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1942

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CAMPUS RAKINGS

POLITICAL EDITION

ABER DAY, 1942

T
N
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N
T

VIGILANTE

EARL FAIRBANKS

could develop
those spindly legs
of his if he'd bowl every
week-end
at the

**Liberty Center
Bowling Alleys**

HANDSOME HARRY
HESSER

could give his picture
to ALL the
North Hall girls
if he'd have a dozen taken
at the

**McKAY
ART CO.**

The

**DRIVE-IN
DRUG**

is as new
as the "Mrs." before
TOM DUFFY'S
name.

J. ROY ELMS

would be doing the
gals a favor
if he'd get rid of that
paunch
at the

**Johnson's
Massage Parlor**

CAMPUS RAKINGS

Published Aber Day, 1942

Slogan: All the news that's unfit for
any other paper to print.

Policy: Absolute neutrality. We take
a stand with or against no one. Ab-
solutely neutral. We shall give a fair
coverage of the news, without par-
tiality. We are absolutely neutral.

Dedicated: To the perpetuation of
TNT, TNE, NTN, the Vigilante and
CAMPUS RAKINGS. (Free Adv.)

'Twas springtime and the crafty frats
Did plot and mumble in their dens.
A-scheming were the Theta Chis,
So were the Sigma N's.

"Beware the Phi Delt Club, my son;
The claws that snatch the graft.
They mustn't get in power now,"
Said Smiling Skeff, and laughed.

Fair-haired MacLeod stood bravely
forth

Waving a TNT.

"I want the job," he loudly cried,
"I've such good publicity."

The Sigma Nus jumped up and
screamed,

"We want a chance at power!
Give us Sheehy, he will be
The big man of the hour."

The Phi Delts and the Sigma Chis
Did cry and scream, "Foul Play!"
And shook their fists at Interfrat,
Crying, "You'll live to rue this day!"

Then up rose Jerry Anderson,
A brave and noble laddie,
Who took his bitter pen in hand
And wrote the Vigilante.

The Sigma Chis with plain intent
Did steal forth in the night,
And drop on every doorstep
The story of the fight.

The Sigma Nus were close behind
Destroying all their work,
But in their rush they missed a few,
And William went berserk.

"The Kaimin will be neutral still,"
Wept Boulder Bill in haste.

BILL HENDERSCHOTT

wouldn't have

that awful

hangover

if he'd drink milk from

the

Garden City Creamery

instead—

If you want

a classy

Kappa Chassis,

buy your

you-know-what's

at

Cummins

the Store for Women.

(Then you'll never flunk

the pillar test.)

HENRIETTA WILHELM

can get her

Carter's Little Liver

Pills

at the



HELEN RAE

could meet

DALE GALLES

more often

if she'd go bowling

at the

Idle Hour Bowling Alleys

"Though news that's not of Sigma Nu
Does seem like so much waste."

Said Vigilante, "We're the boys
That can save Montana U.
The others are a bunch of crooks,
We want to start things new."

Speaking this noble, noble aim
And folding hands in prayer,
They nominated Vigilantes
And gave the other guys the air.

Then Interfrat in righteous wrath
Did rise up in its might,
And threw both Chis and Phi Delts out
After a bitter fight.

The word went round by word of
mouth
And through an "Extra" paper
That made the Sigma Nus go out
And cut a joyful caper.

Cried Chis and Phis, "They done us
dirt,
We'll fight with words and flowers."
And so they sent corsages out,
And wrote for weary hours.

Then the Barbs pricked up their ears,
And said, "Now here's our chance!
Before we finish with these guys
They'll have ants in their pants.

So they put up their candidates—
Just hear the campus rave!
Now no one knows for whom to vote
Or whose flag they should wave.

Oh well, oh well, oh what the hell,
The draft will get 'em soon,
And they'll be courting Japanese
Beneath a Burma moon.

We've often wondered why **Tom Willis** wasn't chosen for Silent Sentinel. It must have been because he wasn't silent enough for the deaf-mutes who seem to run the organization.

