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CAMPUS RAKINGS

ABER DAY, 1947

EXPOSÉ

Central Board
Meets for Discussion
(Betcha can't guess the
page)



Why do the women on the Campus
Have that Triumphant
Look?

(See "Staples" Somewhere Inside)

OUR



MOTTO

CAMPUS RAKINGS

Aber Day, 1947

Established way back when. The name **Campus Rakings** (pronounced **Campus Rakings**) is derived from the original **Hellish Indian** word, and means "rakings of the campus" or "campus rakings."

Entered as low-class matter at MSU, under a mistake of Congress. Published every Aber day by misguided students of MSU.

Editor in Chief **Wholad Mitit**

Business Manager **Illad Mitit**

15,000 Subordinate Editors—
list supplied by request.

Binx (I just can't keep track of all my week-end dates) **Arnegard** should take a few lessons in stringing them along from **Norma Besinque**, who spends the greater part of her social hours (all 24 of them, in fact) in the coke store, tete-a-teting withe her Phi Delt buddies.

"**Miss Alice Blair**" (quote that mouthpiece of the Sigma Chis and culture alley—the **Kaimin**) is finishing off journalism with Editor **Bob** in **Billings**. The housing situation being what it is, **Mrs. Blair**, having trouble finding a room, was heard to say, "Lady, I won't bother your son, I'm married." Result—no room.



Rowland, Himself, Throssell

Rowland Throssell, so-called New Jersey flash, is still trying to show the boys around the campus with his know-it-all. So far he has been able to convince only one person, and we doubt if even she is gullible—**Kay Spacht**. Two guesses as to who has the upper hand in that deal.

CENTRAL BOARD IN ACTION

By **Etoin Shrdlu, Esq.**

(Ed. Note: We're terribly sorry **Beverly Brink** wasn't able to do this item but she was busy on another by-lined story in which she explains her nomination of **Beverly Brink** as the most outstanding journalist of the year.)

In this article, **Campus Rakings** (All the news that isn't fit to print) presents a true picture of that august group known as **Central bored**.

The meeting is presided over by **Jerry** (Christ, but I'm smart) **Anderson**. On his right, **Ignorant But Willing Jo Ann Blair** is tossing verbal bouquets to **Professor Edwin** (Ah, yer fadder's mustache) **Briggs**, the brains of the outfit.

In one corner we see Business Manager **Bill Hinrichs** mumbling assorted lewd ditties in Gook while in the other corner **Don Kern** is banging his head against the wall screaming, "I don't give a damn what it costs, I still vote NO!"

In the middle of the floor the non-voting members, **Chippo** (Hotshot) **Golder**, **Vicky Reinimer**, and **Shag Miller** cut cards to see who is going to get to play winkum with **Peg** (I got a mayan) **Hanley**.

Marion Headley, and vice-president by reason of insanity **Tannisse Brown** are sitting against the wall singing the unexpurgated version of the Kappa sweetheart song, "I Love You Truly, Whatever the Hell Your Name Is."

Outside the door, **Johnny** (Formerly number two boy in the Cheadle league) **Helding**, fair-haired boy **Marty Farris**, and Smiling **Bobby Tabaracci** are drawing straws to see who goes out for the suds.

Finally after a rough two-hour session and (I still got the lunk) **Hanley** has successively defeated **Golder**, **Miller**, and **Reinimer**, **Mary Morrow** rises to a point of order and screams, "Now that all this damn meeting is over, let's get down to business and neck."

And so we leave the governing body of good old MSU, wondering if student government is such a good thing after all.



Now that **Jinx Frederick** has **Bill Jones'** pin, we're wondering which of the two is the least serious.

Alpha Phi and SAE wouldn't be much surprised if **Marjorie Howard** and **Jim Mayes** don't start a laundry of their own one of these days.

Bob Gregory wanted to hang his pledge pin on **Annie Trask**, but couldn't afford the station wagon or grand piano so substituted an engagement ring.

The Sigma Chi's have borrowed a line from a rival fraternity's song and are really carrying through. You know, the one about the pin "10 thousand brothers wear them, 10 thousand other share them." Pin, pin, who hasn't got a Sigma Chi pin?!!

Dick (I'm carrying the torch for a married Theta) **Kern** in view of advancing years, frantically hung his pin on a Kappa whose head closely resembles a floor mop.

