

University of Montana

ScholarWorks at University of Montana

Campus Rakings, 1921-1953

University of Montana Publications

4-1933

Campus Rakings, 1933

Theta Sigma Phi. Kappa chapter (University of Montana)

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/campus_rakings

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Theta Sigma Phi. Kappa chapter (University of Montana), "Campus Rakings, 1933" (1933). *Campus Rakings, 1921-1953*. 11.

https://scholarworks.umt.edu/campus_rakings/11

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the University of Montana Publications at ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in Campus Rakings, 1921-1953 by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

Campus Rakings
THE WATCH DOG

VOLUME 3.2

ABER DAY

NO. MXMXXXIII



To the Montana Watchdog—the spirit which guards our prominent dishonor and public shame—we suffer this dedication in the hope of fostering better and more juicy scandal, as well as sappier and more inane economies (after the manner of rock gardens.) The endeavor is only this—to put down for the poor simps to come the names of those who have blackened the campus with their unholy attempts to be hot-shots. We don't give a damn about your reputations, but we do kind of hate to hurt your feelings.

T. G. Sparagin announced to somebody else that: "I've given definite orders that my name shall not appear in *Campus Rakings* this year." We present our sympathies but not our regrets.

ADMINISTRATION

Such as It Is, and What There Is of It

The head of Sparagins' University is none other than our honored and highly esteemed President, Charley Highwater Blapp. Through his never-ending labors, we have grown. He made us what we are today. God knows, we hope he's satisfied! Green grows the grass in God's Countree but down with the paddle!

Barriet Deadun, better known as Batty, dean of women and chaperon supreme, was so busy saving wayward girls from the clutches of the men-about-the-campus that we were unable to secure a conference with her of sufficient length to get her farther than the subject of her illustrious brother, Hellington D.

Mrs. A. F. TheBare is the charming and affable head of the Wealth department. Students suffering from any ailment or worry may find surcease from sorrow after confiding said troubles to this worldly woman—that is, if they are of the male sex. Pink pills, green gargle and castor oil will cure any feminine ill.

We would like to forget J. B. Beer but, of course, that is impossible with the danger of a conference with him staring any deferring student in the face—pardon us, deferring days are over. Ah well, braving the lion in his den won't be what it used to be.

School of Busy Maladministration

The wheels of industry turn in and out apparently unconcerned by the noble efforts of this school to improve the administration of our great economic structure. Bobbie Pine, baby-faced dean, is a living example to all his students of the perfect husband although what good that will be in the cold world of business, perhaps he can tell.

All courses offered by this school will prepare anyone—even Horsky and Limpus—to sweep streets or take in washing.

Members of the faculty are: Pine, of course; Damit R. Panford, J. B. Beer, professors of busy maladministration; Helpum K. Schmell, assistant professor of economics; and Brenda Kilsom, instructor in type-writing and shorthand.

School of Borestry

"Woodman, spare that tree!" the anxious students cried as Little Tom

Sprawling demonstrated the proper stance for most effective axe swinging.

The gigolo type of student predominates in this school which is famous over several states for its Boresters' Brawl, the rough-riding, bare-back, affair of the year at Sparagins' University, and its handsome professors—namely one Jerry Lambskill.

Natlyfily Boresters frenziedly surveying our campus form a pleasant picture for visitors and prospective students. The charmingly naive Walt Poole is a beautiful example of what four years in this school can do.

The faculty is composed of Sprawling, Lambskill, I Won't Look, Layze Lark and Sparagin (of the University Sparagins).

School of Blurballism

A. L. Atone, dean of this school, claims it to be the most efficient and practical of its kind in the United States although students after several years of unsuccessful effort at holding newspaper positions return to their alma mater to receive further culture from the School of Edification—page Olie Bue.

With reporters for tabloids being turned out every year, we point with pride to their practice field, The Bulletin Board. The Warden girls admire the beauty of the shop for, due to papa's efforts, they see A's in them thar linotypes.

Members of the faculty (sure, they've got a faculty) are Atone, Vocabulary Douseman, Charlie Tardy, and Handy Sockshell (the man who came back.)

Rah School (Known to Some as Raw)

School spirit is a wonderful thing even when it keeps with us those graduates of practically every department and school on the campus who are using the Rah School as an excuse for extending their sentences as trusty collegiates.

The Honor System (don't ask us if it works—we're Blurballists); Practice Court (Chief Justice Dope winking a signal to the neophyte barristers to murmur "I object") and the stupendous library of 43 volumes ably guarded by Miss Carlotta Hussle are the three prides of the Rah School.

The school is at present carrying on an intensive campaign to urge more women into this field. Astrid Arnold-

son has promoted this campaign and made it a reality by her inspiring presence. Die Fella Die is considering the pledging of this worthy young woman but so far has been unable to get the matter through the national office of the fraternity.

