rises in vaporous clouds as Spring approaches. The chirping of June bugs, a rasping clatter in mid-afternoon, is subdued to a lulling hum when fire-flies dance in the thickening gloom. Heard in sweet harmony along University and Gerald avenues the crickets' cries rise in crescendo about the campus.

* * *

It is at a time like this, when the dreaminess of the atmosphere puts one off guard, when a veil of unreality is smoothed like a silken cloak of magic invisibility about one's shoulders, that

danger lurks nearest. Who can predict when a venomous spider will approach, crawl with its clinging tentacles to a point of vantage and, later sneak away to report. Thus betrayed the enchantment may be entirely broken, as with the pierce of a poisoned arrow, a wasp, or gad-fly, or deer-fly settles with indelicate rapacity upon one's neck. Less than that has been known to break up a party and never fails to interfere with that old Spanish custom—siesta.

* * *

In our classification therefore, we spare none but set forth a scientific account of the most odious pests infesting the bug-houses and premises.

The gold rush is over but many insects depend on that for a living, some of these cynips spongifica, Gold bugs, we panned out at the Alpha Chi and Phi Sig diggin's. The Big bugs, longifilis outlandicus—you can't miss them. The *musta domestica* are no longer dangerous but in the interest of our rising young real estate dealers we nailed a few. You might ask the *pimpla inquisitor*, whom we recommend not as oracular but tarantular. The chatterpillars, almost too numerous to mention, but pests too commonly abundant to forget, bugology terms *Triph-lips insillosus*. We flea from pillar to posts. Boring—worms emerge. They squirm and turn! Shades of the red horizon!

A LILY FOR WILLIE.

There was a young fella named Willie
Who many folks thought was quite
silly—

He chanted in Greek
Till his classmates did shreik,
"Won't someone please hand him a
lily?"

JUNE BUGS.

Frances Ullman—Bob Leslie.

George Gougler—Liz Bennett.

Mary Ruth Larison—Rusty Smith.*

Frank Borg—Gerry Parker.

Rags Maxey—Patricia Torrence.

Roy Bergquist—Lucy Hale.

Porky Swanson—Ethlyn Fowler.*

Royal Pierson—Willetta Bryan.

Jean Sanders—Jack Toole.

Bonnie Pomeroy—Crawford Beckett.

(We could say something about people who hang their pins just before Campus Rakings comes out, but we won't.)

*These are static affairs.

MONTANA MOON.

All is not light hearted gaiety in Sweet Springtime. How many melancholy mortals are gazing lonesomely at these enthralling moons, longing vainly for an enchanting moment? All the lonesome souls are not mentioned by us by any means but may we introduce Billy Rohlfis, who pines for the girl back home.

And there is Kitty Quigley who stays home in the evening in hopes of phone calls from Salt Lake City. Occasionally a kind fraternity brother plays the gallant for her. (Are they also lonesome souls?) And there is poor, poor Danny Clapp. Fay McCullom plays faithful by remaining lonely. Elma Arnett is lonely from faithfulness or something—how much longer is she good for?

Only four more years and Bus Keaton will be a doctor, but don't forget four years is a long time if they are lonely years, Marjorie! Georgia Fisher, the steady girl, is party to a broken affair once more. She'd like to advertise.

We think we might add Bob Hendon, at least recently (since the pin came

JANE ADAMI

and

ALEX CUNNINGHAM

prefer lunches from

**WISE'S
BAKERY**

when they go on their
Picknicks.

BOB HENDON

and

TOMMY THOMPSON

would solve the problem of

"What to Cook"

if

they would patronize

.. The ..

**QUALITY
MARKET**

Meats and Groceries

back, anyway.) Have you noticed that sad, sad gaze Virginia McGlumphy casts upon passing Chevrolets? Possibly she is wondering whether Oliver rides alone. And then, there's Uncle Bim.

Rachel Spafford and Ruth Buntin—each gazes regretfully at the glorious spring moon and deplores the fact that she has not been loved for a long time. Why? Jimmy Tobin is lonesome . . . He just seems to be out of luck. Girls, did you know he does have a car? Well, there's Snick Lockwood . . . (cf. other page).

Lois McMahon is lonesome and getting Blue. Ellen Galusha makes frequent trips home. So, they say, does Marjorie Bodine. Mary Gordon is lonesome, too, since she has taken to preferring chaperons. Someone once said, "Coming events cast their shadows." It's a perpetual condition with Carl Blair.

Harold Fitzgerald would be lonesome were it not for his loyal dog. Lonesome people. Lonesome people. Margaret Flickinger . . . (after 10:30 and 12:15). In spite of his girl Rodney Zachary is passing lonely days and restful nights . . . babies cry for their bottles.

(Now we'll have to be lonely alone. They used to be our friends.)

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

Trusty, musty, Rusty Smith,
Thinks morality's a myth.
Girls who smoke a cigaret—well!
They are headed straight for hell.

Lusty, dusty, Rusty boy,
Thinks political life a joy.
Closes his eyes and tries to forget
Last year's election—and what he met.

