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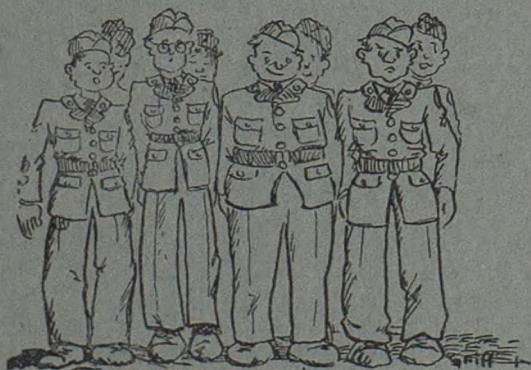
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CAMPUS RAKINGS

CONSCRIPTION EDITION

ABER DAY, 1941

**N
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**D
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C
E**

GEORGE LUENING

will be bald before his
time if he doesn't get
some hair-restorer

at

PETERSON DRUG

BOB

(Kiss and Giggle)

EMRICK

Can buy lovely frames
for ALL of VIRGINIA'S
pictures

at

**ELLIS
PHOTO
SERVICE**

(Across from High School)

The whole town's talking
about the hundreds of
bowls of chile that

PETE KAMPS

consumes, while dreaming
of that Butte gal, at the

TOWN TALK

Tricky little gals like

JEAN GERRISH

maintain their reputa-
tions for style by getting
their tricky little frocks

from the

ROSANNA SHOP

CAMPUS RAKINGS

Published Aber Day, 1941

Circulated: by the grace of lawyers
who DIDN'T steal them this year.

Policy: Malice towards all and par-
ticularly toward some.

Fashion Note: Newsprint is the ever-
popular SOLDIER BLUE.

Dedicated: to the July draftees and
the women who will mourn their
absence.

The cannons boomed o'er Europe's soil,
And Yankees grew alarmed,
So Roosevelt and Congress toiled
To get the nation armed.

A hideous monster reared its head
And drafted men away;
The women moaned: "We should be
dead.
Alas! A dreary day!"

Draft conditions sure are bad;
And whatta situation:
Draft widows plentiful and sad,
And no men in the nation.

The married ones are all in camp,
The single man is gone.
Numbers instead of names exist,
Joe Smith is Mr. 151.

The many twosomes on these pages
Will prove the bold contention,
That solos have become duets,
In all this blighted nation.

So to the national defense plan,
We dedicate this sheet,
Tho' it's kind of hard on women,
It has old Cupid beat.

Bob (Know-Your-University) Fisher
has fallen victim to this national
defense bugaboo, too. Just when **Bob**
(KYU) had a nice rosy college career
mapped out (political, of course) he
was bitten by a ND bug. By the time
he gets back to the campus **Know-
Your-University Fisher** will be another
forgotten tradition and he will have to
lay the ground work all over again.

KEN (APOLLO) KIZER

is fresh as a daisy in
more ways than one . . .
But we'll bet he keeps
that super-crease in his
pants by patronizing

STEIN'S CLEANERS

Those KAPPA DELTS

might have more luck with

the THETA CHIS

if they'd get some

"come-hither" perfume

from

SOUTH SIDE PHARMACY

KAY KITTENDORFF'S

success in the Beauty Contest must have been due to the wonderful work done on her at

KEPHART'S BEAUTY SALON

(116 E. B'way, downstairs)

No wonder WALT MILLAR

is such a model of what the well-dressed college man wears. He works

at the

SPORT SHOP

Hugh (Smiley) Edwards has so many little odd jobs he's thinking of starting an employment agency. With managing Date Line, NYA, Athletic Board assistance and coke jerking its a wonder the union doesn't rear its ugly head. Probably because **Hughie** does escape the child-labor laws although physical appearances would point to the contrary.



Bunny (Hula) Vial demonstrates some of the slinky, hip-swinging technique, the rustling grass skirts and the bare feet (even **Tweto** goes shoeless in the libe much to the injured senses of smell of so-called scholars) for which she is so famous and which she transported all the way from Hawaii. Imagine!!!

Bill Matasovic is our idea of a cave-man, if nothing else. To this day, as far as we know, he hasn't escorted **Florine Rouleau** into the dorm once, nor has he gone in to call for her, nor has he so much as opened a door for her. **Florine** keeps vigil in her window until the Ford drives up, whereupon she hops down to keep her rendezvous with the mannerly **Matasovic**. And still love flourishes. Whatta man!