Then we wonder if **Frances Fenell** is still pinned to **Peter** (Hamlet, that is) **Prlain**—her average is one diamond received and sent back each year. He has already pinned two girls since September.

True love will find a way or is that the reason **Penny McManus** spent so much time in Seattle last quarter?

Marj Emery has the Phi Delt pin back again—What's the matter, couldn't she talk her way into anyone else's heart?

Someone should tell **Torgo** (I like downtown girls the best) **Brady** that he went down swinging in the **Mary Jean Maclay** league a long time ago.

"**Julie Wuerthner**, you're the swellest fella I know. You are colossal, terrific!" said **Julie Wuerthner** to the admiring throng in his triple-vision mirror.

Rosemary (I'm drunk with power) **Vernetti** was slightly peeved the other night when some of her sweet charges tied her in. To be corny, she was fit to be tied. Ouch.

Though the snows are long a thing of the past, **Denny** (I'm always jumping off the deep end) **Lodders** and **Georgia** (I wanna be fenced in) **Wendt** keep going off on "ski" trips.

Jean Strom, Queen of the Forestry school, has recently been showing preference for a business ad major. Could it be that the tree squeaks have forgotten what little technique they learned in the army?

Bob (I know I'm a sucker, but I love it) **Leinart** does an awful lot of walking for a boy who's pinned to **Bobby Van Horn**. The mademoiselle won't trust him as far as the Sigma Chi house with her car.

Betty Mersen has had her serenade. Now what's she going to do with her Phi Delt pin?

Once a week, the romance of **Anna** (I'm lost without you) **McGee** and **Freddie** (Pass the bottle, Mirandle) **Moody** cools off when Anna plugs in her little fan and Freddie turns to his Sigma Kappa friends. But also once a week, Freddie goes back to his old flame—and Anna puts the fan away.

Add to the list of those girls sweating out pins: **Mary Kidd**, **Mouriel Bottomly**, **Edith Malcolm** and **Tina Idillstrand**.

Good old my Gawd **Dr. Jules Karlin** didn't miss a single class all winter quarter and was late only 1,879 times. My Gawd.

The Theta Chi house is cursed with three sets of brothers. The **Sharp** brothers can be distinguished easily. **Lowell Norman** can be seen beating North Hall girls on the oval and **Chester Kenneth** draws rations and quarters (he wished) at the Alpha Phi house.



Oh, Look—Theta Chi's

The two **Garmoe's** are hard to tell apart. However, it is rumored that one of them drinks double shots and beer while the other drinks double shots and water. The **Aggson** brothers are a cinch to tell apart. **Bill** goes out with girls; **Al** runs his date bureau for him.

Lorraine (Sweetheart, and don't she know it) **Ziebarth** is sometimes not as sweet as she seems to be. She is thinking of changing her name to **Shirley** after her idol **Miss Temple**, but others have already christened her **Boris**.

Every time **Malle O'Donnell** walks into a room, she brings a breath of old Hawaii. In fact, it's quite a tornado. By the way, is it an old Hawaiian custom to shop around for your friends?

Art Strain, ex-cow college student, has taken over **Marcia Fahey** at the Theta house, it seems. Anyhow she has been seen driving his car lately.

Al (I'm better than **Zadra** no matter what you think) **Merriam** no longer believes that absence makes the heart grow fonder. **Barbara** (I'm sweet, innocent, shy, lovely, coy—oh, brother) **Williams** made him forget **Florence** in short order.

Is it **Gene Price**, school work, or just plain vanity that has **Miriam Evans** walking around with unseeing eyes?

The **Sigma Phi Epsilon** (how we love our books) boys seem to have gotten somewhat off the beaten track over there on **Daly**. Imagine, a fraternity winning the scholarship cup with an average above .59.

Despite her pleasant personality, **Judy** (I never miss an issue of **Hoard's Dairyman**) **Beeler** seems to be losing out in her struggle for **Jean Dineen's** boy friend.

Store Board at last came forth with a few results this year. The major one was the approving of the minutes of the last meeting, roll call of members, and a motion for adjournment.

It would seem that **B. J. Smith** would just give up extending invitations after the disappointment of **Sadie Hawkins**, **Coed-Ball**, and—.

Bill (I didn't do it) **Miles**, reported to have spilled the beans on the second floor of the Theta house while looking for **Sigma Chi** possessions, apologized by sending the makings of a combination salad done in ribbons and a promise of future cokes for each of the sisters.