The faculty of the Rah School is composed of C. W. Beefheart, W. L. Dope, Albert N. Spitlock, Smith-Smythe, David R. Caseon and J. H. Foelle.

School of Jazzie

Crooners, torchsingers, yodelers, drummers—all find a haven here. Led by Dean DeLost Schmidt, the faculty labors to distinguish for the student the differences between pianos and calliopes, between drums and violas, and between juitcharps and piccolos.

Aha Dumberg conducts the Kiddie's orchestra which often regales the campus with the close harmony of their Wednesday night practice sessions. The Chortle Society and the two Jlee clubs give the aforementioned crooners et cetera (we hesitate to mention them more than once) an opportunity to display their wares, which include a goody array of tonsils and adenoids.

Facultaughts are Schmidt, Peal, Mrs. Lambskill (Jerry's spouse), John B. Lauder (how could he be), and Dumberg.

School of Alarmacy

A three alarm fire has nothing on the rush of students who dash by the old Science building to avoid the contamination of odors emanating from medicines concocted by these would-be soda-jerkers.

"How to prepare a milk-shake—in 50 easy lessons" is the main course offered although others dealing with the proper way of introducing aspirin into every home and the best way to develop films (not on the teeth) are also in the curriculum.

Flowers from their garden adorn each classroom as well as the homes of the faculty members who are Charley Spoilit, dean; John F. Touchy, assistant professor of alarmacy and Leon F. Witchards (the original medicine man), instructor in alarmacy.

Department of Physics

We will not embarrass the faculty of this school by listing either their names or high ideals here.

More So-Called Fields of Education

School of Edification

We train anything—superintendents, principals, janitors and old maid school teachers. We guarantee jobs for none although we encourage special effort toward teaching positions in Broadus, Ekalaka and Virginia City. We inflict our methods upon every public school in the city through our practice teachers.

Members of the faculty are Beamin' Sons, dean; We R. Aims (for youth) and W. E. Paddock, professors of edification.

Department of Furrin' Slanguages

Elsie Dinsmore Heminger, assisted by Freddy Showy, is all weighted down with the trials and tribulations attendant upon her position as chief dictator of the slanguages department. Little Elsie successfully put over a Pan-American banquet this spring—the main event of which was a three-bottle bout between Slugger Blapp and Guzzlin' 3.2. Needless to say, The Slugger staggered out of the ring triumphant. Cooperating in imparting the unadulterated fish-tosh slung out are Bobby Shafto Boffman, B. E. Llamas, Frau Dumberg, Dead Slanguage Dark, Sweetly She-Grew, and we guess that's all.

Department of Rockology

Headed by Lee Kennedy, this department continues to offer courses to a few students who don't know any better than to major in it. Kennedy is ably assisted by J. Pierpont Gradeem-low and Doc Lice (who, by the by, is famous for his discriminating remarks anent the dances he chaperones! !)

Department of Mystory and Blatical Science

Palsy Fill-ups and Murly Biller are both great guys. If you want to know why just ask them! The art and technique of love, without which even the richest man is poor, is a major topic of discussion in Palsy's 3 o'clock, while what Burly does during his class hours is something to ask questions about.

Department of Libe Econ

Mr. B. O. Weeny himself instructs his students in their two most valuable courses—how to angle a Libe Date and how to smoke in the reading room. Lack of information as to the success, to date, of these methods of instruction forces us to close this eulogy.

Department of Potential Housewives

To prepare themselves for the gruesome grind of homemaking and motherhood, majors in this already over-worked field are required to do everything from performing operations on rats to attending the Forester's quilting bees. Greasin' and Slatt guide this noble womanhood toward their ultimate end.

Department of Damnistry

Headed by Besse and Hatenam this department exudes odors surpassing even those from out the Alarmacy labs. The one successful person to be graduated (in our memory) in spite of this department is Gene Roads Blunderlin. The department is justly proud of its fine building which has been condemned on numerous occasions, but continues to be occupied by unsuspecting (but not unsuspected!) damnistis.

Department of Economies and Society

This department derives its title from the social activities of those would-be butterflies, Dr. Helpum Tuckem-High, Batteus Naste, and Liz-Azey. No dance is complete without one of these sterling chaperons esconced on the davenport. Family case work conducted by the Society majors is not only surprising but enlightening to those who come into this course all unaware of the facts of life. Tuckem-High's Anthropolensis course adds the finishing touch to every student's cultural background—in fact it is a course donated to the cause of Culture.

Department of Pooch-ology

Doc Belrod nurses dogfish through the spring season along with his other activities—to wit, keeping Sentinel business managers on the straight and narrow and superintending the rock garden and the newly-completed frog puddle (which is being landscaped with lilies by that authority on horticulture, Doc Peeverly.) Due to his full schedule of extra-curricular activities, Belrod finds little time for classes. It is rumored he is going out for football next fall!