Interior decorating
will be made easy for
DOROTHY SKEELS
PETAJE
and
WILLIAM
if they buy their furniture
from

LUCY'S
Furniture Store

If the
D. S. L.s
Would patronize
PRIESS'S

they wouldn't have to
borrow from the

ZETA CHI'S
clothesline.

THE CUDDLE.

(With due apologies to Edwin P. Astle)

Spring has come at last, dear children. Bunnies and golf, track and S. O. S. could not convince us as long as blizzards spoiled our picnics, but now that Aber Day is here, we feel safe.

The age old conflict between youth and age, being duly aided and abetted by the work sheet, forces the young rakes out for an hour's tussle with the old rakes.

Dear Ant,

I need more copy for Campus Rakings. Do you know any dirty jokes?

WILLING.

Willing:

I am sorry I can't help you, but I don't know Swede Hoven. Try Fat Snyder for original sketches.

Your loving,

ANT.

Dear Ant,

I received fourteen valentines and don't know who sent them. What shall I do?

Yours,

FRANCES U.

Dear Frankie,

One of two things. If you have an idea, read the Office Supply ads. If not, go after a pin.

Lovingly,

YOUR ANT.

Today's theme song: "I've Burned My Breeches Behind Me."

You COULDN'T Move

the Phi Sigs out of their
house if their
House Manager bought
groceries

from

The
BOURDEAU
Mercantile Co.

EMILE PEREY
got that LOOK

of

Virility and
Brawn

from

eating cup cakes

from

The
ROYAL
BAKERY

Dear Ant,

Is it true that the Sigma Chis are
going to move?

"CURIOUS."

Dear "Curious,"

Rumor is often inaccurate but so
are deductions. For example, Sunday
it appeared that the Sigma Chi chap-
ter had moved up the Rattlesnake, but
Monday found them in their old
haunts. Very probably they need to
expand. Possibly each member is
choosing his site up the river.

Surmisingly,

YOUR ANT.

For Women Only.

Rather should you never rate
Than to take a homely date
Unless he has the dough to match.
He may be awfully funny
But he must have lots of money
Or he'll only prove to be no catch.

If he's a homely geezer
With a wart upon his beezer
And hasn't any dough;
If he's bald upon the crown
And rather big around
Tell him No.

If he wears those thick lense glasses
Only owned by silly . . . masses
Phone your regrets.
Take your fun where you find "It"
Or sit at home and never mind it
Smoking all your cigarettes.

If he has a motto, "Neck her when
you meet her,"

If he has a habit, "Kiss her when you
greet her,"

If he is a perfect ass,

Even

EDDIE KRAUSE,

the Ding Dong Daddy,

could win a girl if he
would buy her a ring

from

BORG'S

"Sweets to the Swedes"

cried

FREDDIE

as he tossed

Elvera

a box of chocolates

from

Peterson's Drug Co.

If he is a rough necked squeezer
 Get out the safe old freezer
 ... Unless, of course, his car has class.

If he has that air
 Of having been somewhere
 But he hasn't any dough,
 And he only talks from books
 And he hasn't any looks,
 Tell him No.

**THEY GO IN LIKE LAMBS
 AND COME OUT WITH A ROHRER**

Being chaperoned doesn't tie a man's hands—not if he knows his way about. And we've noticed that Professor Turney-High more than knows his way about the haunts of Lucille Rohrer, that devastating high school teacher. The prof's car does good sentinel duty outside of Lucille's door, and at the school when classes are out. Lucille will soon lose the use of her walking muscles if this adoring attention continues.

But that won't be entirely the fault of Professor Turney-High. What time he leaves free of Lucille's leisure hours is gobbled up by both Buck Merrill and John B. Crowder.

Some of the less fortunate campus co-eds are commencing to wonder just what Lucille's method of attack is—and where she received diplomatic training. And some other co-eds have suggested that a swinging door at her apartment would be a useful addition.

Mrs. LeClaire should be more considerate of her dog's health. A crowded bus is no place for "Pat."

FRANK FLANNIGAN

cherishes

that picture of

**DONNA
 FITZPATRICK**

taken at

Dorian's

The Phi Delts

would get more enjoyment
 out of reading

JOHN CURTIS' letters

from Betty Thomas in Seattle if
 he would send her fine
 stationery

from

**The Student
 Store**

(Don't tell Ruth Rhoades or the girl
 back home)

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Before.

Law's a snap, a cinch for me,
 Just as simple as can be.
 It will never get me down,
 Not when my name is Billy Brown.

Why the governor and me—
 We're just buddies, don't you see?
 I know all the state's big boys,
 Know their fads and favorite toys.

And I realize my worth,
 Silver spooned from early birth.
 Law is just a snap for me.
 What else different could it be?

I am just a great big boy,
 Spreading happiness and joy.
 With my car and radio—
 No girl will ever let me go.

After.

Law's a snap, a cinch to me—
 Or at least it ought to be.
 If I could only figure out,
 Just what in hell it's all about.

