

Welling

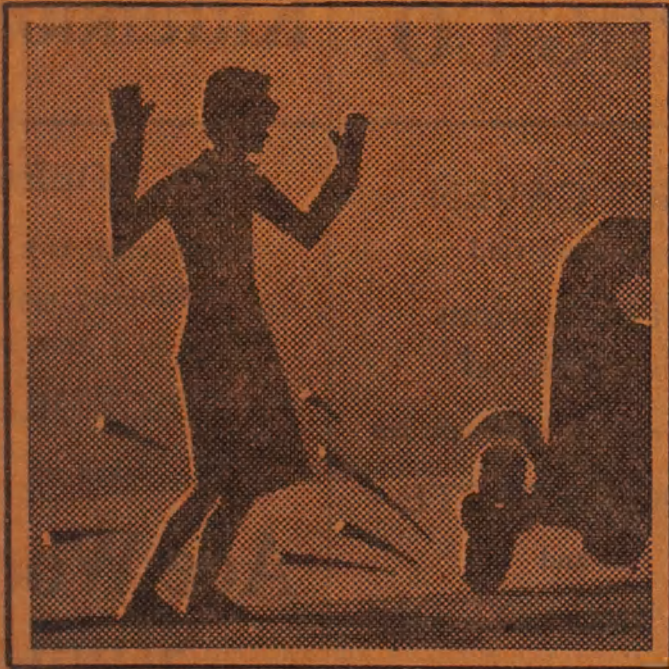
CAMPUS RAKINGS

MOTHER GOOSE EDITION



66

ABER DAY 1932



It'll All Come Out in the Wash

After soft-soaping their profs
all day and
washing dishes at night

Jimmy Nutter

and

Dike Elderkin

could avoid

Dish-Water Hands

by using lotion
from the

**MISSOULA
DRUG CO.**

ART CAVEN

wouldn't find

**"The Glorious
Brotherhood"**

so expensive if he bought his

TOOTH PASTE

and

SHAVING LOTIONS

at

PENNEY'S

BOB STANSBERRY

Wrote to his last year's girl
to get his pin back.

He would have made a
bigger hit with

Adelaide

if he'd bought her a

DIAMOND

at

Kittendorff's

ART ROBERTS

Could resign as his own
Publicity agent
if he'd have his

PICTURE

taken at

**Ace Wood's
Studio**

See

Harold Fitzgerald

FRATS

We know some fellows, we do,
Down at the Montana U.
Some join frats and some do not
But the whole damn bunch think
they're pretty hot.

The Sigma Chis think they're the best
of the group
But a great big house is their only
scoop.

The beer they brew is not too strong.
The saps can't leave it alone very long.

The S. A. E.'s are sorta funny
They think they're right up in the
money.

But they'll never get into the Big Three
here

With the pledges they rate year after
year.

The D. S. L.'s are the damn slow lads
Just a bowl of pansies and lily pads.
DeMolay pins they all used to sport.
"Oh girls, you stop," is their favorite
retort.

The Phi Deltis are a smarty crew.
There's nothing they won't try to do.
They go out for athletics and dramatics
as well

But when they go dating, they kiss
and tell.

The A. T. O.'s, God bless those boys;
Carnine gives them a rep for noise.
They sit and bull most of the time
And as a result, all use the same line.

We mustn't forget those sweet Phi Sigs.
They're always open for plenty of digs.
Their baseball team is rather a flop.
In grade points, they'll never get to
the top.

The Sigma Nus we put down last
Because those boys are anything but
fast.

They haven't done a thing for quite
a while.

They must be losing their early style.

TWO-SUIT CARR

Little Goody Two-Shoes has her collegiate parallel in Creighton Carr who this year gave up trying to learn to be a dry-land farmer at Bozeman to take up the damper atmosphere of the Biz Ad school at Our State University. For many moons Creighton had been content with one suit of clothes—a poor thing, but his own. And then one day fate or somebody broke down and showered him with enough gold to purchase another. But unwisely Creighton left it in his closet when he went home for Christmas. Creighton's friends had to celebrate during Christmas vacation. But Creighton's friends had no money. So the suit went to Bennie's. And when Creighton went to get the suit one evening when he was going to date out that pretty high school teacher, lo! there was no suit. And thus, children, you have the story of Little Goody Two-Suit, or Two-Suit Carr.

There was an old woman who lived
in a shoe.

She had so many children she didn't
know what to do.

If the poor old woman would come
to college,

We'd send her to Willie for valuable
knowledge,

For we hear Miss Schubert is very
well read

And never, never loses her head.

While she keeps Swede's pin,

Eddie Flasted thinks he'll win.

And 'tis rumored that 'tween quarters

Willie gave each his orders

And went out with each man every
other night.

RED LIGHT!

A seductive, enticing red light glowed one evening from a third floor rear room window at North hall. Cars went by, hesitated, returned and stopped. More cars collected, excitement reigned. Finally a voice, braver than the rest called, "Hey! why don't you come on down?"

Girls' laughter sounded from the third floor. Finally—"No, you come on up."

Cars blocked Connell avenue, honked. The night watchman appeared, scratched his head and dispersed the gathering. The voices in the room on the third floor began crooning, "Watchman, come back to me," as the watchman disappeared around the corner thinking his charges were safe.

