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1949  
cop. 2

# CAMPUS RAKINGS

Price 20c

ABER DAY, 1949

Price 20c



EDITOR CLOW

★ POPULAR DEMAND

See Page 2

★ HE'S JUST MY BILL

See Page 3



MISSOULIAN



Campus Rakings has been made possible this year through the co-operation of the following people. Contributors were:

Delta Gamma .....	Suzanne Grove
Tri-Delt .....	Norma Johnson
Theta .....	Marilyn Neils
Theta Chi .....	Don Johnson
Corbin Hall .....	Harry Hermes
Sigma Kappa .....	Betty Berland
Sig Ep .....	Dick Lucas
Alpha Phi .....	Gwen Dyer
Phi Sigma Kappa .....	Dick Bohlrig
Kappa .....	Mary Jo Crumbaker
Sigma Nu .....	Joe Heimes
North Hall .....	Betty Mayfield
New Hall .....	Marian Lenn
South Hall .....	Tom Monahan
Alpha Tau Omega .....	Dale Harcharik
Alpha Chi .....	Esther Halverson
Sigma Chi .....	John Lemire
Sigma Alpha Epsilon .....	Noel Furlong
Phi Delta Theta .....	Bill Cooney
Jumbo Hall .....	Jerry Donnelly
Home Living Center .....	
.....	Rosemary Verneti

## BY POPULAR DEMAND

(Not one, but two items on everybody's favorite, **Yer Chere** (I get all my) **Jerce Degenhart**.) I get all my brass at **KRAMIS HARDWARE**.

**Joyce** (I taught Carol Fraser how to ride that nag and see where it left me) **Degenhart** will answer back with "I'm the dream girl" at her own serenade, and the next pin she accepts will be a Sigma Chi Cross from **Al** (Are you all there man) **McCoy**.

Then there's the battle of the century which took place in the DG upstairs hall between those two loving sisters, **Joyce Degenhart** and **Mary Kelly**. Seems Kelly jumped Degenhart with both fists and vocabulary flying because Yer Cherce didn't keep quiet hours. However, she was quiet for some time after that.

**Bob** (I like big cars) **Hawkins** was going great guns with **Helen** (just don't try to hold my hand) **Lambros** until he insisted she take the Cadillac instead of the Mercury.

Here are the returns for the race for **Callie Hector**: Win—**Jack Young**; Place—**Hal Cooney**; Show—**Pete Pomerooy**.



Take a suit of the above, dye them blue and put **Mona** (Whyinthehell dont-youmakeyourbed) **Brown**, the Tri-Delt house manager into them, and you'll have the nearest thing to **Mighty Mouse** this side of the movies. **Mona** says, "I enjoy being an efficient house mouse, after all, I may be keeping house myself some day for **Bill**, or **Jack**, or **Bob**."

**Don** (I didn't say anything) **Harris** likes being without a driver's permit. He now has both hands free in the back seat while his buddy, **John** (the DG's think I'm peachy) **Kinkaid**, drives the car.

**Marian Waters** has been having trouble with things slipping up on her when she isn't looking. Maybe she should buy guaranteed garments from **CUMMIN'S**.

**Prof. Robert Burgess** should stop keeping his French classes five minutes after the hour every day. Some of his little students use the spare time thinking up words in French that might not make a hit in the best Parisian circles.

What's this we hear about **Glenn Wallace** hanging his SAE pin on top of Big Mountain?

When the **Thetas** says they're going to the **Maverick**, it means they're just going down the hall. The old bar sign still adorns the wall of the popular john in the back of the house.



A truce was signed between the **Thetas** and the **Theta Chis** after days of pretty pilfering by and from both parties . . . but left completely unaccounted for was the appearance of an over-size garbage can on the porch of the battered shack at 333 University avenue which toppled in and nearly killed the housemother when she opened the door to chase the vandals away.

We'd like to put something in here about **Pat Solvie**, but we'd have to use asbestos paper to do it.

And all too soon, the honoraries will be at it again. So we'll all smile and applaud gaily as one more batch of chaste purites march up Main hall steps or circle the track or climb the flag pole . . . but they have to be chosen . . . or . . . spring wouldn't be spring.

Sure, and **Rosie O'Cotter**, the DG straw boss, is keeping poor old **Turner** (I know its supposed to be platonic, but I'm human, ain't I) **Ross** in a regular turmoil. **Rosie** claims that she prefers sociology to biology.