And the reason we didn't say anything about the **Mortar Boards** this year isn't because we don't want to—but they're such NICE kids.

Speaking of infantilism, have you ever been unfortunate enough to witness the show **Billy Leaphart** puts on for **Jeanne Cathcart** in the library?

We've heard of a house winning more than one queen contest in one year, but this year was the first that a house has had two candidates entered in the same race. Of course when **Blond Bomber Nokelby** ran for Homecoming Queen she wasn't technically a DG; she wasn't wearing a pin but she had a ribbon on practically before she got home from the dance. How could an "almost-sorority-girl" run on the Independent ticket? Think of the humiliation!



We know why Dugan and Karns look so happy. It's because Gen. Hershey finally decided they were no good to the army and made them trustees at Leavenworth.

Mary Rita Corbett had a terrible time a couple weeks ago explaining to her cronies that the reason she was going to DG Mother's Club was to represent the active chapter and not for other reasons.

For a
really beautiful hair-do,
DON RONISH
should go to

KEPHART'S BEAUTY SHOP

116 E. Broadway (down-
stairs) Phone 3080 "World's
Finest' Permanent Waving
Treatments of the Scalp—
facials.

If the
SIGMA NU
pledges would
buy some new
pants at



They wouldn't have to
patch the old ones they
have with adhesive
tape.

If the
FORESTERS
had bought their
light bulbs at
**MONTANA
POWER**
it never would have
happened.

When you
get around to it,
JOHN MANSFIELD
see
**KOHN
JEWELRY**
about a ring for
MARY LEARY

Is it true that there was ballot-stuffing in the WAA elections? Rumor has it that Ann Johnson voted and voting by proxy is new in MSU elections.

Vern Reynolds has a little trouble keeping girl friends. There was Carolyn McCullough who married Fred Brauer, then came Marilyn Smith who preferred Yandt's clerks in Yandt's suits. Now it's **June High**. Two of a kind. Maybe it will last.

Bob Emrick and Virginia Brashear have solved the problem of a good, secluded necking spot. Result, the DG sun porch is always occupied.

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN

(Written by Q. Johnson, J. Baldwin, J. Mahan, A. Groff.)

Q. Johnson is well-beloved by campus cuties for his smooth line. Jim Baldwin scores a knockout with his technique. Jack Mahan is so popular because of his beautiful face (and figure), while Al Groff attributes his popularity to his strong, silent manner.

If
PEGGY KERR
would eat
**BARKER'S
BAKERY**
fluffy white bread
she wouldn't look so
anemic.

Dale Bryson admitted he didn't mind being the only male students at an MEA meeting this spring. We should think not. Being the only man among about 20 beautiful women shouldn't be too bitter a pill, especially if the prospect of entering the forces of soldiers is staring one in the face. Nice work if you can get it, Dale.



Martin Edie counting up all the conquests he's made this year. Immediately after this picture was taken, he ran out of fingers and started making little marks in the ground across the campus to signify the gals who are his. 'Tis rumored he is now half way up Mt. Sentinel.

'Tis the consensus of opinion that the lawyers are older (in years) than other students of the campus. But in mentality? NO! Childish pranks which embitter the same young girls which they try so futilely to impress consist of whistling (like high school kids do, see), singing (?) marches to the time of passersbys' footsteps and sprinkling those who dare tread past the law building. All of which seems to indicate an I.Q. of about 15.

Since the return of balmy spring breezes and/or ex-Journalist Bob Walker, Joyce (Unrequited Love) Crutchfield is blooming out like the spring flowers.

Why doesn't
MIKE O'CONNELL

ask

BERYL HESTER

to eat a meal

with him at the

**Hamburger
Kings**

instead of always eating at
the DG house?

DEEDE TALCOTT

needs

a picture of

another man on her

bureau.

See

**ACE
WOODS**

Deede.



This was the only picture of Ranger's Dream we could, in the interests of public morals, print. And it was pretty blamed hard to get this one because of the inexplicable lack of lighting.