An Aber Day policeman, like others,
 gets most of his authority from his
 Billy.

Do you know any more jokes about
 Billy?

No, that joke's Dunn.

This week's medal goes to the person,
 old, young, wise or foolish, who
 catches all our jokes.

Since

HELEN SCOTT

likes diamonds with her Billies
 it's about time for

BILLY WADE

to visit

Kittendorff's

If

MR. KAST

finds Mrs. Asendorf too
 chilly

he should treat her to

CHILI

at

Jim's Cafe

WORMS WRANGLE OVER FRATERNITY FRAMEUP

Brother insects! Now is the time to come to the aid of your party! That is, if you are a member of any of the fraternities outside of the ATOs and Phi Delts. We lowly worms are about to disclose to you other lowly worms who are not included in the hoax, Montana's sensational political frame-up.

First we want it known the ATOs and Phi Delts are NOT in the frame-up, to date. Next we want it known the Alpha Phis ARE included.

To give the hoax the semblance of sanction, we worms are made to believe it is following the policy of a nation-wide secret organization!

Here's the dope: The fraternities have banded together to control our campus elections. One man out of each of the member frats will be pushed by all the others for the office they want to put him in. The Alpha Phis are allowed to join—with the promised combined backing of the frats for their candidate, Jean Cunningham.

It's a swell idea. Just plain common horse sense, we call it. In fact, it's so horsey it looks as if someone were being taken for a ride. And maybe sometime in the not too distant future they'll take a tumble.

"PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL."

Almost anybody can be a father but it takes the whole Phi Delt chapter to be a god-father. Wee Willie Angus was blessed with a wee daughter. Little Barbara was an exceptional child and her daddy knew that no ordinary man could be honored with the position of god-father. What did

He: Where did you get that dress?

She: I made it myself!

He: You'd better get your clothes at the—

Mary Moore
SHOP

No one would

look at his unclad legs
if

KOKE ECKLEY

would buy his plus fours

at



he do? He picked Bill Brown and about him gathered the whole Phi Delt chapter all with an interest in the holding company. Baby Angus liked this dreat big new daddy and no one demurred when they came through with a handsome gift. Papa shook hands. Their fondest dreams realized they departed, happy in the knowledge of a good deed well done.

But this blissful state was not to continue. All was well only until the Tri Delts heard their sister's child cooing about her big-hearted god-fathers. Alas, they had let slip by a golden opportunity. Their petty quarrel was forgotten as they cried in unison "vengeance is mine." It was their own fault—true, Daddy Angus had refused to let them see his infant prodigy for a time and thus repulsed they had refused to pay their respects at all. But—after all—was it yet too late? No! No! We cannot let them beat our time. After all is not the sweet cheild our own daughter-in-law? We will swallow our pride. We know our Silver too.

And so it was that one day soon little Barbara's chubby hands were fumbling again with pink ribbons and tissue paper. She cooed. Those that shake last shake best.

TO THE FUTURE.

(Beginnings of a song addressed to the maintenance department.)

O, Tom, thy high and lofty brow
Makes too much face to wash e'en
now.

Where wilt thou be some ten years
hence
When all thy hair is in past tense?

Why is MIRIAM

such a classy dresser?

She gets her clothes at her
dad's store.

"Barney's"
FASHION SHOP

Even the intelligentsia like
GENE SUNDERLIN
would appreciate a new
sweater and jacket

from

Yandt's
MEN'S WEAR

Next to Shapard Hotel
Sport oxfords, leather jackets,
sweater and sox sets

REAL VALUES!

Come in and see the plain
Crepe Ties!

All colors—\$1.00

WHAT A BREAK!

Crickets and various other kinds of bugs, which are found about the campus on such a day as this, may make noises which could be called peeps (though that is generally applied to baby chickens, but there are plenty of them around this campus, too) and, therefore, the above mentioned bugs might be called peeping bugs. But this is not a story of peeping bugs, but rather of "Peeping Toms." You know since the Phi Delts have built an addition to their house at 500 University, the upstairs windows, in particular, are directly across from those of the Delta Gamma house, giving a fine view of the west side bedrooms—not bad, for the boys at least.

It's a known habit of the Delta Gammas to "forget" to pull down their shades and, therefore, the show is free to all Phi Delts, or their friends, if they're lucky. It is worth the money spent on any vaudeville or other show, so the Phi Delts think, to stay home and watch the forgetful co-eds getting ready for dates of various kinds, or disrobe for the night, as the case may be.

But the best report yet tells of the time Bob Nelson was so intently interested in the scene next door that, in an effort to get even closer and obtain even a better view, he pressed so hard against the window in the Phi Delt house that it broke, and Bob almost broke his neck—probably would have if a brother had not caught him by the ankles before he fell clear out of the window.

Open the window next time, Bob.