**Grandma Binx Arnegard** has found that robbing the cradle really pays off—just ask little **Billy Bell**.

**Russ** (I'll raise you **Janie's** check) **Fillner** has two paydays, his and **Janie's**. Whose money bought the roses?

**Lee** (Kiddy Car) **Birkett** is pulling pretty hard on the ring in **Scooter** (How high shall I jump, honey) **Rostad's** nose, but she still hasn't succeeded in alienating him from all his friends.

## HE'S JUST MY BILL

By **Pegeen Clapp**

Knocko, knocko sounded on the editor's door. "Who is eet?," came the voice from within. At the sound of *The Voice From Within* the subjects bowed to the Almighty **Smurr** from whom all good things come.

"It is I, **Pegeen**."

"Oh, you, you jade. Come in and make Old **Bill** happy. I have just finished talking with **J. C.** and he wants me to go ahead with my attack on **St. Pete** for not letting **Carroll O'Connor** in the **Gates**."

"Oh, thon. May I just touch the hem of your fig leaf? For one so lowly as I it would be honor without parallel."

"Go ahead, wench. Tell me, am I still the idol of the mortals below?" In my younger earthly days I was loved by all and though far above their level I tried always to keep my finger upon the pulse of the bourgeoisie. Would you care to hear the story of my life?"

"Oh kind deity and master, I came from **Pan Hel** with the plea that you not reek thy wrath and vengeance on our candidates for the heavenly appointments. **Venus** is up for goddess of love and the **Kappas** are running **Diana**. Please, Creator of all Agitation and Student Interest, may we underlings wish for your approval on our humble elections?"

"Away with that rot, wench. Come away with me to **California**. No, by God, **Mamie** may still be there. Would you care to come to **Lower Sacramento** and beachcomb? Let me cover you with burning kisses. I'm on fire, I tell you."

Just then there was a rapping on the golden door. "Oh Most Highly Potent Potentate, we are having trouble with someone down the hall."

"A pox on you, rude fellow. What seems to be the matter? More news from **Central Board**, I hope?"

"No sir," he replied. "It's God. He thinks he is **Bill Smurr**."

Someday **Mary Eleanor** (I want my cake and eat it too) **Redpath** might decide between her various men—but if we were you **Clark Leaphart**, **Joe Buly** and **Tom Selstad**, we wouldn't hold our breaths.





**Barbara Dockery**, formerly the "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm" girl, is having trouble with the warm weather. Seems it melted the ice on her left hand. Could it be that she likes the other **Tremper** brother, **Bob**, better than **Bill**? If so, she'd better keep her eye on **Peg Drew**.

Most wretchedly handled bit of university legislation in many a year was the health excuse purge of winter quarter. Now some profs demand reasons, some penalize . . . some just sigh and say . . . oh, hell, its spring.

Some one-hundred-forty-five students participated in the all-round, all-inclusive, all-important, Clow-backed Miss Montana program. Hats off to this peachy job of co-ordination. Good gawd.

Why doesn't **Mary Ann Hanson** wear **Julie Wuerthner's** Sigma Chi pin? Maybe she doesn't like the idea of wearing a second-hand one. But, after all, it's only been hung six times.

Then there is **Barbara** (I'll arrange everything, tee hee) **Nore** who is still fighting to place the Kappas in the Sigma Chi house.

**Jeep Plumb** is the only person we could think of to say anything nice about. Hello **Jeep**.

Remember the night when the North hall dining room crew were all bent out of shape? **Harry Weis** was so friendly and **Ole** really tossed those trays around.

The J-school crowd says that **Tom Shardlow** isn't as bad as he smells.

**Swearingen's Swamp** has turned into **Swearingen's Sahara**. Wait till the monsoon season comes.

**Mike** (please take my pin) **Sessano** got those beautiful red roses for **June** (I only want a buddy, not a sweet-heart) **Canavan** at the **GARDEN CITY FLORAL COMPANY**.

Why doesn't someone give **Harold** (all the women love me) **Perry** the word about the fine selection of men's apparel at the **MEN'S SHOP**.

And why doesn't **Gay** (I've been to modeling school) **Vannoy** purchase her bras at **IDA PEARSONS**. They have some that will make mountains out of mole hills, honey.

Since the time of the dis-engagement, **Shirley McShane** has spent busy days discovering that there's some life in the old girl yet.

**LaMoyne** (anything goes on a "ski" trip) **Berger** is getting prepared for the spring blanket parties at the **MIS-SOULA MERCANTILE**.