Pete Kamps, sometimes known as **Froid Flash**, has been going to classes practically every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday this year which is somewhat of a record for the **Flash**. A beautiful, blond babe from Butte was competing with higher education during Pete's freshman and sophomore years. And doing a good job of it. Pete the Flash would hitch over to Butte on Friday morning, hitch back to the campus on Tuesday, go to class on Wednesday and Thursday and be ready to start the vicious circle all over again on Friday.

But now the **B.B.B.** from **B.** is staggering around under the weight of a diamond and Pete feels secure in devoting the extra day (Tuesday if you've kept up with me so far) to his classes.

For many weeks, these people have begged to be put in Campus Rakings, so in order not to disappoint them, here goes: **Jo Raymond**, **Jean Casto**, **Lucille Fulton**, **Virginia Shay**, **Kay Willis**, **Virginia** ("Have you heard about the test tubes?") **Hagenson** and **Helen Nielsen**.

After three months of the fanciest open-field running seen hereabouts for years, **Max Miller** was finally trapped by the **O'Donnell** skirt from Alaska. In case you're interested in bait used for this type of game—try plenty of honey and money and you'll probably get results—**Maxine** did.

Notes from the fight ring: **Marge Legge** was going down for the final count backstage when she was saved by the **Bell**.

Bunny Vial, Honolulu's gift to Montana via California, and **Paul Tweto** are a study in contrasts. As one observer remarked, "He's so Tweet, and she's so Vial." Anyway, we'll give him the benefit of the doubt.

The eyeglass situation is becoming quite a handicap for **Elfriede Zeek** and **Paul Jordan**, because many a beautiful clinch has been broken up by the sound of grinding glass.

Why does too, too handsome

BILL SCOTT

cry in his beer down at the

PARK...

Could be for that Great
Falls gal who went east
to school instead of
west!

If **LIZ WOOD**

would 'lizzen' to us
and 'cum in' to

CUMMINS

she wouldn't have any
trouble with that
secret pash in a Navy
uniform

MARCUS DALY

would get better mileage
from that shiny new
'Cad' if he'd buy that good
gas at

STAN SMART'S

As though mileage
mattered!

GAY KELLY gets

mannish suit coats to flat-
ter her shoulders at the

LEADER

Don't know where cap'n
BRYAN gets that "swish"
shoulder effect he sports

MORTAR BOARD

And now the time of year has almost arrived when **Mortar Board** will perpetrate its annual fraud under the lofty slogan, "the highest honor that can come to any Montana junior woman during her career at the university." As usual, the honorary bigwigs will pool their favorites and will pull forth the co-eds with the most influence and the most impressive record of higher-up apple polishing. If there's a slip-up, perhaps someone who deserves the honor may be selected.

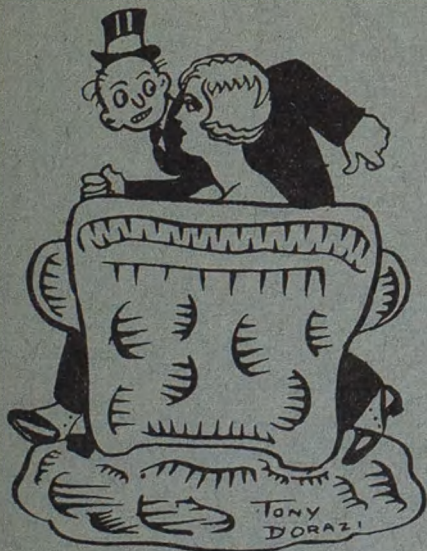
Supposedly a grades plus activity organization, **Mortar Board** chose new members indiscriminately last year, without investigating them to determine if they possessed both requisites. Naturally, there were a **Kappa** and a **Theta** (there must always be a **Kappa** and a **Theta**, no matter how obscure they are). Having fulfilled that obligation, **Mortar Board** went wild and chose all others blindly.

No honorary should attempt to single out nine women and say unto them, "You are outstanding; the rest of the women on this campus just don't count."

But, if **Mortar Board** persists in sticking out its neck to designate the feminine star-brights, it should, at least, define its standards and then stand by them.