Ed Sykes, one of the **Fort Benton** Sykes, is one of the few men on the campus who can successfully put away a keg of beer and still stand up. In his last escapade, he sprained an ankle, got well soaked (inside and out), but still managed to make it home with the help of his friends who rolled him home.

John (The ripper) **Rolfson** and a certain loud-mouthed DG spend their evenings quietly slipping beer at the Park to the tune of "He's True Blue."

Out of the excuse files comes this report from **Joanna Midtlying**. One Sunday night at 12:30 she wandered up the walk prattling happily about getting in so early. Seems she thought it was the preceding Saturday night. Now **Joanna** doesn't get either of them mixed up. Both are spent in North hall.

Marge McFarland's roomies are going to have a derrick installed outside their window. **Marge** has such an aversion to stairs, you know.

Time: any week end; place, **Jocko's**; character, **Jack** (I can't decide between **Phoebe**, **Marjorie**, and **Audrey**) **De-laney**; typical line, "Now see here, officer, I'm a member of the bar and will vouch that this girl is of age."



Add a bottle of peroxide to the tools pictured above and you, too, may have pinto hair like **Marilyn Fuller's**.

What is the MSU campus going to do without **Lois** (I only go with fellows with cars, you know) **Sanders**?

Johanna (Let's have some more beer, boys) **Grieb** is overjoyed that spring and the accompanying beer busts have finally arrived.

It's not that swing and sway by
Sammy Kaye,
That makes the boys all crane and
look,
But that back yard swing by **Lois**
Cook.

Those who were so unfortunate as to miss **Jo Joyce Phillip's** interpretation of **Rin-Tin-Tin** with a few under the belt should arrange with her for another showing. It was undoubtedly the greatest role of her dramatic career.

There may be safety in numbers, but when **Marge Hunter**, **Marilyn Neils**, **Margot Luebben**, and **Joan Smith** collaborate—who else is safe?

If **Frank Kerr** would spend more time in a barber shop and less time drooling on the Student Union steps, he'd probably look less like a Hollywood and Vine character.

Rumors are flying that the reason **Guy Salmas** and his orchestra were imported for **Barristers' Ball** is that they were old buddies with most of the Law School down in Hollywood during the war.

Latest date on the calendar for the **Spurs** is October 18 after the **Bobcat** game in Butte. On that day the young ladies in white are going to throw a gala event to celebrate their end of service to the University. **Spur Kay Lally** stated: "On that day we are all going out and get plastered" and **Spur President Jane Cheadle** said in announcing the event, "We got a brawl coming. After all, I don't see why we can't raise hell. Last year's **Spurs** did!"

Chippo (I'll never run for office again) **Golder** is working as an undercover man in politics this year. It's a good thing.

Eva (after four years, this should happen to me) **LaPine** keeps wondering, weekend after weekend, whether **Jerry** (I'm raising her to suit myself) **Breidenfeld** will call her up.

Strong but silent **Phyllis Wright** still spends her Sunday afternoons out hunting a man with her shotgun.

Ted (I think it's cute to date a lot) **Rollins**, has repeatedly had his stale "line" jammed down his throat recently by "wised-up" dates.

Ted Delaney, recently moaning of his various misfortunes in his love life, said, "I thought I'd been taken over the bumps by the Kappas before the war, but nothing like the way I got took last quarter." **Barbara Brough's** comment, "I have nothing to say—but who's next?"

Bob (I like to take pictures, but I'd rather develop **Marylou Mattson** has been seeing less and less of his camera lately.

Maybe some day, in the far, dim, and distant future, **Mary** (I read Einstein over the week end for relaxation) **Wall** will discover that there is a very nice campus just outside the library.

Possibly the most revolting couple of the season: **Ron** (I feel my way around) **Rice** and **Sally** (I'm at my best in the darkroom) **Trbovich**.

Dave (Just call me Mr. Dude) **Larson**, the J school's **Ronald MacDonald** of 1947, was chosen as the journalist most likely to succeed in a recent public opinion poll taken—for extra work—by **Dave (Esquire) Larson**.

Al (Love my car, love me) **Solander's** superiority complex is surpassed only by his obnoxious amours—he just loves to go into details if you have three or four hours to listen.

