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1946

ARCHIVES

CAMPUS RAKINGS

ABER DAY 1946



ABER DAY—OR BUST!

CAMPUS RAKINGS

Published Aber Day, 1946

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.



If Barnum & Bailey could see **Clint** (I'm a senior, you know) **Oster** smoke his pipe, chew gum and emit intellectual comments all at the same time, they'd snatch him for sure for their freak show.

Barbara Ward says she could have plenty of dates, but she insists on waiting around for **Art** (God's gift to women) **Aune**.

Never has a more obnoxious pair of know-it-alls appeared on our campus than **Barbara Lou** (Here we are, everybody) **Kitt** and **Dorothy Jean** (Yes, here we are, you lucky people) **Anderson**.

Kenny (Paul Bunion) **Drahos** has finally graduated from the forestry school. But then there are still those perennial students **Jeep Plumb**, **Tom Duffy**, **Jean Livdahl**, **Lew Burdick** and **Walt King** around.

If your blue blood is thick enough, you might get in with the clique that worships at the feet of **Anna Lou** (The air I breathe is 99 and 44/100 per cent pure) **Kern**. But migawd, does anyone want to????

That shiny look about **Jack** (Drink 'er down) **Koetter's** SAE pin could only come from friction and fast work. Pan-Hell records show that familiar bit of hardware has changed sweaters more often than **Fergie** has changed her mind.

Dick Stegner wears a downcast face this season. Word travels fast, coyote lad. Perhaps your fangs are showing. The chicks are getting tired of carrying brass knuckles.

Ever watch the **Kappa** housemother taking her two little campused wards out on a leash for their afternoon airing? They are carefully numbered on sweaters, and the who game is carried out with true sorority rah! rah!

When gentlemen offer **Nina Murphy** their seat on a bus, they don't mean l-a-p!

Jonesy says he doesn't know anything about life, but he loves humanity. Of course he likes to do it individually.

Why is it they always ask for **Ruth** (Miles City) **Anderson** or anybody who wants a date?

George (I think it's left-handed, President McCain) **Dixon** should be awarded this year's prize for the most argumentative of the "I-argue-to-be-arguing-association."

Jane (I finally found a man with brains) **Jeffers** is putting barbed wire around **Elmer Donovan**. Afraid of a repeat performance from **Marjorie Splan, Jeff?**

Miriam (I'm an engaged woman) **Moody** can stop playing Diana most any day now. Poppa's due home and wedding bells sound the knell of the hot and heavy chase. You can come out of hiding, fellas.

We're just wondering if **Shirley Sue Brown** improved her technique while in Seattle. Aren't the campus males in a matrimonial mood or does the Navy furnish flashier rings, Shirley?

The **Sigma Nu** pledges threw a party for their almighty and experienced big brothers—at the YWCA. An exciting time was had by all—they played spin the bottle.

Could be that a bit of international glamour will be making an appearance on the campus if and when **Nancy Oakes de Marigny** can be persuaded to come out and attend one of our mixers. Perhaps she plays tennis, too. we can hardly wait. . . . Ah! Hem!



Some day **Darlene Sylvester's** luck won't hold and neither will her dancing costume. And then won't the boys scream!

Don't tell us that **Flora Mae Bellefluer** came out of the musty rows of books and discovered that there are also MEN in the university.

After dinner tiddly-winks and nursery rhyme recitations by the older boys at 500 University have made more than the society editor doubt this athletic-club-of-upper-University's intentions.

If **Ramona Simanton** stays around long enough, she can probably trap one more unwary male—only most of 'em know her by now. It's two down and altar to go, **Mona**.

Why doesn't **Marilyn** (Co-operation? What's that?) **Biffle** grow up and shelve the spoiled-brat antics?

Among things we'd like to contribute to the next scrap drive: **Mary Lou Wallace's** sultry bass and hip-movement accompaniment. Come to think of it, better not. It'd be a pity to ignite potential paper pulp by spontaneous combustion.

The greatest love story in the world is the romance between **Virginia Young** and **Virginia Young**.

Jerry (Gee, I'm a peachy kid) **Anderson** started working in the Student Store so he could campaign for the freshman girls' vote. Now he's got an acute case of dishpan hands and—the freshmen call him Bomb 'cause they don't know him from atom.