If you
ever want to locate
JACK SWEE
or
RAY LOMAN,
just call

MURRILL'S

We've
found the
secret of how
B. J. McCULLOUGH
keeps looking
so swell
(and keeps the boys
looking at her).

She goes to

**Elsie's
Beauty Salon**

**WHILE WE'RE NOT
ON THE SUBJECT—**

What with so many TNTs, TNEs, NTNs and Vigilantes floating around, it would save a lot of trouble and bothersome detail just to install a mimeographing machine in the coke shop for the use of any such persons desiring to be editors to such worthy publications. But then of course it would deprive bull sessions of a good subject, that of figuring out who dopes out the sheets. Not hard to deduce such material. Just apply the standard quiz to said subject:

1. What dilapidated building on Gerald Avenue would house a critter likely to indulge in TNTing?

2. What critter in said house is of beefing and social uplifting type and would have an ax to grind?

3. Who on the campus would have access to printing paraphernalia?

4. Who would be on the inside to all the undercover work used as material?

5. Who is missing from his domicile during the small hours of the morning when said publication is delivered?

Concentration time, 7 minutes. Did-

HUGHY EDWARDS

should take

that spare tire he's

wearing

down to the

**OK
TIRE SHOP**

and sell it for national

defense.

"Honey"

MARTHA MC COMB

seems to be

as sweet

to the boys as

**HERRICK'S
ICE CREAM**

the campus favorite for

35 years, is to everyone.

Did the face

on

D'ORAZI'S

bar-room floor

belong to

DON HALL

or

JACK FERRIS?

If you can't get the
spark of love

like

FRITZIE HEWITT

and

BOB KITT,

get it at the

**MINCOFF
IGNITION WORKS**

If

JEANNE CATHCART

would buy

her clothes at

**IDA
PEARSON'S**

she wouldn't have to wear
those tattered old rags
of hers any longer.

n't even take us that long to figure that one out. But being in a kindly mood and not desiring to injure future plans of said authors, Rakings chooses to let a super-super TNT have the delight of exposing the various authors of its predecessors.

Another good job of speculation is who are the holier than thous who forsake the frat (supposedly) and other personal connections to become an honorable part of TNE, or what-would - politics - be - like - without-us. 'Tis said the lads belonging to such organization are the ones carrying most weight in their Greek houses to sway the brothers towards the lofty aims of TNE without said brothers realizing it. Some argue for the big shots. Others say its TNE that puts the big shots in, and after three years of comparative obscurity, they suddenly become big shots themselves. What about **Sunshine Sheehy**, Bourke's stooge **MacLeod**, **Pretty Boy Bellingham**, **Pudgy Vaughn**, **Vigilante Anderson**, to say nothing of **Fairbanks**, **Brazelton**, **Lohn**, **Thompson**, **Li'l Abner Hesser**? Seems funny no one at-

If lawyers

AL ANGSTMAN

and

CARTER WILLIAMS

would type

their briefs on

typewriters

from the

**OFFICE
SUPPLY**

they might get better grades.

tributes membership to a skirt. Plenty of females on this campus with several fingers in the political pie who are of the same minds as aforementioned men.



A shot from the first inning of the VIGILANTE intra-Vigilante softball tournament. Score at the end of the first inning, no hits, no runs, plenty of errors for both sides. Potter at bat, Dykstra catching.

Jack Swee was vetoed by Central Board because they of the higher office know so few people outside of their own sewing circle. Even an Ad Karns recommendation seems to carry little weight when there comes a choice between an Independent and a Sigma Chi for business manager of a musicale. Then the Vigilantes go to work and beef—privately and off-the-record—because the Sigma Nus control the governmental body of ASM-SU. Politics, we have decided, are a vicious circle.

Skeff Sheehy has three ghost writers, not the conventional one. They're Homer Thompson, Beautiful Bill Bellingham and Dick Kern and they were the authors of Skeff's presidential platform—written after the above three had read Scotty MacLeod's platform. (Draw your own conclusions.)