**Gay Paree** (**Euge Bottomly**, that is) has no regrets for **Artha Lee** (**Torchy**) **Moe**. **Prince Hal Morgan** seems to have taken over. After seeing **Hal** and **Moe** on the DG front porch we can see why his hair is standing on end. His toes will probably curl too.



What **Don** (I'm a Sigma Nu) **Peter-son** thinks about during the hot summer, the cold winter, the sultry autumn and the damp spring—in fact, all the time. He can buy it at **MURRILL'S**.



**Howie** (Young Yoyo) **Heintz** has announced he will not journey to California after graduation but will limit himself to no nicotine, no liquor, and women only at regular intervals.

**Margie** (I want to be efficient like Miss Clow) **Jesse** has spoken to "Father Dick" about improving **Tommy Kingsford's** scholastic status.

**Sherman** (to me all values are aesthetic) **Spencer** arose one morning after Halloween with green gills and an inability to distinguish between pork chops and bear meat. Says Sherm "I will not be an alcoholic because I hate pork chops."

Didn't **Bob Neil's** folks ever buy him any toys for Christmas? Maybe that's why he still plays with girls.

**Carol** (When it comes to making love, **Johnnie**, you'd be a better dog catcher) **Savaresy** will go to California this summer just to see if **Dick** (I'm cute) **Grieb** will follow her.

Well, **Louise** (giggling is healthy for you) **Morrison** has created a beautiful friendship if nothing else. She was just too busy to keep **Chadums** and **Bootsie** on the outs so they decided to be pards.

**Kenny** (I wonder which they like, the Buick or Me) **McGiboney** has been breaking ground over at North hall. Time to sew the oats, he sez.

We wonder if Operatin' **Ernie Aiken** approves when his girl goes beer busting with other men. **Cory** (I'm so mad I could kiss you) **Moore** wonders also.

**Lee Baumgarth** is in love! All over his room are the words, "Lee Loves Lee" and pictures of himself taken at **ROBERT M. CATLIN'S STUDIO**. No competition there.

Is it true that the Kappas are finally going to pledge **Jim** (Moneybags) **Lucas**. From where we sit it looks as though he's handling just about everybody for them.

What is **Miller Mathews'** excuse for being tanked up all the time? Maybe it's because **Rosemary Olney** found a greater lover under a rock somewhere.



**Don** (I'm a strong, silent cowboy, but I'll hang that pin yet) **Harrington**, still hasn't batted an inning in **Elda Jean Martin's** league.

**Bill** (the Roundup heart throb) **Birkett** is going strong. **Diana**, **Toots** and now **Mary**. Geez, that "Toots" is popular.

**Doc** (if it has alcohol, I'll drink it) **Johnson** keeps right on after football quits. His dates report that he calls every half hour on the half hour from the time he is supposed to pick them up until he arrives. Next best to being kissed is being informed.

**Lex** (I love free beer) **Mudd** is getting quite a bit of publicity around the sororities after she pulled her DG sisters through fall rushing with 33½ pledges.

**George** (a receding hair line is not a sign of old age) **Scott's** girl back home insists that when he must have a date that he take out the virtuous **Gwen** (My God, he winked at me) **Dyer**.

The **Laura Dell Hall-Bill McGlaughlin** passion has finally gone by the wayside. Seems **Bill** couldn't remember if he was going steady with a Sigma Kappa or a Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Then there's **Barb** (I have more emotion than I show) **Hartin**, finally saved enough allowance to intoxicate **Chuck Cone** into hanging his pin.



**Kay** (I think I'll stay in the law school now that **Jerry Beaver** is there) **Rittenour** has apparently burnt out the torch for **Les** (the Independents' gift to women) **Rutledge**.

**Pat** (Mademoiselle) **Richmond** is working toward a degree in hotel management.

How did **Jean Kaiser** ever manage to get **Bob** (you guys just don't know how to operate) **Svoboda** to settle down?

**Jack** (I like to make 'em wait) **Keily**, that grand old man of the SAE house, is the star student in the courtship and marriage course. Watch it, **Pat Shorthill**.

Maybe if **Dick Reed** would close his mouth we could see his face. He is the oldest looking sixteen-year old we've ever seen.

We suggest that the journalism majors get reinforcements at **Allied Fashions**. The **Dean** is noted for not ever looking above a girl's sorority pin.