Luscious **Lee Jellison** can't quite account for most of the events of the night of the Tri Delt dinner dance, but she had a hangover that showed very visibly on Sunday morning.

The boys at the SAE house still seem to be following big **Dan** around in hero worship. What they need are eye exercises.

Bill Hinrichs recently revealed that he can be had, but after phoning all the gals in the halls, they still don't seem to be aware of it.

Flash! North Hall girls have just voted **Pat McCallie** "Miss Pill of 1947."

For a man with a wife and family, **Wilbur Funk** sure gets around.

Tom (Let's not call her **your** girl, let's just call her "Jo") **Edwards** is still smarting from that last trip home. Password at the Phi Delt house when one of the suspicious brothers leaves his girl back in Missoula; "Don't pull a **Jo Teela** on me."

Barbie (Where are you, Moose) **Ross** and **Ginger Crissey** gave the nasty proctor a shock the other night, when they pinned up the following sign: "If you shine that damn light in our faces tonight, we'll kill you!" Ummm, wonder what they're hiding.



Candid shot taken in Student Union lounge. **Laura Bergh's** face is seen.

Rufe Ingersoll's little butcher boy, **Murrell Amos**, has recently signed the pledge. In a statement to Campus Rakings, **Amos** stated that "**Barbara Grunert** is trying to make a Christian out of me." We hope she does but we'll bet ten dollars she doesn't.

Pat (It's better to have loved and lost) **Payne** is once more out on the prowl for a man—any man.

The Delta Gammas always place or show, but they can't seem to get a filly in first for any of the numerous campus queens. What's the trouble, gals? Maybe you'd better go Sigma Nu again, for political, not sentimental, reasons.

Grover (I've never hung my pin) **Dunlap**, leads a dual life. Until 10:30 p. m., it's with a dishwasher blonde. After that, it's a certain employee of the Hotel Florence.

Vicki Schuff, please note:
Classified ad:

Anyone interested in lessons on manners, morals, and/or mental hygiene, contact Puritanical **Pud Poole** at 201 University.

The general populace is certainly thankful that **Marybelle Clement**, **Margaret Settle**, **Joyce Shone**, and **Anna Lou Kern** have at last put a shade on their window in New hall. Now all the vets on the campus won't have to sit up till the wee hours waiting for the end of the show.

Will the Alpha Phis ever speak to **Lois Ruden** again? After all it wasn't her fault that **Denny** didn't want to stay pinned.

Newcomer **Frank Cocco's** remark upon pledging was "Gee, I didn't know they had dogs in fraternities." **Phi Sig's** **Brunhilda**, that is. Then there is the **Theta Chi** mascot, **Shag** (That gay dog) **Miller**.

Ex-Wave **Maggie Martin** will sooner or later have to learn that there is one thing in the University which can't be waived and that is rules.

Lost from Corbin hall—one more infant. Please look for **Margaret Fulmer** who robbed the cradle last spring.

If **Donna Thompson** doesn't produce the "Ralph" who produced the diamond soon, we're going to think that the gent's a myth.

It is the opinion of disgusted on-lookers that **Jim** (Hook, line and sinker) **Bottomly** might as well get a lash and become the seeing-eye dog for a certain frosh gal.

That keyute **Normie Gulbrandsen** buys all those snazzy zoot suits at **THE HUB**. Take a tip from him, fellows. Look at the way the girls swoon.

Cyril (I don't own the Student Union; I just run it) **Van Duser** buys those snappy-looking button shoes at **OGG SHOE STORE**, and she wears them out in a hurry, keeping track of Everything that Goes On.

Robert P. Armstrong built that mighty physique by guzzling malts and hamburgers—without onions, of course—from the **HAMBURGER KING'S**.



Dawson (I'm my own publicity agent) **Oppenheimer** is pictured above indulging in his fourth favorite pastime, expounding on the virtues of the campus as it used to be—back in the good old days. "Why," quavers Gramps **Oppenheimer**, "In those days women didn't even think of beer, much less drink it. And a boy wouldn't think of holding a girl's hand without the permission of both his and her parents. That was the year they built the **HANSON'S ICE CREAM SERVICE** and all the gay young blades from the University used to take their girls down for a sodie and a game of tiddle-winks." When we asked the old boy what his first three favorite pastimes were, he blushed, winked, and said "Well, kiddies, times have certainly changed."