If Madge Root weren't so open with her love making she might be more successful. It's most embarrassing to see her go into a clinch for five minutes in the heart of a crowded Student Union lounge.

MARGO MIDDLETON

is successor to

ART MYERS

as stool

warmer

in the

STUDENT STORE

When

GENE CLAWSON

and

VIVIAN OLSON

want to get real

chummy,

they go down to the

PALACE Cocktail Lounge

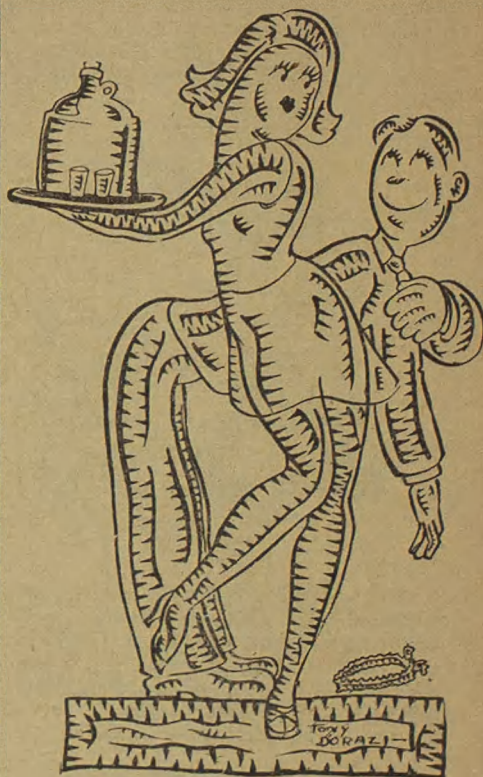
ERNIE CRUTCHER
(of Story Book Ball fame)

keeps that
flannel suit spotless
by sending it to

STEIN'S CLEANERS

If
JUNE SWAB
and
ART BEATTIE
ever decide
to take the fatal step
they can get
everything they'll
need at

Jensen's
Furniture Store



Fred Root has a little fun at Bar-
risters Ball . . .

Has Penny Risser really decided on Jimmy Lyons or is he all that is left of that long list she proudly displayed last year?

It's being whispered around the band shack that there's some hidden reason why the Hon. Mr. Bell always takes a certain group of five band members with him on those out-of-town trips. We wouldn't dream of mentioning names, but Lynn, Reeves, James, McGray and Enevoldsen are probably wondering just how much we are going to spill.

In case anybody wondered what was the matter with the music school faculty the morning after Rudy Wendt's recital, we have it from usually accurate sources that they were all out for a celebration afterwards, and we don't mean an ice cream social.

BILL MATHER

managed to
pull ahead in the race
for

TWO-DOT'S

affections by sending her
homemade candy
from the

**Florence Hotel
Pharmacy**

DOC JESSE

wouldn't have to
comb his hair with
his fingers and use
a door for a mirror if
he'd buy a comb and
mirror set
at the

B & H Jewelry



Bud Hustad becomes involved in an embarrassing situation while strolling one Friday just before regular Saturday night shaving time.

We suggest that
 MARC DALY
 buy a few garden
 tools just for his
 own self
 and go out and try fixing
 that new yard
 of his.
 He can get the tools
 at

Barthel's Hardware

THIEBES, BERGER,
 and FELT
 must practically (?)
 operate
 a holding company at

THE NORTHERN BAR

by now.

WE WONDER:

What Murrill's Grog Shop will do when such noble patrons as Bellingham, Luening, Daems, Stevens, et al., depart to shake hands with Uncle Sam in the armed forces. The aforementioned Hangover Haven will have a bouncing business in settling up accounts via check. Who said there was a shortage in rubber?

After looking over all the fellows on this campus, **Dorothy Pierson** hasn't found anything to please her. No, her heart doesn't belong to Daddy but to Oregon. Or is he in the Navy now, Dottie?

Spring is here. Time for the janitors to dust off the bleachers of Dornblaser field for all campus neckers who haven't cars.