The cars came back but found the light had moved to a corner room in the east wing. The modern Circes sang and yodelled to their enthralled audience beneath.

Mary Asbury and Cy were returning from a dance. Horrors! a red light glowed from her window.

Later a cover of Grace Doggett's Collegiana was found to be missing, while Betty Ann Anderson's uke had a string broken and the throats of Louise Geyer, Dolores Steele and Marjorie Jones were very hoarse.

Mary Elizabeth Woody rides around the track,

Rightways and wrongways on horseback.

While Jock Stewart and good old Doc, Rap on the window and cry through the lock,

"You fool woman, stop, stop, stop!"

By the way, now that spring is here, Punk Wold can dive off a bridge instead of the upper landing of the Elite.

If the

ALPHA CHI'S

would buy shades from

Lucy's

the

SIG EPS

would have to go to the
fashion magazines
to find the

Latest in Silhouettes

NOTICE:

Julia Metcalf

and

Hank Murray

Weather forecast—to Date

HOT TAMALE

Also yesterday and today!

By courtesy of

Jim's Cafe

A BLAST FOR BLASTIC

The local girls and boys have been slightly nauseated for the last couple of weeks since the train pulled in from Chi with none other than Hotshot Henry Blastic. His favorite expression is "How about a date witcha?" His favorite pastime is dancing cheek to cheek in a corner. His favorite sport is football although the boys around this school can't compare with his high school team. His Kookoo pal has the same sentiments but, of course, his line can't be put out with the finesse that good looking Hank exhibits.

MOTHER GOOSE CAST

Simple Simon—Jerry Ryan.
 Little Bo Peep—"Psych" Smith.
 Little Tommy Tucker—Rowe Morrell.
 Little Boy Blue—Joe Woolfolk.
 Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary—Mary Knoble.
 Little Jack Horner—Bob Busey.
 Three Bears—Jock Stewart, Joel Overholser, Doc Schreiber.
 Goldilocks—Curly Gossweiler.
 Polly, Put the Kettle On—Ella Polinger.
 Jack Spratt—Snick Lockwood.
 Old King Cole—Sergeant Peterson.
 Robinson Crusoe—Harold Fitzgerald.
 Red Riding Hood—Rhoda Cougill.
 Wolf—Rags Maxey.
 Humpty-Dumpty—"Trader" Horn (he had a great fall).
 Wee Willie Winkie—Emma Bravo.
 Snow-White—Betty Kelleher.
 Queen of Hearts—Gladys Allred (at least she's trying. She's the most trying girl in school).
 Ding-Dong-Dell—Elma Arnett.
 Jack and Jill—Dick Schneider and Barbara Bell.

If—

Buzz Morehouse

would get a

FACIAL

at the

**Ruby Dean
Beauty Shop**

no one would suspect that
 he had been going to
 school since 1924.

:-:-

Ruby Dean Beauty Shop

"The way to a man's heart
 is through his stomach."

Dear Helen Spencer:

we don't want to jaw at you,
 but try

Quinn's Alligator Jaws

and give your own a rest.

Campus Men.

~

**QUINN'S
BAKERY**

STUDENT STORE

The Student Store is a lovely place,
The sandwiches and cokes are swell;
But the clerks of the store are as
familiar as hell.

They seem to think the co-eds like
Their fingers squeezed as they pay for
books
On philosophy or psych.

They can't forget they are all M men
With physiques as lovely as can be,
And "meat" for every girl they see.

Kind men they are who treat and thrill
And touch and caress every co-ed
shopper
That deigns to pass through their mill.

We admire these men so brave and
true
Because they aren't partial with their
favors
But give every girl a taste of their
labors.

ABRIDGED EDITION

of daily conversation between Marion
Wileox and Russell Watson.

"Where are you going, my pretty
maid?"
"I'm going a-dating, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a merchant, sir," she
said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty
maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I can't marry you, my pretty
maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

Owed to

Evans Hawes

and

Marge Randall

When spring is in the air

That's when he takes her there.

The Home Cafe

Lends help in May—

The bill is low and good the fare.

The Home Cafe

Kay
bAiley
caRes
forMen
whofEed
herdeLicious
karmelKorn.
theywinOut!
pstlurvloRn
KARMELKORN

THE ORIGINAL GINNY WARDEN

(Sulky Sue)

Here's Sulky Sue,
 What shall we do?
 Turn her face
 To the wall
 Till she comes to.

Janie had a little lamb
 He was a Sigma Chi
 And everywhere that Janie went
 Cunningham was nigh.

He followed her to school one day
 Which was against the rule
 It made the Kappas laugh and play
 To see a Sig at school.

And so the teacher turned him out
 But still he lingered near
 And waited patiently about
 Till Janie did appear.

Then he ran to her and laid
 His head upon her arm
 As if he said, "I'm not afraid—
 You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Janie so?"
 The eager students cry,
 "Oh, Janie loves the Sig, you know,"
 The teacher did reply.

So you each gentle animal
 In confidence may bind,
 And make it follow at your will
 If you are only kind.

Our Helena spy writes that Janice
 Stadler didn't quite make the door
 once during the club dance New Year's
 Eve. Must have been something she
 et. No doubt.

"Although I owe my
 curly hair to crust, my
 cute figure and iron nerve
 are due to

Drinking Milk

from the

**Consolidated
Dairy**

says

Baby Benjy Benton, Jr.