**Keith** (I'm a Lewistown oilman) **Anderson** keeps goldfish and the **Kaimin** in his room these days, an ardent fan of both. Says **Andy**, "I give my goldfish a bath everyday, but I leave William in the bathroom."

And **Joyce Hays** did get a pin . . . and now **Keith Nelstead** can come in the front door . . . does not have to hang his head quite so low . . . but still hasn't quite rid himself of that prematurely hen-pecked look.

**Shirley Kreis** really must have been excited at **Coed**—at least that's the way her dress looked. She can send it to the **FLORENCE LAUNDRY**.

**Robert** (I got the best of the cow college once) **Fuller** didn't go home between quarters because at home there is no church to take **Athalie** (the last ring I had was awful small) **Collins** to. She might like a ring from the **B & H JEWELERS**, **Bob**.

Latest dope is that **Russ** (I track mice) **Nelson** likes his dates six months apart. "Just so I won't fall in love."



## SO IT'S UP WITH MONTANA

"No, I can't study tonight. I'm here on a football scholarship you know. Yes, I am taking 7 credits and getting Ds but I bet I will pass again this quarter. The track team needs men you know."—**Ronnie Keim**.

"No, I won't sit down with you now for a coke. Wait until I go to work at 3. I'm working my way through college on a football scholarship."—**Del Tyler**.

"But we only get a dollar an hour. Yeah, I work 3-5 sweeping off the library step. **Stewart** does the bottom step."—**Steve Kuberich**.

"Really, **Jim**, it would only take \$70,000 to go to India and take the team. Think of the good publicity it would give the school."—**Gil Porter**.

**Fred** (I can take it a second time) **Chapman** and **LaVonne** (if you're going to kiss me goodnight, let's do it right) **North** have been seen in their old spot back of the Theta house.

**J. Justin** (I have ulcers) **Gray** would have better luck in establishing his coveted all-male Grizzly band if he didn't have so much sex appeal. It's that tired, haggard look and the bashful little boy antics that send 'em, **Mr. Gray**.

Speaking of **Mr. Gray**, his brother is guilty of little boy antics too, and they aren't bashful either. We hear **Charles** is pretty glad **Drusy** is going to California.



Jay (I'm repulsive) **Burchak** and **Marilyn** (my face would stop a clock) **Howser** have everyone in a state of nausea when they gaze soulfully into each other's eyes. Anything's acceptable once you have a pin—huh, Marilyn?

**Batesie Boy** can't make up his mind. Now that **Marcia** is a thing of the past, he is stepping, **Heiss**, **Wide** and **Handsome**.

Our nomination for the "teacher we'd like most to have a beer picnic with" goes to **Charlotte** (altar to go) **Williams**.

**Ann** (I'm just an iddy-bitty girl) **Evans**, claims it would be impractical to take **Al Steven's** pin cause the white cross would make her sweater sag.

Every star that has fallen has lit in **Margot** (I used to be a hard-nose) **Luebben's** eyes since she got the call from **LeRoy** (Down to the Sea in Ships) **Aserlind**.

**Dwain** (if I play my cards right I may get to hold her hand) **Hanson** is worrying about a replacement for **Buff** (my sister was a Phi Beta Kappa) **Mattson**.

**Stan Johnson** has muscles in his arms as well as his head. He eats red meat from the **JOHN R. DAILY'S MEAT MARKET**.

**Sam** (I've got the 'IT') **Kenny** learned well from **Teddy Wallace** although **Teddy** now has other pupils.

**Betty** (Hopalong) **Bayse** thinks **Paul** (Get that **FLORENCE BARBER SHOP** haircut) **Grove** is really cute. Too bad she's plinned to **Tom Ford**.

**Russ** (Why did I miss that concert) **Pettinato**, the cutest kid in the hall, hain't getting too far with the little woman. Can't get her to sit in the love seat.

The **Alpha Phis** consulted thousands of plans before they finally chose the one by which they constructed their new house. You've heard of Old Colonial, Old Cape Cod and Old Dutch? Well, the **Phi** dwelling is designed in the style of classic Old Road House.



NO LOVE LOST.

**Jean** (I do too have some sex) **Jordet** doesn't know whether she's a catcher or a fielder on **Emmett Walsh's** team.

**Ginny** (I'm rough and tough) **Mes-selt** might have made out better with **Timmy** (they go wild, simply wild over me) **Fleming** if she had made more stops at **CECILS** and had as much sex—appeal as last year's model.