Summer house parties on Flathead Lake are common but spring "house" parties are new. For further information ask the Sigma Nus and Phi Deltas about their spring vacation spree. Wine, women, song, no chaperons! Ideal set-up!

DELSON KING

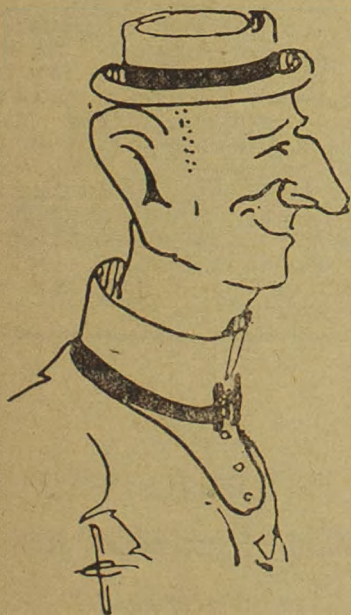
could make
 a better impression
 on

PAT RUENAUVER

if
 he'd buy
 his suits at the

Men's Shop

Bill O'Billovich has the solution for winning the love of high school pupils while cadet teaching. Take them down to Hollyoaks every afternoon for cokes and ice cream cones. And when you want to get on the good side of any university professor, sign class excuse slips for his sons or daughters in your class and then take them out for a coke. The only warning is "Don't let Principal Ketcham see you!" He doesn't appreciate pupils cutting classes and lounging in the nearest coke shop.



Portrait of a certain well-known professor, who, in spite of being a Sigma Chi himself, has such trust in the inherent fairness of students that he leaves the room during physics exams.

Since hamburgers have gone up to 15 cents, **Ruby** and **Tony** are no longer steady customers of ——— Hamburger Shop. (Name censored — they didn't advertise). **Tony** claims he never did like hamburgers, and is taking a **STRONG** stand.

Outstanding of the eternal triangles this year has been the **Van Duser-Wilhelm-Coad** trio.

**ELEANOR
CUNNINGHAM**

must
have caught her man
by using
fancy perfume
from the
**PETERSON
DRUG**

The
THETAS
might make more
progress in getting
a few Sigma Chi pins
into the house if
they'd buy their
clothes at

Bulltreys

BOB FLEET

makes his
voice all sugar-sweet

when he

thinks of

PHRONA BEAGLE

while he's announcing

for

KGVO

DAWSON OPPENHEIMER

could build his
shoulders out to
football hero proportions

if he'd buy a

sports coat

at the



Scabbard and Blade, that beautifully-uniformed organization originally intended to be an honorary for military organization, has degenerated into a Sigma Chi monopoly. The meetings are confusing. The few lads not wearing the white cross feel rather uncomfortable when the Gerald Avenue boys start slipping the grip, calling house meetings, and in general getting a little mixed up as to what meeting they are attending. This obvious confusion became more obvious when the boys announced who they had railroaded into being Coed Colonel candidates this year. Five staunch Sigma Chi girls, a great mixture of the tied and untied. Is this a fair representation of the Montana Coed? There are a few fair-looking janes registered in school who don't go with Sigma Chis. Maybe the boys figure they're so unlucky they aren't deserving of the honor. 'Twas rumored that besides their fraternity affiliation, the next qualification was a pair of nice straight pins. Not hard to understand, after the scenery our boys in khaki have been looking at this year.

The

SIGMA KAPPAS

might have better luck

in getting a

few men into their parlor

if they'd buy

some classy records

at the

Avery
Radio Electric

If you want to play
around the campus
like
FROZEN FOSGATE
does with
CURLY VAUGHN,
get some
rope-soled play shoes
from

**OGG
SHOE / CO**

VIRGINIA WILHELM

could catch a
man, too,
if she'd buy her
dresses at the

*Rosana
Shop*



— THE HOOP SEASON OPENS —

—with the Gold Bust twins fighting on (and we do mean fighting) for the much-needed glory of good old Phi Delta Theta.