Speaking of a Nelson breaking things—brother Dick tried washing his feet

ANNIE MAYO

could improve that walk

by getting

shoes that fit

from

Dixon & Hoon

You don't have to be

a mama's boy

like

BOBBIE BUSEY

to buy a mother's day gift

from the

Florentine Shoppe

in the wash bowl the other day (the bathtub must have been in use or Dick was afraid of getting athlete's foot in the shower) and brought it down to his own level, in other words broke it off the wall. Consequently the Phi Delts had to wash in the bathtub or sink for a few days. It's lucky they have a bathtub now.

There **MUST** be something strong about these Nelsons.

THIS KISSING GRIPE!

Kissing bugs are rampant on the campus. Few sweet young things and lesser pros escape their insidious wiles. But—some succumb!

But one they missed. This was Betty Kelleher, innocent damsel newly arrived on the campus. She had never been kissed! Kind friends at the dorm came to her rescue with information on the subtle art. "If he has curly hair, rumple it; but if it's straight, smooth it tenderly and spare no caress." The lessons were taken to heart and the first laboratory experiment was performed when she rated a date, with none other than Cecil Good.

Hours passed. The girl-friends went into a huddle to await her return. At last—the door creaked—swung open—she dragged in and sank in a chair—her hair was mussed—her eyes wide—"Why didn't you tell me it was like that!" she moaned.

We wonder how successful the technique would have been if Richard Lillard, of the English department, had been her first date. He had only one up on her record.

"I have no trouble in
finding

clothes to fit

since I've discovered



says

GENEVIEVE KRUM

of Anaconda and Butte

When

PETE HONNOLD

carries

MARY PALMER

home he would find it more
comfortable if he wore

Freeman's Sport Oxfords

\$5.00 at



CAMPUS RAKINGS

Published Aber Day

By the Busy-Bee Chapter of the
Who-oo-t'-nannie patrol.

Entered as high-class matter at the
University of Montana

Price 15 Feelers

"We may sting, but we don't backbite"

WORLD TROTTERS AND PLAIN TOTERS

One night last fall, when the nights were still balmy, a nice young lady by the name of Mary Palmer, had a date to walk home with Pete Honnold, one of our campus notables.

Although Mary lived in the suburbs of town, she decided to be heroic, and walk home—to enjoy the air, perhaps. Mary *was* heroic; she had on spike heels, which aren't considered the most appropriate for hikes. Pete was also heroic, for as the walk progressed, the young lady was evidently in distress and needed aid.

Not to be outdone by the chivalrous knights of yore, Pete offered to carry Mary—an offer eagerly but cleverly sought and as eagerly accepted. Pity the poor man! He didn't know the way home, and thus this gallant young knight struggled along—really quite nobly. And though the street car passes in plain view of the flat he had to traverse, he became lost. And Mary, much to her delight, was unable to help him find his way.

Well, to make a long story short, it took this couple two and a half hours to reach their destination. Pete was too noble to complain of blisters, but we suspect that he needed sympathy.

We hope she does as well at U. S. C. next year.

BILL BOONE

could keep that grade
point average
lost in football
scrimmage
if he'd buy a
student lamp

at



If

MICKEY McDONALD

wants to make a bigger hit with

JULIA METCALF

he should send her roses
from the



A REAL BUG HOUSE.

Oh, how the butterflies, when bachelors start housekeeping. Little Willie N. won't be denied his butter, even at the scolding of Sterling Stapp. Sterling, it develops through close association, (so the other three of the Big Four admit) is a worthy descendant of the cinch-bug. Butter is his special gripe. When he returned one evening to the "apartments" and found two whole pounds of the precious stuff gone there was strife. But Little Willie explained that he had made a pound cake, which took one pound of butter, and had placed the other absent-mindedly in the oven, mistaking it for the frigid-
aire!

Comment has been rampant as to how such a collection of insects as Little Willie, Darrell Parker, Nat Allen, and Sterling Stapp should find enough in common to band together against the kitchen cockroach. The answer, found through diligent detective work, is that some regard one of the company a genius; another of the company regards the same genius as something else. Obviously, if properly budgeted, four can live more cheaply than one—but not when pound cake takes a pound of butter.

Four can live more cheaply than one, maybe, but not as quietly. And bachelor apartments have their drawbacks. For one thing, Darrell Parker just can't get the folding bed folded, without losing the bedding all over the floor. This may be a good thing, for beds should be aired.

And for another thing, when Sterling Stapp takes his morning exercises (and he does religiously) it may prove annoying in time to have Willie sit at a vantage point and snicker through the whole performance.

Even a Forester

could be a Beau Brummel if
he patronized

The Sport Shop

RUTH LACKLEN

should be able to convince

MAC McMARTHY

of the economy of buying a
diamond for the future

at

WORKING'S

and laying off these
ten-cent stones.

"I SCREAM" CONE AND SCRAMBLED EGGS

It was the best weekend of the year 1931 A. D. Pauly Keith, well-known man-about-town, Junior Dean, sax tooter, and Andy Anderson, versatile artist of the Rockies, were throwing a house party. Paul was going to take Bertha Cone. As Junior hadn't dated Mary Gordon for over a year he was asking her. Andy Anderson was taking Jean Gordon. But the Gordon girls, on being told that no chaperons were going to be present, had said no. What, no chaperons? How insulting! Because of his disappointment Junior just wouldn't go. But long-suffering Andy decided to ask someone else. A "dark horse." (Perhaps.)