Neatest trick of the week department: **Gene** (Mousy) **Kallgren** goes out on a big party Saturday night and takes the **Maverick** apart (ask the **Thetas** about that). Then Sunday afternoon he helps organize a new church group.

**Charlotte** (What if **Bill** should bring his grandmother in?) **Thompson** frowns upon the living room antics of her **Tri-Delt** sisters during the evening. (Too bad that **Bill Magelsson** has a car, we hear that **Char** knows more clinches than **Gorgeous George** the wrestler.)

It seems that the **Helena Chamber of Commerce** sent out a circular denying the vicious rumor that **Walt Schmitz** is a **Helena** product. Could it be our **Walter** isn't too popular there, either?

**Corbin Hall's** own **Bob Langenbach**, lovingly known as "Bubbles" is currently appearing on the stage at **MURPHY'S CORNER**.



**George** (I drink my beer my myself) **Lohse** uses his roommates' socks to store the money he saves by staying away from the members of the fairer sex . . . but he did have a good time between two such members in German 11b.

**Patsy** (I'm a rational drinker) **Kinney** has pulled more shifts than the Grizzly backfield during the past year. She dropped one swain at the end of fall quarter but now has presumably settled down with her pin and diamond from **Leigh Wallace**.

**Doris Lund**, strongest Sigma Nu on campus . . . in spirit, of course . . . spent one hour of ecstasy when taken prisoner the other Saturday morning and tucked blissfully away in the first floor wash-room of the SN house.

**Don Delaney** seems to have a strange fascination for the Sigma Kappas. "Here today, gone tomorrow" Delaney seems to be pretty well under control of **Laura** (I've got so many dates) **Bergh**, now. At least he hasn't spilled any beer on her yet.

A confidential quote from **Myrt** (I'm human) **Hammell**: "I'd like to take your pin **Jerry** (I had a peachy time) **Briendenfeld**, but I can't, because you hung one in this house last year."

The most talked about peroxide blonde on the campus this year is **June** (aren't I cute) **Dalrymple**. The peroxide comes from the **MISSOULA DRUG** in case you're looking for a good brand, **Nancy Young**.

How is **Betty Ann Delaney** going to explain wearing **Jim Delano's** Phi Delt pin to the boyfriend, **Eddie Price**.

Since **Rukin Jelks** for Georgia, **Garene Webber** has really gone to the dogs (**Collie Dogs**, that is).

**Martha Brown** (I can almost forget **Dick Bottomly**) has moved up two blocks to **SAE Carl Davis**. "But I won't take his pin," says **Martha**.

Then there's pure **Barbara** (I learned my lesson at Foresters) **Hardie**—but has **G.G.** (I may hang my pin) **Scott** learned his?



## TURKEYS OF THE YEAR

Biggest Stuffed Shirt: **Ralph Reese**.  
Most Gruesome Couples: **Teddy and Minnie**, (Watch technique in car or lounge).

Most Horrible Triangle: **Minnie, Teddy and Bird Dog**.

Mr. Repulsive of 1949: **Bill Henry**.  
Miss Snob: **Pat Miller** (How can **Burly** be so nice?)

Mr. "Operator": **Jerry Baldwin**.  
Miss On-the-Make: **Bobby Lind**.  
Lounge Lizards Supreme: male, **Don Cullen**; female, **Betsy Sherburne**.

Miss Floozy: **June Dalrymple**.  
Miss Shapen: **Carol Fraser**.  
Mr. Self Righteous: **Dave Freeman**.  
Miss Lunch Hour: **Cyrile Van Seducer**.

Things people remind us of:  
Peeled grape: **Mrs. Rimel**.  
Bulldog: **Burly Miller**.  
Indian on the trail: **Marge Hunter** and her rolling gait.  
Cow: **Bob Gillespie**.  
Combination windbag and broken phonograph: **Mr. Bower**.  
Professional wrestler: **Mr. Fiedler**.

**Sandy Sterling**, (I become so emotional when I drink beer) will still be-out-of-town . . . until any Sigma Chi looks her way twice.

Fire regulations at the **WILMA THEATER** don't restrict the balcony love scenes of **Monnie Allen** and **Jim Wirth**.

**Gayle** (I picked too hard a song) **Davidson** still plays her strongest role with "Isn't **Jim Lucas** wonderful."

Why doesn't **Harry Johnston** come through with the Chi Psi pin? **Gretta Barker** can hardly wait to see what one looks like.