If

Economonica Swearingen

would buy

ICE CREAM

from



Herrick's
FAMOUS
ICE CREAM

instead of making it from
 skimmed milk
 Sunday dinners at the dormitory
 would have a rich appeal.

A LEW'D STORY

We thought we'd like to talk about Adolph. We've heard so much about Adolph—at least everyone tells us we've heard about Adolph. You don't know who Adolph is? Of course Adolph is a common name. There's Adolf, the dog in the funny papers, and then there's our Adolph. We don't know anything very personal about Adolph 'cause nobody goes out with Adolph more than once. Adolph says he can play football and basketball. We don't know; we've never seen him heave a ball. He's the Hot Shot, the big importer of Chicago products, Big Chief Full-of-Promises, the Perfect Lover, Steadypast in Love, Strong in Purpose, Mighty in Battle, and he's gone out with everybody from Hazel Mumm to Thula Weisel. For further information about Adolph call A. J. Lewandowski, 3533.

TO TIMID JOHN CLANCY

Johnny-boy, Johnny-boy
Where have you been?
I've been to Fitzgerald's
To look for Kaihleen.

Johnny-boy, Johnny-boy,
What did you there?
Her mother frightened me
And gave me the air.

One misty moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather,
Bovingdon saw Dean Leaphart
And they rode on together.
George began to compliment,
The Dean began to grin.
This was subtle handshaking
But nothing new on him.

Rain, Rain, go away!
'Cause today is Aber Day,
And Johnny Lewis wants to play!

Billie Vickerman's

dreams have come true.

He uses

Fire Chief Gasoline

to make that speed.



Dixon Service Station No. 2

Smart & Ziebarth, Lessees

His Master's Voice

"I'll gamble on Rice Krispies—
they talk"

says Walter Winchell

"oK and W"

says

Curtis Barnes!



K. & W.
GROCERY

CREDO OF BUZZ MOREHOUSE AND TOM MOORE

Birds of a feather flock together,
So do pigs and swine,
Rats and mice may have their choice
And so will I have mine.

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He never gave a woman chance
To scratch out both his eyes.
The supercilious Sunderlin,
Superior S. A. E.,
Would never fall for any girl,
"No, not I," said he.
But then he did meet Rachel,
The blondest Alpha Phi.
"Why have I spent my time in think-
ing,

Rachel, when I could have been with
thee?"

But Sunderlin's no gentleman
So his true fate he met
When he encountered Sylvia,
Delta Gamma's sweet brunette
So, having lost his heart and head,
With all his might and main
He'll have to hang that beauteous pin
To get them back again.

Punk Wold is fair of face;
Ginny Connolly is full of grace,
Windy Williams is full of woe,
Franklin Long has far to go,
Everett Logan is loving and giving,
Bud McCall works hard for his living,
But Elsie Eminger born on the Sab-
bath day
Is bonny and blithe, and good and gay.

Eddie "Paleface" Broadwater agreed
with the anxious Dean Burley who
said that our Eddie looked like he had
been suffering from D. T.'s. Eddie
thought that Burley had said D. G.'s.

O'Grady Was Rosy

and so was

M'GRADY

when

Billy Brought Tu-lips

to her from the



Mr. Curtis says

"Diddle-diddle-dumpling
My son John
Goes to school with corn-plasters
on.
One shoe off and one shoe on
I guess I'll have to take him down
And have him fitted by Buster
Brown."



Brownbuilt Shoe Store

DORMITORY BLUES

Creamed beets hot,
 Creamed beets cold,
 Creamed beets on the table
 Nine days old.
 They serve them hot,
 They serve them cold;
 They serve them on the table
 Nine days old.

**ATTENTION!
 MIRIAM BARNHILL!**

Donkey, donkey, every day
 You ope your mouth and loudly bray;
 Hide your bottle, and blow your own
 horn,
 While all the world sit by in scorn.

If all the world were apple pie,
 And all the sea were ink,
 And all the trees were bread and cheese
 What would Jerry Ryan drink?

Who abolished paddling?
 "I," said prexy,
 "With my little dean's council,
 I abolished paddling."

Who saw it die?
 "I," said the Bear Paw,
 "From my tear-dimmed eyes,
 I saw it die."

And all the campus girls and boys
 Fell sighing and crying
 When they heard the bell toll
 Tradition was dying.

BUNNY O'LEARY

Bunny O'Leary quite contrary,
 Why doesn't your popularity grow?
 "Well, all I want is a Sigma Chi pin
 Or pretty men all in a row."

At the next

Phi Delt Dance

Watch

BILLY BROWN

punch through the
 bunch to get to that

PUNCH

from the

**HELEN LARSEN**

says her prayers

Now I lay me down to sleep
 I pray the Lord my Covy keep
 But oh, dear Lord, 'twould be a
 treat
 If you would keep him off my
 feet
 And guide him from his erring way
 To the Dancing School DeRea.

**DeRea School
 of Dancing**

210 So. 3rd St. Phone 3232

Class Instruction:

Ballroom—8 lessons \$5

Tap (beginners)—
 50c each

DORMITORY INVITATION

Ladies and gentlemen, come to supper,
Hot boiled beans and very good butter.