Department of Dingsh

The work of this department is monumental in the eyes of its all-too-numerous professors but insignificant to the orbs of everyone else. We feel that the more extensive pursuit of our modern classics (True Story, Zane Gray, Real Detective and Snappy

Stories) would go far toward bringing this department back into the realm of useful and lucrative adjuncts to Sparagins' University. The professorial corollaries to this department simply cannot be ignored. We name from left to right: Harry Merryame, Lydia P. Fairylees, Gufus Boldman, Barnyard Spewit, Barrel Barker, Eke Dremean and of course, Brassie the Breadwinner.

Department of Dilatory Science

The obvious ineffectiveness of this department is apparent to anyone who has watched their weekly spring drills. Our platform indorses less war and a cigar for every honest working-man.

Department of Dizzical Ed

This does not include the dizzy coded. She's not the athletic type, my dear! Our pals Runny Soakes, W. E. Briber, Arry Hadams, Adolphus Ruindowski, Glad is All Red and Tuth Pickey are very prominent about the campus and their noble efforts to build up our physical states are a glory to behold.

Department of Rotany

All students stricken with spring fever can find a ready cure in the Rotany classes—one hike up Mount Sentinel picking posies and the sufferer immediately recovers. The most recent social event was a bear-grass searching party, to find the most fitting type of plant to fill in the nooks of our RFC rock garden. Doc Peeverly and his assistant, Father of Waters, guide the destinies of this branch of our institution of higher learning.

Department of Shycologyz

How to conquer that inferiority complex, how to attract that blonde you saw last night or how to beat the grade curve—whatever your problem is (ours is worse) take it to Shyc Smythe or Mernia Ratkinson. They'll probably tell you that we've just gone off the gold standard.

Department of Pining Harts

Having heard that some collegians actually do take Hart, yea verily, we are looking forward to meeting one of those strange and elusive creatures.

Editor's Note: We wish to attract the readers' attention to the one commendable feature of this section of the Watch Dog—we had the good grace to omit the Math Department.

Evolution Of Students

The Underlings

These young upstarts, running true to what was expected of them, elected George Van Noisy as a president in order that they would thereby be enabled to continue the traits of childhood. Betty Ann Polleys, having won something or other, sometime and someplace, was selected to replace George in case of accident. A member of the Les Miserables club was next taken for secretary, one Brandenberg. Then, so they would end up with a bang, just as they had started, they picked on Blastic to hold the stakes.

Over-Ripe Tomatoes

(Sort of Soft and Squishy)

Having promptly learned everything that they possibly could and therefore feeling that there was nothing more to learn, these swell-heads chose a big, brawny, (but as usual, dumb) athlete to lead them. They softened this effect with Ossia Taylor, who was to soften Coughill if she had time. Feeling in rather a feminine mood at the time, they finished the business with two more women—Dorothy Powers and Gladys Avery receiving the decidedly doubtful honor of having to do the dirty work.

The Junksters

Another fraternity scoop was accomplished and Scott Stratton yells himself to no avail to maintain order in meeting. Variety was brought in by having one officer not a registered student—Martha Phyllis Busey. A perfectly useless secretary in the person of Esther Lentz was selected. Being by this time rather worn out with their strenuous labors they finished the day picking Dora Jacobson to guard an empty treasury.

The Upper Strata

These educated dumb-bells went in a big way for Cannibal Chief Cooney to lead them down the broad and easy path. They were sort of embarrassed about the little matter of a vice-president, Phyllis Lehmann having absolutely no competition, so there wasn't anything else to do but elect her. Kathleen Dunn the secretarial job up until nobody knows when, why or where the meetings were and Kathryn Coe is sending a less fortunate cousin to another institution on the proceeds of the treasury.

THA ATHALEETS FOOTBALL

Didja' ever hear of "fruit basket upset"—same thing as "dope bucket upset." Such could happen on the campuses of U. S. C., Washington and such smaller colleges but never, never do the dopesters go wrong at Montana. Early season dopesters predicted great things for the Montana football team. Eight games were scheduled, big games in the conference and the Grizzlies were to push onward, onward, onward to victory. Never faltering, the Grizzlies went onward, onward, onward, winning only from the Saints or Carroll college of Helena.