It's about time that **Monica B.** and **Caroline Griffith** took cognizance of the fact that dorm food is almost intolerable. For a long time, grumbings and discontented mutterings have been issuing from all halls. Never too tasty, the fare this year has sunk to a new low. But, then what can you expect when inside info says that the dorm front office feeds inmates for \$9 each per month and boasts a net profit of \$36,000 for last year? P. S. How about six slices of bread on each table, clean plates and glasses and reups, at least, once a week?

It is rumored that **Boyd Cochrell** lost his shirt at the Masquer party after "Idiot's Delight." How it happened no one knows—but it wasn't playing tiddly-winks. P. S. It was not the only thing lost before the night had waned and the morning after arrived.



Mrs. Turner surprises Eso Naranche and Dolores Walker in New Hall lounge. A quick get-away is in order.

PANNING PAN-HEL

Pan-Hel, which this year isolated itself from all contaminating independents by creating a non-Greek basketball league, proved the contention that the only reason for such an action was to keep the cup in sacred sorority hands. Had they played the barbs, they would have lost the trophy to them, since the independents downed them in a non-title contest. It's a matter for amazing conjecture that Pan-Hel hasn't formulated some sort of private, untouchable honor roll system to protect the Greeks from independent grade-point competition. That's an isolation project for the future, Pan-Hel.

Louise Jarussi has fastened her tempestuous affections on Roger Wilcox, freshman debater. Tsk, tsk, Louise, quit robbing the cradle and you a senior, too.

Speaking of Corbin hall men, the whole lot of them seems to have an awfully Petty taste in pictures and wail decoration.

Every day
when day is done

BOB MANLEY

stops in at

D'ORAZI'S

If the THETA'S have
worn their furniture
out from just sitting
around this year

LUCY'S

is the place to go

RUTH McLEOD

(no relation to WALTER)

says: "I attribute my success as a campus siren to the fact that my dresses

and sockies

and so forth

are bought at the

**MISSOULA
MERCANTILE
COMPANY**

Candidates in Review:

Today is Aber Day, official opening of the beer-picnic season, the day that we "the-have-nots" are given the democratic privilege of choosing the men who will next year handle all our ASMSU dough.

Who are the candidates for the presidency? Three "shots." Marcus "I-have-been-groomed-for-this-job-for-four-years" Bourke; Bill "To-hell-with-Marcus-and-Ray Ryan" Carroll and Bill "Give-me-a-chance-at-the-graft" Scott.

About this character Bourke. He is the lad, who from the first day he set foot on the oval, has been grabbing all the publicity jobs in sight so some day he might rest in the seat of the ASMSU president. The boy, with Art "I'm-losing-money-on-the - Date Line" Meyers, is using the "Premier" as a political rally towards the presidency. (Wonder what Meyers is after???)

And this guy Carroll? The loud-mouth youth, the lad who believes the Phi-Delts (Millar-Luening & Co.) railroaded him out of the Sentinel office. The guy who is suspicious of everyone, who thinks he knows all the answers. His ambition is to beat Bourke.

And as for the No. 3 candidate, William Scott is the boy who last year started the ball rolling that led to the "campus-investigation." The lad who four years ago campaigned for voluntary ROTC. Scott is convinced that Bourke is the TNE's candidate, the "Machine-Man" as he calls him. Scott would love to be driving the Machine and is tinkering with a little motor of his own.

There has been a great deal of mud slinging the past few days, perhaps after the voting today we should have another Aber day to shovel the mud away. Ray Ryan is our choice to do the dirty work. He wants to be president next year.

Apple-polishers Helen Holloway and Catherine Berg have soft soaped their way through bacteriology, and Hetler, the Little Hitler of Natural Science, has completely succumbed to their smooth lines. However, Katie's technique has failed her in quantitative analysis much to her dismay and much to the general shock of her scholastic index.

Edison Spriggs, after two quarters of bossing stage crews and other things, has become so used to sitting around with his head in his hands that now when he goes to bed he has to wrap the bedsprings around his cranium to keep from feeling lonesome.

Bodie Small's little gal-friend from Missoula high better speed up the graduation ceremonies and rush out to the old U stomping grounds. This **Hurley-burly** world seems to be overcoming **Bodie** since "Idiot's Delight."