So, the story goes, Bertha Cone, the "dark horse," Paul, Andy and the chaperons went off into the mountains. (The chaperons decided to come at the last minute.)

The food was packed into the car with Bertha, Paul and one chaperon. About half way up to the lake, the bouncing shifted Bertha's petite form to the top of a huge sack of eggs. Out of the melee there emerged—Bertha and one omelette. But that was just another incident in the life of a hardy weekender.

The chaperons, were still with the boys and girls when the party reached the lake. (You know, they're awfully persistent.) The first thing on the program was bridge; the second day was devoted to bridge; likewise the third day. Chaperons and bridge aren't a happy combination on a weekend so Paul and Andy suggested that they all go home. They didn't really mean that but the chaperones knew a few little tricks about doubling back on the trail, and so decided to hang

KITTY QUIGLEY

could improve her looks

by using

make-up

from the

MISSOULA DRUG CO.

Now that

JOHN DAWES

has installed a range from

The MONTANA POWER Co.

in his cabin up the Rattlesnake
he finds it a simple matter
to get his meals.

pretty close. Finally, then, down out of the mountains came the weekenders. Well, better luck next time.

AN HISTORICAL FACT PASSES AROUND

Generosity is one of the finest traits of humans. Some people's generosity knows no bounds. It is directly opposed to monopolies, which in some cases, however, seem justified. Even generosity may be carried to extremes.

Last quarter in the U. S. History class, Professor Phillips announced that on such and such a date, there would be an hour quiz. Unfortunately, one member of the class was unable to be present on that day, and so she persuaded Dr. Phillips to give her the examination a day early.

Now this enterprising young Alpha Phi, undoubtedly having in mind the nobility of generosity, not only took the examination but memorized all the questions. These she imparted to some of her friends, who in turn told some of their friends until approximately twelve were informed of the questions. Of course she DIDN'T KNOW that the questions she had were the same to be used the next day for the class examination. Well, for further particulars we suggest that you ask any of the following who were in that class last quarter. Undoubtedly they would be pleased to give you the full details. Helen Putney*, Gertrude Hawks, Dicky Clack, Mary Stewart, Cappy Coughlin, Dot Duval, Georgia Mae Metlen, or Willie Schubert. (Gertrude Jaqueth was heard to remark: "It sure made me mad that those questions were given out, and I didn't know anything about it!")

*She will probably be the best informed on this matter.

JEANETTE McGRADE

could look as good as

JULIA METCALF

thinks she looks if she visited the

Ruby Dean Beauty Shop

Dere gurls:

I want much to get back in circulation onct again and in the wurst way wud like to advertize for a gurl—eny gurl. Cum erly to make your application and avoid the rush. You'll find me at the

Office Supply Co.

With lotsa luv, waiting hope-
fully,

CHUCK

DO SPIRITED SPIRITS DAMPEN SPIRITS?

Coffee Royale is one thing, and coffee Royale minus the Royale is another. Ask Willie Negherbon.

From start to finish, Willie's "author's dinner" was a royale affair. Perhaps the "Gods Amused Themselves"—they would if they possessed a sense of humor.

The color note was orange or yellow, no one present has been able to say. Centerpieces, candalabra, standing lamps, all clashed for the predominating note. The notes practically screamed. Dinner was served from the kitchen of the Campus Filling Station through a bedroom window to a plank placed over the sagging springs of the bed, and eventually found its rather lukewarm way to the table, in the adjoining banquet room. No speeches were made—it was purely a dinner given by Willie in his honor.

The climax of the evening was to be coffee royale. But Ione Lake preferred hers pure royale. And those who smacked their lips over the concoction were more than likely highly praising virgin coffee—for some unseen hands had spirited a good portion of the after dinner glow away.

It was discovered later in the fire-box of the furnace, but too late to do Willie's dinner any good.

JOHNNIE CAPTURES A DOODLEBUGGIE

Once upon a time there lived an automobile. It lived a fast and racy life. Having almost come to the age of toupee and false teeth, yet retaining a palsied energy, it became an honorable doodlebug, depending thereafter for its keep upon Jimmy Tobin. Our heroine, like the famous feline Mehitabel, found

AL ROBERTS and ANDY ANDERSON

Would Have Been Able to

Get Over

the Big Hump to

Helena

if they'd bought a

Whoopee

from

H. O. Bell Co.

That finished look!

RHEA TRAVER

HAS IT.

Why don't you have your
films developed also

at

McKAY'S

herself one cheery day with a litter of doodlebuggies. But the master Jimmy, like most humans, was inhuman, and drowned all of the precious little things save one, this one being so like its parent that even he had not the heart. However, one doodlebug was all our friend Jimmy could be burdened with, so, to keep it in the family, so to speak, he bequeathed it unto his friend, Johnnie Lewis. Thus you have the pedigree of the newest Sigma Chi Doodlebug.