Montana Outplays Washington

"Power-house" Montana met the University of Washington in the first major game of the season. 'Twas a beautiful and a beautiful game. The Grizzlies were at their most beautiful best. Time after time they ran down, down the length of the field, outfooting their opponents easily making the first touchdown of the game. The game continued. The Washington rooters went wild fearing that the game was already lost, and in the first few minutes of play. How to overcome the beautiful Grizzly lead? Impossible!! But the Washington team plowed onward, and the final surprise score of the game was Washington 26, Montana 13. Easily was Rottenberry the outstanding man of the game. Other man who played were: I'd hef-as-not Anderson, Yebis Carpenter, ABC Degold fish Caven, Call-flower Emery, E. Gle Hawke Valley Ant Hinman, Billy Boy Hileman, Orjay Cagochay Kuka, Kiss Menot Kuka, Hi Lyman, Gripey Madden, Shy N Meeker, Slug-Em Oech, Down Em Reynolds, Nize Boy Rhinehart, Rough House Sayatovich, Cranky Vesel, Tillie Vidro and Mascot Melt On Wertz.

Montana's Home-Coming Triumph

The lovely Grizzly five, loving each other as brothers and each carrying a little card with the Golden Rule engraved on it in his hand, met the Idaho Vandals in the Montana Home-coming game. Again the Grizzlies started off with a dash, with the roll of the drums and with the wild cheering of a lovely enthusiastic crowd. They galloped down the field to score a touchdown. Heavens, they failed to

convert the point.

Could it be that the Grizzlies were not up to their usual form? But no, not that. They went into a huddle, emerged, lined up and bowed to the multitude. And then, off in a cloud of dust, they made mincemeat of the puny Vandals—that driving force of the Grizzlies told. Time after time they pushed the ball down to their own 60-yard line, no, the 50-yard. Slowly at first, with small gains, then with added impetus and added courage they gained inch after inch. Again, that driving force was telling. Then finally our Grizzlies were neck and neck with the five yard line. First down, and five to go; second down and five to go; third down and 10 to go (just thrown for a small loss but really they were in a better position and would give some sprinter a chance to show what he could do). But in the offing a gun was shot. Goodness gracious, could the game be over. Just when the Grizzlies had everything under control. Anyway, the score was only University of Idaho 19, Grizzlies 6.

Grizzly-Bobcat

A gala day!!! The annual Bobcat-Grizzly game. Joyfully, the cheering section from both sides journeyed to Butte, and after spending a quiet forenoon resting for the big game, journeyed out to Clark Park field. The boys on the Grizzly team looked marvelous, never in better condition. Again Montana scored first (could it be that that was a jinx?) The inspired Grizzly club outclassed the puny Bobcat team but "half-Nelson's" were barred. Easily, the Grizzlies romped down the field time after time. Their previous record must be defended at all costs. Much excellent coaching was done from the side lines. But something just happened. The punch was gone, and the Bobcats surprise score was Montana State College 19, Montana 7. Can you feature that?

Poor Grizzlies

Up to this time, the Grizzlies had always been just nosed out by such a small score that it didn't make any difference anyway. But when Washington State, Oregon State and Gonzaga raised a total of 93 points over the Grizzlies, football of 1932 was just another one of those things.

BASKETBALL

With the Football season a thing of the past, practice was begun on the basketball floor. The first game of the season that the A. S. U. M. tickets were really good was that against the Polson Independents. Of course, if you lived in Missoula, or wanted to cut your vacation short in order to get back in time to see the games played during the holidays that ticket would have been of more use. (Rather thoughtless of the boys over in the Athletic department.) Anyway, the Grizzlies won and lost a game from the University of Idaho and lost a game to the Golden Bobcats during said Christmas vacation.

Grizzlies Triumphant

To get back to the Polson game, 'twas a wild fray, both sides were rough and nasty, and much biting and hair pulling was indulged in by both sides. As usual though, OUR TEAM emerged victors by the huge end of the score, 52 to 44.

P. S. Many free throws were missed.

Meiji Mistake

Flashes of the stuff that championship teams have was shown in the game with the Meiji quintet by the Grizzlies. The local boys were at a terrible disadvantage—the Meiji was superior in weight, height and shooting ability; also they looked to be in the very best condition, so rested, you know. Our boys fought hard to overcome the lead of the Meiji-ites piled up in the first few minutes of play, even little Dahlberg tried once during the first half to run under the arm of Oshima, a substitute guard, thus getting out of his way to run the length of the field for a touchdown; well, it looked that way, anyway. The crowd roared. Feeling that his men needed added field coaching, Lewandowski went into the game several times but was finally jerked for fouls. The Meiji-ites were so rough that poor, puny Jelly Elliot was knocked down in the fray and hurt his little ankle. Getting hot tho, the Grizzlies finally managed to overcome the lead of the plucky Meiji-ites and win by a small majority of 67-19.

Ah! The Saints

Ah! The next game was with our old pals, the Saints. The Grizzlies to a man felt "Let the best team win" and went into the game with that spirit. Honestly, boys, you underestimate yourselves too much. Needless to say, with the Grizzly club feeling in such a philanthropic mood, the Saints

kinda' had the edge and the score was 39-34.