Cigarette Sal is our nominee for God's gift to **Corbin** hall men. With her North hall room window in plain sight of Corbin, she saves the boys the expense of attending those "**For Adults Only**" shows at the Rio for the strip-tease acts they seem to take such delight in.

The South has left a lasting impression on **Jeannette Oppenheimer**, or have yo' all heard about the South?



"Quasimodo" Milstein rings the victory bell.

If **JIMMY GASSER**
and
MADOLON REPLOGLE
would buy a Dayton bicycle
from

BARTHEL'S HARDWARE

they wouldn't have to
spend every lunch hour
in a vacant classroom.

No wonder
**EMMAJANE (HOOT)
GIBSON**

is able to keep that
chorus girl shape.
She gets her exercise at

The Missoula Bowling Alley

(432 No. Higgins)

Too bad that ex-forester
is in the army now . . .

PAT COHE

doesn't need to get lifts on
her shoes from

ELY'S SHOE SERVICE

She's just a nice height for
JOE GANS as is

BUTTREY'S

stunning frocks finally
turned the trick and

VIRGINIA BELL

copped a pin.

Candy and cigars went
to the store staff from
the elder RIGG.

Rossi Schweitzer has reached extremes in peepholes. Her bay-window lookout has driven the freshman co-eds to despair but has supplied **Rossi** with many a juicy morsel to chew on, which has firmly convinced the North Hall **Winchell** that the glass office will be indispensable in the dormitory of the future.

Some room-mates believe in sharing everything. **Lucy Diamond** last year roomed with **Sally Clifton** and sported a **Sigma Chi** pin. This year she no longer rooms with **Sally Clifton** and no longer sports a **Sigma Chi** pin. What happened to it? Why, **Sally** has it, of course.

After all these years, liquor-loving New hall residents have cracked open beer, whiskey and wine bottles in dormitory rooms to finally christen it. During week-ends, the hall becomes Souses Refuge as inmates roll out into the halls completely overcome by Demon Rum. The showers do a rushing business those nights.

If at first you don't succeed, try again is **Tony Harlow's** motto. Singed once by the holy flame of matrimony, **Tony** is playing with fire again as he escorts **Pat Campbell** hither and yon.

"Woman is fickle"—how true, how true! Take **Barbara Jean McCullough**, for instance. The first man of the season lost by a **Head-ley**, and since then there have been six male creatures (count 'em) going steady with the lady.

It's astounding to witness the fickleness of some women. When **John Glass** left for the air corps, **Wanda Williams** wept profusely and vowed that she'd be true to him forever and would until eternity spurn all other men. But like all "national defense widows" she immediately cast her eye upon the field of eligible men and hasn't removed her attention from them since. Even **John's** wings with the pearl guard haven't anchored her roving affections.

If **Mar Elrod** has her way there'll be no "Ranger's Dream" at next year's Forester's Ball. "Indecent," "shocking," and "no self-respecting girl would allow herself to be seen in such a place," were her candid comments.

It must be awfully hard on those women who worship dolefully from afar. These many long years **Laura Mattson** yearned for a javelin thrower, then transferred her long-distance affections to a **Small** man in her Spanish class, and, finally, they have come to roost on a **Leonard** whose last name means dames.

It does a browbeaten, terrorized student's heart good to hear a blustering, awesome prof get a dose of his own gestapo technique. At least, one English toiler brightened when he heard **Baxter Hathaway** timidly acquiesce over the phone, "All right, dear. I'll be right home, dear, to take care of the baby." **Hathaway** is no longer an object to fear.



These are the sort of nightmares **Barbara Adams** will be having should her **Tommy (O'Donnell)** join the navy. This is hypothetical, of course. Tom probably doesn't even know there is a navy.

The **Murphy** act is now billed as **Dennis**, Ozark poet extraordinary; **Getty**, singer unique; **Marcia**, entertainer superb; **Paula**, gurgler and potential artist par excellence. Step right up, Ozark brethren. We have a double double bill for yo' all.

