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1944
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ARCHIVES

CAMPUS RAKINGS

ABER DAY 1944

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS



A Lion's Share.



HISBOULIAN

CAMPUS RAKINGS

Published Aber Day, 1944

Slogan—Ya kin do it ef ya wanna' but we're gonna tell!

Purpose—Reveal a sordid expose of ye student body en mess.

Published and printed by—A few of the more frustrated males and females on the campus.

Now that the **Wilkinson-Bates** romance has cooled down several degrees, **Black Al** is once more on the prowl. Mothers will see that their daughters are off the streets by the stroke of nine each evening!

When **Chuck** (Cuddle Up a Little Closer) **Cerovski** graduates (?) this Spring MSU's femaledom will be left only to weep, wail and gnash their (?) teeth. Red Riding Hood's wolf was a sissy!

It seems that **Dean J. L. C.** (I Was Never Loveller) **Ford** has forbidden the presence of kaydets in either the Kaimin or Sentinel offices. Could it be that the dashing Dean fears competition from the eager beaver members of the Gremilin staff?

The **DG's** will be out of luck if **Corie Cuthbert** quits her job and can no longer be a personal date bureau for her man-starred sisters.

Those people who never let the day-enport look lonesome.

Barbara Van Horn
Bettie Lou Forsman
Peggy Haines
Phyllis Biddle
Penny Risser
Jo Flaherty

Rumor has it that the Registrar's office is going to hold up **Martha** (Toothpaste Ad) **Clark's** diploma because she has become one tradition at every student performance that is just too good to pass up.

Jerry (Lover-boy) **Lester** is doing a noble job of trying to get around to all the girls before the year is over and when the CTD leaves, he's going to find himself even more immersed in the wiles of finagling females angling for a date, any kind of a date.

Sidney (You Gotta Go Overboard For Someone Someday) **Price** is gonna sink one of these times in the mire of her own goo. And if **Sgt. Eubanks** doesn't get out of the way, he will go down with her.

If **Betty Ann** (It Really Isn't Bleached) **Sias** would get her mind off that gooey-eyed sailor in the South Pacific and concentrate on kaydets she'd have less time to worry about the shady doings of her wayward brother.



Sat. Nights' gardenias

Betty Jean (Baby Dumpling) **Green** with her cherubic knees peeping coyly below her skirt(?) and her signboard type mouth (you're not a propaganda poster, gal) resembles something that **Barnum** and **Bailey** forgot. Wise up, kid, and don't try to outdo **Lucille Ball**.

Ques. Spring has sprung
The grass is ris
I wonder where
The coeds is?

Ans. In the pine grove by the Student Union.

Where in hell did **Peg** (Some Like Them Hot) **Kerr** get that **G. I.** raincoat? Could it be that her now departed kaydet heart-throb **Gene** (I Should Have Been a Supply Sergeant) **Melcher** had something to do with it? Could be.

"WOMEN AT WORK"

Scene: N. P. Depot.

Time: One year ago.

Characters: **Pat Hagen** and **J. I. Silk**.

Action: **Pat** thundering after the disappearing observation platform and shouting, "Ji, you mustn't leave me!"

Scene: N. P. Depot.

Time: Four months ago.

Characters: **Pat Hagen** and **Howard Popnoe**.

Action: **Pat** thundering after the disappearing observation platform and shouting, "Howard, you can't leave me!"

Scene: N. P. Depot.

Time: April 11.

Characters: **Pat Hagen** and **Matt Roberts** (G. I. material).

Action: **Pat** standing like a stunned cookie on the station platform and muttering, "My God, they've all left me."

Why doesn't **Ginger** (Cradle Snatcher) **Cook** pick on someone her own age, and release simple, naive, 19-year-old **Jack Groene** from the hypnotic aura of her alcoholic spell?

And then there was the time **Virginia** (How Far Is the Barn?) **Malaskey** went to a fancy dress ball garbed as a knight in armor. It seems her boy friend (?) found it necessary to carry a can opener.

D. A. (My nick-name's **Ginger**) **Littleton** and **Beverly** (Lovalon's Subsidizer) **Priess**, Alpha Chi's own little contribution to the campus' gruesomenity, could break up their inseparable companionship and at least break the monotony of their loyalty to each other.

It seems at last that **Pat** (I Think I'll Get Engaged Over the Winter Months) **Cohe** has finally settled down to one man. Officer Candidate **Jack Green**, who gave her the latest in her lengthy series of diamonds, phones her each Saturday night from Fort Benning to check up on her fidelity. Saturday night! Is there no justice?



Our newest treasure

My gawd, isn't one **Lorraine Thompson** enough for this campus? Probably **Barbara Hall's** own particular brand of glamour is original but it will grow cold just as soon as **Variety Blond Thompson's**. So wise up before you get in a rut, **Barby**.

Frances (I Can't Give You Anything But Love) **Leaphart** finally made the CTD list. Nice going, **Bundle Bunny**!