KISSING BUGS.

* Just what are the advantages of sitting down to osculate? We should like to ask Eddie Astle and Charley Horan. Particularly Charley.

Eddie spoke like a man one day in the "Huddle"—he likes the huddle, but prefers sitting down (He sits down at any rate when he writes it. Sometimes he sits and thinks.)

And what Eddie thinks about kissing, is that it's much better and more endurable when one's weight is off his feet. Why?

Charley Horan may be able to furnish the answer. At least, when a certain librarian opened the library one day she was startled to see Charley sitting on a pile of "National Geographics." But that's only half of the story. The other half, Faye Nimbar, stood over him, kissing, osculating, emoting. Charley sat motionless. Why?

Had he read Eddie's column and was he waiting for the answer, or was it just too much for him?

BOBBY SHAFTOE.

Rhea Traver's come to be,
Campus lads' divinity.
What's become of poor Jerr—ee?

Ask pretty Rhea Traver.

FRANCIS
the KING of the Court,
on his basketball trip

found none
more hospitable
than the

Palace Hotel

LUCY HALE

and

ROY BERGQUIST

enjoy moonlight rides
on horses from

Lefty and Jerry's
Riding Academy

AND IT WENT LIKE THIS.

It was between quarters. We'll admit that it is a boring time, and may pall upon even the best of athletes. But you'd think—well, anyway the following telephone conversation ensued at North Hall:

She: North Hall, second west.

He: May I speak to Louise Hardin, please?

She: Louise isn't in just now.

He: Well, any of the D. G.s will do. A few seconds later.

She: I've looked all over the dorm and there aren't any D. G.s here.

He: Well, isn't there anyone there that'd like a swell date for tonight?

She: No, there's only one girl here besides me, and she's in bed.

He: Well, how about you?

She: No, I'm busy.

We won't keep up this conversation. You know how insistent athletes are. The girl finally hung up. In about five minutes the phone rang again.

He: Say, listen, are you sure you don't want to go on a swell party?

She: Yes.

He: But I'm a swell fellow.

She: Who is it?

(Voices at the other end) "Go on, tell her, Snick. Go on."

He: It's Snick Lockwood.

She: Well, you'd better call Corbin.

* * *

A few minutes later Snick was seen playing around outside Corbin with little Helen Huston. Such popularity——!

BARRISTER BLIGHTS.

Hear ye! Hear ye! Rising young barrister caught in marriage net! Young student nurse at St. Patrick's hospital is the unlucky girl!

Rumors are that Leo Kottas has been

Clothes make the Man.

BOB ALLEN

would have a better
line

if he had his suits

cut by

STEIN
The Tailor

If the person who picked

MRS. LeCLAIRE'S

glasses from her desk
would visit the

BARNETT
Optical Co.

they could get
better ones.

rushing this nurse for five months. Wedding bells will ring in June, one installment will be paid on the ring and two will be one. (That sounds like a song.)

Tom Bonner, who has also been rushing girls in that neighborhood—namely those from the Sacred Heart Academy—will probably be best man. The marriage will probably take place at practice court and Duffy's orchestra will play "Farewell, Sweet Freedom."

"JUST A PAL."

Farce in Three Acts.

Act I.

A regular pal was young Bill Wade,
He said he'd look after a buddy's maid.

Act II.

He took her about and liked it a lot.
He decided his buddy wasn't so hot.

Act III.

Came the spring; came a moon; Bill
hung his pin.

Friend buddy feels badly; but Bill
wears a grin.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

There's no rest for the weary. Dean Burly Miller went to Alderman's to get "a bite" one night during the busy days of deans' conference. While he was within, his car was parked outside.

He had hardly been seated when a head peered in the dining-room door. Soon another one appeared. Another—and another. There was no clue as to what the reason was. But outside the word was being swiftly passed along—"Pssst! Burly's raiding Alderman's again!"

BERTHA CONE,

the girl with the
Physical Ed Bug,

buys her tennis shoes

from the

Ogg Shoe Co.

PRUNEY HOLMES

and

CHIEF LOWNEY

rival each other by treating

KATHLENE FITZGERALD

at the

COFFEE PARLOR

KATY-DID.

(But it's a deep, dark secret.)

Ruth Bernier
 Martha Busey
 Mary Elizabeth Woody
 Marjorie Crawford
 Norman Mikalson
 Norma McGurk
 Iver Love
 Marion Hobbs
 Ty Cobb
 Ray Enyart
 Bob Dussault

CHATTERPILLARS.

Gerry Parker
 Margaret Ruth Renison
 Professor Phillips
 Kathryn Bailey
 Mary Gordon
 Harry Billings
 Helen Scott
 Edward Alexander
 Jane Thelen
 Russell Smith
 Curtis Barnes
 Professor Carey

LADY BUGS.