**Kenny** (I love 'em and get left) **Saylor** can't seem to end that vicious circle in the **KKG** house.



**Vera** (Dick Tracy) **Rimel** says, "When my girls sneak out after hours they always head for the **MINT BAR**, where they can drink beer in glasses. If they can't get out, they have their **SAE** friends smuggle it to them in bottles. Speaking of bottles—how is the coke bottle situation at New Ball these days?"

**Ben Fauth** should have been promoted to head captain instead of **R.O.T.C. Lt.** He's qualified for the first position. Experience counts, **Ben**.

**Al Jackson** polishes his car more often than he does his teeth. Maybe he ought to try some of that toothpaste sold at the **PETERSON DRUG**.

Note to **Wally** (university women are intellectual vacuums) **Mercer**: There's a new Miss Montana, you'd better get on the ball or you'll break a tradition.

**Milton Cascaden** would surely be Scotch if what he drank influenced his nationality. His romance with **Helen Carr** would probably get along better if **Maude Parker** wasn't always around.

Kissin' **Jim** (**Mueller**, that is) does it with one dozen roses and a card inscribed "Thanks for the wonderful evening," to **Peg McDonald**. But what does he send to southern belle **Marie** from down cow college way? Anyhow, we know that the card says "Thanks for the wonderful letter."

**Kay** (I don't want to hear about the birds and the bees) **Hennessey** has a new one on the string—and good. This time the lad buying roses is **Fred** (that ain't no Southern drawl, man, that's Alamogordan) **Douglas**.

**Jack Yurko** is a little leary of the institution of marriage. He might have to go to work if **Bonnie's** money should run out.

**Spense** (you've got the cu-utest little ear-drums) **Russell** is foreman of the **Bennett** (Baby) chain gang. Says **Russell**: "Lemme be da whole cheese in yer trap."

**Felix Fohland** is the only man alive who can seal an envelope after it's in the mailbox. Liver Lips.



LET'S FACE IT.

It has been established that **Ross Cannon** was born twins—a boy and a goon; but the boy died.

An item from the Campus Rakings suggestion box reads: Dear **Dixie Griffith** and **Lou Garwood**, if you are really trying to hide while you bid each other fond farewells, try a more secluded spot than the scrawny trees on the south side of New hall. Or better yet, rig up a spotlight and pass the hat afterwards.

A choice item from South hall announces that **Lynn** (Everybody's Darling) **Lull** has been named the male sweetheart of Sigma Chi, much to his joy. **Lynn** buys all his dainties at **SAVONS**.

**Jack Grindy** used to be a pretty nice guy until the Sigma Nus appointed him scholastic chairman. Now he's drunk with power.

**Audrey Gage** and **Joyce Replogle** are having trouble keeping their dates with **Sammy Kenny** straight. Seems he can't remember which one he's taking out when.

**Gretchen** (Ah so pure, ah so bright) **Rasmussen** is also known as the Idea Girl. She's got a few ideas on how to handle **SAE's**. Maybe she should cool off with a milkshake from **HOLLY-OAKS**.

**Milton Van Camp's** motto these days is, "Kern's a better man than I, but then there's Whitman college," while **Hal Schwend** says, "Let me referee at Stevensville."

**Peg Trower** has a question for **Dorothy Dix**—Who is it to be, **Miles O'Connor** in Portland or **Bill Evans** at MSU?



**Maile** (we had a little talk tonight) **O'Donnell** should make tape recordings at **KGVO**. Then she could listen to herself expound on **Gene** (the ideal father) **Shaw**. At least it would give her sisters a welcome relief.

**Flossie** (I have a collection of fraternity songs from the **MUSICAL NOTE**) **Dufresne**, the gal with a new pin each season will stick strictly to white fraternity pins. In that case, deary, don't forget the **Sigma Nus**, they're part white too.

We know a **Blessing** that's no blessing when her **Justus** is in Portland.

We wonder if **Don** (playing the field) **Byrnes** ever has trouble facing **Carol** after fall quarter's tete-a-tetes with "**Toots**."

**Jeannie** (We're only living a Philips-burg temporarily—I'm really from Salt Lake City) **Taylor** is taking a quarter's rest. Could it be that **Harry** (Long, lank and lean of grey matter) **Farrington** won't come through with the white cross—or some other reason—Huh?