Jane (I said I'd never go out with a married man) **Kinkade** is now concentrating on a **SECOND Jim**.

But we can't forget that best-of-the-year scandal about a certain married gal (why be discreet—**Marie Sterrat Plymale**) who, because of an Irish cadet, **Duffey**, has left her little gold wedding ring resting peacefully at the Alpha Phi house. Oh well, guess we can't beef about the married cadets now, coeds!

Sailor: How about a date tonight, Miss Parks?

Charly Parks: I can't tonight, I'm getting married. How about Friday?



The infantry . . . God bless 'em!

Isn't it cute the way Mary Ellen Fifer and Jack Koetter manage never to lose track of each other? Must be sorta difficult to stagger your schedules so that you two can always meet after each class and exchange nasal love-mutterings or whatever it is you mutter.

Why won't Billie (There's Something About a Soldier) Farrington allow other girls backstage when Kaydets are working in said vicinity. Come now, little passion flower, you can't handle them all.

What is behind all those long bike rides that Pat Petterson and Bob (I'm an engaged man) Ackerlund have been taking lately? Naughty, naughty!!!



Scene outside ALPHA PHI HOUSE come 12:30. (Now is the time to drag out pictures of the Wife and Kids.)

Ginger Cook ought to set off those classy clothes with a fur piece from

LA COMBE'S

Pat MacHale could get more variety in her letters to Howard Cook if she'd buy her stationery from the

OFFICE SUPPLY

You too can be an athlete! Try the Sigma Chi gals way—As many meals as points will allow of rich red meat from

JOHN R. DAILY & CO.

George Prlain wouldn't have so much competition from the cadets in the coke store if he'd visit the

FLORENCE BARBER SHOP

more often.

Lew Burdick wouldn't have to depend on Rocky's drawing attention for him if he'd patronize the

MEN'S SHOP

Gone . . . one pint of Cuthbert blood. Found . . . one \$25 check for same. Result . . . "Fogg Cuthbert bee-lining it to

THE HUB

for a suave addition to his wardrobe.

For those frequent, all too popular hay rides, Bonnie Blencoe buys her blankets at the

MISSOULA MERCANTILE

Chalk it up to that cold mountain air.

The MONTANA POWER COMPANY

finally found that short circuit. It was June Bohm who was shocking all the cadets. Who said wolves couldn't be shocked!!

Calling all cadets, calling all cadets to the

STUDENT STORE

fountain for the pause that refreshes. Cokes? Maybe. But, more than likely it's **Jean Eidsvig** rolling those bedroom eyes.

Every day is an Easter Parade to **Ed Voldseth** who patronizes

CUMMIN'S

for his **Schiaparelli** chapeaux and slim-trim suits that **JUST DO THINGS** for the figure.

For your boy friends in the service, **Pat Perry** says, "Have your pictures taken at

ACE WOODS' STUDIO."

You may have several different poses in case said service men ever get together to compare notes.

Herb Pijan must get those smooth clothes at

YANDT'S

They look almost tailor-made.

If **Maylou Pomeroy** would look at

HEFTE'S

we're sure she could find one more instrument to play.

If **Gloria Manning** would peel off a little of that grease paint she hides behind and get some blended **Dorothy Gray** makeup at the

PETERSON DRUG

she'd look more alive.

Lt. McIver should send **Claire** a box of candy from

HOLLYOAK'S DRUG

It might help him along a little.

If **Dorothy Wirth** would get some vitamin pills at the

PALACE DRUG,

she'd feel better.

With unsurprising regularity the amazons of the **Sigma Kappa** house corral all straying kay-dets on the first open post. In case any are missed at roundup a large billboard in front proclaims the weekly love sessions. Perhaps brawn is better than brains!

How come the **Thetas** aren't paying rent on that **A Dee Pi** front porch which is sooooo dark and convenient for those Saturday nights? They might as well annex the whole property and clear off the back yard so **Patty Corbin** won't ruin another pair of those precious nylon stockings.



Cpl. Jorosch rides (?) again!

Speaking of using public places for private purposes—we might remind **Almeda Ripley** that the back booth at **Murrill's** (just ask any of the sisters) is reserved for the fine art of love-making, not the front tables.



A slick chick

If **Virginia** (**The Bull Frog On the Bank**) **Doyle** would take those glassy bombardier's wings off, maybe she wouldn't be dropped by everyone after the first date.

Jeep (I Like My Whiskey Straight)
Plumb says: "For the best damned
 drinks in town I'll take

MURRILL'S COCKTAIL LOUNGE!"

Why doesn't a certain sorority gal
 we know (ambiguous ain't it?) buy
 her bras at

BUTTREYS.

They make mountains out of mole-
 hills, honey.