A CANDLE

Little Joe McCaffery
In a white shirt-front,
And a red nose;
The longer he stands
The shorter he grows.

Astle and Schulz were two pretty men.
They lay in bed till the clock struck
ten;

Then up starts Eddie and looks at
the sky,

"Oh, brother Leonard, the sun's very
high!

You go before with the bottle and bag,
And I will come after on little Jack
Nag."

Hark, hark! the dogs do bark!
Sigma Chi's are coming to town.
Some on jags, and some in rags,
Some in velvet gowns.

Intery, mintery, pinkety pills,
And green gargle must cure your ills.
If they kill you that's too bad,
We'll go to your funeral and all feel
sad.

A dollar, a dirst, ten o'clock nurse
What makes you come so soon?
You never keep your office hours,
Although we stay till noon.

This little Phi Sig had a date
This little Phi Sig stayed home;
This little Phi Sig drank raw gin
This little Phi Pig (pardon us, Phi
Sig) had none;

This little Phi Sig said: wee, we,
I see sixteen of my homes.

Lubin's, Lubin's,

I've been thinking
What a swell world this
will be

After I buy all my dresses
At the price you offer me.

Sings JEAN McELROY

They call him

"Dusty" Sparrow

But his name would be

Mud

If he ever forgot to send

Elza Huffman a corsage
before a dance.

He gets them at

HEINRICH'S FLOWERS
120 EAST BROADWAY
GIFTS
ART GOODS
MIDCOURT MONTANA

ODE TO HELEN FLEMING

There was a young lady from Missoula
 Who taught grown-up children to Hula
 But they were so stiff
 She sent them home in a sniff
 This sprightly young lady from Mis-
 soula.

The spring winds do blow
 And we will all beau
 And what will Al Rudolph do then,
 poor thing?

He'll sit in the frat
 and put on some fat
 And sigh at the moon in the sky,
 O my!

What are college boys made of, made
 of?

What are college boys made of?
 "Lines, and wines, and red-hot stories;
 And that's what college boys are made
 of."

What are college girls made of, made
 of?

What are college girls made of?
 "Lipstick and powder and little white
 lies,
 And that's what college girls are made
 of."

Snooty Edith Baldwin
 Goes out to catch her men;
 The best man among them
 Durst not near this hen;
 She sets out her trap
 As only she knows how.
 Run, fellows, run,
 She'll entangle you e'en now.

Helen Putney, go to Spain,
 And never, never come back again.

Louis Hartsell,
 Merrill Grafton,
 Cregg Coughlin

and

Kenny Duff

found collecting money for funeral
 wreaths a profitable racket, but
 they would find it even more prof-
 itable to get a

new racquet

at

The
Office Supply

Ossia's a Taylor

and

Stan is a Hill

Put them together

And they eat with a will

Anything from

Taylor & Hill
Bakery

**FRED FLAYED
FRED 'FRAID
FRED FLED**

The great sports writer of the campus, no other than Frederick J. Steiner himself, one night had a brainstorm (he gets that way often). Thinking himself irresistible with the opposite sex, he proceeded to call every "Miss" in the telephone directory to ask her what she was doing on the aforesaid night. After he had called the tenth in vain, one of his pal's landlady (who, Dame Rumor whispers, at times disapproves of "What-a-Man" Steiner's actions) came into the hall and demanded in irate tones, "What business he had there, anyway." "None at all," our hero answered. "Well, get going then," to which nothing daunted Fred answered as he made a dash for the door, "I'm gone"—and thus ended another unsuccessful attempt of his to date a girl—any girl.

The dean of women
Looked out of her window,
Looked out of her window and said,
"Tis time for all co-eds on the campus
To think about getting to bed."

OWED

Who am I
With an awful eye
And a lousy tie?
Terrible stare,
Full of hot air—
California
Bealer!

Everybody knows that Alex has a big nose.

Everybody knows that Alex Blewett.

The following poem, received following the event described, is entirely self-explanatory:

Dude Warden

never dances with tears in her eyes

—because she gets

her shoes

at

Dixon & Hoon

Turney-High

thinks he's a swell cook
but if he'd try that

**Special Thursday night
waffle supper**

at the

**YANKEE
CAFE**

he'd

dine out

once in a while

CAMPUS RAKINGS

Published Aber Day

Entered as matter in-a-class-by-itself
State University

PRICE—15 JINGLES

CUTE LITTLE TRICK

"I can tie a cigarette in a knot without breaking the cigarette," said Football Freddie as he and Bunny waltzed to soft music at the North hall formal.

"Betcha can't," said the designing damsel.

"I can too. What do you wanta bet?"

"Oh keh, I'll bet you a dinner."

"You're on," said the jubilant Freddie.

He then proceeded to accomplish the trick with the aid of a cellophane wrapper.

The next weekend Freddie and Bunny had a dinner and a show date and the maiden was properly thrilled.

It was the day after that that unsuspecting Freddie learned another campus trickster had performed the same feat for Bunny long before.

Dick Fox's leaving school is just about the worst thing that has happened to the Kappas since the pledging of the grade-point shark (?) from Wisconsin which they didn't know what to do with. (They Ain't Sure Yet.)

Dot's a pretty little girl
From another town.
Her father is a butcher
By the name of Brown.
Is that why she's always looking down
On the rest of the campus?