Clyde (I raised my muscles on a farm in Montana) **Reichelt** and **Lee** (Who's uglier than I am) **Cork** buy those gay deceivers from **ALLIED FASHIONS**. The boys are trying to outdo the cleavage ads in Harper's Bazaar.

PEEK'S PHARMACY has been selling vanity cases like hot cakes. **Denny** (My voice is my treasure) **Galusha** and **Vernon** (the red tie really brings them around) **Alff** find that curling irons are obsolete. They're using Toni home permanents now.



Those great followers of the drama **Jack** (Gut) **Hayden**, **Kenneth** (Pardon my henna rinse) **Moore**, **Joyce** (Everybody thinks I'm a slob, but I know better) **Degenhart**, and **Roxie** (I got that black eye defending my virtue) **Milburn** all use that tender ham from the **BITTER ROOT MARKET** as an example.

Pat and **Joe Scott** can replace their broken furniture at **LUCY'S**.

Dorothy LeVasseur and **Jim** (**Jidge**) **McPherson** could do the **Sigma Kappas** a big favor by removing themselves to the balcony of the **WILMA THEATER** each week end.

Bob (Just call me **Prexy**) **Switzer** uses that finer, softer, smoother, non-irritating, toilet paper from **HOLLY-OAKS DRUG** for campaign posters.

Dean should soon be learning that just because his name is **Gillette** doesn't necessarily make him as sharp as a razor. Got a date for **Aber** day, yet, **Dean**?

Somebody ought to talk **Janet McDonnell** into donating a few of her ungodly pills and powders to **Laura Lewis** and **Juanita Smith**—something ought to be able to settle their stomachs.

Monica B. and **Bill Blaesser** have been sounding like a couple of elevator operators lately when speaking of the rent situation—"going up."

The **Spur** signs don't seem to have stopped **Helen** (Oh, that **Army** coat) **MacDonald** and her bicycle travels across the lawn.

A familiar sight in the coke store is "table-wanderer" **Janet Lovless**.

We wonder what the results would be if **Jane Solvie** ever **Tore** away from **Rueterwall**.

We suggest that **Bob Kelley's** roommates slip sleeping pills in his coronet and typewriter. They are the most haggard men on the campus (**Bob** starts typing **English** themes at 2:30 each nite—unless he is practicing.)

Betty Lu Collins, who claims "I can see—really I can," is holding herself in reserve for one—or is it two—or what?

In case **Emily Chapman** is interested, her buddy-buddy friendship with **Jim** (**Honker**) **Hoffman** is just as nerve-racking to everyone else as it is to her—so she needn't fret—she has everybody's sympathy.

Mary Lois Peterson, although she gets goggle-eyed after two beers, still claims to be a member of the law school.

If **Shorty Terry** and **Glen Kennedy** would stop exhibiting their amorous acrobatics in the **Delta Gamma** living room, **Joann Lake** and **Bill McCall** wouldn't have to carry on in that crowded telephone booth anymore.

Eileen Roy finally decided that the Independent Greek situation was getting as deplorable as the tennis courts and turned her attention to the Greeks on fraternity row instead.

For the latest census—we would like to know how many men have claw marks from **Pat Miller**.

What has happened to that eternal triangle, **Marge Boesen, Allan, and Lewis**?

Lois (I'd like to go steady) **Smith** is going about it the hard way. But then, a date's a date.

Silent Sentinel is really silent this year. Recently, however, a noise was heard from this group. It was a burp which slipped out of one of the members after drinking too much of that damn green beer in **Burly Miller's** back office. Why, **J. Earl**!

Ann Sagen and **Jim Huff** have finally decided to go steady. Formerly they only spent about 14 hours per day together. Wonder if the Alpha Chi house-mother is going to object to Jim's moving in.

Joan Kuka has that "tired feet" look all the way up. Reason: the poor girl can't seem to get a date with **Dale Gillespie** on a night he isn't out with **Lucille Mannix**, and she simply can't get **Tandy Gardner** to decide between **Joan Kuka** and **Virginia Cramer**.

Braying Billie (This is how we did it in the Waves) **Farrington** takes over as housemanager in her sorority house. Motto of the new guardian of the dust-mops: if you don't like me, I'll give you 50 demerits.

Classmates in neighboring seats are working **Donna Harlan's** way through college.

Sylvia Rhoades is a positive asset to the **PARK LOUNGE** at any time of the day or night.