If the
 DG's
 would buy their
 materials for
 redecorating the house
 at
J. C. Penney's
 they'd still have
 enough money to buy
 a war bond.

If the
 TRI-DELTS
 would
 freshen up down
 at the
PARK
 they might be able to
 pile up better
 bowling scores.

Has **June McLaughlin** finally made up her mind or did **Bill O'Donnell** just drop out of the race on his own volition? When June makes such remarks as, "Yes, I have Jerry's diamond today but can't tell about tomorrow," we're inclined to believe the latter about Bill dropping out.

Rumor has it that Margie Belzer's popularity ain't her dazzling poison-ality, but that robin's-egg blue car isn't hard to take.

Catherine Cowell can thank her lucky stars that she hasn't a younger sister. **Benny Stephens** always goes for the youngest Cowell girl as she comes into university. He started early in the family and gradually worked down. Now he has Catherine the youngest and last.

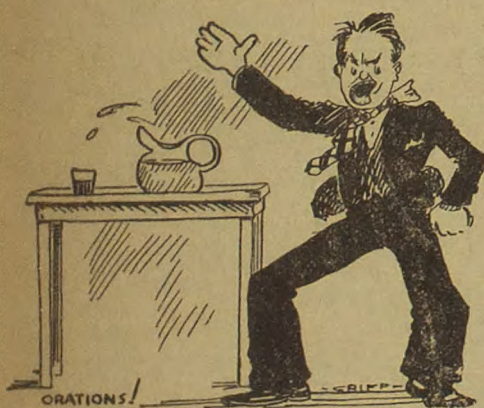
And then there is that annual favorite about **Jack Brazelton** hanging his pin. At least he tries to give all the girls a break.

This year **Dutch Dratz** picked-up old strings and retied them.

If the
 FORESTERS
 would buy
 their razors and such
 at
Hollyoak's
 they'd be more
 kissable.

Pet Peeve: **Rachel Cook's** clever cheer-leading down at the bowling alleys. It's a good thing the sorority tournament is nearly over or she'd probably end up with a bowling ball in that disturbing cavity known as the "Kisser."

Why doesn't **Skeff Sheehy** hang his pin on **Rita Schiltz** and let everyone start wondering about someone else? Besides, it might win him the support of the Theta house, if it can be pried away from **Viva Ann** and **Scotty**.



The Debate Club started an argument six days ago and is still going strong. This is **Notti** holding forth on the tariff problems of **Pagi-pagi**. When and if he drops from exhaustion, **Isaacson**, **Nadler**, **Bacon** and **Replogle** will take over.

The same trouble seems evident with **Virginia Jeffers** as with **Veronica Lake**—that flowing mass of hair, and we do mean flowing.

It's amazing that the beautiful friendship of **Fellows** and **Zins** is over and that neither are suffering broken hearts. **Sal** is being amused nightly by the company of **Bob Dow**, and **Shorty** is the non-comittal man-about-town.

This year's **Ranger's Dream** came true.

Who is **George Luening** keeping out all night now that his partner is home this quarter?

If the
RIGG TWINS
want to further confuse
people,
they could rent
a tandem bicycle
at the
Russ Cycle Co.

To aid her in chasing
ART DE BOER,
DOROTHY SMITH
should buy
a pair
of comfy sport shoes
at

Dixon & Hoon

Since
EDISON SPRIGGS

can't very well
go home to

papa
(a barber) after
every play, we suggest
he go to

JON'S BEAUTY SALON

and have his tresses
curled.

(Mezzanine of the Florence)

DORIS RYAN

wouldn't have to
work so hard to keep

BILL CARROLL

from straying if

she'd have

her

paint job redone

at the

Fuller Paint Co.

If you can't stitch
your dress seams very

straight,

SHIRLEYANNE
KINCAID,

why don't you let

HARRY The Tailor

do them for you.

Teach need never know!

The

MC COY SQUAD CAR

would look happier

if it had its face

lifted at the

Modern Body and Fender Works