Intermission

Seems like whenever the Grizzlies journey to foreign parts to partake in peace conferences something always happens. It must be the change in altitude that they don't hit their stride. The score with Ellensburg normal was 39-15.

Just because the Grizzlies didn't look like a bunch of wandering missionaries, those mean referees over at Whitman college refused to play fair and instead of the usual high point lead the Grizzlies pile up, they emerged victors with only 16 points more than the 40 that the Whitman boys had.

More Bobcats

Another vanishing tradition, two more games were played with Bobcats and, the games stood for the season—2 even. Now time was, when the Grizzlies always defeated the Bobcats at football, and in turn, the Bobcats always defeated the Grizzlies in basketball.

Well, you know Butte! It seems as tho the Grizzlies took their own referee over to the game with the School of Mines but the crowd got kinda' nasty to Jelly Elliott—didn't like some of his decisions and just sent one of their own clan in to finish out the game. Of course, with such a handicap as that to overcome the Grizzlies didn't go so well in this game.

And then of course, there was the joint reception held in the Men's gym between the Grizzlies and the college of Idaho. And true gentlemen that the Grizzlies were, no, are, the score was in favor of the visitors.

Tied Champions

The dear boys from the lesser of the two evils in the state journeyed to the State University to fight it out. Uncanny ability was shown by the Grizzlies in their shooting. Someone had the nerve to say that the Grizzlies were just playing in luck the first night and, 'magine the nerve of it, that it was just luck that they won. Didn't they play an extra period to show that they could win, and wasn't the score 44-35? Of course, just because the Bobcats went home early that night and got a good night's sleep, it did help them in the game the next night but they won by such a small lead that it wasn't fair to say that they had really. (Score, 63-41.)

Residence Halls

The Greenery

Shelters the dandelions and roses that sometimes fade before the end of four years—or even one year. But something fresh and different in the line of vegetables from the country is what every growing boy wants. There's always a newer and fresher bunch imported every year. Incidentally, a number of the flowers (or vegetables—you name them!) are tagged as special specimens by the more trustful or philandering of the men. Helen Meloy, the President's sister, has been in charge of this year's bouquet.

Davy Jones' Locker

Where the Greenery gals are thrown when they're either in full bloom, faded, or without possibilities of even budding. To it flock the main portion of the Py Soma Kega house. The favorite pastime of one of these boys, Stan Snyder, is burning up door mats for Mary Beth.

And not vegetables, but alarm clocks are left on the front door step by Bill Hawke and Edson Black to awaken the corpses at 12 p. m.

Les Miserables

This hell on earth contains a mixture of the Greenery and Davy Jones' Locker and other more stimulating elements in a less fair form. The society is under student management—when it can be managed at all. The manager's duties do not include putting wayward men to bed, or dragging them out from beneath showers. Entering Les Miserables as an untainted, water-bred infant, each young man leaves, a pickled veteran. He's then ready for a fraternity house.

Couple Club

Helen Meloy and Ed Alexander
Dorothy Griffin and Tom Seeley
Bernice O'Rourke and Jimmy Zadra
Nellie Spaulding and George Long
Adelaide Olinger and Bob Stansberry
Elizabeth Farmer and Gordon Cunniff
Frances Graves and Joe Hessel
Hermine Girson and Tom Coleman
Helen Scott and Bill Wade
Jane Power and Dick Fox
Bennie Brooke and George Vidal
Lovina Caird and Vic Miller
Alice Lamb and Dick Farnsworth
Florence Harrington and Billie Veeder
Catherine Sinnot and Dick Lightner.

CLUBS & HONORARIES

All Students Under Meloy

An organization of all the little boys and girls playing around the campus with books, tennis rackets and each other. The leveling board on which Big Brother Pete and all of his miniature Congressmen and women balance is used to spank naughty little youngsters when they need it. From this same big board are passed out the cookies and jam and cake to good little children who beg a hunk of the Kaimin or the Alumnus or the Sentinel. When some little man wants to exercise his lungs and get echoes, providing he's a nice little boy, Big Brother Pete pats him on the head and calls him yell king.

Are Women Students?

Is the most puzzling and problematical of all groups on the campus. Among those belonging to the organization who are most zealous in their attempts to find the answers are Johnny Curtis and Horace Warden. All co-eds belong to this association. They can't help it but IT helps them. Before the present proposition came into being, this society was called the Women's Self-Governing association. But the attempt was soon abandoned. Next year, further changes are hoped for among the women of the campus.

Campus Dictators

When there's a loud buzzing and clanking as of many empty barrels being banged against one another, it's the CAMPUS DICTATORS, alias the heads of all the clubs, alias a lot of names, in session. A bird's eye view of them shows the top of a Black Cap, the top hairs of an Irish head, the upper story of legal bones, the heavenward covering of a Psych's gray matter, ad infinitum. Underneath it all, there's something—more or less.