Raymond Enyart
 Deane Jones
 Professor C. H. Riedell
 Carl Walker
 Bobbie Busey
 Bob Hendon
 George Allen
 Curtis Barnes
 Sterling Stapp
 Berton Matthews
 Rodney Zachary*
 Kenneth Good

We suggest a pewter
porringer

from the

**B. & H. Jewelry
Co.**

to be the next gift of the

PHI DELTS

to

Baby Barbara Angus.

There's witchery in hand—
shakes!

Psst! GIRLS!

Do you know HOW

J. Verne Dusenberry,
Punk Wold and Deane Jones
keep that groomed look?

Try

*Barbara's
Vanity Shop*

and you'll know their secret.

FIREFLIES.

(Those who thrive on firewater.)

Howard Jenkins
 Dot Duval
 Wesley Wertz
 Olive Fitzgerald
 Rodney Zachary
 Mary Gordon
 Bertha Cone
 Scoop Luke
 Skeeter Bateman
 Howard Bischoff
 Chas. Smith
 Doc Brissenden
 Marion Smith
 "Red Hot" Henry Brown
 Edmund Burke
 Ruth Jackson
 Leo Kottas
 Tom Bonner
 Marian Wilcox
 "Banty" Grandey
 "Gin" Warden

TEA BUGS.

Mrs. Arnoldson
 Willie Negherbon

BIG BUGS.

(No explanation needed.)

Carl Walker
 Bill Brown
 Mary T. Corette
 Patsy Alsop
 Genevieve Krum
 August Botzenhardt
 James Burcham
 Bill Brown
 Howard Bechtel
 George Hillman

"Don't Be a Thicky!"
 Get Wise to Yourself

and have a

Frigidine Permanent
 Wave

from the

**Rainbow Barber
 and Beauty Shop**

GEORGIA STRIPP

keeps those teeth white
 and gleaming

by buying

toothpaste from

**HARKNESS
 Drug Co.**

GLIMMERICKS GLEANED FROM THE FIREFLIES

On the sea of knowledge Prof. Smith
Sailed his wee psychological skiff.
And when the skiff floundered
As usual Smith floundered
Till rescued, "all wet," and quite stiff.

Who is this stern figure we see
Whose presence appalls you and me,
Whose slightest grim nod
Like the summons of God
Affrights all his hirelings?—J. B.

The world's greatest business man,
Snell,
Quit Wall Street to teach for a spell.
Morgan's grief is titanic,
New York's in a panic,
And the market is all shot to hell!

ATHLETE MAGICIAN!

Carl Walker, that great politician,
Believes in good will and tradition.
Parties for SPEs,
Help for SAEs;
Oh, you wunnerful athlete magician!

EARLY BURLEY.

That king of all handshakers, Burley,
Makes it a rule never to be surly.
And why should he be?
Unlike you and me—
He goes to work late and leaves early.

Marion Smith must be another type
of firefly. She's so hot she has to sit
on fire extinguishers during the Pan-
Hellenic meetings.

Banquet Room

for all sized
PARTIES

Florence Hotel

If the

KAPPA SIGS

would have their rugs
cleaned at the

Missoula Laundry Co.

(Phone 3118)

during spring housecleaning they
would make a better
impression at
track meet.

TRAVER'S TRAGIC TRAIN TEARS.

Rhea Traver, a renowned and tenderly beautiful member of the Alpha Chi Omega sorority, not so long ago made a trip to Helena. Just before boarding the train for the return trip, this charming young lady was seen bidding an unknown, but comely youth farewell in a manner that was most touching to all who observed the scene. Miss Traver's eyes became misty; her expression that of bitter but sweet resignation.

As the train pulled out of Helena, our gorgeous one dried her tears and gazed pensively out of the window at the splendor of the Rocky mountains for the next two hours. Presently her countenance brightened, and she smiled kindly at fellow passengers. They were glad that the tragic incident was passing from her memory, for nothing is sadder than to see a lovely lady in deep and restrained grief. By the time she reached Garrison, Miss Traver was more than her usual pleasant self. But as the train steamed into Missoula her joy became more and more pronounced, coming to a spectacular and fitting climax as JERRY RYAN stepped up to the coach to greet her. Fellow passengers stood in awe of this versatile young dramatist. A cinema actress couldn't have staged it more effectively.

A FOOL OF A MAN.

From the Montana Kaimin: "A Fool of a Man"—Mr. Eugene Hunton who plays this part has already revealed his ability." We were rather inclined to believe this when we learned that Mr. Hunton turned in a request for a certificate of eligibility to run for "sophomore delegate to Mortar Board!"

JOEL OVERHOLSER

and

**MARY ELIZABETH
WOODY**

should buy hiking boots

from the

**Buster Brown
Shoe Store****Dickinson's**

SONG HITS

are broadcast by

ROWE MORRELL

every time he tries to win

GIN WARDEN

back.

THE POLK.

It was last quarter that O. E. Polk, the dashing caballero, the Beau Brummel of the campus, wasted his time lurking around the Cashier's window in the Business Office.

Then the telephone booth in Main hall seemed to have attractions for our Romeo—more time wasted!!!