If the

SIGMA NU'S

had entertained

Jack Cougill

at the

Palace Hotel

instead of at the house,
they might have kept
him away from the

PHI SIGS

JOE MAYO

will find no difficulty

buying gifts

for every single

Montana co-ed

(or married ones, either) if he
will inspect the

rings

at

B. & H. Jewelry Company

HOT, CROSS BUMS

One night, shortly before Christmas, a good many people were stirring near the University store. They were not at all quiet about their stirring, either. In fact, the commotion attracted our attention. As we approached, we saw that there were two girls and—oh, several young men, in the crowd. We approached nearer to learn the cause of the commotion, as it grew in volume.

"I don't want to wear my coat," she insisted. "I don't need my coat. I don't want to put it on! I have my gloves on, isn't that enough? I won't put my coat on!"

"But, Fae," the other young lady was insisting, and the men were equally insistent, "It's cold! You'll catch cold if you don't put your coat on." But, so far as we could see, looking back, Fae Nelson was stubbornly adamant about not wearing her coat.

Maybe Joe can tell us
whether
Hesselschwerdt
or
Helliswurscht

ITEM FROM TERRY TRIBUNE

Hazel Thomas of this city was elected vice president of A. W. S. at the State University. This is quite an honor for the local girl. The organization embraces the student body.

FEARS AND TEARS

Ginny's tears and Rowe's fears
Will make them old before their years.

Solve the riddle!

Why do the

K. D.'s

and

K. A. T. girls

have so many beaux?

It's easy girls—get wise—

They buy 'em that

good candy

at the

UNIVERSITY GROCERY

Fountain Service—5c pop

Kodak films developed—

8-hour service

Eileen Jennings

is about to relinquish

her somber black

for the more beautiful and

**becoming shades of
spring.**

She should find this an easy
matter at

The Economy Shop

NEAR MCKAY'S

THE THEFT OF THE UNDERWEAR

Grief ran high at the Tri Delt house—
 The entire chapter was there;
 The cause of this terrible scene of woe
 Was the loss of the underwear,
 Of the Tri Delt underwear.

Saturday night they hung it out—
 Nine suits were hanging there;
 But the gay dawn of a nice Sunday
 morn
 Gave no sign of the underwear—
 Of the Tri Delt underwear.

Then one, more wrathful than the rest,
 Right manfully did she swear,
 That she knew the way to handle this
 best,
 To recover the underwear—
 The Tri Delt underwear.

Then swiftly she checked a list
 Of all who might have been there,
 Of everyone who might have come to
 steal,
 To take the Tri Delt underwear—
 The Tri Delt underwear.

"The Phi Sigs were away to Butte—
 Burly Miller wouldn't dare,
 The Kappas surely wouldn't come that
 far
 Even to steal our underwear,
 The Tri Delt underwear.

"Dean Sedman doesn't have the time—
 The whole thing begins to spell
 That the mischief must surely have
 begun
 At the house of the D. S. L.—
 We'll blame the D. S. L.'s"

As a result, great sobs break forth
 From across the alley there.
 A D. S. L. cries his very heart out
 For the loss of the underwear,
 Of the Tri Delt underwear.

If the

Kappa Sigs

would buy their

LIME RICKEY

at

The Mint

it wouldn't be necessary

to pour it out in
 the woodpile

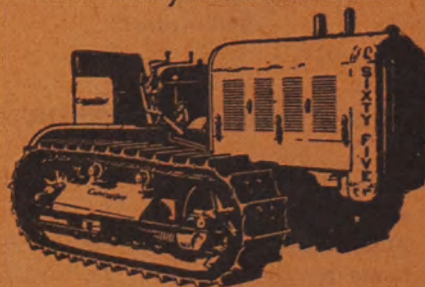
WHAT A MAN!

Did you know that

Bob Holgren

drives the

Forestry School cat?



**WESTMONT
 CATERPILLAR
 and TRACTOR
 COMPANY**

Blind Goddess—we appeal to thee.
 For justice we really care.
 Please tell the Tri Delts that on Hal-
 lowe'en
 Many others swipe underwear—
 Even Tri Delt underwear.

And now that all is said and done,
 A mighty oath we'll swear:
 We have not your clothes—fact, we
 didn't know
 That you people had underwear—
 Good old Tri Delt underwear.

And following is the very mysterious
 poem received at the D. S. L. house
 a few days after the Tri Delts had
 received the foregoing. This verse is
 mysterious because the Tri Delts swear
 that none of their members had a hand
 in it. In fact, they had planned to
 ignore the preceding verse. But never-
 theless, the D. S. L.'s did get this
 reply:

THE LAMENT FOR THE LOST LINGERIE

We Tri Delts lost our underwear,
 Our lingerie is gone!
 The D. S. L.'s crept forth one night
 And swiped it—just at dawn.

We'd get our "flannels" if we could
 Track the lions to their lair
 For, rumors to the contrary,
 We **do** wear underwear!

The loss is much, the sorrow great,
 But "Dizzles," have a care—
 And cast no more such slurs at us—
 Tri Delts wear underwear!

We'll go our way and bide our peace
 And bury this affair,
 But this one point we wish to make—
 Us gals wear underwear!