H. O. BELL COMPANY says that complete service is their business. **Brooks** (My left hand never knows what my right is doing) **McClintock** lets his Ford convertible decide for itself where to go. He's too damn busy!

If **Howard** (Stewed) **Stuart** spent more dough in the **BROWNIE DOUGH-NUT SHOP** and less at the **PREISS LOUNGE**, he might be able to find his way to class occasionally.



The **B & H JEWELRLY** has for years provided the pieces of equipment for harnessing at the altar.

Norma (Golly! I'm tired) **Daniels Hartse** and **Ralph** have found holding hands is still fun.

June (Beat me **Kenny**) **Pogacher Kaiser** and **Kenyon** have a fine "basis" for married life.

Twila (make my helping big, **Keith**) **Bergh Clawson** and **Keith** are washing dishes together now.

Blanche (My diet really makes me charming) **Kambo Riskin** and "Ruff-cut" are snubbing journalism for a shyster career.

Pat (Feed 'em strychnine) **Elder Sullivan** and **Danny** are bleeding the Student Union with choice cuts to fill their tummies.

Din (I just tell jokes for the fun I get out of it) **Alcorn** buys his

Lingerie

at **GAMBLE'S**

Cal (I look like Van Johnson, but I never look at girls) **Murphy** should get a supply of super-vitamin pills at the **MISSOULA DRUG COMPANY**.

Joan (I'll knife every man I can, 'cause I'm so sweet looking) **Carroll** must be getting scared. **John** (I'd die for dear old Jumbo) **Calfee** is the first man to survive the first quarter's association. They can be seen cheek-to-cheek regularly at the **MONTMARTE CAFE**.

For a glamour shot par excellence, just visit the **ELLIS PHOTO SHOP**. We guarantee the picture will bear only a slight resemblance to you. Witness the astounding bit of portraiture below. The young lady pictured is **Miss Wilma Oksendahl**, prominent University co-ed.



M. Catherine (whisper her name) **White** gets those gum shoes for her library duties at **DIXON AND HOON**. **Mrs. Vera S.** (Aren't I just the most glamorous housemother you ever saw) **Rimel** gets her soft soles at the same place.

Howie (BMOG, that's me) **Hunter** is bemoaning the fact that his recent dearth of dates is due to a breakdown of his favorite technique—"candy's dandy, but liquor's quicker." The reason, the guy who made his hooch went to Bozeman and his subject matter left school. Hence **Hunter** is still hunting and still without.

Lee Neumann is well known as the person most eager to attend to everyone else's business. She also seems to do all right with her own—on New hall's front steps.

Big Lou Stevens and little **Lou Powers** will probably have a lu-lu of a time this Aber day. Beer picnic, that is.

"**Skeeg**" **Skele** has a tremendous abhorrence of being without transportation. Ever since a year ago, he has never dated a girl who didn't own a car.

Football powerhouse **Loren Palmer** has harnessed his power in the direction of **Marjorie Coster**. She'll don the bridle (excuse, please, bridal) wreath in May.

Vic Koch, Corbin Hall's treasurer, has purchased a muzzle to keep **Tom** (Let's wake the men up) **Kelly** quiet after 2 a. m.

The coke store has been featuring a rather unimpressive added attraction. Old, worn-out clinch techniques are displayed between 3 and 4 every afternoon. Exhibitionists — **Harold** and **Marjorie**.

Bab Bradner can manage a ballet step and keep her strapless gown up at the same time—or can she?

"**Bigshot Buddy Arras**" is launching a new campaign to have shorter girls on the debate squad. "**Jo Ann Ryan** is just too damn tall," says **Arras**. "I don't see why brains can't come in smaller containers."

Has **C. J. Hanson** changed **Dorothy McKenzie's** views on platonic friendship?

And have you seen the new tennis match? **Jean Bartley** and **Martin Heerwald**.

Now that **Helen Davis** has a car, her spirits have grown and so has the number of her **Phi Delt** acquaintances.

"I'm lost without the **Sheik**," wails the **Spur of the Moment**.

What sorrows do **Barbara (Ma) Fisk** and **Dorothy Cech** drown in their stag vigils at the Redwood lounge?

Guess who saw **Donna Gordon** dragging her housemother eight blocks down the street to see if **Tex Rogers** had committed suicide after she thought she had jilted him.

LOST: One black snake whip by **Polly Holmes**. Please return or I won't be able to give my special orders to all my underlings.