"DITCHY" DUGAN

wouldn't have to wear a suit coat with his new slacks if he would patronize

Yandt's
MEN'S WEAR

"A store for men and women who buy for men"

It won't be long before

LIALA JENSEN

and

BUD MYRDAL

will be window shopping

at the

**B & H
Jewelry Co.**

wedding ring display

Brain-trust

JACK DONALDSON

probably gets that way by
buying ponies and other
college study necessities

at

**OFFICE
SUPPLY**

BODIE SMALL

sure spreads that

college-man attitude on
thick around those high
school dollies down at

HOLLYOAK'S



Prexy Middleton is real earnest about this business of being a freshman. Has had a crew cut since above photo was taken and has turned into a regular casanova.

After having heard **Ed Jewett** bombast Beverly Garrett for ruining his game of tennis by playing with a girl several students were a bit perplexed at seeing Ed play daily with "**Biddy**" **Flint**. Wonder what Jewett's backhand looks like now!

After the scar that **Keets Sire** inflicted had healed, abundant-haired (it takes a lot of hair to cover that big head) **Art Meyer** claims he has another queen in **Helen Van Blaricom**. Just a little bundle of TNT we take it, Art.

This belongs in the Guess Who department: a blond gentleman from the Law school who works like Winston Churchill, talks like Mussolini and rakes in the dough like Henry Morgenthau, Jr.

Although slightly publicity-minded in many ways, he has, we admit, been very generous about one thing—the authorship of **TNT**.

We Wonder:

What **Mary Daily** will do for men when the Sigma Chi supply is exhausted. These blind dates can go on only so long.

What we would wonder if we were to wonder about **Bill Lewis** and "**Johnny**" **Johnson**. They're such good kids!

If **Jack Brazelton** couldn't have shopped around and got a better fit in a car.

What was behind **Marcus Bourke's** appointing some 100 people on the production end of "Vagabond King." (Free plug) 100 votes though is 100 votes.

How the student store staff is going to have such a good time at their next picnic without letting the bosses in on the know.

Why **Judith Hurley** didn't pick up a little more of Lamarr's "Comrad X" accent for her phoney Russian part in "Idiot's Delight." No Nordic overtones for Lamarr!

Lack of the proper wearing apparel can certainly be a problem sez **June Stansfield**. No new clothes was all that kept June from accepting **Pinky's** kind invitation to spring-vacation in Sun Valley.

For many months, **Frances Manuell** longed for a **Bill** on each day of the week, but now, we hear, she is **Reid-y** to give him up for the Chevrolet salesman who sends her those cute little thingamabobs. Ahem! 'Nuff said.

Myrtie Toothaker had to refuse a date with "**Red**" **McCulloch** recently because of a sore mouth.

"Do you have trench mouth?" she demanded when he called.

"Wonder who could have given it to me," she murmured thoughtfully when he said his mouth not only felt alright, but was alright.

At press time the **Dahmer-Harrison** affair wasn't an affair yet. That is to say **Dutch** hadn't hung his hardware but he can't hold out against that sweet, young, untouched appeal much longer, can he?

Those famous campus lovers

JACK KUENNING

and

EILEEN WYSEL,

may be seen cooing and
billing practically any week-
end night in the last row
at the

RIALTO

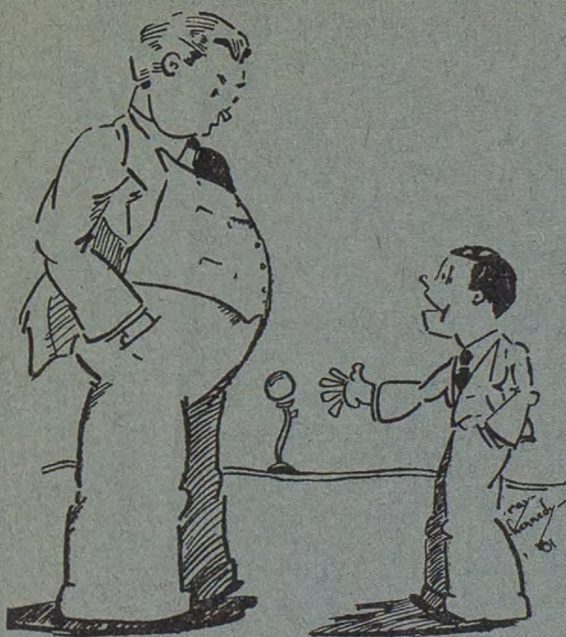
It's certain that

BUD HUSTAD

couldn't keep up that
natty appearance without
some expert advice

from

The HUB



Ray Ryan, the ten-cent kid with ten million-dollar ideas, has shifted his pseudo-work from behind the counter of Mac's store to the business office up stairs. Maybe, if Ray keeps climbing the rungs of the political ladder, keeping his daily worship before the shrine of well-fattened POLITICS, he'll realize his ambition and look like that some day, too.