The
Breen Sisters

might please

Mr. Maddock

and

Mr. Skeels

more if they used

**Remington Noiseless Desk
 Model Typewriters**

from

**FRANK G.
 SWANBERG**

REMINGTON-RAND OFFICE

If

"Squirt" Miller

would

eat meats

from

John R. Daily, Inc.

he, too, would have that

beefy and brawny look
Big Pete sports.

S. A. E. SEES IT THROUGH AND KAPPAS SEE THROUGH IT

Dear Reader:

This knowledge is too vital to be hushed and this one small story will tell you all. You can hear more gossip about fraternities on the University campus than anywhere else in the world, but you can't comprehend what is going on without inside information. You remember when the S. A. E. inspector was here—well, following is his letter to the brothers answering their arden prayers for suggestions about how they could "rate better" on the campus.

Dear Brothers in the Violet:

There is a deep and lasting satisfaction in owning one of the new Kappa or Theta straight-laceds, for they are fascinating in performance and distinguished in appearance and safe at all speeds—higher priced, but higher priced because made fine regardless of cost, made fine for fine people. (See Baird's Manual and Dun & Bradstreets). Investigate the remarkable features above described. Only the Kappa and Thetas offer all of these extra values—and at no extra cost—at the little more price than any standard sorority girl. Try a set and notice the difference in the deference you get from your companions and professors. Learn how quickly your defects can be corrected.

Go right ahead: put down briefly the hard-boiled specifications for the girls who would be an ideal advertising medium for your own use. You want to have the largest circulation, of course, for adequate campus coverage, but you want that circulation to be selective

JANE NASH!

You'd look a lot

more chic

If you'd hie you to



Quick!

Bob White,

You may not be able to afford a

New Car

this spring, but

Follow the Star

to the

Star Garage

and

keep that old one intrim.

as insurance of the intelligence of your judgment.

Okeh, here is written a top-grade ticket—remember only Kappas and Thetas measure up on all these points.

The key will open the door to new-net profits.

Yours in S. A. E.,

Dear Inspector:

Following your suggestions we have a growing system, a promising industry. Swede Hoven hurried over and hung his pin on Margaret Gaines almost right after we received your letter. We congratulate the prize-winners on the splendid quality of their entries. We salute other contestants whose entries show clear thinking and business sense. We moan with Broiner Place: Franceth ain't thure.

Four times as many S. A. E.'s are being used in Kappa and Theta homes, and this is the reason—we have enrolled in the School of Second Chance.

Long after the strains of violets have faded across the S. A. E. porch the Kappas will remember the gorgeous color of fragrant violets that greeted them and bid them goodby after our tea in their honor.

Our simple, friendly spirit still hovers over the Kappa roof and the spring sun still shines on the purple and gold leather-bound volume of S. A. E.'s songs gathering dust on top of the Kappa piano. The boys vie with each other in furnishing amusement for the sisters.

S. A. E.'s friendly spirit, its gracious hospitality is told and marvelled at by everyone.

Yours for better rating S. A. E.'s.

"Hercie" Smith ran into trouble when she tried using "Mum" on her chin. Was she trying to keep it from wagging?

Joe Fitzstephens

thinks he's such a

hot poker player

he'll take on

any comers

at

The Missoula Club

We are merely suggesting,

of course, but perhaps

ALICE STUKEY

would find

food for thought

as well as more proper

covering for her back

at

"Barney's"
FASHION SHOP

SORORITIES ABIE SEES

Alpha is for Alpha Phi
Of tall and stately mien.
When "Yes" and "No" both mean the
same
Which does Loismane mean?

Alpha Xi Deltas are sweet little ladies.
At least, so we've always been told.
Maybe "Baby" Bjerneby is the excep-
tion
'Cause she's man-crazy, candid and
bold.

The Alpha Chis are specialists;
They specialize in pins.
From Martha Sherman, senior,
To freshman, June Gaskins.

On Delta Delta Delta
We have a lot of gore,
But it's elsewhere in this issue
So we won't say any more.

Delta Gamma lassies
Have a highly moral tone.
That's why the Sigma Chis asked
"Stuss"
To be their chaperone.

K. A. T. spells Theta.
They're as good as their name.
They purr with feline haughtiness
While Dyer stalks their game.

A Kappa Delta is discreet.
She keeps things to herself.
When Steve comes back from Polson,
She adds to the chapter's pelf.

The Kappa Kappa Gammas
Need a lot of men around.
Edith May can't get her man—
She tracks the others down.

Mary Hobbins
may have
bowled **BILL BOONE**
over, but

Johnny Lewis
bowled ten of 'em over
at the

IDLE HOUR ALLEYS

BILL MORRISON, Manager

Jimmie Nutter's
bachelor quarters,
"just off Broadway,"
have a
golden glow of hospitality
when his guests bring
cream and butter
from the

GOLDEN GLO CREAMERY

The Sigma Kappas have winning ways.
The men hang around for days, in
daze.

Did Joy learn about men from her
mother?

"Don't give up one till you're sure of
another."

A halo for the Zeta Chis
Because they are so staid.
We asked Joe Roe about them.
He says they can't be made.

BERT? DIRT? NERTZ!

Bertha always wants to do
Just what the boys don't want her to;
She tries to hold her own with them,
But sometimes guzzles too much gin.
First athlete's foot and then the rub—
Strong arms dip Bertha in the tub.