Hey, listen, **Audrey** "Eder man will do." Men like **Duane Baracker** like to be caught, not chased.

Bob Butzerin has decided to give the campus cuties a rest this quarter. They've all had such a workout trying to keep up with the life and loves of **Bob Butzerin**.

Just who is chasing who in that revolting **Jan Stewart-Marjorie Bain** affair? Between the two of 'em, they're lousing up the telephone exchange and the Kaimin ad department.

And how did the **Tri Delts** happen to wrest the basketball championship from the **Sigma Kappa amazons**? Was it because **B. I. Smith** was in her cups?

The curtain has dropped, but **Barbara Wayne** is still acting.



The right Honorable **Harris Eggbert Hogan**, BMOC, BTO, BN (Big Noise).

WANT ADS

REWARD

For information concerning reasons why **Jan** (Sure, I'll have a friendly glass of beer) **Reese** and **Helen** (I've got a passion for pretzels) **Kallgren** are campused for so long?

WANTED TO BUY

One large megaphone. See **Dean** (I can't speak above a whisper) **Jesse**.

PERSONAL

Wouldn't **Tom** (I wish I knew my frat brothers' names) **Edwards** be fun on a beer bust?

LOST

My lipstick while dancing at the Park with **Joe** (I didn't see that tree) **Kappas**. No reward offered by **Madge** (Unaccustomed as I am) **Schriner**.

My Sex Appeal. **Lee** (Just a-setting and a-rocking) **Jellison**.

WILL SWAP

My date for a bottle of beer anytime. Contact **Jean** (I'm still fishin') **Warner** if interested.

HELP WANTED

Someone to supply adjectives for my description of myself. All I can think of is stupendous. Signed **Jack Wallace**.

FOR SALE

One heart to **Barbara** (You have to treat a nice girl right) **Kelley** since **Dorothy Stricklin** and I got unpinned. Signed, **Denny O'Shea**.

Skis—Cheap!!!! See **Barbara Grunert**, **Marybelle Clement** or **Peg Newman**.



What has happened to **Don Kern** these days? Books and bridge are replacing the Jungle club. The old place just ain't the same.

It isn't the night before that's tough, it's the moaning after.

Marge Emery rolls around faster and leaves 'em flatter than the balls and pins at

THE LIBERTY BOWLING ALLEY

Speaking of pins, can't she make a strike?

A flashy shirt from

THE HUB

might liven up **Lenny Dugan's** nil-ball technique?

If **Keith Crandell** thinks he can get an "A" in journalism by inviting his father up to the J-school, he'd better wise up and buy **Dean Ford** a coke at the

BLUE FOUNTAIN

Joyce (Silver Threads Among the Gold) **Shone** has resignedly turned to

THE MONTANA POWER COMPANY

for date-bait now that the older boys type their women as (1) um-hum girls, (2) hmmm? girls, and (3) uh huh! girls. **Joyce** now exerts a large charge and is working on the uh huh!

You can't get what **Jeanne Kelley** wears in her sweaters at

YANDT'S

Something nice in a diamond from the

B & H JEWELERS

or a Phi Sig pin from **Pete Riggs** would tickle **Lil** (Mission unaccomplished) **Martin**. She might work on **Dick Merritt**. He's free now.

It's never "curtains" for the **Phi Delts**—they don't use the things. The girls next door are currently voting on the best-looking **PDT** in shorts from the

MEN'S SHOP

Alfred Sachs might look smoother bicycling to classes in some California "pedal pushers" from

ALLIED FASHIONS

Tom Bogardus isn't really as cool and distant as he seems, just ask **Joyce Phillips**. Her great faculty for warming up the "Human Icicle" is attributed to the cuts hats she buys at

J. C. PENNEY'S

Joe (Why am I so good looking?) **Beck** always gets his chickens (to) neck at

BEDARD'S CHICKEN INN

Dean Ferguson says: "For the best damn' drinks in town—it's

THE NORTHERN

Sally O'Malley is taking out insurance with the

ROBERT A. LA GRONE INSURANCE AGENCY

It seems **Kenny Arthur** squeezed her so hard she landed in the hospital.