Looks like it's going to be a case of "once an **Anderson** always an **Anderson**" for **Marg**, huh **Bob**? Just hope those pink clouds they're floating on don't turn into rain.

**Jack Hasty** just can't make up his mind, first **Pat Hughes** was the gal of his dreams. Then sophisticated??? **Gay Vannoy** held the limelight and then it was back to **Pat**. Who can tell who will be riding in the big red machine next.

If the **Alpha Phis** think that **Marion** (I use **Murine** from the **FLORENCE DRUG STORE**) **Liggett** is so innocent, they should get her mad and listen to the language. But maybe **Art Ryder** can tell them more about her than we can.

**Gregory Kalaris**, when are you going to stop operating and lover-boying around and take **Tally** to the **GOLDEN PHEASANT** for a hot time?

No, **John**, **Bev Keig** is not what beer comes in, except at the last Saturday picnic.

**Betty Lu Collins** is still trying to remember when she signed the letter to the **Sigma Chis**. Must have been quite a weekend in **Lewistown**, eh, **Betty Lu**?

**Tom Monahan** backed out of the presidency of **South hall** to be welcomed by **SX**, in spite of being 4 g.p.'s behind in his credits.

**Betty Ann Hanson**, maybe you had better get a new overstuffed set at **LUCY'S** to replace the one in **North hall** that you are fast wearing out.

**Donna** (I like trumpet players) **Harlan** has fond memories of the **KAY wYe FOUNTAIN** but not so fond as those of the numerous band picnics and the band tours. From the latter she came home \$5 richer.

**Carol Gould** and her heavy date could cool off with **HANSEN'S ICE CREAM** after one of those **Water-work's** hill sessions.

Each year some rabble-rouser starts a would-be investigation to enable activity-card paying students to know just where the money from the student store goes... but each year ends with our being just as much in the dark as ever.



**Elsie** (**Paul** always rings twice) **Wallin** buys all her tee shirts at **YANDTS**.

Good old **Barbara** (I do not dye my hair) **Best** and **George** (Gee, you've been sweet since the baby came) **Jacobson** looked pretty gay standing in the middle of the redwood lounge singing "**Bamboo Bungalow**" during a recent formal. Especially since **George** is a **Sigma Nu** or couldn't he remember?



**Reid Collins**, Sigma Nu swimmer, swam right out of his suit during last week's interfraternity races. The crowd cheered.

**Bob Burns** has that bedraggled look all over these days. Can it be heart trouble or does he just need a pick-me up at **BROWNIES**?

What potent weapons did a certain Miss Montana candidates use to temporarily tear down **Ted** (the Dodgers want me) **Hilgenstuhler's** persistent anti-woman attitude? She must have gotten a new outfit from **SAVONS**.

The poor little Spurs took a beating this year from **George** (I slap children) **Remington**. But they were just suffering from the fact that people finally got around to hearing about the antics of the '47-'48 group—and blamed the innocents of this year.

**Charleen** (I love life spelled M-E-N) **Conner** currently thinks that **Ole Bue** is the most wonderful professor that has come into her life.

**Maurice** "Just call me Ma" **Egan** is going Asiatic. Too much time on the phone calling the assistant Mama of North Hall.

**Marge Peery** has been mooning around for a certain SAE lately. She gets out her **Charlie McCarthy** dummy and sings "Paper Doll" to him. She calls him "Lefty, the boxer" for some reason.

**Eleanor** (oh, Jim, Bozeman is so far away) **Anderson** made **Caryl Helmer** the Blue Lady of the hall by putting indelible ink in her bath water. Who has more fun than Eleanor?

**Ginny Floyd** received a great deal of publicity around the SN house while running for Mardi Gras queen—a rather commodious gesture on the part of the boys.

The **O'Laughlin-McAllister** twosome has given up going for rides in Jack's pre-war (Civil, that is) car. They just sit in the car holding hands. Maybe they would be more comfortable in a new car from **H. O. BELL'S**.

**Carrie** (I'm from California, you know) **Gillette** and **Nancy** (So am I) **Young** made a big splash at MSU and are still floundering among their many beaux. Good luck, women!

Personal to **Joyce Danielson**—(Well, what in the hell are you reading this for?)—Have you paid your WCTU dues, Joyce?

**Pat** (I'm tired of going steady) **Benz** claims that not one of the gorgeous males at MSU has ever kissed her. She really must be a little bundle of passion when she gets back to Toppenish and Bob. But we hear times are changing.