She helped the Grizzlies celebrate
The night they almost got the gate.
Wine, woman, and song and all the
graces
Made wassail for the poker faces.
"How are yuh, Bert?" the dealer asked.
"I'm good, Snick!" Bertha said and
passed.

Homeward Bert wended her way alone,
While milk-trucks rattled o'er cobble-
stone.

Arriving at last she opened the door,
Stepped gingerly in, then groaned and
swore.

She fell over the dog with a thud not
ritzi—

Bert was all right, but oooh that
Mitzi!

We heard that Jane Stevenson calls
her bed the "Virgin Isle."

HELEN FLEMING

could (we don't say will)

improve her looks

by having a

PERMANENT

from

The Stratton Beauty Parlor

John Crowder

and

Mabel Tate

choose

WILSON'S CAFE

for their tete-a-tete.

Does Mitchell Sheridan have a conscience? Probably he has only forgotten to return the six pairs of bloomers he borrowed from Olga Woodcock back in the dear dead days when Sigma Nu gave he-mannish initiations.

Imogene Claybean
Has lost her girdle
And can't tell where to find it.
Leave it alone
And it'll come home
Dragging its tales behind it.

Listen, boys, Mary Asbury is not a good housekeeper. She keeps all her boudoir pillows in the middle of the floor. That's so she can jump into bed quickly and without any preliminary motions.

Chuck Gaughan informed the brothers one night that he was being taken to a sorority party by one of those famous "senior women." The point to this story is that she was a senior woman—last year in high school.

Sh, this is a secret. Delnore Sannan, that bouncing, vivacious D. G., sleeps every night with a picture of her Helena boy friend under her pillow.

IN MEMORIAM

Sigma Mu Chi, short-lived short men's club, seems to have gone out of existence. We might suggest that their leader, little Trader Horn, who says he prefers the refreshing air of the Montana campus to the air he got from W. S. C., has been too busy lately to attend to his fraternal duties. He has been putting in his time gaffling and guzzling gallons of wine from various out of the way sheds.

Mr. and Mrs. Iver Love

Think they live in heaven above.

The reason for such glorious bliss

Is all because they did not miss

Buying furniture

at

**DONEY'S
EXCHANGE**

109 E. Front St.

The
U girls
could all
look chic
like

TENA DOWDLE

and

EVA LESELL

if they would buy

Run Proof Lace Socks

at the

**UNIVERSITY
GROCERY**

T'HER LITTLE TUNE
To Michael Clapp

I won't be a Sigma Chi,
 I don't want to be one,
 To be a climbing mountaineer
 Would be so much fun.
 I would rather climb the hills
 Than scale the social heights,
 And my good deed daily pleases me
 More than Grecian rites.

Carl Van Wold has gone to sea.
 Alice prays upon her knee,
 "Please come back and marry me,
 Pretty Carlos Van Wold!"

OPEN LETTER TO MISSOULA
GIRLS

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
 If the Kappas don't get you,
 The Thetas must!

The Barbs almost had a champion-
 ship baseball team until the Kappa
 Sigs decided to re-pledge Frankie. Oh,
 well.

'Twas the night of the Ball
 When all through the school
 People were doing things
 Contrary to rule.
 But this is something
 You wouldn't suppose
 That Bob Holgren to Genevieve
 Krum would propose.
 Yet in a secluded spot,
 If you please,
 We saw this maiden
 With the man at her knees.
 And on his knees.

TO HERMAN DICKEL

Herman be nimble,
 Herman be quick.
 Herman jump over the candlestick.

DO YOU KNOW—

How inexpensive it is
 to be smartly clothed

by the

Mary Moore
SHOP

W	"Wilma."	E
I	"Hub?"	D
L	"Will yuh, huh?"	I
M	"To the Wilma?"	E
A	"Uh-huh."	F
S	"Yuh!"	L
C	⊙	A
H		S
U		T
B		E
E		D
R		
T		

—THE—
Fox-Wilma

DITTY IN A FRAT

This is the house the Sigs bought.

This is the dust that lay in the house the Sigs bought.

This is the piano that gathers the dust that lay in the house the Sigs bought.

This is the tune, the chopstick tune played on the piano that now gathers the dust that lay in the house the Sigs bought.

This is O'Malley who played the tune played on the piano that now gathers the dust that lay in the house the Sigs bought.

These are the boys who got tired of the noise made by O'Malley, who played the tune played on the piano that now gathers the dust that lay in the house the Sigs bought.

This is the ruin that was O'Malley left by the boys who got tired of the noise made by O'Malley who played the tune played on the piano that now gathers the dust that lay in the house the Sigs bought.

And next year the Sigma Chi's are going to pledge a piano player no matter WHO he is!

Statistics is a horrid word, but we must have some in this sheet. Recently workers in the library took a vote on who did the most talking among the students over there. It was decided that the Alpha Phi's won with Esther Lentz, Helen Schroeder, Helen Putney, Ella Pollinger, Faye Nimbar, and Charley Horan leading.

Among the men the Sig Eps took the prize with Cecil Good winning by a nose—and mouth.

Jerry Ryan said: "When I hear about Lew, it makes me glad that I'm just an ordinary person. Don't flatter yourself."