Lou (I've been around) **Rocheleau** would like to see all the girls in those tight sweaters on sale at

CUMMINS

KENDALL'S ICE CREAM

might cool **Ginny Schaal's** passion for **Scotty** (I can go all the way to Hamilton in my black convertible) **McLeod**.

Marcia (I'd "risk" my love affairs with Frankie for Bud) **Fahey** knows that red hair is in demand this season. For the hair tint that lasts, it's from the

MISSOULA DRUG

Fred (Rah! Rah! College) **Moody** always takes his dates for a long ride and tunes in on

KGVO

to hear **Bouncer Yovetich** and his **Pen-gineers**.

Tommy (I take 'em out once but that's all) **Eigeman** might take 'em out again if he'd stop ordering onions in his hamburgers from the

TOWN TALK



Phi Sigs at a south window any evening after 11 p. m.

Politics at MSU became much too involved for one **Max Sugg**. Yes, people, **Max** is no longer a Sigma Chi. He's a dark horse—or is it house?

It's too bad that "Blithe Spirit" was only a play as far as **Virginia Lee Bates** is concerned. We wonder when her nose will return to earth to mingle with the masses.

DeWitt (Funny boy) **Keeler's** antics simply roll them in the aisles. Nausea has many forms.

Harriet (I'm from around Billings reaaally) **Rothwell** ceased to amuse people after the first of October with that phony Bostonian accent. Why doesn't she cut the chatter and use the figure?

Maybe if **Shag Miller** wouldn't sit by her, **Jean Bessire** would be able to concentrate on her Humanities. But then, of course, if he didn't sit by her he'd flunk—unless he could buy some far-sighted glasses for those roving eyes of his.

Girls, it just shows what perseverance can do. "It" meaning the engagement between **Marilyn** (Try, try again) **Hillstrand** and **Bob** (After three years in China anything will do) **Bennetts**.

The sun that shines on the **Alpha Chi** house must be strong. Witness the way it bleaches **Jan Smith's** hair. Oh, we forgot. **Jan** says it's natural.

And oh how the gentlemen admire **Theresa Quillico's** well-developed—did we hear some fool say "personality"?



The beer shortage may leave the trees looking as lonesome as these. (Oh, yeah!)



Stan Phillips is a first-class waiter. He serves water-down-the-neck and potatoes-in-the-hair.

Mary Jean (I wanna go out with Purdy) Maclay purchased a pair of pail socks from

BUTTREY'S

to keep Hattie (He asked me out for both Friday and Saturday, but I'll only go out with him one of the nights) Welsh away from her California territory.

If Helen Packer and Orville Gray would attend a movie at the

WILMA THEATER

they might improve that corny vaudeville act they reserve especially for beer picnics.

When Jeanne Gilbert takes Cy Crocker to the cleaners, which is not infrequently, she favors the

CITY CLEANERS

Well sopped up with "drinkin' stuff," Tommy Huff can always be found considering a few pointers in the corner booth at

MURRILL'S

If he's not in sight, Skeege (All the girls love me, I haven't got a chance) Skeie will have a short one on the house.

The toothpaste at

HOLLYOAKS

may be good, but after all, Laila Wanda McGreal, we can't be smiling all the time. Leading dentists tell us such constant practice is bound to stretch the mouth considerably.

Well, Don Weston's mother likes him anyway—even if no else does. He's going to buy some Mother's Day flowers at the

GARDEN CITY FLORAL COMPANY

If Viola (Look at me, boys) Schuff would get a pair of frontier pants from the

MISSOULA MERCANTILE she wouldn't have to wiggle those hips so.

Some one oughta write **Jerry** (I was a captain, you know) **Shanley** a letter on that novelty stationery from the

OFFICE SUPPLY

"My dear Jerry, we girls used to love that snappy uniform but the fact that you are amrried and settled down with a growing mustache leaves us completely uninterested."

Even the

FLORENCE LAUNDRY

couldn't clean up some of the sexy lectures **Dr. Clark** feeds his Humanities group. Sure we've read "Forever Bambi" and Ovid's "Ars Halitosis," but let's not keep bringing it up!

Bob (Age of innocence) **Mathison**, **Jim** (Do you like to be squeezed?) **Hoffman** and **Bob** (I'm not blushing, it's the heat of the day) **Morrison** know why everyone is ordering bottled

COCA-COLA

After all, thye wash (?) the glasses at the coke store.