**Joan Harrington** and **Pat Blinn** make a cute twosome, but what about poor Bill at home in Butte, Joanny? Another such case is **Jane Jackson** and her **Russ**. Guess that sort of alters those wedding plans with the guy at Gonzaga, eh what, Jane?

**Bev Staley** and **Phyllis Fulmore** have been draining the pitchers down at the Northern pretty regularly. Better learn how to hold your liquor on a party, Bev.

**Skip Mitchell** is still looking for a lab partner for Courtship and Marriage class. What seems to be the matter, Skip? Don't the gals have enough experience to suit you?

**Frank Rutherford** purchases his Adler elevators at **THE HUB**. They go with his choice of "high" school girls.

**Howie Armstrong** think that dates are something the Arabs eat.

Thay, feller, if you think that your life is complicated, look at **Janice Ludwig's**. IN MOST CASES a club works.

**Jim Murphy** will speak Spanish with a Southern accent if he spends any more moonlight classes in that '42 Ford with **Kentuck**.

**Wade** (Bushy) **Dahood** recently bought a violin, a dog tag and an entrance to the Shepherders' Union. He could probably get his Union suit at **PENNEY'S**.



All in all, South hall is just a den of inquiry. Who **did** bounce the beer keg off the steps? Who test-fires his shotgun in his room? Where are those two-inch salutes cached? From whence came the traffic light in Room 314? Who substituted beer in the coke machine? Just a happy group of frustrated men students who chafe under law, order and morals.

"Spider Bly" Bolen spends nights thinking of Nancy, with a rusty .44 under his pillow, the latter for a fellow law student.

The staff of the **ASSOCIATED STUDENT STORE** wish all their clients a Merry Christmas.

There would be less for the town to talk about if **Sut** and **Vi Farias** would come out of the couches in the lounge and go to the **TOWN TALK** for a hot fudge sundae. Maybe a cool root beer would be better.

Maybe a few more of the girls at New hall can get some of those neat fake tans if they would buy a magic lantern at **GAMBLES**. Kathy Lloyd gets her glow the hard way, skiing.

Jane Storey is to be commended. After three years of starting out to Forester's she's the only gal that got Briney to the dance.

Joan (you can't get a man with a gun) Baldwin is doing her best to be the third woman between **Dean Herst** and **Marilyn Marks**. Run out of bullets yet, Baldwin?

Phil (I just coo in their ears) Strobe exchanged ideas at a dinner dance with **Joyce Hays**, but before he could arrange another date she had a Phi Delt pin.

We hope Don (I bought a round of beers two years ago) Woodside doesn't get any slivers from sitting on the Theta porch with **Ginny Floyd**.

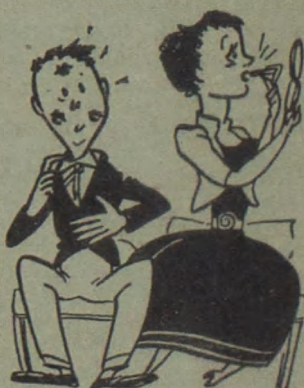
Wally Hoffman is still trying to convince a few individuals that the planned coal chute entrance to the Sig Ep bowery ball had nothing to do with the fact that no chaperones appeared at the dance.

Albert (Don't I smell too ravishing?) Dean talks about **Donna** and primps with 27 hair oils and attar-of-Huberd's. If he wants really good toilet articles he should get them at **STOICK DRUGS**. Charles Jacobson has quite an array, too; Rochelle salts, baby powder, Richard Hudnut and assorted sex magazines.

Even **Donna Sandon** agrees that it is a good thing Foresters come only once a year. What a shame you passed out so early in the evening, Donna.

The sage is back in bloom and this spring a little flower from Butte has got the fever. **Ward Fanning** hasn't been fatal to any girl yet, but **Thomas**, be careful.

**Doug Wilkerson** and **Ray Bowman's** favorite tune is "Far Away Places." Slack up boys, or you'll soon see those places.



Jayne (Big Wheel) Radigan broke her record. After going with **Fred Cunningham** for six weeks she let him kiss her goodnight once on the front porch. Naughty, naughty little Janie. Maybe in six more weeks he'll try again.

If the relationship between **Janet Curry** and **Glen Patton** is the Platonic friendship they claim it is, Plato must have recently published a new edition.

**Bob Tharalson** claims that he was unable to take his finals at the end of last quarter because of a blow on the head inflicted by some married man. My! My!