The Campus Amazons

They dig up more turf than any cavalry regiment, wear out more rompers than any number of babies, splash more water than a porpoise, break more shins than do chairs, bloody more noses than the A. T. O's, make more passes than the "M" men, call more strikes than a labor union, walk more times and to more places than a mama's girl, serve more people than hashers, make more teams than Oakes, and put on more acts than The Tragedians.

And some have gone for Dietrich's panties in a big way.

Free, White, and 500

The only labor union on the campus which is not bothered with pin-hanging, pledge duties, and hell week. No indeed! Instead, every young man must, when he casts his line and lands a sucker, scout around for a paper clip, or as a last resort, go down to Woolworth's so he'll have something to encircle her proper finger. And instead of pledge duties, there are about 50 mass meetings for the 500 to attend at which about 5 are present. Hell week starts when each member pays his quarterly 50c, dodges fraternities and sororities, and ends when they have their annual rainy spring picnic. There's safety in numbers but all of its numbers aren't safe. For out of the valley of Greeks ride the 600—did somebody laugh?

Black Caps

Is the most square-head, snootfest, book-cracking organization on the campus. From reading only one-third of the foregoing, any one would know immediately that we're talking about that senior women's gang. They're supposed to be an activity organization, but to an outsider it looks like everything is already done, if you'll pardon our impertinence. Doris Kind-schy rules this roost, and is it a hen party!

Waiting Watch Dogs

Named for the campus mascot, the Waiting Watch Dogs is a senior men's organization comparable to the Black Caps for women. What they do or why they do it, after they are elected, is as mysterious a mystery as what became of the campus traditions.

The Giddyap Girls

They trot up and down aisles, nosing people into the right sit-downs at the right time. Every so often they gallop down to the train, flash a Colgate grin, extend a big hand, and put people in their places. When a freshman gal wants to be a Giddyap Girl she has to crack a lot of books, crash into a sorority or the Independent council, rate more than a few dates, and pretend that she's willing to boost SPARAGINS' to the skies.

The Watch Dog's Pups

Who used to carry around a lot of big sticks in a mouthful of teeth. But Mr. Blapp took away the sticks and told 'em to just show their teeth instead. Apparently, either the teeth

were false or they've all fallen out because, regardless of the Pups, legs have woven a cross word puzzle out of the campus green. Need more be said?

Tell Wotwe Spy

Bright and promising is this honorable women's literary fraternity. The crystal-clear eyes of its members are forever following the shining light of Truth, but with the thought behind those eyes that the printing of that Truth must shame and ridicule no one. One of the best known activities of this busy, faultless, esteemed organization is the yearly publication of a small conservative news sheet depicting student life at Sparagins' University in as truthful and dignified a manner as possible. Without this clean, vibrant women's fraternity, the campus, so devoid of ambition, would be hopeless as to the future, helpless as to the present and ignorant as to the past.

Dedicated to Theta Sigma Phi

Naughty, naughty,
Crashed a party!
Dean was naughty,
Less than hearty,
Somewhat chilly.
While your face fed
Were you silly! !
WAS YOUR FACE RED! ! !
—Grace Stone Coates.

Sorta Dumb Guys

To become a member of this group is the blackest hope of every young muckracking Winchell on the campus who has in his possession a sufficiently big snozzle and bigger and dirtier ears. The sole requirement for lowering one's self into this gang is the ability, native or acquired, to elbow into places from which he is later kicked. Having as their purpose the uncovering of dirt on celebrities, they spend their few conscious moments grabbing tiny scoops and filling hell-boxes. During his many other moments, President, Son Cooney, fulfills his duty as watchman for the Dirty Gabbers' house.

Tragedians

We wonder if we're the only ones who have noticed that Les Pace has had the lead in every Masquer major production this year. We wish the Masquers would produce "Alice in Wonderland" because we have a hankering to see him in long yellow curls.

Greeks on the Grease

SORORITIES

Ten groups calling themselves women's fraternities grace this campus. Alphabetically, the first one is

Alotta Chiseling Oddities

which is led by a darling little Lamb. The girls are Wilkins, to say the least, which may mean that they'll all lose their Heads some day. Most of them are Gaskins for breath because of their heavy social pace, but pretty soon they'll take a day off to Duncan their coffee cake without fear of the Powers that be.

Antique Philrts

are social climbers who decided that Gerald avenue carried more prestige than University Way. They spend most of their time trying to control one "Smitty" who is greedy for all the sisters' boy friends. Sonny Lemire and Charlie Horan are quite prominent members of the house. Doc Kennedy used to be, but Janet didn't like the davenport so they moved to the Dirty Gabbers' house.

Apta Zee Double

relies on what Kathleen Dunn to gain them their social and political eminence on the campus.