Life is just one
big picnic
for

Joy Browning

and

Horace Warden

and

Kay Coe

and

Bill Johnson

and they always buy that
sliced bread

at

**DONOVAN'S
BAKERY**

Richard Lake

would make a better impression on
his profs if, instead of

piping up in class

all the time, he'd get his

hair cut

at the

**Crystal Barber
Shop**

BETTY DANNAN

Beauty Shop Operator

Montana Building

There was a sheep. It lived in a pen. The pen was behind the Natural Science building. The sheep had ticks. The sheep also had an odor.

One night two little boys from South hall saw the sheep. The little boys had many friends in South hall. They liked the sheep, and wanted to show the sheep to their friends. So John Sullivan and Elmer Link took the sheep home to show to their friends.

The first friends they wanted to introduce the sheep to was Grant Keller. Grant was asleep. So they took the sheep in and left it in Grant's room, to surprise Grant when he woke up. Pretty soon Grant woke up. He saw the sheep and was surprised.

"A sheep by any other name would smell as sweet," he said. So he put the sheep out in the hall.

When John and Frank saw that Grant did not like their sheep, they felt very badly.

"Never mind, sheep," they said. "We have other friends who will like you."

So they put the sheep in a room with Gene Lambert and Robert Huppe. Gene and Robert were asleep, so the sheep lay down on the floor and waited for them to wake up, so he could meet the two little boys' friends.

Finally, when Gene and Robert did not wake up, John and Elmer decided they liked the sheep and had taken him in. So John and Elmer went to bed.

Gene and Robert woke up, somewhat later. They told the sheep that they liked him, but his ticks kept them awake. They had one alarm clock already. So they put him out in the hall.

In the morning, Jack O'Brien and Billy Rohiffs found the sheep in the hall. They felt very sorry for the poor sheep because no one would let

The
Sentinel Editor
and
Business Manager
would have something
in common
if they'd get their
hair cut
at the

Trail Barber Shop

downstairs
from the Western Montana
Building and Loan

The Fellowship Group

could promote

closer brotherhood

if they would purchase

suede jackets

at

The Sport Shop

the sheep sleep on his bed. So they gave the sheep a ride home in a truck. And when the sheep got home, to his pen behind the Natural Science building, he said to his little pen, "It is nice to travel and see the world. College is so broadening!"

These people asked us to put their names in Campus Rakings. Here they are:

Bryant Hewson
 Steve Swanberg
 Janet Phalen
 Thelma Wendte
 Elizabeth Hanson
 Jane Nofsinger
 Fred Moulton
 Snick Lockwood
 Frank McCarthy
 Georgia Metlen
 Norval Whittinghill
 Howard Hazelbaker
 Hazel Borders

Rags Maxey has been in training for the part of the wolf in "Red Ridding Hood" in order to make the Mother Goose issue of Campus Rakings—and we can't disappoint him. Every morning when Rags awake he cautiously reaches a hand from under the cover and seizes a white hooded cape (a ku klux klan robe is the nearest thing we can think of that's like it.) First he casts in one long ear and then the other. Then, drawing the robe tight around him he slowly creeps down the stairs where he stays mumified until his bones are thoroughly warmed. "What a large nose you have, grandmother!" The better to give point to your story, my dear. (No pictures available.)

Bryant Hewson, little boy,
 Is Melva your love so coy?
 If she comes tomorrow day,
 Clutch your pin and hide away!

If the
THETA SIGS

had bought
 dark glasses

from

BORG'S
JEWELRY CO.

it would have changed their whole

outlook on life

(and this would never have been
 printed)

Students vote

that

Mr. Freeman
 and
Miss Mirrieles

rent typewriters

from the

LISTER
Typewriter Co.

'nuff said

YE HONORABLE

So vast is the prowess of Ironsides
the Great,
He'll sit in High Court, deciding our
fate.
He'll rap with a gavel and pound with
a rule
And make each poor culprit feel like
a fool.
Tho Freddie's a lawyer, the wisest of
wise—
It's lucky he can't see thru other folk's
eyes!

FRANTHETH THAINT THURE

There was a little dirl,
Who had a little turl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When thee wath good, thee wath very,
very good,
But when thee wath bad, thee wath
horrid!

BOB HENDON'S**Hair**

always
looks "that way"
because he has
it cared for
at

**BARBARA'S
VANITY SHOP**

Fran Schall

has changed her
major to Home Ec
If **BILL ORR** plans to propose
to her he
ought to start
payment on a
gas range
at

**The Northwest
Utilities Co.**

The sports oxfords

FRANCES ULLMAN

buys at the

**OGG
SHOE CO**

are the best yet.

Ask Frances

GIRLS

Frank Wilson

invites you

to come and see him

make sandwiches.

You can even eat one

for a dime

at

The Student
Store

ALLAN SMITH
BERKLEY SMITH
CHARLOTTE SMITH
CLAYTON SMITH
CRAIG SMITH
DAVID SMITH
FRANCES SMITH
GLENN SMITH
JEAN SMITH
KATHRYN SMITH
MARTHA SMITH
MARYLIN SMITH
PERCY SMITH
RICHARD SMITH
VERNA SMITH
VIRGINIA SMITH

50,000 of us can't be wrong.

Smith is always popular

Smith Drug Co.

DANNY CLAPP

says

Imogene Claybaugh

could improve that dumb mug

by using cosmetics

from

The Public Drug Co.