BIFF HALL

won't have to disguise himself when he drops in

at the

PALACE BAR

now that training rules are all in the past.

Faculty Fun

Last year **Ralph Y.** was designated faculty "campus cutie." Then he was taken out of circulation and this year the field was opened up to newcomers. And the young unmarried set welcome with open arms, figuratively, of course, young unmarried newcomers.

Ellen Jane invites male unmarrieds (**Dugan, Duffalo**, et al) to WAA barn-dances and such and they come right back with Forester's ball and things.

The **Wendt-Johnson-Dugan-Wilhelm** foursome mixes and matches indiscriminately—so the social ball is kept rolling.

Lael Snellbacher has learned, much to her sorrow, that Forester's is no fun. Ask her about the three jerked week-ends.

MIKE SKONES'

broad shoulders
aren't real, y'know!

HARRY The TAILOR

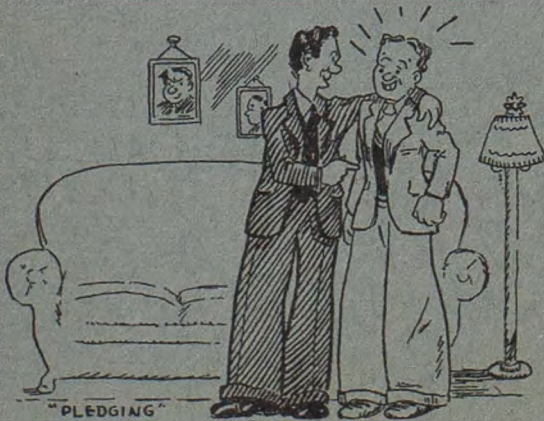
is responsible.

Kodaks from

McKAY'S Art Studio

should be an asset to the
SIGMA CHIS.

Some of those Handicap
scenes shouldn't
go unrecorded.



Phi Sigs rook another frosh. (Note beaming countenances of former heros in background. Phi Sig house is full of these subtle promises.)

You can
hardly get inside the
TRI-DELT house,
the front hall is so
littered with those
clumpy Dutch clogs

from the

SAVON

Even
EILEEN ("Our Love
Affair") MURPHY
couldn't be nicer
or sweeter
than

Herrick's
FAMOUS
ICE CREAM

A few industrious students wish that campus twosomes would chose some place other than the library to make passes at one another. Two persons in particular are disturbing to the peaceful slumberers—and we do mean the Landreth-Jones-some.

Rumor says that they've almost had to dismantle a lab and rope it off for **Jean Nelson-Allen Chesboro** battle of the century, but this alert publication has it from an inside, highly trustworthy source that the preliminaries have laid the groundwork for the main event, the wonderful thing that makes young men balmy in the spring. Dare we name it?

The wrath of Pan-Hel descended on the nasty old Thetas who were caught cheating to up their quota of pledges, but as usual, the ire of Pan-Hel backfired. The ingenious KAT girls, aided and abetted by Chief Theta Stooze **Jim Baldwin**, had their backwoods fireside under the title, Sadie Hawkins day, and reaped oodles and oodles of publicity. Now the green-eyed Greek sisters are sitting with their heads in their hands wondering if maybe they did the wrong thing.

LAST MINUTE FLASHES FROM THE WARRING FRONT

FLASH: After writing the first little tid-bit about the **Dahmer-Harrison** affair of which you read earlier in this edition, Dutch hung his pin. Regular Winchells, aren't we!

We're wondering when Butch Hudacek and Al Cullen will break down and buy meal tickets at New hall. 'Tisn't fair for Muggs Morse and Jeanne Bailey to buy all their meals.

FLASH: As this goes to press, the **Jo Raymond, Bob Bowman, Jack Wieg-**enstein triangle is cutting quite a figure. While both men angle for her affections, hard-hearted Jo remains aloof and gives neither the edge. If she doesn't decide soon, the question mark in her love life may become a blank.