Ante-Dated Pickles

wouldn't be so bad if they didn't depend on red-heads to make themselves conspicuous. It looks like cheap publicity, this having President Sullivan and House-boy Sonstielie so crowned. They gained notoriety through their social director, Sesta Venson, this year.

Dirty Gabbers

Boy! Are they! With Louise Hardin leading, they hit it hot and heavy every night. Lately, however Searchlight Machinist Murly Biller has cramped their style. The governor's daughter is a member of this gang, and will they tell you about it!

Gabba Gabba Kan't-I

is principally noted for its seating capacity. Helen Bateman is about the most persevering woman in the group. She wouldn't, and didn't go anything but Gabba, even when they overlooked her suitability for awhile. The Misses Hobbins, Junod and Nofsinger supply the necessary powers-that-be-can't-touch-me attitude. Other members are Red Jeffries, Tevis Hoblitt, Jo-Jo McCaffery and George Vidal.

Kan't Anybody Tellum

is a traditional enemy of the Gabbas. This circus holds forth in three rings. Ladies and Gentlemen! In ring number one—the Warden sisters, famous pugilists. In ring number two, the

sisters Breen—we defy you to tell them apart. In ring number three, the sisters Porter, the ultimate in refinement and snobbery, especially imported from the East. Incidental performers include John Curtis, Rowe Morrell, Frank McCarthy, Fred Compton, Billy Veeder and Dick Fox.

Koppa Data

can't, very often. Maybe they should read the ads, or something? They are the scandal of the campus since they took a real, live Midgett to their bosoms. The prexy of the Campus Amazons is a Koppa Data. Maybe that's why they're like that.

Melta Melta Melta

keeps in good with the R. O. T. C. through Dorothy Rogers. Frances Smith instructs on how to discard men gently. Hazel Thomas maintains the demureness of the house. Other members are Frank Hazelbaker, Bob Stansberry, Edson Black and Vic Miller. They all enjoy their popularity and wouldn't part from it for anything. (While it lasts, ladies and gentlemen!)

Suffering Kats

The less said, the better.

FRATERNITIES

Sparagins' University boasts ten fraternities. Yeah, boasts. Who woulda think it? Number one is

Awful Thuggy Outfit

which may be due to a red-headed man at 528 Daly who got ambitious and started to pick on a local alumnus or two. C. H. Blapp suggests that he and his buddies drink less potent beer, hereafter. Broadwater, Bruckhauser and Watson are conspicuous members of this gang.

Daddy's Sweet Lads

must have gotten into Daddy's pocket-book for rushing purposes last fall. But we haven't heard a thing about their numerous pledges since last fall. Jimmy Meyers, Tommy Milburn, Red McNare and Willard Peterson are among the youngsters who are learning under the tutelage of Tom Coleman, Everett Logan and Buck Heller. And what they don't learn!

Kampus Scandals

are the prize 8-minute eggs of Sparagins' University. Bob Stansberry and Beer-Guzzler Dickel uphold the honor of the outfit. Rip Van Winkle Belangie and Doc Brissenden give them strong support.

Punning Dumb Thapth

boasts the governor's son, before and after, so we'd better call our remarks

here. Sparagins' Ace from the Old Deal can't believe that he is receiving his last pay checks from the institution—we don't believe it either, Curt, because you must stay long enough to teach Tom the duties of his office. Lea Silverman is an active member, here.

Py Soma Kega

When we say beer and publicity, need we say more? In the aims of publicity, they are clever in snitching campus offices for the deserving brothers. Of course, we must realize that Mickey and Doc graduate this year and they hate to leave the house without anyone of importance.

Simple Chinks

Why? Too much Goo-Goo. The boys in the Big House are feeling the strain, and showing it. Whitts shouts so loud for himself that there's no use to call attention to him, so we'll tell you that Prof. Showy, Sonny Lemire, Dicky-bird O'Malley and Victoria Cooney are active members.

Some Are Easy

or the White House Gang. Sunderlin, a gangster, is all set to go to England to improve the English. We imagine he'll learn something besides English history, too. Three members pro-tem here are Carol Wells, Virginia Hancock and Sylvia High-Hat Sweetman. Ted Cooney is an authority on hibernating love affairs and red pajamas. When in doubt, ask!

Somor None

It doesn't make much difference. Stan Hill actually thinks he could be a newspaper editor, and Grant Kelleher has hopes of being Big Prexy, which shows you what this gang thinks of itself. The new house is a whole year old, too.

Some Prize Eggs

although really, the prize is Chuck Gaughn. Maybe it isn't very nice to say so, but after listening to Publicity Gaughn we have to have a change. Even Alice Crawford took a vacation this quarter!

Yeh—But Why?