Now that **Blair** and **Alice** are married

LUCY'S

Furniture ought to some in handy, but alas! **Bob** spends the payroll for palm beach suits. So the Casa de Los Blairs, in the south forty, remains furnished with cracker boxes and oriental rushes.

You'll always find **Bill Blair** and **Grover Dunlap** stretched out on the **Sigma Nu** lawn the morning after, chewing gum to get rid of the bad taste. Why resort to gum, fellas?

STAN SMART'S SERVICE STATION

will do a complete rehauling job.

While **Chippo Golder** has his mouth open, let's feed him a delicious doughnut from the

SUNNYMAID BAKERY

As he pauses to chew, someone else might get a word in edgewise . . . or do the **Sigma Nu's** encourage fellows to use good table manners?



Shirley (I always show all my teeth when I smile) **Bedard's** plates in action.

Susan (Stormy weather) **Cooke's** health must be better these days. Missouri didn't agree with her. Last year Missoula didn't agree with her. But this year—or is it the increase in males?

George (Pass me another vitamin pill) **Theisen** is a man with a purpose—**Diane Dorsey**.

Betty (I take a pin every Aber Day) **Pautzer** decided to try a Phi Delt pin so took one from **Willie** (I got hair on my chest) **DeGroot**.

Pat Bearss isn't having any trouble financing his way through school. He just applies to the **Helen Tousses** Loan Company and he's taken care of.

Andy (Who's after an education? I'm after a wife) **Hornick** isn't doing so well this year. What's the matter, Casanova? Man shortage over?

Bab (I gave his ring back) **Bradner** and **Davy** (I asked for my ring back) **Streit** are still good friends—double-dating now.

HEARD 'ROUND THE OVAL

What's a divorcee? A woman who married for better or for worse, but not for good.

With La Guardia on UNRRA one thing is asured. Europe will get a little flower.



Dawson (I'm a big wheel in the J-school) Oppenheimer getting in shape for the spring beer picnics.

Any girl is sweet enough to eat—when taken to a restaurant.

Tip to brides: You can't make your husband tender by keeping him in hot water.

A man hopes his lean years are behind him, a woman hopes hers are ahead.

Pessimists like the off-white bread. It'll be easier to look on the dark side.

Shortages, Wow! Recent headline: Railroad president to testify in union suit.

Sad voice in a bar, 'God, here he is, back again, looking for that week end he lost.'

Remember when "I'm from Missouri" meant you've gotta show me, not appoint me?

Husband and wife have a joint checking account. Guess who runs the joint.

Communists are in a race for supremacy. On your Marx, get set, go!

Flowers and fruits adorn her hats. It's obvious who wears the plants in the family.

Not a good one has been heard in 10 days. Maybe the nylon joke is on its last legs.

Timer Moses currently has been seen browsing among the music shelves at

HEFTS'S

It seems the tall fellow is studying for a difficult lyric soprano part in the campus production, "The Horse Fly."

Dutch Dahmer says: I get my inspiration from the Alpha Phis, and my manly physique, my lovely complexion and my winning personality from the wonderful food at the

MONTMARTRE

That well-fed look of Howie (Liberation daze) Hunter and Jane (I'm just a "babe" in the woods) Cheadle comes from frequent feeds at the

HAMBURGER KING

Maybe Zoe Ann Fryberger would look half-way grown up if she'd fatten up on milkshakes from the

HIGH SCHOOL CANDY SHOP

Polly (I thought it'd be fun to have a Phi Delt pin) Schaller and Vic (I'm partial to Tri Delts) Dikoes recommend the

PARISIAN LOUNGE

They say it's almost as cozy and romantic as a parked car.

And then there's the case of Wilbur Scott who evidently has decided that table number two at the

OXFORD

has more on the ball than Marion (Oh, nooooo, John) Fisher. The circle's getting vicious, fellows.

Bob (I like to write nasty letters to the editor) Seitz declares that the

STUDENT STORE

is the safest place in town to hide from Tannissee (I'm wasting away to a mere shadow) Brown.

If Roland Throssell would get on the ball and take his girl to the

PALACE BAR

they wouldn't have to spend so much time necking on the DG sunporch.