Mary Elrod Ferguson wouldn't wor-
 ry so much about her MSU gals if
 she'd relax and have a little fun at
 the

MONTEMARTE

Where did **Jeanette Bakke** get that
 would-be Southern accent? Not in
 Cutbank, surely! Incidentally, she
 buys her sweaters at

CECIL'S ACCESSORY SHOP,

and more than does them credit!

Tannisse (I Chew Cloves So My
 Mother Won't Know I Smoke) **Brown**
 should advertise on

KGVO

for the kind of a man she wants. Mi-
 gawd, doesn't anybody meet your par-
 ticular requirements?

Harriet (My Husband's a Colonel)
Pulliam keeps her girlish figure by
 eating at the

HAMBURGER KINGS.

The flesh and the devil!

WANTED—A certified date bureau,
 so's a girl can know which cadets **are**
 married and which ones are **planning**
 to get married—to somebody else!
 (Paid for by **Betty Jenkins.**)



Sqdn. 5 graduates (?)

Dolores (Flannel Top) **Haas Larson**
 returned to the campus after several
 months of G. I. married bliss in Mich-
 igan. What's the matter, honey,
 couldn't you take it, or did he go over-
 seas?



Tip to the Student Store; (Merely as
 an aid to the Kadets' wives, of
 course.)

If **Frances** (I'm Oh So Tired Of It
 All) **Coverdale** is really as bored as
 she appears, let this be a reminder
 that maybe she will really grow up
 to look as old as she hopes she looks.

Julie (Dangerous Curves Ahead)
Bennett can stop play-acting anytime
 now because nobody on this campus is
 going to mistake her for Mae West.

MayLou (Hot Lips) **Pomeroy** has just been voted Miss Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Depot of 1944. But why?



After all fellows, beauty's only skin deep.

Virginia (Ah So Pure, Ah So Bright) **Frach** might not get such stinking grades if she'd rid herself of that Dorothy Lamour complex. But then what has Dorothy Lamour got that **Frach** doesn't have? Answer: Nothing, really, but she groups it better.



Bring on the Chanel No. 5—Sqd. 1 show needed it.

Jean Eidesvig wouldn't wear that old girdle is he knew how her boyfriend feels. She'd by a new one at

IDA PEARSON'S.

A word to the wise.

More girls could snag \$7.50 orchids from cadets like **Elma Fay** (Fooley) **Cross** too, if they'd buy their shoes and accessories at

SAVONS

Rita Conway really shouldn't have any trouble in finding a cadet if she'd use some of that glamour that she sells behind the counters at

J. C. PENNEY'S

In the long run, **Virginia** (Cherubie Chaste, and Chunky) **McCabe** would save untold expenditure on heavy wrappings for that third finger-left hand affair if she would take it to

B & H JEWELERS

for a re-sizing job.

Mabel (They named an elephant after me) **Ringling**, with her perpetual flowering ear muffs, could really look like a walking hothouse if she'd only drop into the

GARDEN CITY FLORAL COMPANY

and pick up one of their potted orange trees.

If **Helen** (Even Her Best Friends Won't Tell Her) **Earley** patronized the

FLORENCE LAUNDRY

once in awhile maybe she could stand out from the crowd by choice instead of by request.

Hey, **Fogg**, try a little of

STAN SMART'S

Service. It's legal and it lasts longer.

Is it necessary for Nancy (Love Me Forever) Brechbill to neck with kay-dets in public places. There's a time and place for everything, babe!

IS MY SORORITY SUPPOSED TO VOTE FOR YOU?

The Pan-Hell gals gave the social whirl
A turn to the bitter end,
But now they've taken up politics
In the absence of campus men.

Last fall they knived the DG back
And put the Kappas in their place.
And now they've coalitioned groups
To run in the election race.

No more is heard of "dark horse" stars
Or bribery on the side.
Instead the "sweet-kid" glamour babes
Plunge the knife in deep and wide.

"We'll vote for you, if you'll vote for us."

One house tells another.
And the secret ballot changes hue
As the gals work under cover.

But it all sums up to a Pan-Hell plot
Of one house against another.
It's done with makeup, smiles, and
carving knives.
To make politics go much further.



??????

If Bob (I'm In Love With) Joan Blair) Sias and Jack (My Father's On the Draft Board) Greene added some pictures from

McKAY'S ART SHOP

to their collection of etchings they might be able to lure even more girls than they do into the seductive seclusion of their University Avenue apartment.

Time: Saturday afternoon and open post.

Place:

THE OXFORD

Characters: Various members of the 317th C. T. D.

Purpose: To search for and eventually consume some of that "Good Old Mountain Dew."

Dorothy Ficke and Bob Deschamps needn't worry about setting up house if they'd just buy all their furniture from

LUCY'S

Those pharmacy majors wouldn't be taking such chances if they'd just quit concocting their own junk and buy their prescriptions at the

MISSOULA DRUG

Now that spring is here Nancy Buntin could retain that seductive look if she'd slink into a frock from the

MODE O'DAY SHOP