This quarter it's a blonde and the Music department rates—more time wasted?????

JACKIE JEERS JERRY'S JAUNTS.

It was on the bus one noon. Among the passengers were Jerry Ryan and Jackie, (we don't know what Jackie's last name is, but we mean the little red-headed feller who sells Montana products at Montana games).

As the bus jolted along, a most enlightening conversation took place between the above mentioned:

Jackie—"Say, your last landlady told Mrs. Alderman that you and Ted Rule never stay longer than one month in a place, and then you move without paying your board. So you'd better not try anything there 'cause she's watchin' you."

Here's a suggestion, Jerry. Why don't you move down to the Riding Academy (barn) and save room rent?

**TO A YOUNG MAN AT JUNO
AND THE PAYCOCK**

He sits upon the center aisle.
For Irish mirth there is no smile.
Pale with scorn, is Lown-des Maury.
His brain records, "They will be sorry
They ever put on such a foul tripe
As long as I'm alive to gripe.
And whatever they say, it is my story
It's done for art, and not for glory."

**Where does
DUDE WARDEN**

get her S. A.?

She gets her lipstick

from

Smith Drug Co.

FRANCES TEASON

and

**GEORGIA MAE
METLEN**

would have been even lighter
on their fairy feet in
Varsity Vodvil

if they'd had taps put on

by

**The Leading
Shoe Shop**

514 S. Higgins Ave.

NONCHALANCE—OR WHAT HAVE YOU?

"Be nonchalant"—throw away your Murad and the cigarette holder, too, is the motto of Mrs. Elizabeth Asendorf—so it seems.

It is reputed to be true, that once upon a time this young sociologist was just enjoying a new cigarette holder, while the admiring Mr. Kast, with a big he-man cigar, sat and smoked.

An ambitious but indiscreet student rushed into her office. Was Mrs. Asendorf embarrassed? Nonchalance personified, she flipped the beautiful new holder into the waste-paper basket.

It is rumored that she hunted up the janitor later to regain the lost goods.

BLISTER RUST.

Future fighters of the BLISTER RUST (Foresters) set out in good faith to survey Mt. Sentinel one dull day last fall. They got BLISTERS alright!—on heels. And strained their eyes. For Lo and Behold—their roving glass sighted a RUSTY campus car parked behind the Golf course Club House. Their glass even picked out a certain tall, blonde D. S. L., and identified his girl companion. BUT THERE WERE NO BLISTERS ON THESE TWO! Names, date, and details are withheld on account too gory.

Dickie Jesse (whose mother is trying to get him to drink more milk: "But, Mother, you wouldn't want me to get as fat as Billy Brown would you?"

Dumb Dora (remember her?) asked, on seeing Marjorie Dickinson in characteristic attire: "Where's her horse?"

Did you know that Russell Evans Smith takes Mary Ruth to church every Sunday evening?

It's only when

OKIE LOFTSGAARDEN

asks

PEGGY WYNN

to go to the

WILMA

that he's sure she'll take
the date.

IF—

LOREN THOMAS and THELMA WILLIAMS

would try our picnic lunches
and

BILLY BROWN

would try our grapefruit juice
for health.

(3 bottles for 59c)

they would be much happier.

UNIVERSITY GROCERY

Ice Cream
Candy Cigarettes
Groceries

'S. A.' WALKER FAILS TO TUMBLE.

Carl "S. A." Walker is a man with a past. You know he used to have a fondness for chorus girls—in fact, he got rather well acquainted with one in particular. But her duties led her far afield, and in the meantime Carl went and got engaged. After many weary months of wandering, the girl came home—to Butte.

After arriving home she wrote to S. A. Some sort of a party was arranged, and the girl was to come down to Missoula in company with two others on Saturday night. In spite of the fact that Carl is considered somewhat of an authority on feminine procedure, he seemed quite worried. But about 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon a telegram came for Carl Simpson Walker. It read: "Dear Carl, I will arrive at eight o'clock. Can't wait to see you." It was signed with whatever the girl's name was. And seemed to give Carl quite a bit of relief.

For the first time in three years the train came in on time, and the girls

got off, but there was no Carl. They waited and waited, but still no Carl. They looked through the station, but he wasn't there. Finally the leader of the expedition seized a nickle firmly between the thumb and middle finger of her right hand, and marched into the telephone booth. She called the S. A. E. house, and demanded Mr. Walker. Presently Carl said "Hello."

"Say," demanded the girl. "Why aren't you down here to meet the train?"

"Why—why," said Carl. "Are you here?"

"Certainly I'm here. Didn't you get my telegram?"

"Sure I got your telegram, but I didn't know you were staying."

"What do you mean, didn't know I was staying? Why do you suppose I came down here?"

"Well, you said 'I can't wait to see you,' and I supposed you had to go on somewhere else."

We know beforehand that "S. A." will try to deny this story but don't believe him.

The Bloom Will Not Rub Off!

PEACHES ARE PICKED

AFTER A VISIT

to the

PUBLIC DRUG CO.