Louise (Giggle and go after 'em) **Morrison** went after the wrong man. When **Bruce Anderson**, Miss Morrison's flame, got home he was confronted by his roommate who was wearing the scent of local brew and Louise's lipstick. It took a lot of phoning to get **Bruce** and the convertible back.

Anita Eggen and **Jim Ragsdale**, among others, have been maintaining a beautiful scorched earth policy back of New Hall ever since the first signs of spring. Ah, a young man's fancy...

Guessing why **Dewitt Keeler** looks so fatigued these days? Probably from holding up that big ladder for a pint-sized **Theta**—after hours.

Maybe the **OFFICE SUPPLY** will supply **Paul Hawkins** with some new women—he seems to be running low these days.

Dean James (I'm not only the best-dressed man on the campus, but also the handsomest) **L. C. Ford** gets his dapper clothes at the **FLORENCE MEN'S SHOP**, but his flower supply for the buttonhole, usually obtained from the **GARDEN CITY FLORAL** seems to have run out.

Earl (I used to get tanked at the **FLAME LOUNGE**) **Lovick** has undergone a change since **Eileen** (Now **Earl** gasses up at **STAN SMART'S SERVICE STATION**) **Dowling** started using her charming Marine judo tactics.

BUTTREYS sell those "The Hug You Love" unmentionables that would give **Jo** (Shut my big mouth if you can, you fool) **Carson** a new uplift on life.



Tanny Danny Yovetich Hurdles to Fame.

Little Danny (Quit rubbing! That tan don't come off) **Yovetich** should buy a handy sun lamp from **COSNER HARDWARE**. Don't let **Danny** kid you, gals, that tan came from daily visits to the health service. That's one way to get your money's worth.

Dr. Edmund L. (Well, gracious, I tried, didn't I) **Freeman** will find all those students who don't attend his convocations listening at home to Ma Perkins on radios they acquired through the **NORTHWEST RADIO DISTRIBUTERS**.

Dr. W. P. (It's all Greek to me) **Clark** had better quit exposing his Humanities students to the details of his sordid past and brighten his and their futures with a suit from **YANDTS**.

Among other things **Prof. Rudolph C.** (est-ce que tout le monde mange de la soupe?) **Hoffman** discusses during his "parenthesis" lectures are his beer soup, strong coffee, and the fine snacks he gets at **CURRY'S FOUNTAIN LUNCH**.



LUCY'S is planning a special sale just for **Lou and Edward B.** (Awcome-on, have another ceegar) **Dugan**. **Frank Mathew** arrived just in time for the Campus Rakings deadline. His father would have been late.

If **Nina Borgen** has worn out her shoes running after men, she can get a repair job done at **SHAW'S SHOE SERVICE** so that she'll be ready to take up the spring chase.

Maybe **Alex Morrison** would be more impressed with **Shirley McShane** if she bought her next dress at **CUMMINS**.

We hear that **Marge McVeda** has the mad pash for **Ray** (don't you love my Hollywood haircut?) **Kensmoe**. It MUST be his coupe.

Joyce Gauthier and **Jean Griffith**, the inseparables, had their first major argument. **Joyce** decided the **Sigma Nus** had more beer at their parties than the **SAE's**.

Dr. Robert T. (B.A., B.S., M.S., Ph.D., P.U.) **Turner** probably thought he would be safe when **Bette Kennett** finally graduated—but no, the poor man still has that "God, here she comes" look.

Something really should be done about that naughty **Kathy** (just call me "Sexy"). **Lloyd** embarrassing **Ward Fanning** and the rest of the **Phi Delt**s by telling dirty jokes.

Mary Schmit has laid claims to many titles, but the latest one seems to be the one which will last the longest. That's right. She's the new **Queen of the Maverick**.

Buffalo Bill Atwood wants to know what the **MSU** women think of the wrench as a public utility.

If the **Alpha Phi's** and the **SAE's** will just stuff the ballot box like they did for **Mardi Gras** queen, they might get a few votes today.

Pattie (I got marooned in **Greenough** park) **Shorthill** claims that **Johnny** (I'll get those critters if it takes my last breath). **Cavan** is a brave, brave boy. Whatever gave her that idea?

If the **SAE's** would really like to know who "borrowed" their trophies, they could check up on those girls who recently accepted **Theta Chi** pins.