There may be some more members, but Vidro and his assistant Sayatovich have taken all the glory. Of course, Vidro is a real big-shot—Aber Day authority, the man behind the throne, the vaudevillain extraordinary.

TRADITIONS

Drop a tear
And heave a sigh
'Cause we let our
Traditions die!

PUBLICATIONS

THE PUNTIER

MOTTO: When in Doubt Punt!

The Puntier is a magazine written exclusively for the big, bad, bold men of the wild and woolly West. Through its pages the people in that far-off section of the country known as The East are enabled to keep up their impressions that all students wear chaps and carry six-shooters. Its language is typical English as she is spoke. The editor, some guy in the English department, spent six months in the Bowery in Chicago, perfecting his accent.

Among the departments of the Puntier is one known as the Etiquette Box. Says C. H. Blapp of this section: "It was only by reading the Etiquette Box that I knew I was in the right in drinking beer at the Pan-American banquet."

THE OLD SOAK

Another putrid publication that is leading thousands of innocent bystanders into the jaws of evil every issue.

A bunch of unknown men and women whose identities have been lost in the rush, decided they should pour forth their soul's thoughts. They sure pour 'em. It's sickenin'! The things they say! My Deah! It would make us blush to even mention it. But we feel we owe our public a warning about the evils lying in wait for them.

There are two complete sections devoted exclusively to marriages and births, when everybody KNOWS that marriages are made in heaven and that babies are brought by Santa Claus. (We admit he makes mistakes and arrives at the wrong time of the year sometimes, but then the old boy's memory is weakening.)

THE WATCHDOG

This year the students at Sparagins' University rallied so enthusiastically to the call for cooperation with the editors that they completely and thoroughly annihilated the first set—

better known as Commander-in-Chief Frederick Wood Compton and Financial Dictator Guy Mitchell Sheridan. As a result, two more students were chosen to guide the stricken Ship of State. And once more calamity nearly overtook the bark. The fourth-year class responded so nobly to the idea of having their pictures taken that the official photographer was forced to send for a riot squad to protect himself and keep from being trampled to death.

When The Watchdog appears in May the entire country will gasp with astonishment at the fact that mere collegians are capable of publishing such a gigantic record of their activities. It was to appear first as a twenty volume set but now we must be satisfied with a mere ten volumes. This depression!

THE DYNAMITER

It states that it is a publication by the undergraduate students of Sparagins' University. Why doesn't it say two undergraduate students? His Eminence Richard Lake and His Majesty John Houston contribute three-fourths of each issue—nobody else is good enough. They print the most lovely poems about the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la. When they weary of that they just sort of half-plagiarize some other old, but not too well-known poem.

Any time Lake and Houston can get their stories finished—it appears.

The Dynamiter bears a brilliant red jacket upon which appear two names very prominently. This campus joke, as its name suggests, invariably explodes upon the campus with the burning question of the hour within its bosom and is eagerly grabbed by thousands of breathless students.

THE BULLETIN BOARD

MOTTO: All the News that's Fit to Print

This is a publication of the students, by the students and for the students.

No foolin'. It comes out on the campus every Tuesday and Friday afternoons at any time between 1 and 6 o'clock—it all depends on how much beer the pressman, Milt Adami, has consumed during the day. It attempts to guide erring boys and girls into the straight and narrow, but usually succeeds in doing the opposite. The editor, a red-headed bozo, one John Curtis, supervises the work in between spells of haunting already practically dead reporters. Two other little eggs continually try to tell Curtis how the work should be done with the natural result—when anything goes wrong they know absolutely nothing about it. In case you might recognize them by their names, they are: Tom Coleman and Stanley Hill.

UNCLEAN HOSE

Unclean Hose needed a bath very badly a few years ago but the editors couldn't see it so the Deans in council united, roared; "It shall not pass."

Last fall, having nothing else to do, a few students decided to use their spare moments with the result that Unclean Hose was very carefully exhumed and ears and eyes were glued to keyholes and windows until the necessary volume of scandal had been acquired. Then, when all was a bedlam of noise, they popped it on an unsuspecting road-show audience who being gullible, fell for it. If the Hose doesn't get any dirtier in its hibernation, it may make another public appearance about next December. Says Barriet Deadun of the pink sheet: "I like its cleanness and foresight. I should be proud to see my daughters read it." (She should talk—she knows darn good and well they never will read it!)

THE LOGROLLER

Annually The Railsplitters receive pleading letters from that wizard of journalism, Billy Hearst, who wants "just their kind of writers—men who are capable of combining the lowest forms of living in the dynamic West with the highest aesthetic tastes of the East."

The descriptions of the yearly vacation The Railsplitters take to that mythical and ethereal land known as the Pacific Coast, defy the pen of a Swift to describe. This marvelous literary debacle circulates throughout the entire world and never fails to heap coals of fire on the heads of its writers.

